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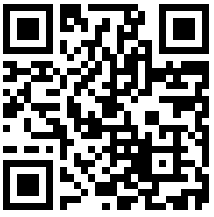

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THE ROYAL

4D.

No. 31. Vol. VI.—May, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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Don't

THROW MONEY AWAY ON . . . DOUBTFUL . . . REMEDIES . . .

AND DO . . .
NOT BE . . .
INDUCED . . .
to buy an article of which little or nothing is known.

STOP BEING MISLED.

The Proprietor of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** does not publish testimonials, but he could fill a volume with those he has received if he so pleased.

He is content to let **BEECHAM'S PILLS** stand on their own merits, knowing they recommend themselves; this they have done, are doing, and will continue to do.

REFRAIN FROM MAKING EXPERIMENTS with so-called remedies, but adhere to

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

the bridge that has probably carried you over many an anxious time.

But if you have never tried **BEECHAM'S PILLS,** then ask your parents or friends what they think of them, and judge by what they say; you can generally trust your own acquaintances, though there are some folks it is very hard to believe, just as there are some advertisements published which are open to grave suspicion.

You can get 56 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 1s. 1½d.
You can get 168 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 2s. 9d.

No other advertiser of a recognised first-class medicine gives such good value, so **WHY THROW AWAY MONEY ON DOUBTFUL AND UNTRIED REMEDIES?** **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have been before the public for over Fifty years, and in spite of all opposition are to-day *MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,* and why?

Because **THEY RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.**

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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'
—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,
"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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Sent by Parcel Post without delay, safely packed. Satisfaction given or money returned.

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FOR

Excellence of Style, Material, Make & Finish.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE

Of the Famous **COSTUME COATING** and **JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE** and of the Superior Wool Serge in which the higher priced Costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yards, 52 inches wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 inches; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front. Any other size made to measure for 2/- extra.

AN AUSTRIAN CUSTOMER WRITES:

These John Noble Costumes are most excellent wear, nothing approaching them in Value and Quality is to be obtained here. This is the fourth Costume I have had, and it will not be the last.

A NEW COSTUME.

No. 517.

At 15/- and 30/-

Tailor-made in Costume Coating or in John Noble Cheviot Serge. Bodice lined through, and prettily trimmed, with vest of cream lace between folds of material **15/-** and velvet. Price complete only 15/-; carriage, 9d. Or the Complete Costume in a good Wool Serge, Black or Navy, made specially to measure and lined throughout, for **30/-**; carriage free.

GIRLS' SAILOR OUTFIT.

MODEL 504.

Made in Navy or Black Cheviot Serge, consisting of Skirt, Sailor Blouse, Flannel Vest, and a Smart Sacque Reefer Coat, which is lined through. This is a particularly serviceable outfit, and is excellent value for money.

Lengths and Prices:

21	24	27	30	33	36 inches.
11/9	12/9	13/9	15/-	16/6	18/- each.

Also in Strong Wool Serge, Excellent Quality.

13/9 14/9, 16/-, 17/6, 19/6, 21/6.

Carriage 6d. extra.

MODEL 313.

At 10/6 or 21/-

Consists of double-breasted tailor-fashioned Reefer Coat, Skirt of latest shape, with box pleat back. Produced in John Noble Cheviot Serge **10/6** or Costume Coating. Price 10/6 complete, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage 5d. extra, or the Costume complete in Superior Wool Serge for **21/-**, 21/-, special measure sizes 23/6, carriage free. Skirt alone 10/6, carriage 5d.

WELL-TRIMMED HAT, as sketch, 8/11, carriage 6d. extra.

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Received by First Post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing an extra fee of 1/-, are guaranteed to be sent off same night.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

A large box of Patterns of the latest British and Continental Dress Goods lent to choose from, and sent carriage paid, together with the new illustrated Price List.

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Wonderful White Shirts are making a name for themselves wherever the English language is spoken.

They are cut in Thousands, and made in Thousands on uniform lines, hence their extraordinary value.

They are sent out "Unlaundried," direct from the needle to the customer, and according to the testimony of many patrons are just about half the ordinary price of those sold ready-dressed

They are in Three Qualities:

The "Defiance." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt; **2/6** each, **14/6** per half-dozen, post free.

The "Conqueror." Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front, **3/3** each, **18/9** per half-dozen, post free.

The "City Shirt." "Fit for a duke to wear." Reversible cuffs, button back or front. Sample for **3/9**, or **21/6** per half-dozen, either post free.

The "City Evening Shirt." Broad front, with one stud hole and large cuffs. Samples **3/9** each, **21/6** per half-dozen, post free.

Mention size of Neckband and whether to button back or front.

TESTIMONIAL.

(Selected from hundreds of others.)

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22/2/1900.

Gentlemen,—Please accept my thanks for the promptness with which you executed my small order, at the same time I must say that their value far surpasses shirts here at 6/6 each by the dozen. Trusting to send you further orders,

I am, yours faithfully,
WILL C. FREEMAN.

ADDRESS,

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PRICE 14/6, and upwards.
Postage 6d. extra. 2/- Europe, 3/6 Colonies.

London Address: 35, Norfolk St., Strand.

On receipt of Post Card we will send (free) our Catalogue which gives full particulars of the different qualities and leathers, also Self-measurement Forms, or call at either of our Show-rooms and judge for yourself.

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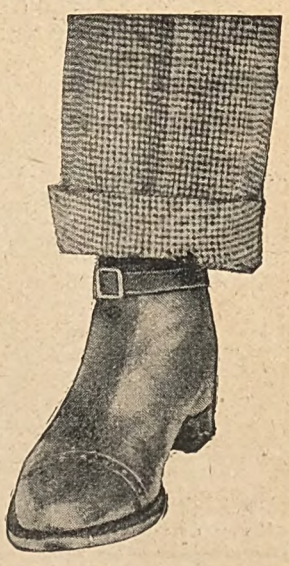
KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.



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and decidedly opposed to economy for buyers of Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery, Cutlery, Plate, &c., &c., to entertain the money grabbing, debt-incurring Instalment Systems promoted by many firms. These Systems are simply traps for the unwary, and extort exorbitant prices for inferior goods, bringing in their trail debts which frequently hang over extended periods.

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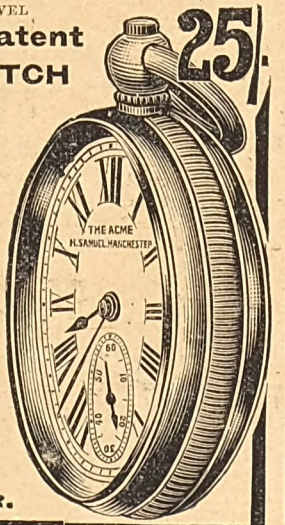

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THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3yds. long, 52in wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 40in. wide. All Knitted edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Carpet Felts, &c., Post Free.

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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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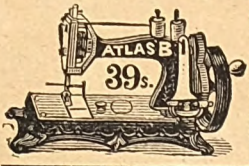

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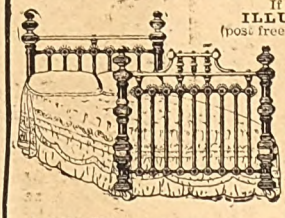

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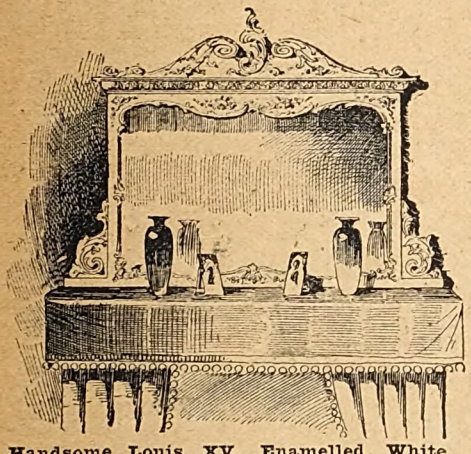

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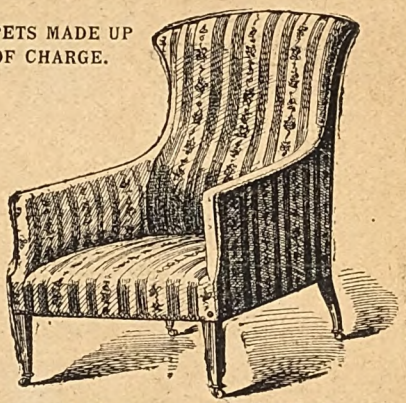
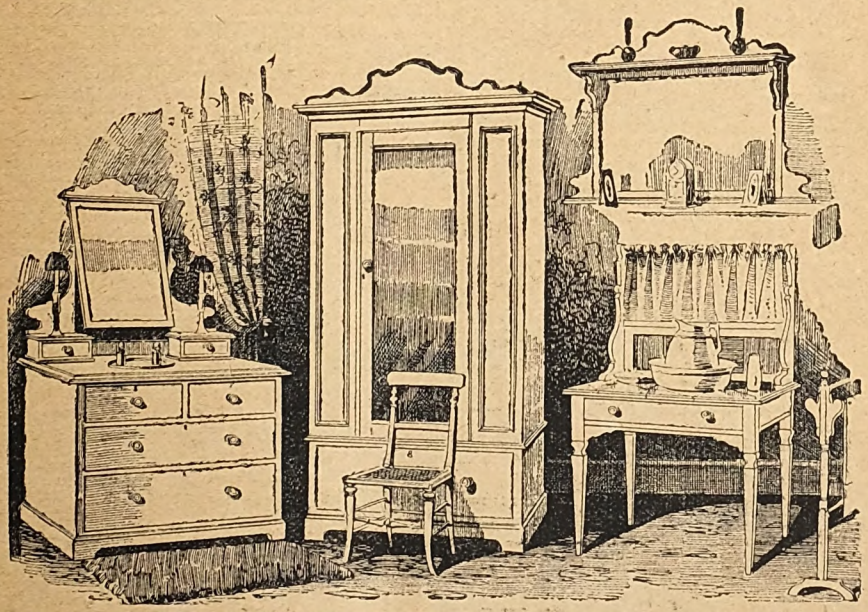


The "20th Century" Easy Chair, with Spring Seat, upholstered and covered in tapestry £1 1 0



The "Dalkey" Enamelled White Bedroom Suite, Wardrobe with plate-glass door and drawer below, Dressing Chest of four drawers, with jewel drawers and toilet glass above, Washstand with marble top and tiled back and curtain above, Towel Horse, and Two Chairs, complete £5 10 0

Chimney Glass to match, 3ft. 6in. wide, 3ft. high £1 8 0

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ASTHMA

WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for **Asthma, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Shortness of Breath,** *BLOOD SPITTING, &c.!*

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

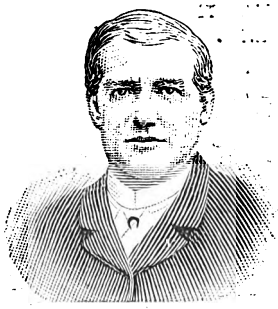
ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to The Paul Weidhaas, Hygienic Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received—



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For ten years I suffered daily, summer and winter, from violent asthmatical attacks, which were most severe at night, and I had to sit up in bed or by the fire. I had violent coughing, with much frothy phlegm. When I tried to loosen it my breath got so short that I thought I should suffocate, having also dreadful pain in the chest and head. The attack lasted two or three hours. There was so much wheezing and rattling in my chest and back, it could be heard in the next room. I was under four medical men, who only afforded me temporary relief. After applying Mr. P. Weidhaas' excellent system a few weeks I began to improve. After strictly following his directions for about six weeks I felt as well as ever I did. I have been completely restored, and can recommend his cure to all suffering from Asthma, SAMUEL BELL, Whitehaven.

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to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

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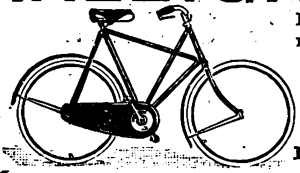
Prices from £10 10 Cash, or Easy Terms.



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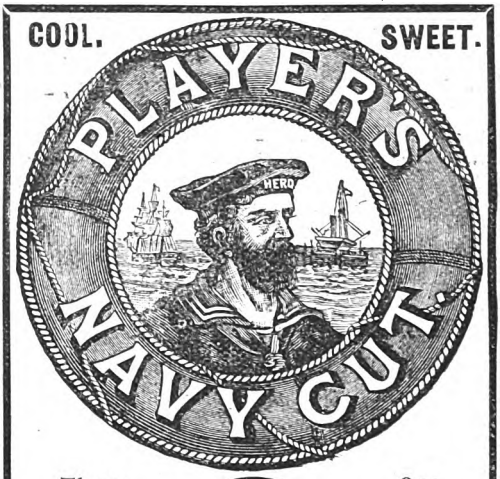

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Save 50 per cent. We are now supplying the Public direct with Single Pairs at Factory Prices.

Design Book Post Free. Send Postcard, G Dept.

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H. SMART.
(*Before Treatment.*)

The Proprietor of the 'Nonpareil' is prepared to give **£500** to anyone who can prove this case or any testimonials not genuine appearing in his advertisements.

Clyde House, Napier Road, Eastville, Bristol.
February 8th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words to express my thanks to you for restoring my son's hair after being off two years. I shall recommend you to all I know. Thanks for photo.

Yours sincerely, E. SMART.

Advice given to all Diseases of the Hair by

G. W. BECKETT CHASE,

Hair Specialist,

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LONDON, W.

Consultations by Letter, or Personally by Appointment.

Price 1/6, 2/6, and 5/=,

WITH OR WITHOUT GREASE.

H. SMART.
(*After Treatment.*)

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which means COMFORT and additional CELERITY in writing.

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UP TO
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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS
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WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.
The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. In ordering please state size of collar.
The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3 11**; ¼ doz., **11 6**; ½ doz., **22 6**. Post free.
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For business wear. Short front, one stud hole. Open in front only. Sample Shirt, **3 6**; ¼ doz., **10/3**; ½ doz., **20/-**. Post free. Patterns on application.
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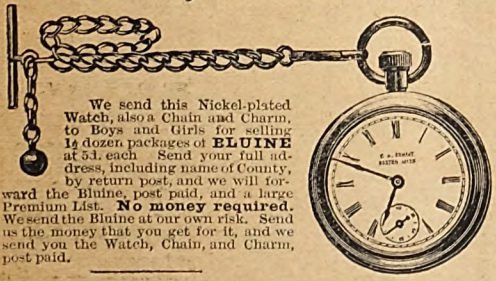

We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 3d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large Premium List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

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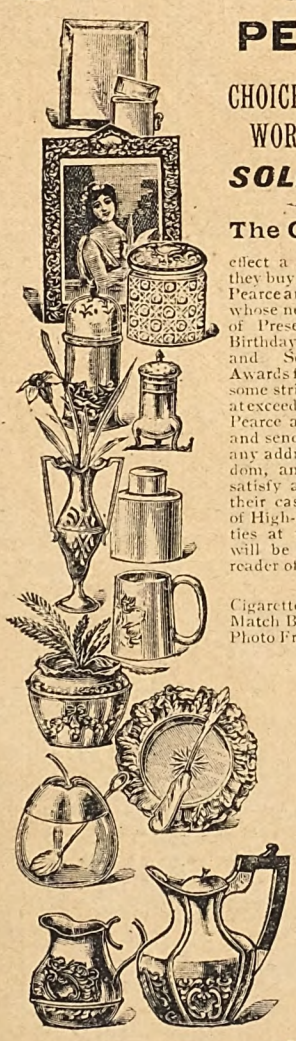
Solid Silver



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Cigarette Case, 3in. long...	12 6
Match Box, 1½in. high ...	4 6
Photo Frame, 6½in. high ..	8 6
Puff Box 3in. high	10 -
Sugar Dredger, 4¾in., plain ...	18 -
,, chased	20 -
Pepperette, 2½in. high	7 6
Christening Mug, 2¾in. high ...	18 -
Tea Caddy, 3in. high	19 -
Flower Vase, 5¼in. high, each	13 6
Fern Pot, 3in. high	21 -
Butter Dish and Knife, 5¼in. diameter ...	22 -
4½in. diameter	15 -
'Apple' Jam, with Spoon, 4in. high	16/6
Cream Jug, 3in. high	12 6
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Size.	
2 Gill ...	£5 5s.
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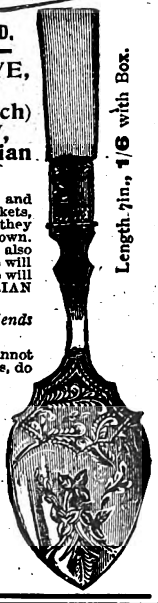

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Prices post free.

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D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/8	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
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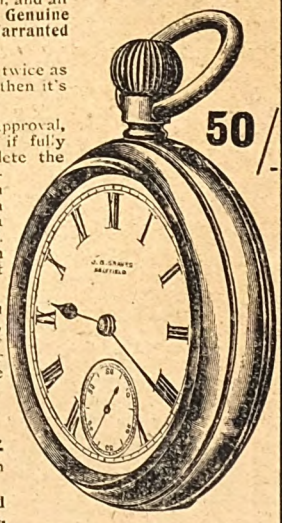
No. 2



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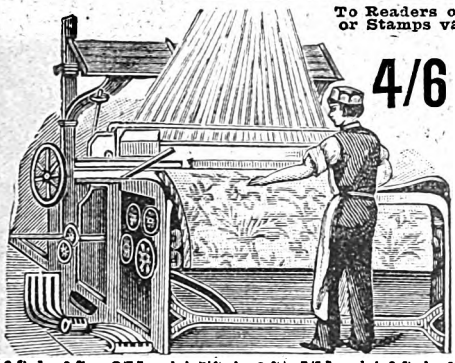

4/6

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/5/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you this **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.** *Cut this out.*

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6 ft. by 6 ft.... 2/11 each	7½ft. by 9 ft. 5/11 each	9 ft. by 12 ft. ... 9/6 each	12 ft. by 12 ft. ... 12/9 each	12 ft. by 18 ft. ... 19/6 each
6 ft. by 7½ft.... 3/11 „	9 ft. by 9 ft.... 7/6 „	10½ft. by 12 ft. ... 11/6 „	12 ft. by 13½ft. ... 14/6 „	12 ft. by 21 ft. ... 22/6 „
6 ft. by 9 ft.... 4/9 „	9 ft. by 10½ft. 8/6 „	9 ft. by 15 ft. ... 12/6 „	12 ft. by 15 ft. ... 15/9 „	

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6ft. by 12 ft. ... 10/6		12 ft. by 13½ft. ... 22/-
9ft. by 9 ft. ... 11/-		12 ft. by 15 ft. ... 25/6
9ft. by 10½ft. ... 13/6	PRICES.	12 ft. by 18 ft. ... 30/-
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9 ft. by 10½ft. ... 33/-	Squares.	12 ft. by 18 ft. ... 77/-

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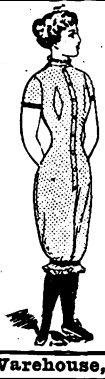

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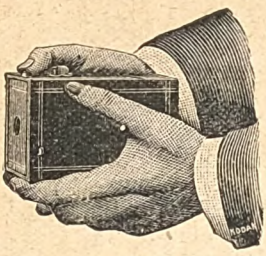

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"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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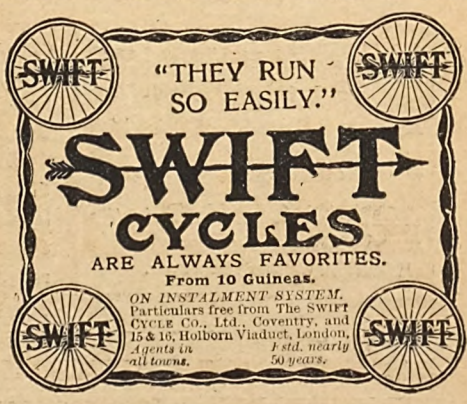

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Bassano.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

The daughter of Commander Pocock, Miss Ashwell was born on board the *Wellesley* training ship at South Shields. "I spent my childhood," she writes, "in Canada, and the out-of-door life in that colony greatly appealed to me—boating, canoeing, swimming, and camping. And the winters there were delightful. I went in heart and soul for skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing." Miss Ashwell was educated in Toronto and Lausanne, and in addition to being an extremely clever actress, is a musician of no mean skill.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS

Beautiful, refined, vivacious, she is not only popular among her colleagues, but in society generally—a woman full of high spirits, fond of talk and dress and sport. "I hate the town, I adore the country," said Miss Terriss; "I am never happier than when cycling along the roads miles away from London. Fishing is a perfect joy to me, and I love shooting."

Photo, Ellis and Wallery.

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Photo, Bassano.

MISS MARGARET FRASER. . . .

"Oh no, I was never stage-struck. I don't think I should ever have gone on the stage if I hadn't been forced to by stress of circumstance, and I don't know that I like the stage to-day." When quite a girl, Miss Fraser ambitiously essayed to produce the tragedy of "William Tell," taking herself the part of the haughty tyrant. On this occasion, whether by accident or fell design, William Tell was somewhat erratic in the shooting scene, and shot his arrow right at the tyrant's head. Luckily, however, he did no serious damage.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

If you have seen her as Mariamne you must think her a tragedienne pure and simple; if you have seen her as Viola you must own that she is a born comedienne; to see her off the stage is to be convinced that she requires nothing but her beauty she already possesses to make her a perfect woman. Miss Brayton spends her holidays at Stratford-on-Avon, and there she sets hard to work at river-picnicing and cycling.

Photo, Wilson.

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Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS MABEL LOVE.

An eminent photographer remarked lately that Miss Mabel Love's extraordinary beauty had one flaw—from a photographer's point of view. "She always looks an angel," he said, "and never with any success a sprite." What the man meant was that Miss Love's face was most beautiful in perfect repose; when she smiled half the charm vanished. Childish, naive, and slightly sad in her habitual expression, and the British public, when they buy photographs of beautiful faces, prefer these faces to be smiling and happy.

MISS . . . COLLINGBOURNE.

It was a lucky day for Miss Collingbourne when Mr. George Edwardes and Miss Marie Tempest fell out over the costume the latter was to wear in "San Toy." For on Miss Tempest's resignation Miss Collingbourne stepped into her shoes, and "San Toy" became the most popular play in London. "If there is one thing I pride myself on," said this charming little lady, "it's on my make-up. I'm a great hand at it. Once I paraded as a boy at a friend's house without being discovered." We can well believe it!

Photo, Bassano.

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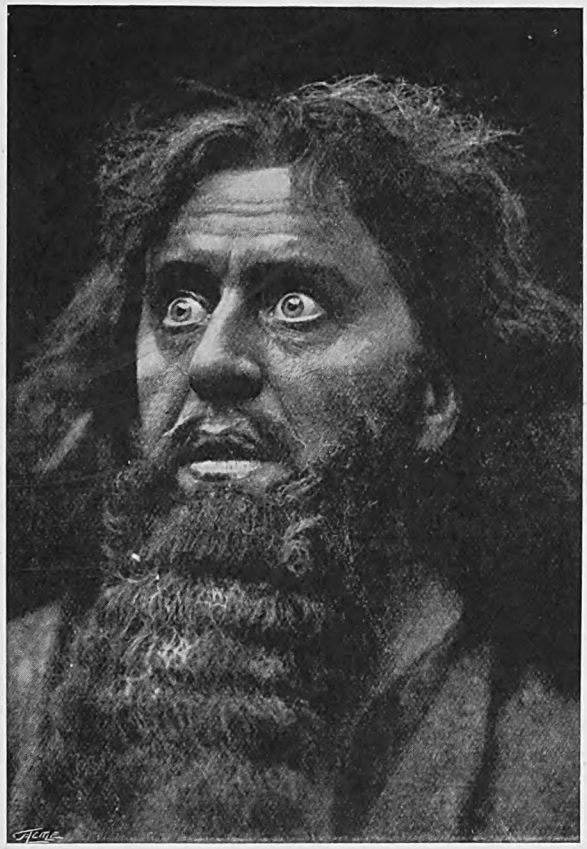

Photo, Langfier.

MR. TREE AS HEROD.

Mr. Tree's earliest attempts at acting took place many years ago at a certain house of business where he occupied the proud position of junior clerk. The only man who seems to have disapproved of his performances—they took place in office hours—was the head of the firm, and he informed the young man that he had better take himself to other spheres of activity. We owe that city merchant a huge debt of thanks! Had he been a tender-hearted person we should never have shuddered at Svengali or trembled at Herod. And Mr. Tree is not an actor whose ambition it is to make a fortune; he is not a rich man; his art is everything to him whether he loses or gains by it—a rare thing in these money-making days!

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Photo, Bassano.

MISS ROSIE BOOTE. . . .

When these lines appear Miss Boote may have become the Marchioness of Headfort. She is a very clever young lady. Her retirement will be a distinct loss for the stage, for she possesses that crowning attribute of an actress who wishes to get on in life—fascination. Her new position she is certain to occupy with credit.

Photo, Bassano

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE. .

Her part in the "Second in Command" is perfectly suited to Miss Carlisle's peculiar talent. She is too delicate for tragedy too refined for farce; comedy suits her exactly. Miss Carlisle is the granddaugher of the late Gen. Sir John Bisset, and a lady of quiet life and studious habits.

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THE FENCHURCH ST. MYSTERY

Being the First of a Series of Stories entitled "London Mysteries,"

BY

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN *who tells the story.*
THE LADY JOURNALIST *who listens to it.*
WILLIAM KERSHAW (*the supposed victim*).
HIS WIFE.
FRANCIS SMETHURST (*suspected murderer*).
KARL MÜLLER (*friend of Kershaw*).

I.

THE man in the corner pushed aside his glass, and leant across the table.

"Mysteries!" he commented. "There is no such thing as a mystery in connection with any crime, provided intelligence is brought to bear upon its investigation."

Astonished I looked over the top of my newspaper at him. Had I been commenting audibly upon the article which was interesting me so much? I cannot say; certain it is that the man over there had spoken in direct answer to my thoughts.

His appearance, in any case, was sufficient to tickle my fancy. I don't think I had ever seen any one so pale, so thin, with such funny light-coloured hair, brushed very smoothly across the top of a very obviously bald crown. I smiled indulgently at him. He looked so timid and nervous as he fidgeted incessantly with a piece of string; his long, lean, and trembling fingers tying and untying it into knots of wonderful and complicated proportions.

"And yet," I remarked kindly, but authoritatively, "this article, in an otherwise well-informed journal, will tell you that, even within the last year, no fewer than six crimes have completely baffled the police, and the perpetrators of them are still at large."

"Pardon me," he said gently, "I never for a moment ventured to suggest that there were no mysteries to the *police;* I merely remarked that there were none where intelligence was brought to bear upon the investigation of crime."

"Not even in the Fenchurch Street *mystery*, I suppose," I asked sarcastically.

"Least of all in the so-called Fenchurch Street *mystery*," he replied quietly.

Now, the Fenchurch Street mystery, as that extraordinary crime had popularly been called, had puzzled, I venture to say, the brains of every thinking man and woman for the last twelve months. The attitude of that timid man in the corner, therefore, was peculiarly exasperating, and I retorted with sarcasm destined to completely annihilate my self-complacent interlocutor.

"What a pity it is, in that case, that you do not offer your priceless services to our misguided though well-meaning police."

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"Isn't it?" he replied with perfect good-humour. "Well, you know for one thing, I doubt if they would accept them, and in the second place, my inclinations and my duty would—were I to become an active member of the detective force—nearly always be in direct conflict. As often as not my sympathies go to the criminal who is clever and astute enough to lead our entire police force by the nose.

"I don't know how much of the case you remember," he went on quietly. "It certainly, at first, began even to puzzle me. On the 12th of last December a woman, poorly dressed, but with an unmistakable air of having seen better days, gave information at Scotland Yard of the disappearance of her husband, William Kershaw, of no occupation, and apparently of no fixed abode. She was accompanied by a friend—a fat, oily-looking German, and between them they told a tale, which set the police immediately on the move.

"It appears that on the 10th of December, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl Müller, the German, called on his friend, William Kershaw, for the purpose of collecting a small debt—some ten pounds or so—which the latter owed him. On arriving at the squalid lodging in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, he found William Kershaw in a wild state of excitement, and his wife in tears. Müller attempted to state the object of his visit, but Kershaw, with wild gestures, waived him aside, and—in his own words — flabbergasted him by asking him point-blank for another loan of two pounds, which sum, he declared, would be the means of a speedy fortune for himself and the friend who would help him in his need.

"After a quarter of an hour spent in obscure hints, Kershaw, finding the cautious German obdurate, decided to let him into the secret plan, which, he averred, would place thousands into their hands."

Instinctively I had put down my paper; the mild stranger, with his nervous air and timid, watery eyes, had a peculiar way of telling his tale, which somehow fascinated me.

"I don't know," he resumed, "if you remember the story which the German told to the police, and which was corroborated in every detail by the wife or widow. Briefly it was this: Some thirty years previously, Kershaw, then twenty years of age, and a medical student at one of the London hospitals, had a chum named Barker, with whom he roomed, together with another.

"The latter, so it appears, brought home one evening a very considerable sum of money, which he had won on the turf, and the following morning he was found murdered in his bed. Kershaw, fortunately for himself, was able to prove a conclusive *alibi*; he had spent the night on duty at the hospital; as for Barker, he had disappeared, that is to say, as far as the police were concerned, but not as far as the watchful eyes of his friend Kershaw—at least, so the latter said. Barker very cleverly contrived to get away out of the country, and after sundry vicissitudes, finally settled down at Vladivostock, in Eastern Siberia, where, under the assumed name of Smethurst, he built up an enormous fortune, by trading in furs.

"Now mind you, every one knows Smethurst, the Siberian millionaire. Kershaw's story that he had once been called Barker, and had committed a murder thirty years ago was never proved, was it? I am merely telling you what Kershaw said to his friend the German and to his wife on that memorable afternoon of December the 10th.

According to him, Smethurst had made one gigantic mistake in his clever career; he had on four occasions written to his late friend, William Kershaw. Two of these letters had no bearing on the case, since they were written more than twenty-five years ago, and Kershaw, moreover had lost them—so he said—long ago. According to him, however, the first of these letters was written when Smethurst, alias Barker, had spent all the money he had obtained from the crime, and found himself destitute in New York.

Kershaw, then in fairly prosperous circumstances, sent him a £10 note for the sake of old times. The second, when the tables had turned, and Kershaw had begun to go downhill, Smethurst, as he then already called himself, sent his whilom friend £50. After that, as Müller gathered, Kershaw had made sundry demands on Smethurst's ever increasing purse, and had accompanied these demands by various threats, which, considering the distant country in which the millionaire lived, were worse than futile.

"But now the climax had come, and Kershaw after a final moment of hesitation, handed over to his German friend the two last letters purporting to have been written by Smethurst, and which, if you remember, played such an important part in the mysterious story of this extraordinary crime. I have a copy of both these letters, here," added the man in the corner, as he took out a piece of paper from

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a very worn-out pocket-book, and, unfolding it very deliberately, he began to read:—

SIR,—Your preposterous demands for money are wholly unwarrantable. I have already helped you quite as much as you deserve. However, for the sake of old times, and because you once helped me when I was in a terrible difficulty, I am willing to once more let you impose upon my good nature. A friend of mine here, a Russian merchant, to whom I have sold my business, starts in a few days for an extended tour to many European and Asiatic ports in his yacht, and has invited me to accompany him as far as England. Being tired of foreign parts, and desirous of seeing the old country once again after thirty years' absence, I have decided to accept his invitation. I don't know when we may actually be in Europe, but I promise you that as soon as we touch a suitable port I will write to you again, making an appointment for you to see me in London. But remember that if your demands are too preposterous I will not for a moment listen to them, and that I am the last man in the world to submit to persistent and unwarrantable blackmailing.

I am, sir,
Yours truly,
FRANCIS SMETHURST.

"The second letter was dated from Southampton," he went on with absolute calm, "and, curiously enough, was the only letter which Kershaw professed to have received from Smethurst, of which he had kept the envelope, and which was dated. It was quite brief," he added, referring once more to his piece of paper.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to my letter of a few weeks ago, I wish to inform you that the *Tsarskoe Selo* will touch at Tilbury on Tuesday next, the 10th. I shall land there, and immediately go up to London by the first train I can get. If you like you may meet me at Fenchurch Street Station, in the first-class waiting room in the late afternoon. Since I surmise that after thirty years' absence my face may not be familiar to you, I may as well tell you that you will recognise me by a heavy Astrakhan fur coat, which I shall wear, together with a cap of the same. You may then introduce yourself to me, and I will personally listen to what you may have to say.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS SMETHURST.

"It was this last letter which had caused William Kershaw's excitement and his wife's tears. In the German's own words, he was walking up and down the room like a wild beast, gesticulating wildly, and muttering sundry exclamations. Mrs. Kershaw, however, was full of apprehension. She mistrusted the man from foreign parts—who, according to her husband's story, had already one crime upon his conscience—who might, she feared, risk another, in order to be rid of a dangerous enemy. Woman-like, she thought the scheme a dishonourable one, for the law, she knew, is severe on the blackmailer.

"The assignation might be a cunning trap, in any case it was a curious one; why, she argued, did not Smethurst elect to see Kershaw at his hotel the following day. A thousand whys and wherefores made her anxious, but the fat German had been won over by Kershaw's visions of untold gold, held tantalisingly before his eyes. He had lent the necessary £2, with which his friend intended to tidy himself up a bit before he went to meet his friend the millionaire. Half-an-hour afterwards Kershaw had left his lodgings, and that was the last the unfortunate woman saw of her husband, or Müller, the German, of his friend.

"Anxiously his wife waited that night, but he did not return, the next day she seems to have spent in making purposeless and futile inquiries about the neighbourhood of Fenchurch Street, and on the 12th she went to Scotland Yard, gave what particulars she knew, and placed in the hands of the police the two letters written by Smethurst."

II.

The man in the corner had finished his glass of milk. His watery blue eyes looked across with evident satisfaction at my obvious eagerness and excitement.

"It was only on the 31st," he resumed after a while, "that a body, decomposed past all recognition, was found by two lightermen in the bottom of a disused barge. She had been moored at one time at the foot of one of those dark flights of steps which lead down between tall warehouses to the river in the East End of London. I have a photograph of the place here," he added, selecting one out of his pocket, and placing it before me.

"The actual barge, you see, had already been removed when I took this snapshot, but you will realise what a perfect place this alley is for the purpose of one man cutting another's throat in comfort, and without fear of detection. The body, as I said, was decomposed beyond all recognition; it had probably been there eleven days, but sundry articles such as a silver ring and a tie pin were recognisable and were identified by Mrs. Kershaw as belonging to her husband.

"She, of course, was loud in denouncing Smethurst, and the police had no doubt a very strong case against him, for two days after the discovery of the body in the barge, the Siberian millionaire, as he was

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already popularly called by enterprising interviewers, was arrested in his luxurious suite of rooms at the Hotel Cecil.

"To confess the truth, at this point, I was not a little puzzled. Mrs. Kershaw's story, and Smethurst's letters had both found their way into the papers, and following my usual method—mind you, I am only an amateur, I try to reason out a case for the love of the thing—I sought about for a motive for the crime, which the police declared Smethurst had committed. To effectually get rid of a dangerous blackmailer was the generally accepted theory. Well! did it ever strike you how paltry that motive really was?"

I had to confess, however, that it had never struck me in that light.

"Surely a man who had succeeded in building up an immense fortune by his own individual efforts was not the sort of fool to believe that he had anything to fear from a man like Kershaw. He must have *known* that Kershaw held no damning proofs against him—not enough to hang him anyway. Have you ever seen Smethurst?" he added, as he once more fumbled in his pocket-book.

"Mrs. Kershaw, however, was full of apprehension."

I replied that I had seen Smethurst's picture in the illustrated papers at the time; then he added, placing a small photograph before me:

"What strikes you most about the face?"

"Well, I think its strange, astonished expression, due to the total absence of eyebrows, and the funny foreign cut of the hair."

"So close that it almost looks as if it had been shaved. Exactly. That is what struck me most when I elbowed my way into the Court that morning and first caught sight of the millionaire in the dock. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, upright in stature, his face very bronzed and tanned. He wore neither moustache nor beard, his hair was cropped quite close to his head like a Frenchman's; but, of course, what was so very remarkable about him was that total absence of eyebrows and even eyelashes, which gave the face such a peculiar appearance—as you say, a perpetually astonished look.

"He seemed, however, wonderfully calm; he had been accommodated with a chair in the dock—being a millionaire—and chatted pleasantly with his lawyer, Sir Arthur Inglewood, in the intervals between the calling of the several witnesses for the prosecution; whilst during the examination of these witnesses he sat quite placidly, with his head shaded by his hand.

"Müller and Mrs. Kershaw repeated the story, which they had already told to the police. I think you said that you were not curious enough to go to the Court that day, and hear the case, so perhaps you have no recollection of Mrs. Kershaw. No? Ah, well! Here is a snapshot I managed to get of her once. That is her. Exactly as she stood in the box—over-dressed—in elaborate crape, with a bonnet which once had contained pink roses, and to which a remnant of pink petals still clung obtrusively amidst the deep black.

She would not look at the prisoner, and

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"Constable Thomas Taylor had noticed a shabbily-dressed individual, with shaggy hair and beard loafing about the station."

turned her head resolutely towards the magistrate. I fancy she had been fond of that vagabond husband of hers: an enormous wedding-ring encircled her finger, and that, too, was swathed in black. She firmly believed that Kershaw's murderer sat there in the dock, and she literally flaunted her grief before him.

"I was indescribably sorry for her. As for Müller, he was just fat, oily, pompous, conscious of his own importance as a witness; his fat fingers, covered with brass rings, gripped the two incriminating letters, which he had identified. They were his passports, as it were, to a delightful land of importance and notoriety. Sir Arthur Inglewood, I think, disappointed him, by stating that he had no questions to ask of him. Müller had been brimful of answers, ready with the most perfect indictment, the most elaborate accusations against the bloated millionaire who had decoyed his dear friend Kershaw, and murdered him in Heaven knows what an out-of-the-way corner of the East End.

"After this, however, the excitement grew apace. Müller had been dismissed, and had retired from the Court altogether, leading away Mrs. Kershaw, who had completely broken down.

"Constable D 21 was giving evidence as to the arrest, in the meanwhile. The prisoner, he said, had seemed completely taken by surprise, not understanding the cause or history of the accusation against him; however, when put in full possession of the facts, and realising, no doubt, the absolute futility of any resistance, he had quietly enough followed the constable into the cab. No one at the fashionable and crowded Hotel Cecil had even suspected that anything unusual had occurred.

"Then a gigantic sigh of expectancy came from everyone of the spectators. The 'fun' was about to begin. James Buckland, a porter at Fenchurch Street railway station, had just sworn to tell all the truth, etc. After all it did not amount to much. He said that at six o'clock in the afternoon of December the 10th, in the midst of one of the densest fogs, he ever remembers, the 5.5 from Tilbury steamed into the station, being just about an hour late. He was on the arrival platform and was hailed by a passenger in a first-class carriage. He could see very little of him beyond an enormous black fur coat and a travelling cap of fur also.

"The passenger had a quantity of luggage, all marked F. S., and he directed James Buckland to place it all upon a four-wheel cab, with the exception of a small hand-bag, which he carried himself. Having seen that all his luggage was safely bestowed, the stranger in the fur coat paid the porter, and telling the cabman to wait until he returned, he walked away in the direction of the waiting-rooms, still carrying his small hand-bag.

"'I stayed for a bit,' added James Buckland, 'talking to the driver about the fog and that, then I went about my business, seein' that the local from Southend 'ad been signalled.'

"The prosecution insisted most strongly upon the hour when the stranger in the fur coat, having seen to his luggage, walked away towards the waiting-rooms. The porter was emphatic. 'It was not a minute later than 6.15,' he averred.

"Sir Arthur Inglewood still had no questions to ask, and the driver of the cab was called.

"He corroborated the evidence of James Buckland as to the hour when the gentleman in the fur coat had engaged him, and having filled his cab in and out with luggage, had

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told him to wait. And cabby did wait. He waited in the dense fog—until he was tired, until he seriously thought of depositing all the luggage in the lost property office and of looking out for another fare,—waited until at last, at a quarter before nine, whom should he see walking hurriedly towards his cab but the gentleman in the fur coat and cap who got in quickly and told the driver to take him at once to the Hotel Cecil. This, cabby declared, had occurred at a quarter before nine. Still Sir Arthur Inglewood made no comment, and Mr. Francis Smethurst, in the crowded, stuffy court, had calmly dropped to sleep.

"The next witness, Constable Thomas Taylor, had noticed a shabbily-dressed individual, with shaggy hair and beard, loafing about the station and waiting-rooms in the afternoon of December the 10th. He seemed to be watching the arrival platform of the Tilbury and Southend trains.

"Two separate and independent witnesses, cleverly unearthed by the police, had seen this same shabbily-dressed individual stroll into the first-class waiting-room at about 6.15 on Wednesday, December the 10th, and go straight up to a gentleman in a heavy fur coat and cap, who had also just come into the room. The two talked together for a while; no one heard what they said, but presently they walked off together. No one seemed to know in which direction.

"Francis Smethurst was rousing himself from his apathy; he whispered to his lawyer, who nodded with a bland smile of encouragement. The employés of the Hotel Cecil gave evidence as to the arrival of Mr. Smethurst at about 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday, December the 10th, in a cab, with a quantity of luggage; and this closed the case for the prosecution.

"Presently they walked off together."

"Everybody in that Court already *saw* Smethurst mounting the gallows. It was uninterested curiosity which caused the elegant audience to wait and hear what Sir Arthur Inglewood had to say. He, of course, is the most fashionable man in the law at the present moment. His lolling attitudes, his drawling speech, are quite the rage, and imitated by the gilded youth of society.

"Even at this moment, when the Siberian millionaire's neck literally and metaphorically hung in the balance, an expectant titter went round the fair spectators, as Sir Arthur stretched out his long loose limbs and lounged across the table. He waited to make his effect—Sir Arthur is a born actor—and there is no doubt that he made it, when in his slowest, most drawly tones he said quietly:

"'With regard to this alleged murder of one William Kershaw, on Wednesday, December the 10th, between 6.15 and 8.45 p.m., your Honour, I now propose to call two witnesses, who saw this same William Kershaw alive on Tuesday afternoon, December the 16th, that is to say, six days after the supposed murder.'

"It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the Court. Even his Honour was aghast, and I am sure the lady next to me only recovered from the shock of the surprise in order to wonder whether she need put off her dinner party after all.

"As for me," added the man in the corner, with that strange mixture of nervousness and self-complacency which I have never seen equalled, "well, you see, *I* had made up my mind long ago as to where the hitch lay in this particular case, and I was not so surprised as some of the others.

"Perhaps you remember the wonderful development of the case, which so completely

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mystified the police—and in fact everybody except myself. Torriani and a waiter at his hotel in the Commercial Road both deposed that at about 3 30 p.m. on December the 10th a shabbily dressed individual lolled into the coffee-room and ordered some tea. He was pleasant enough and talkative, told the waiter that his name was William Kershaw, that very soon all London would be talking about him, as he was about, through an unexpected stroke of good fortune, to become a very rich man, and so on, and so on, nonsense without end.

"When he had finished his tea, he lolled out again, but no sooner had he disappeared down a turning of the road, than the waiter discovered an old umbrella, left behind accidentally by the shabby, talkative individual. As is the custom in his highly-respectable restaurant, Signor Torriani put the umbrella carefully away in his office, on the chance of his customer calling to claim it when he had discovered his loss. And sure enough nearly a week later, on Tuesday, the 16th, at about 1 p.m. the same shabbily-dressed individual called and asked for his umbrella. He had some lunch, and chatted once again to the waiter. Signor Torriani and the waiter gave a description of William Kershaw which coincided exactly with that given by Mrs. Kershaw of her husband.

"Oddly enough he seemed to be a very absent-minded sort of person, for on this second occasion, no sooner had he left than the waiter found a pocket-book in the coffee-room, underneath the table. It contained sundry letters and bills, all addressed to William Kershaw. This pocket-book was produced, and Karl Müller, who had returned to the Court, easily identified it as having belonged to his dear and lamented friend 'Villiam.'

"This was the first blow to the case against the accused. It was a pretty stiff one, you will admit. Already it had begun to collapse like a house of cards. Still, there was the assignation, and the undisputed meeting between Smethurst and Kershaw, and those two and a half hours of a foggy evening to satisfactorily account for."

The man in the corner made a long pause, keeping me on tenterhooks. He had fidgeted with his bit of string till there was not an inch of it free from the most complicated and elaborate knots.

"I assure you," he resumed at last, "that at that very moment the whole mystery was, to me, as clear as daylight. I only marvelled how his Honour could waste his time and mine by putting what he thought were searching questions to the accused relating to his past. Francis Smethurst, who had quite shaken off his somnolence, spoke with a curious nasal twang, and with an almost imperceptible soupçon of foreign accent. He calmly denied Kershaw's version of his past; declared that he had never been called Barker, and had certainly never been mixed up in any murder case thirty years ago.

"'But you knew this man Kershaw,' persisted his Honour, 'since you wrote to him?'

"'Pardon me, your Honour,' said the accused quietly, 'I have never, to my knowledge, seen this man Kershaw, and I can swear that I never wrote to him.'

"'Never wrote to him?' retorted his Honour warningly. 'That is a strange assertion to make, when I have two of your letters to him in my hands at the present moment.'

"'I never wrote those letters, your Honour,' persisted the accused quietly, 'they are not in my handwriting.'

"'Which we can easily prove,' came in Sir Arthur Inglewood's drawly tones, as he handed up a packet to his Honour, 'here are a number of letters written by my client since he has landed in this country, and some of which were written under my very eyes.'

"As Sir Arthur Inglewood had said, this could be easily proved, and the prisoner, at his Honour's request, scribbled a few lines, together with his signature, several times upon a sheet of note-paper. It was easy to read upon the magistrate's astounded countenance, that there was not the slightest similarity in the two handwritings.

"A fresh mystery had cropped up. Who then had made the assignation with William Kershaw, at Fenchurch Street railway station? The prisoner gave a fairly satisfactory account of the employment of his time, since his landing in England.

"'I came over on the *Tsarskee Selo*,' he said, 'a yacht belonging to a friend of mine. When we arrived at the mouth of the Thames there was such a dense fog that it was twenty-four hours before it was thought safe for me to land. My friend, who is a Russian, would not land at all; he was regularly frightened at this land of fogs. He was going on to Madeira immediately.

"'I actually landed on Tuesday, the 10th, and took a train at once for town. I did see to my luggage and a cab, as the porter and driver told your Honour; then I tried to find my way to a refreshment room, where I could get a glass of wine. I drifted into the

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waiting-room, and there I was accosted by a shabbily-dressed individual, who began telling me a piteous tale. Who he was I do not know. He *said* he was an old soldier who had served his country faithfully, and then been left to starve. He begged of me to accompany him to his lodgings, where I could see his wife and starving children, and verify the truth and piteousness of his tale.

"'Well, your Honour,' added the prisoner with noble frankness, 'it was my first day in the old country. I had come back after thirty years, with my pockets full of gold, and this was the first sad tale I had heard; but I am a business man, and did not want to be exactly 'done' in the eye. I followed my man through the fog, out into the streets. He walked silently by my side for a time. I had not a notion where I was.

"'Suddenly I turned to him with some question, and realised in a moment that my gentleman had given me the slip. Finding, probably, that I would not part with my money till I *had* seen the starving wife and children, he left me to my fate, and went in search of more willing bait.

"'The place where I found myself was dismal and deserted. I could see no trace of cab or omnibus. I retraced my steps and tried to find my way back to the station, only to find myself in worse and more deserted neighbourhoods. I became hopelessly lost and fogged. I don't wonder that two and a half hours elapsed while I thus wandered on in the dark and deserted streets; my sole astonishment is that I ever found the station at all that night, or rather close to it a policeman, who showed me the way.'

"'But how do you account for Kershaw knowing all your movements?' still persisted his Honour, 'and his knowing the exact date of your arrival in England? How do you account for these two letters, in fact?'

"'I cannot account for it or them, your Honour,' replied the prisoner quietly. 'I have proved to you, have I not, that I never wrote those letters, and that the man — er — Kershaw is his name?—was not murdered by me?'

"'Can you tell me of anyone here or abroad who might have heard of your movements, and of the date of your arrival?'

"'My late employés at Vladivostock, of course, knew of my departure, but none of them could have written these letters, since none of them know a word of English.

"'Then you can throw no light upon these mysterious letters? You cannot help the police in any way towards the clearing up of this strange affair?'

"'The affair is as mysterious to me as to your Honour, and to the police of this country.'

"Francis Smethurst was discharged, of course; there was no semblance of evidence against him sufficient to commit him for trial. The two overwhelming points of his defence which had completely routed the prosecution were, firstly, the proof that he had never written the letters making the assignation, and secondly, the fact that the man supposed to have been murdered on the 10th was seen to be alive and well on the 16th. But then, who in the world was the mysterious individual who had apprised Kershaw of the movements of Smethurst, the millionaire?"

III.

The man in the corner cocked his funny thin head on one side and looked at me; then he took up his beloved bit of string, and deliberately untied every knot he had made in it. When it was quite smooth, he laid it out upon the table.

"I will take you, if you like, point by point, along the line of reasoning which I followed myself, and which will inevitably

The man in the corner cocked his funny, thin head on one side and looked at me.

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lead you, as it led me, to the only possible solution of the mystery.

"First take this point," he said with nervous restlessness, once more taking up his bit of string, and forming with each point raised a series of knots which would have shamed a navigating instructor, "obviously, it was *impossible* for Kershaw not to have been acquainted with Smethurst, since he was fully apprised of the latter's arrival in England by two letters. Now it was clear to me from the first that *no one* could have written those two letters except Smethurst. You will argue that those letters were proved not to have been written by the man in the dock. Exactly. Remember, Kershaw was a careless man; he had lost both envelopes. To him they were insignificant. Now it was never *disproved* that those letters were written by Smethurst."

"But——" I suggested.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, while knot number two appeared upon the scene, "it was proved that six days after the murder, William Kershaw was alive, and visiting the Torriani Hotel, where already he was known, and where he conveniently left a pocket-book behind, so that there should be no mistake as to his identity, but it was never questioned where Mr. Francis Smethurst, the millionaire, happened to spend that very same afternoon."

"Surely, you don't mean——?" I gasped.

"One moment, please," he added triumphantly. "How did it come about that the landlord of the Torriani Hotel was brought into court at all; how did Sir Arthur Inglewood, or rather his client, know that William Kershaw had on those two memorable occasions visited the hotel and that its landlord could bring such convincing evidence forward that would for ever exonerate the millionaire from the imputation of murder?"

"Surely," I argued, "the usual means, the police——"

"The police had kept the whole affair very dark, until the arrest at the Hotel Cecil. They did not put into the papers the usual: 'If any one happens to know of the whereabouts etc. etc.' Had the landlord of that hotel heard of the disappearance of Kershaw through the usual channels, he would have put himself in communication with the police. Sir Arthur Inglewood produced him. How did Sir Arthur Inglewood come on his track?"

"Surely, you don't mean——?"

"Point number four," he resumed imperturbably, "Mrs. Kershaw was never requested to produce a specimen of her husband's handwriting. Why? Because the police, clever as you say they are, never started on the right tack. They believed William Kershaw to have been murdered; they looked for William Kershaw.

"On December the 31st, what was presumed to be the body of William Kershaw was found by two lightermen; I have shown you a photograph of the place where it was found. Dark and deserted it is in all conscience, is it not? Just the place where a bully and a coward would decoy an unsuspecting stranger, murder him first, then rob him of his valuables, his papers, his very identity, and leave him there to rot. The body was found in a disused barge which had been moored some time against the wall, at the foot of these steps. It was in the last stages of decomposition, and, of course, could not be identified; but the police would have it, that it was the body of William Kershaw.

"It never entered their heads that it was the body of *Francis Smethurst, and that William Kershaw was his murderer.*

"Ah! it was cleverly, artistically conceived! Kershaw is a genius. Think of it all! His disguise! Kershaw had a shaggy beard, hair, and moustache. He shaved up to his very eyebrows! No wonder that even his wife did not recognise him across the Court; and remember she never saw much of his face while he stood in the dock. Kershaw was shabby, slouchy, he stooped.

"Smethurst, the millionaire, might have served in the Prussian army. Then that lovely trait about going to revisit the Torriani Hotel. Just a few days' grace, in order to purchase moustache and beard and wig, exactly similar to what he had himself shaved off. Making up to look like himself! Splendid! The leaving the pocket-book behind! He! He! He! Kershaw was not murdered! Of course not. He called at the Torriani Hotel six days after the murder, whilst Mr. Smethurst, the millionaire, hobnobbed in the park with duchesses! Hang such a man! Fie!"

He fumbled for his hat. With nervous, trembling fingers he held it deferentially in his hand, whilst he rose from the table. I watched him as he strode up to the desk, and paid twopence for his glass of milk and his bun. Soon he disappeared through the shop, whilst I still found myself hopelessly bewildered, with a number of snap-shot photographs before me, still staring at a long piece of string, smothered from end to end in a series of knots, as bewildering, as irritating, as puzzling as the man who had lately sat in the corner.

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King Edward as a Sportsman

By R. Maingay.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It was a day in the early sixties, and the King, an undergraduate of some twenty summers, on a visit to Earl Spencer, had been riding fast and furious with the Pytchley buck-hounds. When all was over and the weary riders were returning homewards, Earl Spencer came up to the chief huntsman.

"Well, and what do you think of the Prince?" he asked.

"He'll make a capital King, my lord," replied the man touching his cap.

"A capital King! Glad you think so." said Earl Spencer; "and why?"

"Sure to," answered the other with a confident nod of his head. "Sure to do that. Sits so well, my lord, sits so well!"

And the worthy huntsman was right, absurd as his reason may sound to a Frenchman, say, or a German; it is a man who "sits so well" that we English want as King—a serious, thorough-going sportsman. Tact, energy, discretion, and intellect are, of course, the necessary qualities of any monarch, British or foreign, if his reign is to be successful from a political point of view; but to gain the affection of their subjects our kings must be sportsmen heart and soul.

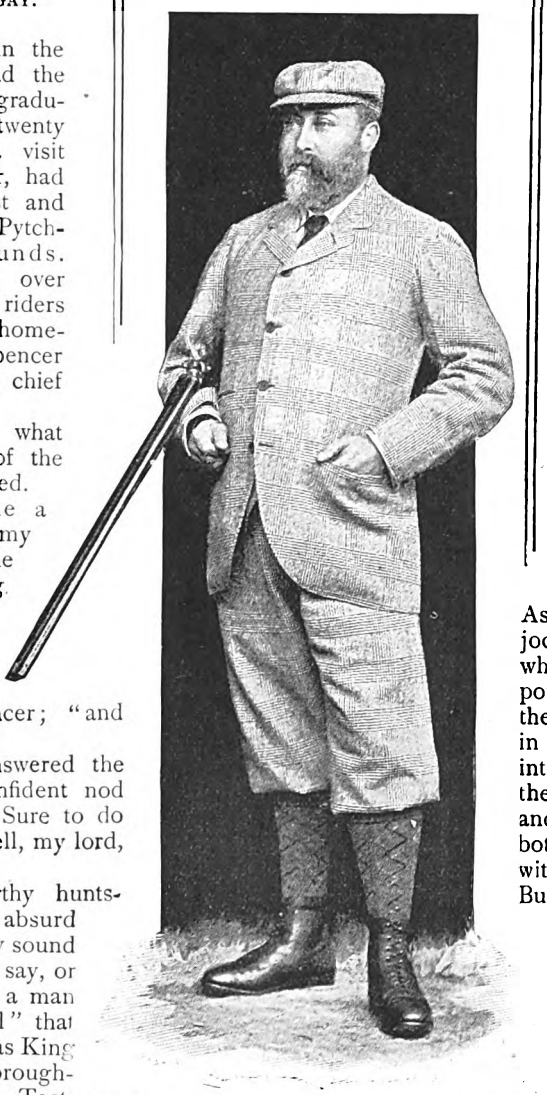

Photo by Downey.

King Edward in shooting costume.

Of course a Queen can hardly share the sports of her people as a King would, but what encouragement she could Queen Victoria freely gave to sport of every variety. She supported racing and yachting; she was often a spectator of cricket matches at Windsor; and she was keenly interested in the "Highland Gathering" at Braemar each year. Until the death of the Prince Consort she was generally present at the Ascot and Epsom meetings, and a good story is told of her when, in 1839, the Turquoise filly won the Ascot Stakes, ridden by a jockey named Bell, a lad who weighed only fifty-six pounds. Queen Victoria had the little chap brought to her in the Royal Stand. He was introduced, and received from the Queen a ten-pound note and hearty congratulations, both of which he accepted with becoming gratitude. But when Her Majesty wished to know his weight, all that could be got out of him was:

"Please, ma'am, master says as how I must never tell' my weight."

It was from Charles Davis, who for forty-four years filled the position of huntsman to Her late Majesty's buckhounds that King Edward learned the art of horsemanship, and though never especially identified with the hunting field, he has been from earliest childhood a plucky and fearless rider. When an under-

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graduate at Christ Church he constantly hunted with various neighbouring packs: the South Oxfordshire, the Pytchley, the Quorn, and the Vale of Aylesbury. On one occasion, at least, he had a notable run with the Royal Hounds, the deer taking the field from Harrow to Paddington, where it was finally killed, and from whence the King rode in hunting costume to Marlborough House.

Photo by Temple.

Snapshot of the King riding across his Sandringham estates.

The Duke of York is the best shot of the Royal Family, but the King, his father, runs him close. Precise, steady and cool-headed, rather than rapid, brilliant, and alert, the King can handle a gun with the best. His tour in India gave him a magnificent opportunity to prove his prowess in this direction. At a tiger hunt in Nepaul, given in his honour by Sir Jung Bahadur, he brought down no fewer than six tigers—a record bag. At the same time he threw himself into other Eastern sports—cheetah hunting and pig-sticking—with zest and enthusiasm, and distinguished himself on every occasion by his skill and courage.

It has often been said of His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales, that he would become that *rara avis*, a democratic King—a King who stands little upon his dignity and treats all men with easy-going familiarity. Now I think that King Edward has proved by this time that he means to be nothing of the kind, that he means to be as exclusively regal as his august mother. But no one can deny that in the days when he was still Prince of Wales,

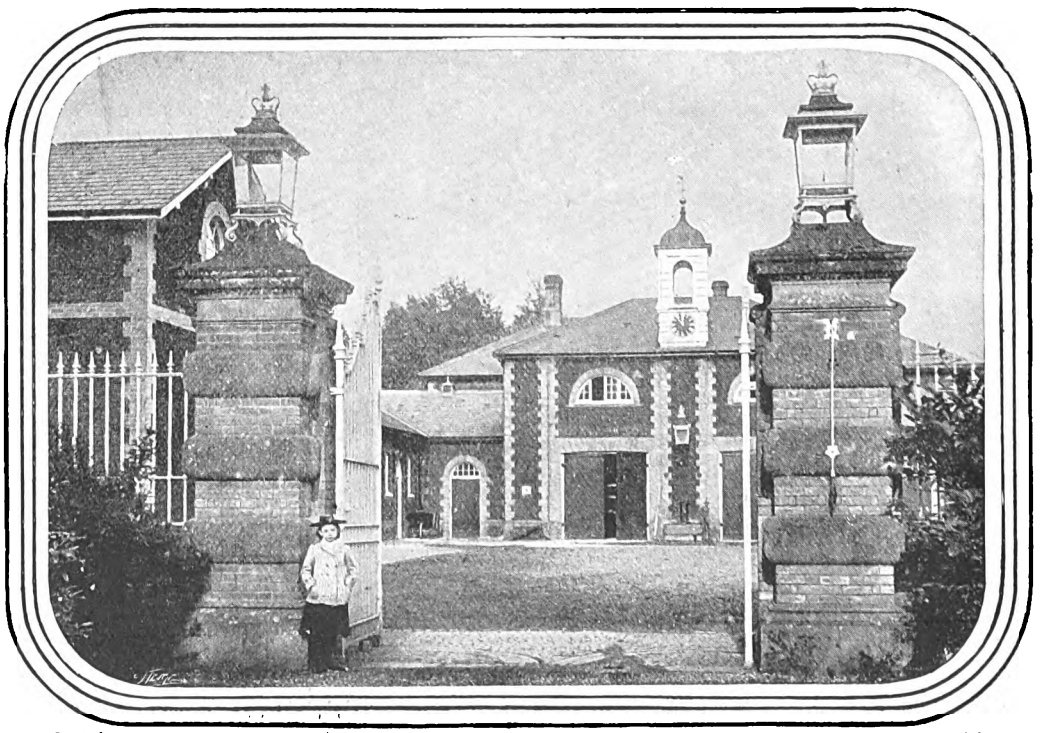

Photo by Ralph.

The Stables, Sandringham.

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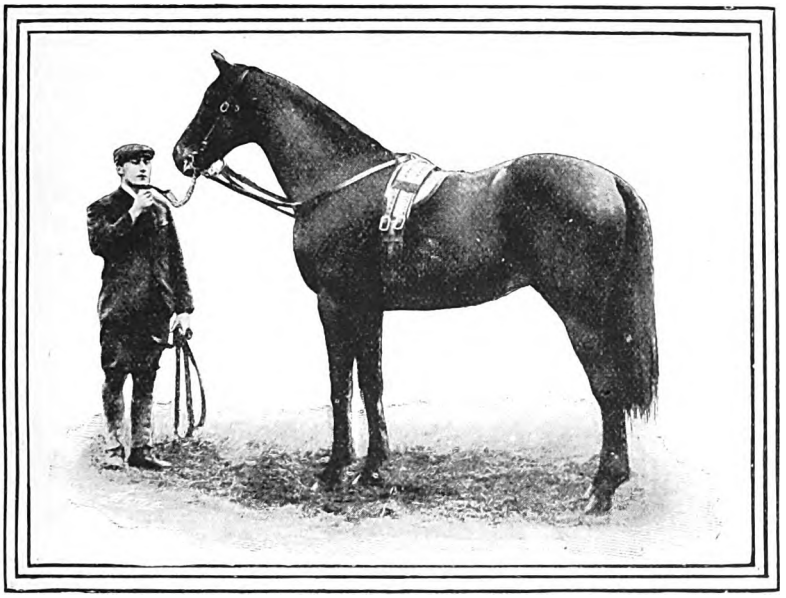

Photo by Ralph.

"Persimmon," His Majesty's famous racehorse.

his hearty and unaffected manners often led his friends to forget his rank and *prestige*. And it was particularly towards men of his own kind — thorough-paced sportsmen—that the Prince used to unbend; they were fellow sportsmen, and sport is a great leveller. I remember hearing of a little incident in connection with this trait in the King's character, which occurred when he was visiting Ceylon.

After a day's sport in company with a party of officers, Government officials, and planters, the King and his fellow huntsmen sat down to dinner in the open. Sport had been excellent, everyone was in the best of tempers, and soon the fun became fast and furious. Now among the company was a certain Mr. L——, a planter known among his friends as "Bees" for some reason I have never been able to discover. This gentleman had one peculiar failing—he prided himself on the quality of his singing, while in reality he could scarcely put two notes together, and had the voice of a crow. It was a standing joke among his friends to make him sing on all possible occasions, and to feign great admiration of his vocal powers. So after dinner they urged him to give the Prince a song. Evidently "Bees" suspected that they were "getting" at him, for he turned rusty, and refused point blank to open his mouth. At last the Prince clapped him on the back. "Come, Mr. 'Bees,'" he said, "why don't you sing?" "Oh!" retorted the planter, turning wrathfully on his future King, "you go to blazes!" A dead silence fell on the company; this was going too far. Then somebody threw back his head and laughed out long and loud. It was the Prince. "Thanks, Mr. 'Bees,'" he said, "but song or no song I think I prefer the present company." And "Bees," ashamed of his rudeness, lifted up his voice and made ample amends with one of his most impassioned songs.

As a patron of cricket the King has always shown himself in the light of a true sportsman. As Prince he was frequently present

Photo by Milne.

The only portrait ever taken of the four Royal brothers, King Edward, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Albany. They were staying in Scotland with a shooting party.

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at cricket matches at Lords and other grounds, and he himself can handle the bat with no mean skill. Everyone interested at all in cricket must know that the Oval at Kennington was the property of the Prince of Wales, and although he might have realised a huge sum had he used the land for building purposes, he chose to let it on a long lease to the Surrey Cricket Club at a small rent.

His Majesty is an excellent billiard player, and takes an unusual interest in the game. In 1870 he was present at the great match between the elder Roberts and W. Cook, and at many of the later matches at which Roberts, for whom the King cherishes an immense admiration, displayed his marvellous skill.

Photo by Temple.

King Edward partridge shooting.

Golf and tennis the King plays on occasion — indeed, in the latter game he attained some proficiency in his younger days. Many years ago he was present at an exhibition match at Hampton Court, Edmund Tompkins, the English champion, and Barre, the French champion, playing against each other. At the

Photo by Temple.

The King out for a morning ride.

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conclusion of the game the King proposed to enter the court, and took M. Barre as his partner. Though the game partook by no means of a serious nature, all who were present declare that they never witnessed anything more delightful than the King's hearty and energetic play, enlivened as it was by the courtly Frenchman's praise and encouragement—"*A vous, mon Prince! Superb!*" "*Mais c'est très joli, mon Prince! C'est magnifique!*"

Before the King had settled down at Sandringham a few months it became thoroughly clear to the neighbourhood that he meant his country place to be in every sense a sporting estate. Indeed, Sandringham was partly chosen by the King owing to the fact that it afforded facility for so many different kinds of sport. The great lake which forms so delightful a feature in the view from the hall, affords admirable wild duck and teal shooting. Pheasant shooting is, however, the principle form of sport followed by His Majesty and his guests. Something over twelve thousand birds are annually reared at Sandringham, and the huge game room holds with ease seven thousand head. None of the Royal game is ever sold. That which is not dispatched to charitable institutions or needed for the private consumption of the various Royal Households, is given to the employees on the different estates.

The shooting parties rarely number more than ten guns, each of whom is assigned his place in the shoot by the Royal Host himself. All the beaters in Sandringham wear a charming uniform composed of a scarlet blouse, low crowned hat, and long brown gaiters, and each bears on his left arm a number by which he may be identified. After the day's shooting every one of the beaters is allowed to take home a hare and a pheasant. Some fifteen years ago the total autumn bag at Sandringham was over 16,000 head; while in one day (December 31st, 1885) the King and nine of his friends killed close on 3000 head, including 1200 pheasants.

The King's connection with the turf is too well known to need recapitulation in these pages. But I cannot refrain from saying a word or two about him as a yachtsman, for the King is a born sailor, and his passion for yachting is only second to his passion for horse-racing.

If there happen to be a stiff breeze blowing, the increased excitement only means greater enjoyment, danger being totally disregarded. Many stories are told of his intrepidity and calmness in the face of danger. Once, when racing at Cowes for the Queen's Cup, on board the *Aline*, a heavy squall struck the yacht when she was carrying a tremendous amount of canvas, and carried away the foretopmast. The King, in spite of the imminent danger, remained perfectly cool, and asked the captain if it would be safe to continue the race. The captain thought it would, and the yacht, though heavily handicapped, managed to finish the course.

The King always takes a keen interest in the working of the boat, and invariably remains on deck during a race, often changing his position in spite of the obvious difficulty in moving about on the sloping deck. He is generally seen smoking a cigar

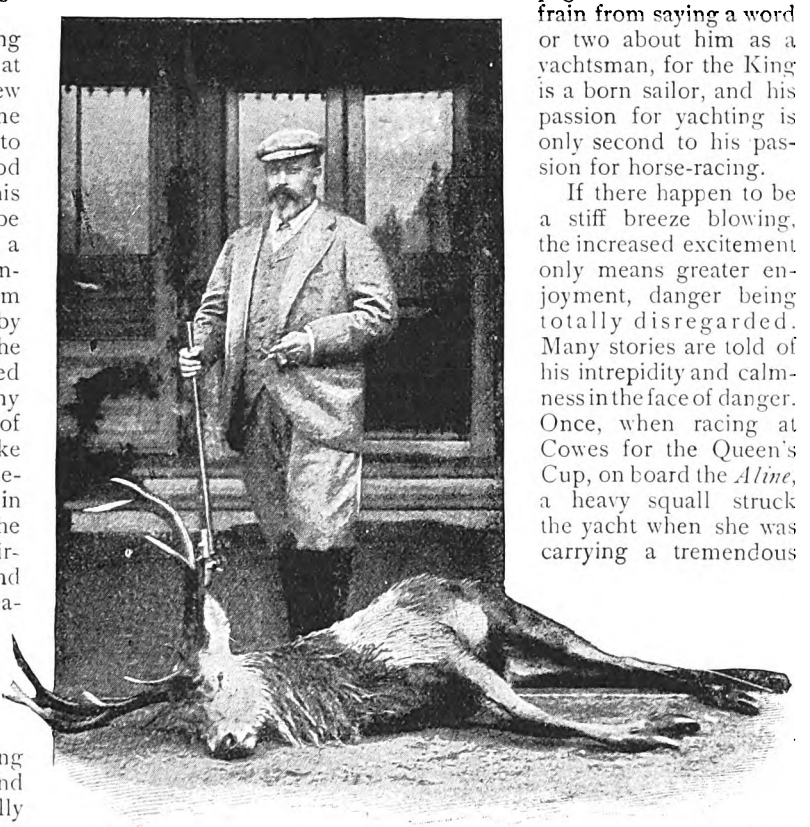

Photo by Downey.

After a day's deerstalking.

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Photo by Temple.

King Edward, the Duke of Cambridge, and friends off for a day's partridge shooting at Sandringham.

big enough to show that he is proof against sea-sickness.

Once, when returning from a short cruise on his yacht, His Majesty had an accident which might easily have proved serious. He had been asked to move round to the weather side of the yacht, as the mainsail was about to be let down. Instead of doing this, however, he walked to the leeward side, the inevitable cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. There he stood all unconscious of impending danger, when down thundered the sail, forcing him close against the leeward bulwarks, where for some moments he was in imminent danger of being carried overboard. As soon as he was released from his unpleasant position, His Majesty had a hearty laugh at his own expense, exclaiming with a smile, "Oh, what a lark." It is not everyone who would have looked at the affair in that light.

I cannot better close this brief article than in the words of the late Duke of Beaufort, "One of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time," he says of the King in his dedication to the "Badminton Library," and there were few more competent critics of the true sportsman than the late duke, who was himself the type of the sport-loving, athletic English gentleman. "I can say from personal observation that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen when a fox breaks covert more dexterously than his Royal Highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country no man can take a line of his own and live with them better."

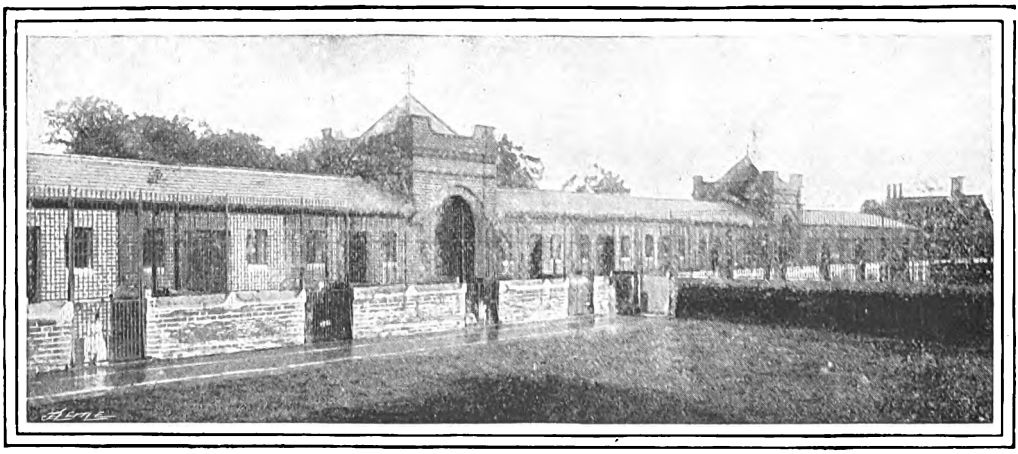

Photo by Ralph.

The kennels, Sandringham.

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AN I.O.U.

By Owen Oliver.

Miss Lisle fidgeted while I glanced through the neatly typed letter; and when I signed my name with a flourish, she sighed. I looked up inquiringly.

"I was wondering," she said slowly, "how he will feel when he gets it." I put down my pen, and leaned back in the chair.

"I trust he will feel that the time has come when he must pay."

"Suppose he hasn't the money," she suggested timidly.

"Then," I replied pleasantly, "we must see what else he has." It was a long outstanding debt, and he had behaved rather badly, I considered.

"Oh!" she cried. "You wouldn't do that. I'm sure you wouldn't!" I frowned. I do not approve of the intrusion of sentiment into business.

"If you are sure, argument is useless." She flushed swiftly.

"I beg your pardon—for my presumption." She picked up the tray of papers with great dignity.

"Miss Lisle," I called. "Wait a moment, please. Won't you sit down?" She sat down with her face turned half away. She is attractive in profile. In fact, she is attractive from all points of view. That is the worst of it.

"I told you the other day that I no longer regarded you as a mere typist, but as a—er—confidential clerk."

"You were very kind." Of course, I had increased her salary. I had to give some reason for it.

"As confidential clerk, it is your duty to advise me. There is no question of presumption." She traced a pattern on the floor with her foot.

"It does not follow that you will take my advice," she remarked, with the slightest toss of her head.

Women always think themselves injured if you don't agree with them.

"Unless you can give a good reason for it." A women never can!

"I have no reason to give," she admitted. "It was merely a feeling. I—I have known what it is myself to—want."

I played with the paper knife.

"It that is what troubles you, I will see if I can—— "

She turned round to me eagerly.

"No, no! I am not worth any more."

"You must allow me to form my own estimate of your value," I said firmly. "If I find you useful— "

She shook her head.

"You are generous—even allowing for my valuable advice!" She smiled momentarily.

"Except to this man, Harrison?"

"I did not mean that you were ungenerous. Only—he may be ill, or in want, or—anything. The money may mean so much to him."

"£30 is £30 to him or to me."

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"But you are well off."

"I should not be well off for long if I forgave all my debts for fear other people were worse off than I."

She sighed again.

"You are quite right, but—"

She paused for a reason to the contrary, but apparently found none.

"He has not paid a penny for three years."

"Perhaps if you waited a little longer?"

"Longer!" I threw the paper knife down impatiently. "How long do you expect me to wait?"

"You don't know his difficulties."

"Or that he has any."

"If he had the money he would pay, of course."

I laughed. Women have such peculiar ideas of business.

"There is no 'of course' about it. A great many people never pay anything till they are compelled. He is evidently one of them." She rose and took the papers.

"I daresay I am wrong. I—it is foolish of me."

She brushed her eyes as she went out. I half rose to call her back. Then I sat down again.

"I am a fool!" I told myself. Since no man is convinced of this fact lightly, I proceeded to give myself reasons.

The reader can probably guess them; but, in case a hint is needed, I may mention that I am a commonplace, middle-aged, prosperous lawyer; and that Miss Lisle is a charming young lady of twenty-three in my employ.

After considering the arguments carefully, I decided that I was *not* a fool of the worst order. True, I had allowed myself to be pleased with my typist's blue eyes and wavy hair; but a person of artistic taste was bound to be pleased with them. At least, I had admired with discretion. A really foolish man would either have lost his typist—or himself! I had done neither. "If I proposed," I had argued, "she would either accept me for my money, or refuse me for myself. Therefore, I shall carefully maintain the position of employer." I flattered myself that this position had been maintained with conspicuous success in our recent discussion. Having flattered myself to this extent, I went off to dine at my club.

My club has a reputation for cooking, and, probably the dinner was no worse than usual upon this occasion; but somehow I could not keep the man Harrison out of the menu. "I was wondering how *he* will feel," she had said.

I kept catching myself speculating what he had for dinner, or whether he hadn't any. It was just possible that her view of the case might be correct after all. For though a woman's reasons are usually wrong, her conclusion is often the right one.

After dinner, I decided to forget the case in a novel. The first book that I picked up in the library was "Put Yourself in His Place!" I threw it aside, went out, and called a hansom.

"Drive to Lowcroft Road," I said, "wherever that is."

It was a dingy street, off a noisy, second-rate thoroughfare. The houses appeared to be either lodging establishments or let in portions. No. 69, where the man Harrison lived, was one of the dingiest.

I was debating with myself whether to call or not, when a policeman came along. I hailed him and made guarded inquiries.

"No. 69," he said. "Name of 'Arrison. Yessir. A werry old gent, nigh doubled up with rheumatics, 'e is. Wot does 'e live on?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well—on 'is niece, or gran' daughter, whichever it is, I should say. Never 'eard as 'e 'ad no means of 'is own."

"Umph!" I said. What does *she* do?"

"Business. Clerk or somethink, like lots of 'em does nowadays."

"Young?" He nodded.

"A werry respectable young person, an' good appearance—prepossessin', as they say in the reports. Name of Lisle."

I lost the rest of his description. When I recovered, I slipped half-a-crown in his hand and walked away.

"Poor little girl!" I muttered. "Poor little girl!"

My first impulse was to offer myself as a friend. Upon reflection this course appeared dangerous. It would be better, I decided, to deal with the question in a businesslike manner. I could tell her casually that, from inquiries made, it appeared that the man Harrison was an invalid without means. Under these circumstances it was obviously useless to move further in the matter.

"I am not going to be annoyed with this worthless I. O. U. any longer," I would declare, in a pretended passion, and tear it up in her presence.

In view of this wise and artful decision, I resolved that I was not a fool at all!

The next morning I took the bundle of correspondence out of the cupboard to carry

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out my decision. I went through the documents hastily; then carefully. Then I sank limply back in my chair. The I. O. U. was gone.

I put the bundle back in the cupboard, and sat staring blankly at the wall. No doubt it had been a great temptation to her; but I had trusted her so. And upon her own admission, I had treated her well. I groaned aloud. Then I struck the table with my fist.

"I'll have every penny out of him," I vowed. "The letters are proof enough."

Upon further consideration I saw that this meant accusing her—which was impossible, of course. Also, she would have to leave; and she would be difficult to replace—as a shorthand writer. I reviewed and cancelled all previous decisions, and assured myself that I *was* a fool.

"No. 69," he said, "Name of 'Arrison. Yessir."

I went through the day in a state of savagery, in which my confidential clerk naturally came in for a large share. She quivered when I spoke sharply, and, towards the end of the day, she looked as though she had been crying; which, I told myself, was the proper thing for such a wicked young woman to do.

"It doesn't matter to me," I argued. "Of course, I shan't trouble about her any more."

The following day, however, she showed no signs of penitence. In fact, she put on an air of injured innocence and indifference. She took my directions quietly and offered no suggestions; and when I was specially irritable, she was obtrusively calm. Once or twice she even shrugged her shoulders—which was a gross breach of discipline and made me very cross.

Evidently she had attained her object in entering my employment and wished me to give her notice. I should do nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I would be exceedingly pleasant. This would pour coals of fire on her head; which ought to make her very uncomfortable indeed.

The next day I was remarkably good-humoured; but, to my surprise, this did not seem to distress her at all. She returned to her usual way of smiling—speaking merely as an employer, she has a very nice smile. She suggested little improvements in letters, and gave me lists of points that we must not forget, and put "files" in order, and made herself useful according to her general custom. I concluded that she could have no conscience at all.

"I am glad you are feeling better," she said, towards the close of the afternoon. "I

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could see that you were not well these last two days."

I looked hard at her. There was no getting over the unfortunate fact that she was remarkably good-looking.

"You did not offer much sympathy."

She smiled, her head a little on one side.

"I dared not! But I *was* sorry—really. You have been so kind to me that——"

"Kindness deserves kindness," I said.

She opened her eyes wide.

"Indeed," she protested. "I—if I could do anything to repay you—"

"It is repayment to know that I can trust you."

I looked at her again, expecting some sign of agitation, but saw none.

"You can," she declared.

I grew suddenly hard.

"Then I will give you a proof of my confidence," I said quietly.

She turned to me in her quick way.

"We had a dispute the other night, about the man named——"

"Not a dispute," she said persuasively.

"Well, a difference of opinion. You thought me unjust and hard."

"Oh, no! Indeed, no! I have never thought you either."

"Anyhow, I have reconsidered the matter and decided not to press him. You will write, please——"

I paused, and she took up her shorthand book mechanically—

"After inquiring into your circumstances, I am satisfied of your inability to discharge the debt referred to in my letter of the 22nd inst. As I do not wish to burden my books any longer with the transaction, I return herewith your I. O. U."

When she had taken the letter down, she turned away her head and wiped her eyes.

"If she confesses," I thought, "I might forgive her." She did not, so I hardened myself again.

"If you will get me the papers," I said, "I will give you the I. O. U. to send."

She went slowly across the room and fetched the bundle from the cupboard.

"Take out the I. O. U., please," I said quietly.

She turned over the papers, started—or pretended to start—and went through them again. I continued writing in silence.

"It is not here," she faltered.

"Nonsense! You had it in your hand the other night. Look again."

She looked—or appeared to look.

"It is *not*."

I took the papers and glanced through them.

"No. It is not. Then where is it?"

She shook her head.

"How should *I* know?"

I tied up the papers.

"There is no need to write, under the circumstances."

I resumed my own writing; but she did not go.

"He—how will he know?"

I laughed.

"No doubt he has some friend among my clerks."

She started.

"I am so sorry," she said. "Perhaps I shall find it."

"Possibly." I smiled grimly. It was not unlikely, I thought.

"Anyhow, it does not lessen your great generosity."

"I repent of my generosity, now it is inforced."

I laid down my pen.

"If I find out who took it——!"

She trembled—looked hard at me—hesitated—and went slowly out. Of course, she must know that I suspected her.

I walked over to the fire and stood with my elbow on the mantelpiece. There was only one course open to me now. She must go. The memory of her must go also. In a sudden fit of passion, I took her photo out of my pocket to destroy it—I had asked for one when she had them taken.

It was among a bundle of old letters. On top of them all was the missing I. O. U. I must have slipped it into my pocket! I suddenly kissed her photo.

"I *am* a fool!" I muttered brokenly. "No one in his senses would have suspected *her*."

There was a soft tap at the door. Before I could recover my voice to answer, she came in. I could see she had been crying.

"Don't!" I said hurriedly. "Please don't. Be seated." I gave her a chair.

"I—I must tell you," she cried breathlessly. "I—he is my mother's father—Mr. Harrison."

"I know, I know. I have found it; in my office coat." I flourished the I. O. U. "I am an idiot!"

She burst into tears.

"I thought you suspected me," she said.

"Don't!" I groaned. "I *did* suspect you."

She clenched her hands suddenly.

"When I missed it two days ago——"

"Two days ago! And you haven't done anything to me? Why didn't you?"

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"I should not like to hurt you," I said, "whatever you did."

She looked at me over her handkerchief, as she wiped her eyes. What eyes they were!

"No punishment would be too bad for me, if I had betrayed you."

"You did not. You would not."

"But you thought I did."

"I was a fool."

She shook her head and smiled a little. Then she turned to me suddenly:

"Why didn't you punish me?"

I stood beside her, with my hand on the desk.

"Because I am foolish enough to love you," I said.

She buried her face in her hands.

"It *is* foolish," she replied, in a whisper.

"Yes. I know quite well that I am uninteresting."

She looked up with her eyes swimming.

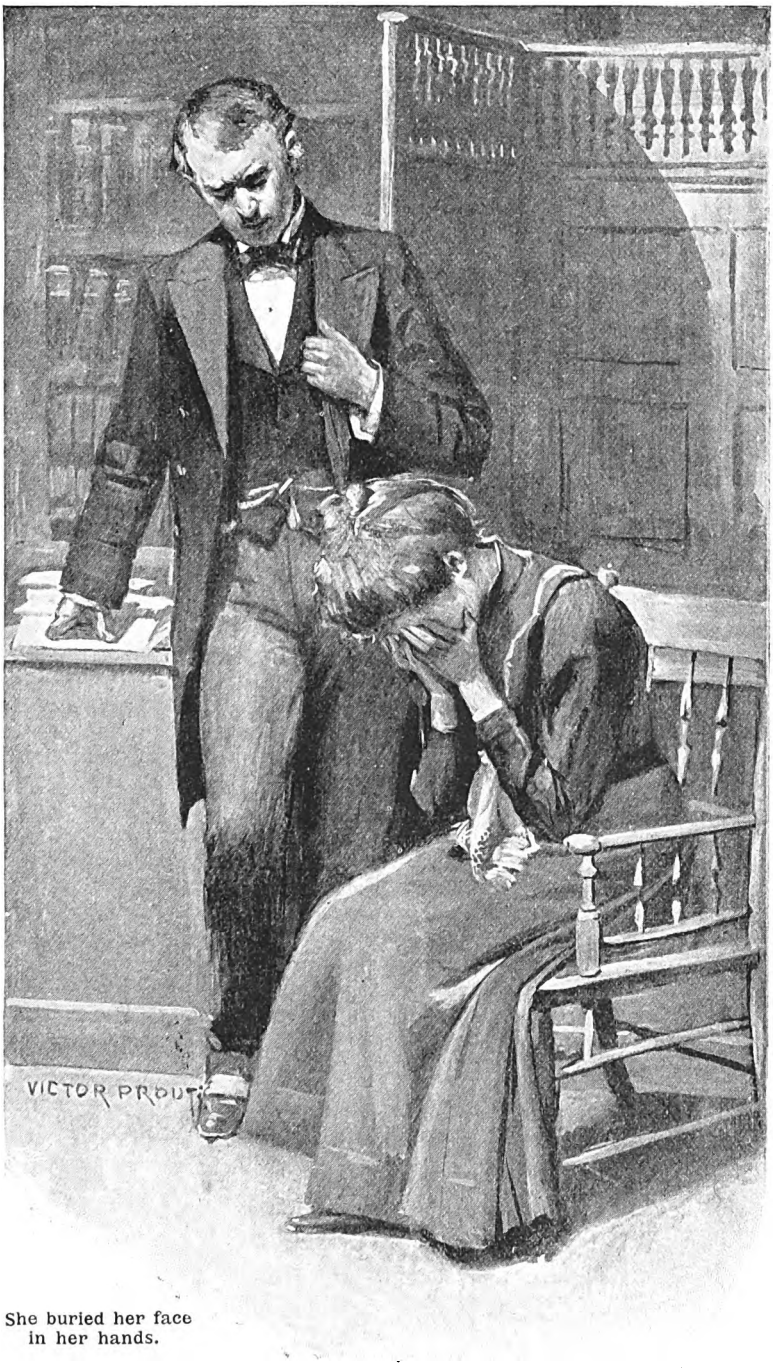
"I meant — I am only your— servant."

I put my hand on the little white hand on the table.

"No!" I said quickly. "No!"

We were silent for a few seconds. Then she laid her other hand on mine.

"Yes!" she declared, with a queer little crying laugh. "Yes!"



She buried her face in her hands.

I will not write down what we said after that. It belongs to a world that is sacred —the only world that matters — just her and me!

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Photo by Spalding. *Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.*

"Well Caught!"

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Illustrated with a Series of Beautiful Instantaneous Photographs.

The Rise of Instantaneous Photography.

THE last few years have brought about many great improvements in all branches of photography, but in no branch more than in instantaneous work. Results can now be obtained with the focal-plane-shutter which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible. This shutter—the best known forms of which are the Thornton-Pickard and the Goerz-Anschutz—has for its normal range of exposure one-twentieth to one-thousandth of a second, but can be constructed to work at even greater speeds if necessary, though the average instantaneous subject comes within the range of one-five-hundredth to one-eight-hundredth of a second, and very few require a shorter exposure. An express train, though generally considered an easy subject by the uninitiated, is, as a matter of fact, a very hard one, and to obtain a satisfactory picture of it the shutter must be worked at its highest speed. Beginners find this branch of photography especially difficult, as the hand has to act in close conjunction with the eye; very often they only succeed in getting a portion of the picture on the plate, and if they hesitate in the least, disaster is sure to result. There seems to be some strange fascination about a diver for the amateur; but in most cases his first few pictures only show a pair of legs just vanishing at one side of the photograph.

The Device of a Guileless Amateur.

A GOOD story is told of a certain amateur who was very unfortunate whenever he tried his hand at instantaneous work. One day, however, he was lucky enough to come upon an express train that had for some reason

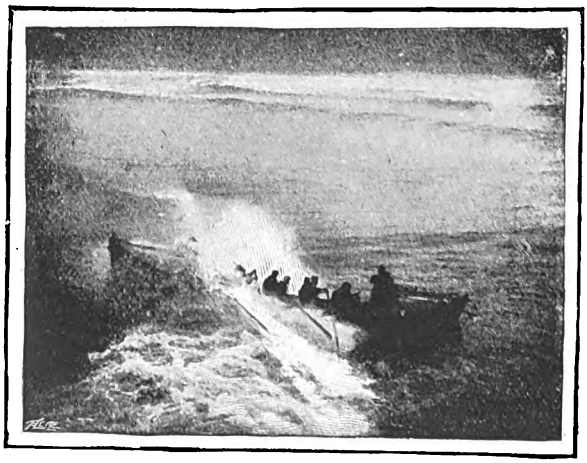

Photo by *Thornton-Pickard.*

Cutting the Wave.

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Turkey has so far bowed down to Western ideas as to allow the ladies of his harem to be photographed. This innovation might have been expected to produce some charming pictures of Oriental costumes, whatever their wearers might have been like; but it was not to be. For the ladies, so far from turning up dressed in their accustomed picturesque fashion, had all provided themselves with elaborate Parisian gowns of the latest mode, having evidently resolved to be up-to-date at any price.

A New Species of Camera Fiend—

THE latest invention in the way of photography is an extremely ingenious and diabolical contrivance. The proud inventor—we do not know his name—hails from the other side of the Atlantic, and is described as a "distinguished amateur photographer." It was while watching a friend, who was being photographed in a Washington gallery, that the great idea flashed upon his brain.

The invariable formula, "Now, look pleasant," suggested it to him. "Why not," he thought, "make people look unpleasant and then photograph them?" The thought, worthy of Cæsar Borgia himself, was carried into execution with Edisonian cleverness. He saw that there would be considerable difficulty in photographing a man whom he had just exasperated—as the man, presumably, would entertain a natural desire to qualify for an action for assault and battery on the person of the would-be photographer. So with an extra button and one or two minor alterations, to be explained hereafter, he converted his hitherto respectable camera into an infernal machine of the worst type.

—How he goes to work.

THE extra button is technically known as the "irritator," its function being simply and solely to annoy the person whom it is proposed to photograph. The *modus operandi* of this new species of camera fiend is as follows. He creeps up behind his unsuspecting victim—if possible, at a time when even the amateur photographer, as a rule, refrains from annoying—and having

Photos reproduced by permission of **Three Snapshots of Skipping and Jumping.** *Thornton-Pickard & Co.*

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taken in the winter that Prince Albert Victor visited Bristol, when the scaffolding was on the Cathedral West towers.

Another interesting fact in connection with this fraud is that the photograph was not only published, but even copyrighted by a San Francisco photographer. We should strongly advise those British Columbian scientists to abandon their proposed expedition to Glacier Bay. If they are very anxious to obtain photographs of the Silent City, they will either have to wait till tele-photography is very much more developed than at present, or come to "Bristol City in England." The latter would be the simplest way.

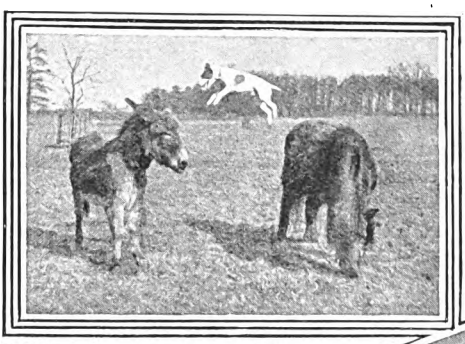

Photo by Robinson.

From Pony to Donkey.

The Camera as a Weapon.

THE deep-rooted belief in the power of the Evil Eye is not by any means the only reason which makes untutored minds afraid of facing the camera. The Ashantis are one savage nation out of many who believe that if a photograph of them is taken, their spirit passes into the picture, and that if this be destroyed, they will die. A war correspondent recently returned from Ashanti owes his life to this superstition. He had wandered from headquarters some little distance trying to find some suitable subjects for his camera, when suddenly he was attacked by a dozen natives or more, who had been hiding near by. He emptied his revolver, but this did not stop them, and in sheer desperation—certainly with no idea of using it as an offensive weapon—he held out his camera in front of him. The Ashantis—who, to do them credit, had faced the revolver fearlessly enough — were immediately struck with terror. They evidently recognised the contrivance with which the white men took away people on paper; they hesitated for a moment, and then fled.

The Dark Room and Measles.

IF the discovery of Dr. Chatinière—namely, a cure for measles by the use of red rays in the dark room—be practicable, we must expect to see great changes in the photographic art. The discovery is based on a theory that the red rays of the solar spectrum have a powerful action on the aforesaid disease, and consequently that all the treatment needed to effect a cure is to put the patient in a dark room and shade all the lamps, etc., with red. It is reported that cases of measles have been cured in three days by this means. If such be the case we shall soon be seeing brass plates appear with the legend, "John Smith, Photographer and Measles Specialist."

Dr. Chatinière believes that some of the rays of the spectrum are excessively irritating to a diseased skin, while the red has a soothing effect. But there is nothing new under the sun. Dr. Chatinière himself confesses that he borrowed the idea from the female inhabitants of the Vosges who, he tells us, wrap

Will he clear them?

Splash!

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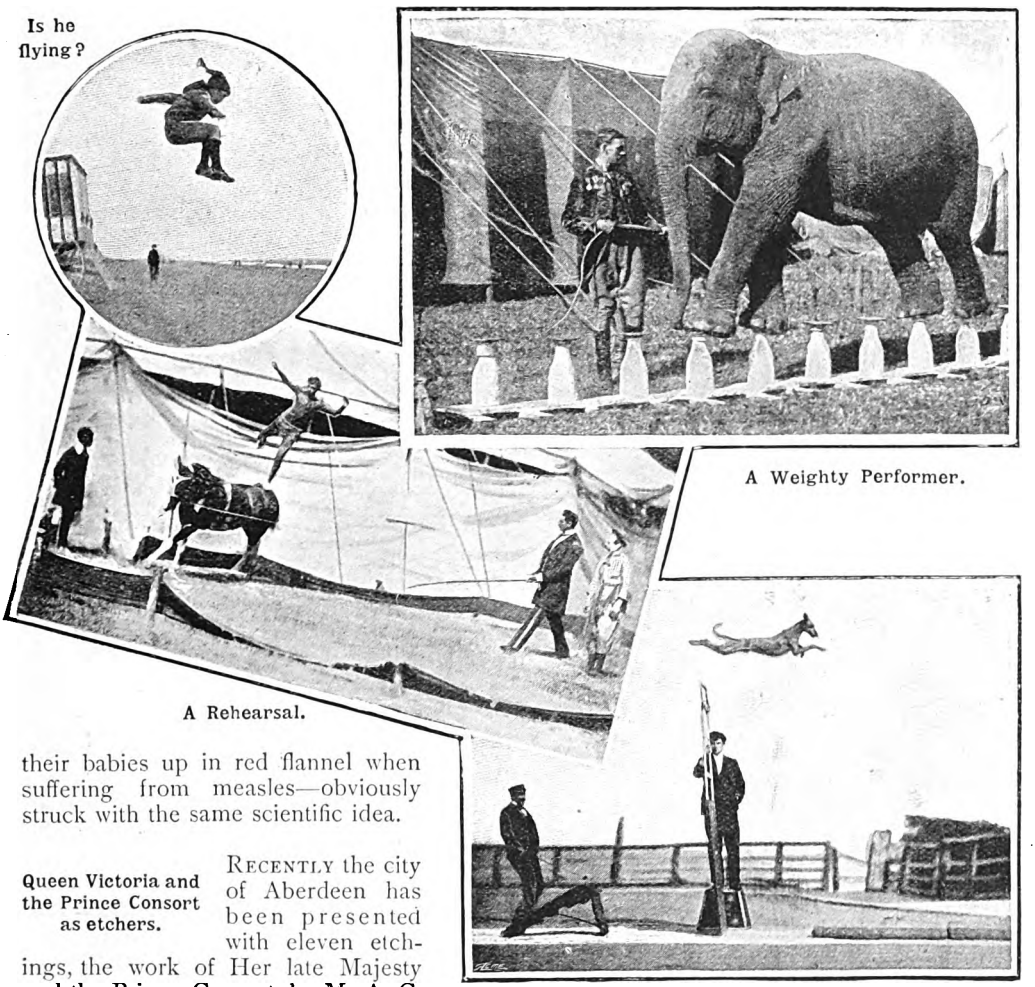

Phot s by Knight.

A High Jump.

their babies up in red flannel when suffering from measles—obviously struck with the same scientific idea.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort as etchers.

RECENTLY the city of Aberdeen has been presented with eleven etchings, the work of Her late Majesty and the Prince Consort, by Mr A. C. Pirie. The etchings date back to an early period of the last reign, when the Queen and her husband had been taking a course of lessons in draughtsmanship upon copper under the instruction of Mr. Thomas Landseer, the brother of Sir Edwin.

In all they made about eighty plates, the subjects of which were chiefly domestic. The Princess Royal in her nurse's arms and the baby Prince of Wales appeared on the plates more than once, and the Queen's various pets were also frequently taken as models. Sometimes even the works of Sir Edwin Landseer were copied. But although the work was a source of great interest to the Queen and Prince Consort, it was undertaken as an amusement only, and the etchings were never intended to be published; a few, indeed, were given away, but only to friends. Nevertheless, one morning the unsuspecting Royal amateurs woke up to find that their eighty etchings were advertised by a Paternoster Row firm as about to appear in print. The would-be publisher cloaked the impudence of his design under flattering quotations from Shakespeare, such as—"England must know the value of her own,"—"'Twas a concealment worse than a theft."

It was never quite cleared up as to who was the delinquent who caused a set of the plates to come into the publisher's hands. A journeyman in the employ of a lithographer at Windsor, to whom the plates had been sent to have impressions printed, was suspected, but it was never certain. At any rate, an injunction was immediately applied for and granted against the publication. The "concealment worse than a theft" has

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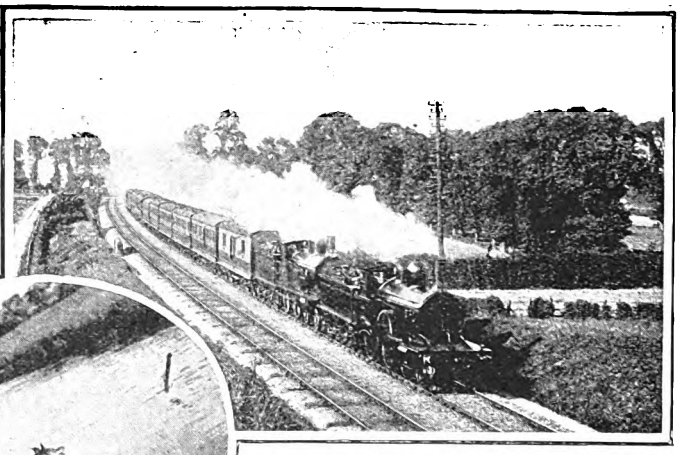
The Bournemouth Express at Full Speed.

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.

Photo by W. G. Sellan.



"Good Dog!"

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.

Photo by E. Pickard.

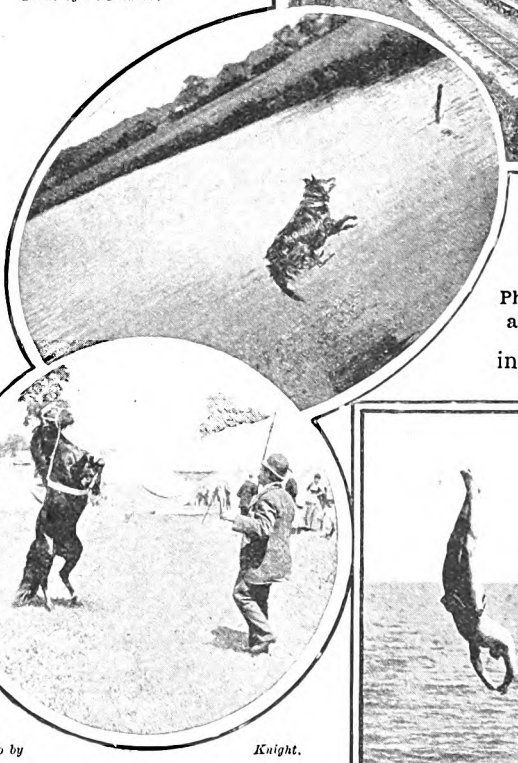


Photo by *Knight.*

The Dancing Horse.

Photo by *Meldon.*

The Diver.

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane Prize Picture.

continued to this day, and will continue probably, except so far as the city of Aberdeen is concerned.

Pinhole Photography. THE use of the pinhole in photography is of special advantage in cases where a cramped position is unavoidable, and also for copying purposes. The usual diameter of a pinhole is from 1-50th to 1-75th of an inch, and objects can be photographed varying in distance from a few inches to 300ft. The great essentials of this branch of photography are a perfectly true pinhole, and care and experience in manipulation. The greatest obstacle against pinhole photography becoming popular among amateurs is its inability to do instantaneous work.

Photography and Crime. THOUGH it is a common thing for photography in fiction to have a great part in the evidence against a criminal, in actual fact such cases are rare. Indeed, since the famous Tichborne trial, no case has been so greatly affected as was the recent Yarmouth murder trial. The question that had to be decided by the experts was whether the deceased woman was wearing a link or rope watch chain in the photograph taken on the beach at Yarmouth.

The photographer said that it was taken with a two and a half seconds exposure; and as probably there had been some slight movement of the chain during that time, the question was a very hard one to decide. The experts' evidence was directly in conflict, and the judge's remark that the chain must have been moved was certainly correct. This being so, the only thing was to leave the question open.

Notice. THE next number of the ROYAL will contain an extremely interesting article on the photographing of ghosts. It will be profusely illustrated with a series of wonderful photographs, and the article itself, which is by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, fully explains how these remarkable pictures are taken.

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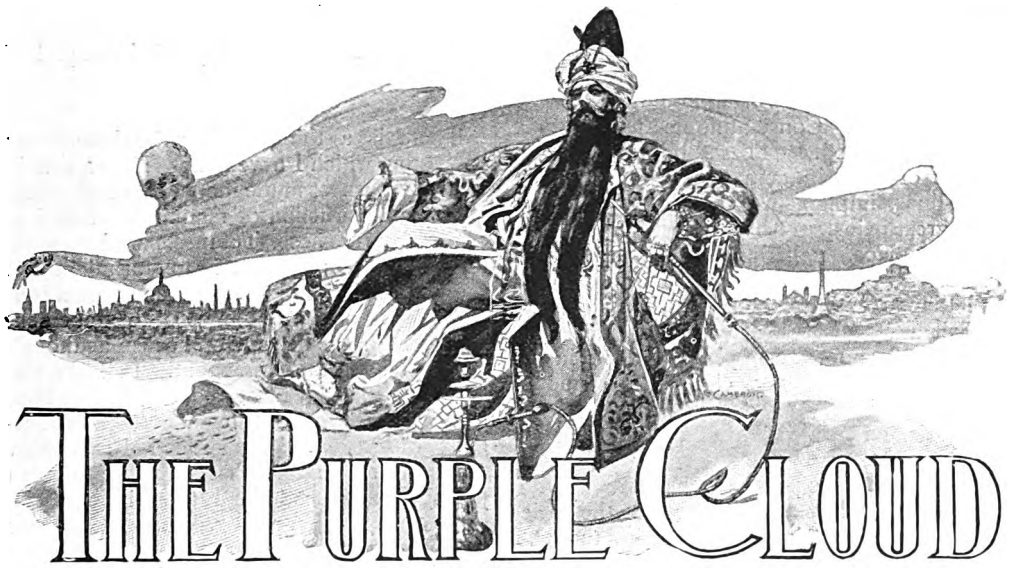

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, he retraces his steps. The ships he meets are full of corpses, and landing twice at Norway he finds every man and beast dead. He sails for England full of foreboding, and discovers in all England not a living soul. When he arrived at the Pole a poisonous cloud swept over the earth killing all the human race. The terrible loneliness drives Jeffson mad and in his frenzy he sets fire to London

V.

Those words: "A signal to the planet Mars," I wrote over seventeen years ago, some days after the destruction of London. The roll of sheets on which they were written have been near to me; but I have had no impulse to write anything. Now I continue.

This city burning has become a habit with me far more enchaining (and more debased) than ever opium was to the smoker, or alcohol to the drunkard. I count it now among the necessaries of life—it is my pastime, my wine, my orgy, my secret sin. I have burned Cairo and Calcutta, Paris, Pekin, and San Francisco.

Am I *already* mad? I laugh at the thought! The mere fact that I ask is proo of sanity. Yet if *another man* should behold me now! With what awe he would certainly shrink from the wild majesty of these eyes! He *could* not but exclaim, "*There* is the very lunacy of Pride!"

Yes, surely to one of my fellows in that far-off Past, there would seem now in myself, in all about me, something extravagantly royal, touched with Terror. My body has fattened, and my girth now fills out its broad girdle, heavily hung with ancient gold and silver coins; my beard, still black, sweeps in two divergent sheaves to my hips, flustered by every wind. As I walk through this palace, the amber floor reflects in its depths a low-necked robe of purple and blue and crimson, aglow with luminous stones. I am ten times crowned Lord and Emperor. I sit a hundred times throned in confirmed, stately old majesty. Among those worlds upon which I nightly pore I may have my peers and compeers—but *here* I am Sole. Earth acknowledges my diadem and sceptre. It seems to me a thousand, thousand years since other beings walked, visibly in the sunlight, on this planet—I can, indeed, no longer realise, or even credit, that such a state of things has existed; it is like a wild dream. For now, at least, I am sole—I am lord. The golden walls of this great palace which I have built look down enamoured of their own reflection, into a lake of the choicest, purplest wine.

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I am writing now on the Island of Imbros, to which sixteen years ago I first came in a Russian warship, towing through the Dardanelles from Constantinople ten Greek feluccas, loaded. These bore a mixed freight of gold in coin and bullion, gems, tram-lines, implements, lime, etc., gathered with great pains, and borne in trains to their meeting-place. I had made myself master of the *technique* of smelting and casting, of in-letting, chamfering and dove-tailing; I built myself a forge; I excavated, I planned, I worked, and after fifteen years of often interrupted toil—for my changes of mood would admit of no steady labour—I saw this palace rise a vision of glorious beauty before me.

It is a structure positively as clear as the sun, and as fair as the moon: the sole human work in which no restraining thought of *cost* has played a part; one of its walls alone being of more value than all the temples, mosques and minarets, the palaces and pagodas together, built between the ages of the Nimrods and the Georges.

Its structure is low and large; yet it stands high, being built on a very huge platform of gold plated-stone, in the manner of Assyrian palaces. It is approached on its four sides by a hundred and thirty-two low, long steps, gold-plated—not forming a continuous flight—but broken into threes and fives, sixes and tens, with landings between. Around spreads the lake, its evaporation being repaired from reservoirs in the platform; and in it I take my coloured baths. Every portal of the palace is guarded by two winged bulls in gold, with eyes of ruby. Round the flat roof run pavilions of purple silk on rings and rods of gold; and from that height I can watch by the bright moonlight of this climate—which rather resembles limelight—the forever silent blue hills of Macedonia, and the Islands of Samothraki, Lemnos, and Tenedos, set like purplish fairies in the Ægean Sea.

Sometimes I rush, bawling, with open arms, from this temple of luxury, tear off my gaudy rags, and hide in some rotting hut by the shore. Such are the changes of mood to which I am now subject. Events, apart from my will, take place in my brain precisely resembling volcanic eruptions. One spangled midnight, with uplifted face streaming, and outstretched arms, I may kneel on my roof, adoring the Eternal with awe-struck heart; the next, I may strut like a cock, wicked as sin, lusting to burn a city—to roll in delights—and, like the Babylonian maniac, calling myself the equal of Heaven.

* * * * *

There is a thing I will write down here; something which I have noticed; it is a certain obstreperousness in the mood of the elements since the destruction of mankind. And it is a *growing* rudeness. Tempests are becoming more wrathful; the sea more turbulent and unbounded in its rages. When it thunders, it thunders with a venom new to me, cracking through the heaven of heaven as though it would split the firmament. In India and China I witnessed most frequent earthquakes, some of them marked by a certain extravagance of passion. Why is this? I remember reading very long ago that on the American prairies, which had from time immemorial been swept by great storms, the storms subsided when man came to reside permanently there. If this be true, it would seem that the mere presence of man has a certain subduing or mesmerising effect upon the turbulence of Nature; and his absence now may have removed the curb. It is my belief that within fifty years from now the huge forces of the earth will be let fully loose to tumble as they will; and this planet will become the theatre of commotions stupendous as those witnessed on the face of Saturn.

* * * * *

But it was not to write of *this* or of anything that I have now written, that I have taken pen in hand after a cessation of seventeen years! Why do I deeply fear to put it on paper, writing of this and that, while of *it* alone I am thinking? I will write it in black and white! It shall be written! I have this day heard again within me *the contention of the two Voices!*

I thought that they were done with me!—that all, all, all was ended!—I have not heard them for twenty years!

But to-day—distinctly—breaking in with bawling suddenness upon my consciousness—I heard them!

Soon after my morning meal, I was spurred by the whim to fly from my palace—to hurry to Constantinople—to enjoy its burning. And as I leapt to my feet, I heard the sudden startling wrangle of the prompting Voices; and one cried: "Go! Go!" and the other: "Not *there!*—where you will—but not *there!*—for your life!"

* * * * *

I did not go, for I *could* not, I was overcome with agitation. I fell upon a couch shivering.

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These voices quarrel within me now with an openness new to them. Occasionally, influenced by my long scientific habit of thought, I have wondered lately whether what I used to call "*the Two Voices*," were not, after all, merely two strong instinctive impulses (such as most men felt, though with less force) urging me opposite ways. But to-day all doubt is passed; now, unless I be very mad, can I ever doubt again?

I have been thinking, thinking of my life; there is a something which I cannot understand.

There was a man whom I met, it seems an eternity ago, in my youth, I fancy it was at Cambridge, but I forget his name now. He use to talk continually of certain "Black" and "White" Powers, and of their strife for this world. He was a short man with a Roman nose, and lived in fear of growing fat. Very profound was the impression of his words upon me, though I think I used to make a point of seeming to slight them.

This man always declared that the "Black" would carry off the victory in the end.

Well, now, assuming this "Black," and this "White" Being—it seems that the prophecy is already fulfilled; for the human race is gone; and it must have been the "Black" that wanted that, not the "White."

Now, supposing it to be a fact that my reaching the Pole had any connection with the destruction of the race, according to the notions of that extraordinary man I heard preach one night at Kensington, then it must have been the power of the "Black" which carried me, in spite of all obstacles, to the Pole. So far, I can understand.

But *after* I had reached the Pole, what further use had either "White" or "Black" for me? Which was it—"White," or "Black" —that preserved my life through my long return on the ice—and *why*? It *could* not have been the "Black," for I easily divine that from the moment when I touched the Pole, the only desire of the "Black," which had previously preserved, must have been to destroy me—the last of the race. It must therefore have been *the "White"* that led me back on the ice —that retarded me long, so that I should not enter the poison-cloud — that openly presented to me the *Boreal*, to bring me home to Europe.

But his *motive*? And the meaning of these recommencing wrangles after so long a silence? This I do not, do not, understand.

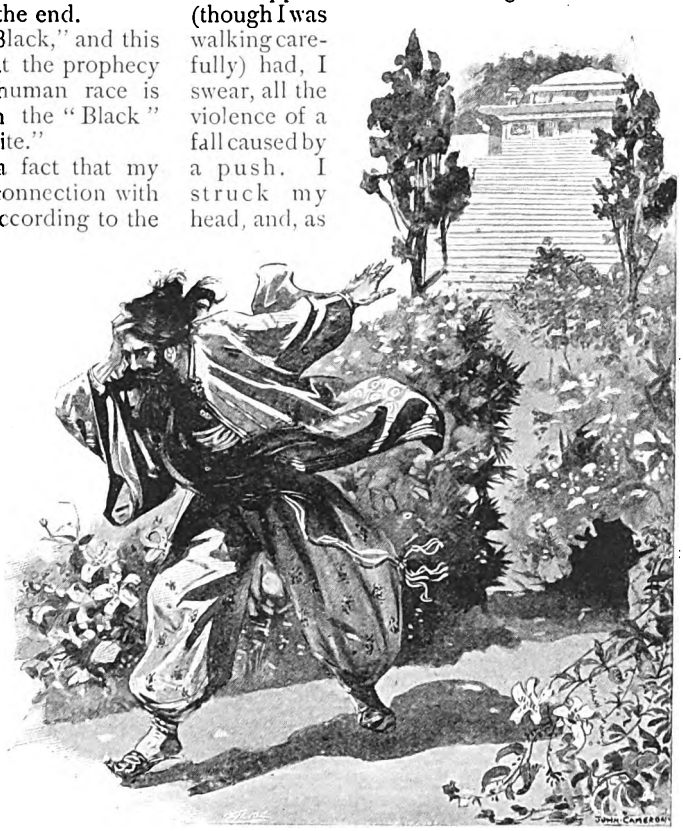
Oh, it is a mad, inextricable tangle! Are there any White Beings and Black Beings *at all*? Do I really, in truth, hear within me the Voices of two persons distinct and separate from my own nerves? Or am I all mad and morbid, morbid and mad, mad?

This inaction here is *not good* for me! this stalking about the palace!—these long thinkings of Black and White, White and Black, and things beyond the ken of man! My brain seems ready to burst my brow.

To-morrow I will get away—to Constantinople.

* * * * *

When, descending to my ship, I had about reached the middle of the platform steps, my foot slipped on the smooth gold. The fall (though I was walking carefully) had, I swear, all the violence of a fall caused by a push. I struck my head, and, as



Sometimes I rush, bawling, with open arms, from this temple of luxury.

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I rolled downward, swooned. When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the very bottom step, which is thinly washed by the wine-waves; another roll and I must have drowned. I sat there an hour, lost in amazement at this event. I then passed over the causeway, and descended to the shore. I am writing this, before going to sleep on board the yacht *Speranza*, she now lying motionless in moonlit water off the Island of Marmora. To-morrow I will drop anchor in the Golden Horn.

* * * * *

It is long since I have so deeply enjoyed even to the marrow of my bones. It may be "the White Being" who has the guardianship of my life; but surely, surely, it is the Black who reigns supreme in my *heart!*

Grandly did old Stamboul, Galata, Pera itself, blaze and roar. I sat in a minaret high on the top of the heights of Pera. I saw the Genoese Tower of Galata shoot perpendicularly upward, precisely like a rocket, and burst with a report in mid-air; the Golden Horn itself was a tongue of fire, being crowded with exploding battle-ships, with feluccas, caïques, merchantmen aflame. I had lain fuses on seventy-three craft, and sent them out beforehand under compressed air to light with their wandering fires the Sea of Marmora. At midnight I was encompassed in one great furnace and fiery gulf, all the sea and sky inflamed, the earth ablaze. And soon I fell weak and drunken upon my face.

* * * * *

O wild Providence! O unfathomable, incredible Miracle! That ever I should write what now I write!

Four nights after the burning I slept in a minaret of Pera. On the fifth day I attempted to pass through the city, toward the Top-khâney quay; for there I had placed under shelter a caïque, by which I might reach the *Speranza*, she being safely anchored some distance out. But the miles of ruins still smoked, and soon, finding my eyes water, I said: "I will change my course to the north-westward, ascend to the 'Sweet waters,' and thence, coming down by the quays of the Golden Horn, reach the *Speranza*."

Accordingly, I made my way out of the region of smoke. I passed beyond the extreme limits of smouldering Galata, and at once entered upon rich woodland a little scorched at first, but soon green and flourishing as the jungle. Here Nature in only twenty years—has returned to an exuberant savagery. All was now wild vegetation, dark dales, streams wimpling through the deep brown shadow. On with slow and listless foot, I paced, munching an almond or an olive. After a time, I penetrated a cypress grove, very sombre. The day was still, the leaves and flowers motionless. I seemed, as it were, to hear the vacant silence of the world. My foot, treading on twigs, produced sounds that resembled the report of guns. I presently reached a glade in a thicket where there was just sufficient twilight to permit me to see a tuft of wild corn with cornflowers, some golden champac, and all about a profusion of musk-roses. I had stopped—*why* I do not recollect—perhaps thinking that I could not be far from the place called "the Sweet Waters," and seriously wishing to find my way out. As I stood looking about me, I remember that some cruising insect trawled near my ear its lonely drone.

Suddenly, I started, I started.

I imagined—I dreamed—that I saw a pressure in a bed of moss and violets, *recently made!* And while I stood gloating with staring eyes upon that impossibility, I imagined—I dreamed—O dizzy lunacy!—that I heard a laugh!—the laugh of a human soul!

Or it seemed half a laugh, and half a sob; and it passed from my consciousness within one fleeting instant.

But brief as was the impression, it was yet so thrillingly *real* that my poor heart received, as it were, the very shock of death; and I fell backward into the moss, supported on the right palm, while the left compressed my working bosom.

Toiling to catch my breath, I lay still, all my soul focussed in my ears. But now I could hear no sound, save only the vast and audible silence.

Still, still I lay. After some minutes I became conscious that my eyes were leering—and leering in one fixed direction. And instantly, the mere fact that I had sense of direction, proved that sobbing laugh a *real* sound, and no maniac fancy. I strove—I managed—to raise myself; and as I stood upright, not the terrors of the grave only were in my breast, but the authority of the Monarch was on my brow.

Step by step, with dainty noiselessness, I moved along a mossy winding path. Soon my ears caught the purling noise of a brooklet. I followed the path—it led me into a mass of bush, through which, prowling like

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a stealthy tiger, I wheedled my painful way. I emerged upon a strip of open long grass, and was now faced by a wall of acacia trees, prickly pear, and pichulas, between which and a forest beyond I spied a gleam of running water.

I crept toward the acacia thicket, entered it a little, and leaning far forward, peered. And there—at once—ten yards to my right —*I saw.*

Strange to say, my agitations, instead of intensifying to the point of apoplexy and death, now, at the actual *sight*, subsided almost to calmness. Steadily, with malign and sullen eye askance, I stood and eyed her there.

She was on her knees, her palms, too, lightly touching the ground. At the edge of the streamlet she knelt, and she was looking with a sort of startled, shy astonishment at the reflection of her face in the clear, brown water.

I believe that the momentary laugh and sob which I had heard was the result of surprise at seeing her own image; and I firmly believe, from the expression of her face, that that was the first time she had seen it.

Never, I thought, as I stood looking moodily at her, had I beheld a creature so fair on the earth (though I can now determine that there was nothing extraordinary about her good looks). Her hair, somewhat lighter than auburn, and frizzy, was a real garment in the absence of others, covering her below the hips, some of it falling, too, into the water; her eyes, which are dark blue, were open in a most silly expression of bewilderment. Even as I eyed her, she slowly rose, and at once I saw in all her manner an air of unfamiliarity with the world, as of one wholly at a loss what to do. Her eyes did not seem accustomed to light. I could swear that that was the first day in which she had ever seen a tree, or a stream.

I guessed that she was of Circassian origin. Her skin was whitey-brown or old ivory-white. Her age appeared eighteen or twenty.

She stood up motionless, at a loss. She took a lock of her hair, and drew it through her lips. Then again she stood feckless, with sideward-hanging head. It was clear that she did not at all know what to make of the world. Finally she sat on a moss-bank, laid a musk-rose on her palm, and looked at it.

On with breathless care, inch by inch, I crawled.

One minute after my first actual sight of her, my extravagance of agitations died down, I say, to something like calm. The earth was mine, by old right; I felt that; and this intruder a mere slave upon whom, without heat or haste, I might perform my will; and for some time I stood coolly enough considering what that will should be.

I had at my girdle a dainty cangiar of Moorish work, six inches long, with a curved blade sharp as a razor. I drew it from its satin sheath. The blackest and basest of all the fiends of the Pit seemed whispering in my breast with calm persistence: "*Kill, kill.*"

Why should I have killed her? That question I now ask myself. Is it because the human soul after twenty years of solitude is more enamoured of solitude than of life itself, shrinking like a tender nerve from the rough intrusion of Another into the secret realm of Self? Or it may be true

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that after twenty years of solitude I am become a true beast, mad, prowling, with instincts all inflamed and fierce, delighting in darkness and crime for their own sake. I do not know; but I know that as I drew the cangiar, the basest and the slyest of all the devils was whispering persistently in my breast: "Kill, kill, and be merry."

With excruciating slowness, like a crawling glacier, I stole forward through the thicket, the knife behind my back. Once, however, there was a restraint, a check; I felt myself held back; I had to stop. One of the ends of my divided beard had caught in a limb of prickly-pear.

It was, I believe, at the moment when I was disentangling it, that I first noticed the state of the sky; a minute or so before it had been clear; now all the heavens were busy with hurrying clouds. It was a muttering of thunder which had made me glance upward.

When my eyes returned to the sitting figure, I saw her looking foolishly about the sky with an expression which assured me that she had never before heard that sound of thunder, or at least had no idea what it could mean.

On, with breathless care, inch by inch, I crawled. Suddenly, with a rush, I was out in the open, running her down.

She leapt up—perhaps two, perhaps three, paces she fled; then stood stock still—only some four yards from me—half facing me—with panting nostrils—with inquiring face.

I saw it all in an instant—and in an instant all was over. I had not checked the impetus of my run at her stoppage, and I was on the point of reaching her with uplifted knife, when I was suddenly checked and smitten by a stupendous violence; a flash of blinding light, attracted by the steel I held, struck tingling through my frame; and at the same moment the most passionate crash of thunder that has ever shocked a poor human ear felled me to the ground. The cangiar, snatched from my hand, fell near the girl's feet.

I did not quite lose consciousness; though, surely the Powers no longer hide themselves from me, and their close contact is intolerably rough and vigorous to a poor mortal man. For (I think) three or four minutes I lay so astounded under that bullying cry of wrath, that I could not move. When at last I sat up, the girl was standing near me, smiling, holding out to me the cangiar in the pouring rain.

I took it from her, and my doddering fingers dropped it into the stream.

* * * * *

Not only can she not speak to me in any language that I know, but she can speak in *no* language; it is my firm belief that she has *never* spoken.

She never saw a boat or water, or the world, till now—I could swear it. I took her in a caïque to the *Speranza*, and when she saw the ship, the open sea, astonishment was printed on her face. But she appears to know no fear. She smiled like a child always, and touched this thing and that patronisingly.

I took her to the *Speranza*, intending to carry her to Imbros, where she might lodge in one of the shore huts; the windlass engine was already at work on the anchor, when I changed my mind. "No," I said, "I will be alone. I am not a child."

I rowed her back to the Topkhâney Quay, and made her land, while I remained in the caïque. I then set out to get back to the ship, saying to her: "You can have Turkey, if you like, and I will have the rest of the world."

I rowed seaward, my face toward her, but steadily averted, for I would not look her way to see what she was doing. However, as I was turning a point, I heard a babbling cry—the first sound she has uttered. I looked; and she was still quite near me: the little maniac had been running along the embankment, following me.

"Little fool!" I cried across the water, "what are you after now?"

There she stood—there she stood—whimpering like an abandoned dog after me. I turned the boat, landed, and shook her roughly by the arms.

While she cowered in surprise, I took her by the hand, and I led her away through the city, choosing the broadest streets, though even these still sluggishly smoked. My object was to find some sort of possible edifice in which to leave her. We walked in this way four miles of ruins from Seraglio Point all along the city Battlements to the Seven Towers, she picking her bare-footed way after me through the wilderness of scorched débris. At last late in the evening, I spied a large house with green lattice-work façade, and terrace-roof, standing solitary in the middle of a vast square or bazaar. It was little hurt, though the vegetation that had overspread the open space was singed by the hot blast to stubble, among which lay thousands of calcined bones, and over all shone now the still moonlight.

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It seemed to me the mansion of some official; it would probably contain divans, henna, cushions, saffron, sherbets, wines, foods, a thousand luxuries still good. I approached and threw open the lattice-door. The girl was close behind me. I entered, and the moment that she, too, was within, I slipped out, slammed the door in her face, and hooked it upon her.

I walked away some yards, then stopped, listening for her expected cry. But all was still. I waited five minutes—ten—but heard nothing; I then continued my way, intending to set out for Imbros.

But I had hardly advanced twenty yards when I heard a weak and strangled cry, apparently in the air behind me, and glancing backward, saw the girl lying on her face among the scorched stubble. She had evidently jumped from a small lattice casement which I saw hang open thirty feet above the ground.

I could swear that she was not conscious of any danger in jumping; all the laws of life are new to her; she had merely come with blind instinctiveness after me, taking the first way that presented itself. I walked to her, pulled at her, and found that she could not stand. Her face was screwed with silent pain—she did not moan. I stood glaring over her a minute, and then took her up and tossed her like a dog within the door. She made no sound, neither groan nor cry.

I found orange-sherbet and narghilas, raki, foie gras, tembaki, krishnu, and a host of delicacies in the house In a courtyard, rank with wild vines, weeds and roses, stood a mosque-kiosk on slender ebon pillars beside a square marble wall; and here, sitting among cushions on its steps, I passed the night, intending that it should be my last in this ruined city.

The girl I did not see during the night, but passing through in the morning, I saw her lying in the very spot where I had flung her. I stepped over her, and went out, but returned, woke her, and examined her ankle. I made her limp to the well, and I bandaged it with a strip torn from my kaftan, speaking meanwhile gruffly to her in a severe voice, so that she might not follow me further.

I started out afresh, leaving her seated on the edge of the well, but presently found that she was limping after me. She follows me like a cork following in the wake of a ship.

I turned back with her into the house to seek a meal. That was five days ago, but to-morrow I shall certainly set out for Imbros.

* * * * *

I have made this discovery; that for twenty

Looking up, I saw her standing behind a pillar.

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years—twenty long years—I have been stark mad, a raving maniac! And that *now*—suddenly—I am sane, sitting writing here in my right mind. The presence of only one other being in the world with me seems to be rapidly changing the whole mood and tone of my mind.

* * * * *

This strange creature! Where has she lived, and how?

She has apparently never seen clothes. Some days since, I made her put on white satin pantaloons from the harem here, a blue silk tunic, a cushee, anklets, rings, corals, slippers: and her perplexity was unbounded!

During all her twenty years she has never seen nuts, almonds, figs, liqueurs, biscuits, chocolate, conserves, vegetables, sugar, oil, honey, sweetmeats, sherbet, salt, etc.; she showed perplexity when I ate all these, hesitation to eat them herself. But she has known and tasted *wine*, I could see that. Here, then, is a mystery.

I followed, dropping upon a heap of stone *débris*.

I have not gone to Imbros, but have remained here observing her. I have allowed her to sit in a corner not far removed from where I have eaten, and I have given her food.

She is wonderfully clever! I keep on finding that, after an incredibly short time, she has completely adapted herself to this or that. Already she wears her outfit as though born in clothes. She watches me with exact observation, without seeming observant. She knows when I am speaking roughly, bidding her go, bidding her come, tolerant of her, tired of her, scorning her, cursing her. If I wish her out of my sight, she quickly divines it by my face, and will disappear. Yesterday I noticed something queer about her eyes, and soon discovered that she had been staining the lids with black pigment, as Mahomedan women used to do. She had, no doubt, found a box and guessed its use from the pictures of women she has observed in the house. Wonderfully clever—imitative as a mirror! Two mornings since, having found on an ottoman an old mother-of-pearl kittar, I sat playing a simple melody. It was in the open colonnade facing the court. Looking up, I saw her standing behind a pillar at the opposite side panting, listening; and two hours later I was startled by hearing the same air struck from the strings. She was repeating it faultlessly by ear. I have also come upon her reproducing the poses of some dancing girls painted in frescoes on the walls. So that she seems to have a character as light as a butterfly, and is afraid of nothing.

* * * * *

Now I know.

I had observed that at the beginning of each meal, she seemed to have something on her mind, going toward the door, hesitating

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as if to see whether I would follow, and then returning. At length yesterday, after sitting to the table, she jumped up, and to my infinite surprise said her first word; said it with a most quaint experimental effort of the tongue, as a fledgling when it first tries the air; it was the word—"come."

I felt some sort of foolish pleasure at hearing her utter a word; and I followed her, saying to myself: "she must be about to show me the sort of food to which she is accustomed; and perhaps that will solve the mystery of her origin."

So it has proved. I have now discovered that to the moment when she saw me, she had tasted only her mother's milk, dates, and Shiraz wine.

As it was getting dark, I lit and took with me the big red silk lantern, and we set out, she leading, and walking confoundedly fast, slackening when I swore at her, and getting fast again; and she walks with a certain levity, flightiness, and liberated *furore*, very hard to describe, as though space were a luxury to be revelled in.

By what instinctive cleverness, or vigorous memory, she knew her way through the ruined city I cannot tell, but she never hesitated, though we walked miles. She led me to the Royal Palace—the Palace of Delmabâgcheh.

Up and up we went through the grounds, a few unburned old bodies in rags of uniform still discernible here and there as the lantern swung past them, a musician in sky-blue, a fantassin, and officer of the guard in scarlet, forming a cross, a sheik-ul-Islam in green tatters, with domestics of the palace in red and orange.

There was no mistaking it; I knew the site; the ruins stood isolated in their terraced gardens. We reached the walls; and through doorless doors we passed, down long marble steps, among strewed courtyards, half-fallen arcades, blackened columns, then down a narrow stair of dislocated stones to what looked like the palace vaults, and at the bottom we stood on a rubble floor, which bore the marks of the recent flames.

The girl pointed with excited recognition to a great hole in this deep floor, ran, and quickly disappeared down it.

I followed, dropping upon a heap of stone *débris*. It was by this *débris*, I knew at once, that she must have clambered out into the world. I found myself in a low flat-roofed cellar, so very vast in extent that I could not half discern its boundaries, though plenty of light streamed in from above. She still led me eagerly on, and I presently saw a whole region of flat boxes, made of thin board, packed to the roof; then another region of bottles in wicker-work, stretching into darkness. The boxes, of which a great number lay broken open, contain dates, and the bottles, of which many thousands lay empty, contain, I think, old Shiraz wine. Some casks, odd bed-posts, a cube of rotting parchments, showed that this cellar had been loosely used for the occasional storage of superfluous provisions and knick-knacks.

It was also loosely used as a prison, for in a lane between the region of bottles and the region of boxes there lay on the plaster the skeleton of a woman, with brass gyves on her wrists. When I had examined her well, I knew the whole history of the girl standing by my side.

She is the daughter of the Sultan. This I at once knew when I had determined that the skeleton is both the skeleton of her mother, and the skeleton of the Sultana.

The poison-cloud occurred some twenty years since; the dead woman was, of course, at that moment lying in prison, and with her the girl; but since the girl is certainly not much more than twenty, she must at that time have been quite a babe.

That the mother was the Sultana is proved by her attire, and the symbolic character of her every ornament—crescent ear-rings, heron feather, and the blue campaca enamelled in a bracelet. She may perhaps have been the victim of a fit of passion which would have passed in an hour, had not death overtaken her master. I imagine that the woman continued to live some years in her deep dungeon—sufficiently long at least to teach her babe to procure its food of dates and wine.

How strange; how infinitely rare a coincidence of chances was here!

And this girl, after existing for twenty years or so in a sunless world hardly an acre wide, one day suddenly saw the sky! And it was *I* who had come, and kindled Constantinople and set her free.

* * * * *

Ah! I see now! I see! It was for *this* that I was preserved. I am a sort of modern Adam—and this little creature is my Eve.

Whilst I have a free will a woman shall not enter into my life. I am done with them. They are not ideal beings. There was Clodagh—that poisoner—bah!

Well, to-morrow I will set out for Imbros, and whether this girl chooses to follow me, or whether she stays behind, I will see her from the moment I land, no more.

(To be concluded.)

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This man only takes a step once in three months, but this step—London to Edinburgh—is equal to the distance he would walk in that time if taking his usual amount of exercise.

"IF."

Written and Illustrated with Photographs

By Frank Foulsham and A. C. Banfield.

The innocent little conjunction "if," though one of the shortest words in our everyday vocabulary, is in spite of its microscopic proportions, one that we should find it hard to do without. Its use and power are endless. By its aid the prevaricator can make people think he says "yes" when he means "no," and conversely, "no," when he means "yes." In the mouth of one who understands its use, problems can be propounded which are incapable of solution, and contingencies suggested which give rise to endless speculation.

Everybody has heard of the historic "if" of the walrus and the carpenter in Alice in Wonderland.

It was to the walrus that the problem suggested itself, as he and his companion were viewing with sorrow the vast tracts of sand by the sea-shore:

"If seven maids with seven mops, swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said, "that they could get it clear?"

This was the problem, and there can be no doubt that it opens up an endless vista of thought. The only answer that the carpenter could give to this stupendous question was "I doubt it." We probably should not feel much doubt; on the contrary, we should—most of us—feel quite sure that if a thousand maids with half-a-dozen mops apiece swept it for the course of their natural lives—the sea-shore would still be sandy. Unfortunately, the oysters had not appeared on the scene when this question was brought up. If we only had their opinion, it would carry great weight. Oysters, as denizens of the ocean, are certain to have been taught the proper reply. But not having it, we must pass on to something else.

Let us consider the suggestion: "If we could fly." Well, in the first place, there would be a revolution in dress. Top-hats, if worn at all, would have to be fastened with elastic at a rakish angle on the back of the head, to prevent every gust of wind carrying them off. Frock-coats would be discarded, and walking-sticks would be no longer a necessity. A single pair of boots would last for years, and the bootblacks would have nothing to do, for people would never walk in

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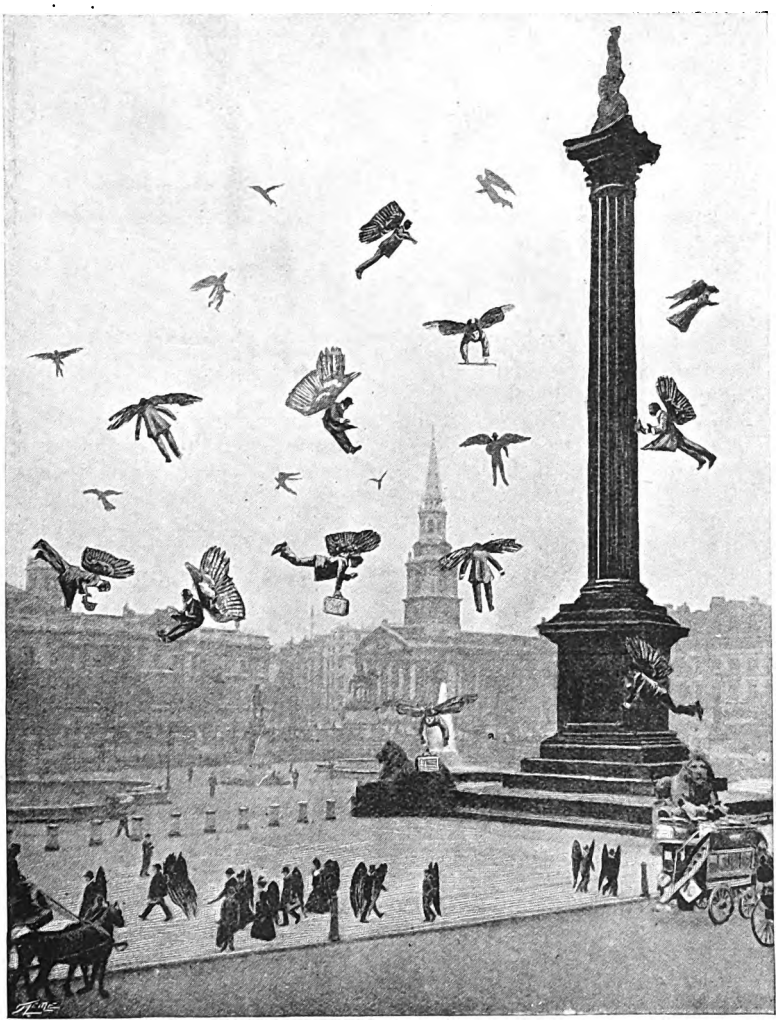
the muddy streets when they could fly above the houses. Bridges over rivers would no longer be needed, and would fall out of repair. The front doors of houses would be up among the chimney-pots; all the 'bus and tram companies would be wound-up, and half the railways would stop running.

City men would be seen in myriads flying into town in the morning. Only a few benighted old maids and septuagenarians would walk, and still fewer would patronise the half-dozen or so 'busses that would remain in existence. Our illustration shows what Trafalgar Square would look like at ten in the morning.

If a man could receive the value of a life's wages in a single coin. This is not a very likely "if" on the face of it, nevertheless the man shown on page 50 has been lucky enough to realise it. The coin is worth £16,500—that is, £300 a year from the age of fifteen to seventy. It certainly does not appear to be of a convenient size for putting in one's purse, as it is about two feet in diameter and weighs over 350lb. Troy weight.

The gentleman in question evidently has well-developed muscles. The average person would have to take a long course of physical exercise before he could hold out such a weight at arm's length and with such apparent ease.

If the necessities of life were dear and the luxuries cheap. Think of bread at 10*s.* a pound and wedding-cakes at 2*d.* each. The juvenile population would be in hospital two hundred days in the year, and such poor people as were troubled with dyspepsia would starve to death for want of plain food. In the windows of the cheap restaurants we should see all manner of dainties in process of cooking, while he who desired a modest chop would have to go to the Savoy or the Monico. We should pay a penny or so a mile for a cab, while to travel the same distance in a 'bus would cost about two shillings. No one but millionaires would be able to drink beer or water—the ordinary person would have to content himself with foreign wines and French liqueurs. Only a Rothschild would be able to smoke what is now commonly known as "threepenny shag"—



If we could fly—perhaps Trafalgar Square would look like this.

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the navvy and the farm labourer would have to confine themselves exclusively to Havana cigars. This "if" would be very nice for a week, but it is highly probable that after a few months we should be pleased to leave such a "through - the - looking-glass" state of things.

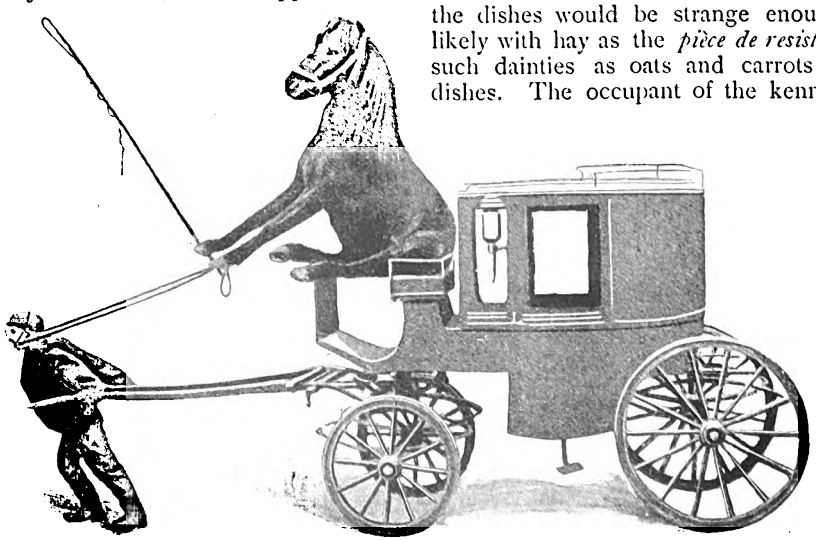
If we could travel to Jupiter. Well, all of us, even the thick-skulled Kaffir and Hottentot, would find the heat rather oppressive, to say the least of it. As Jupiter is several times larger than our earth, every step we took would be as bad as walking a mile here, for instead of weighing twelve stone we should weigh more than fifty. The Jovians too, if Jovians there be, would be terrible creatures, 30ft. or more in height—that is to say, if they bear the proportion to Jupiter that we do to this earth.

If we could visit Jupiter some playful Jovian might easily find room for us in his pocket.

The Jovian in the illustration has captured a human-being, and is inflicting the same punishment on him that Gulliver did on some of the Lilliputians. Let us hope that the Jovian—who, to all appearances, seems good-humoured enough — will show the same mercy in this case that Gulliver did to the pigmies.

None of the "ifs" hitherto suggested would be unpleasant, while one, at least, would be most delightful. What could be more pleasant, for instance, than to fly like a bird through the air, far above earth and all things earthy. The scientist, too, who would be prepared to endure a little discomfort for the sake of increased knowledge, would find a journey to Jupiter charming, and the Jovians a most entertaining study. Let us, however, take one or two "ifs" whose possibilities are not so agreeable.

If animals were masters instead of men. What a state of topsyturveydom the world would be in! Instead of rows of cabs with horses between the shafts and men on the box-seats, we should see human beings in harness with a horse holding the reins, while a more opulent member of the equine community travelled inside. Horses would sit at table waited on by men; the dishes would be strange enough, most likely with hay as the *pièce de resistance*, and such dainties as oats and carrots for side dishes. The occupant of the kennel in the



If animals were the masters this is what would be seen on the cab-stands

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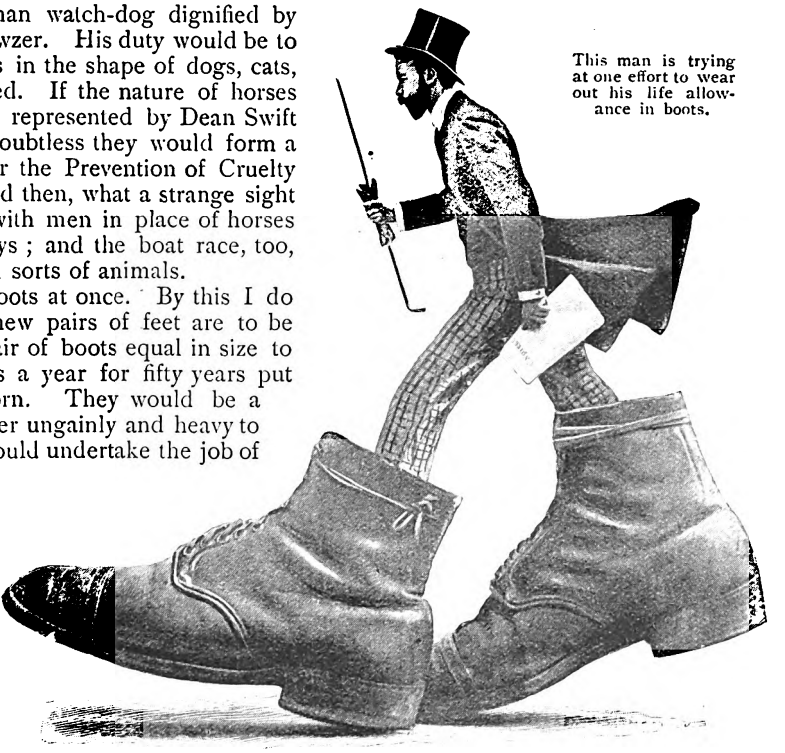
yard would be a human watch-dog dignified by some such name as Towzer. His duty would be to drive off any marauders in the shape of dogs, cats, or foxes that approached. If the nature of horses is nearly so kind as is represented by Dean Swift in Gulliver's Travels, doubtless they would form a S.P.C.H.B.—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings. And then, what a strange sight would the Derby be, with men in place of horses and monkeys for jockeys ; and the boat race, too, with motley crews of all sorts of animals.

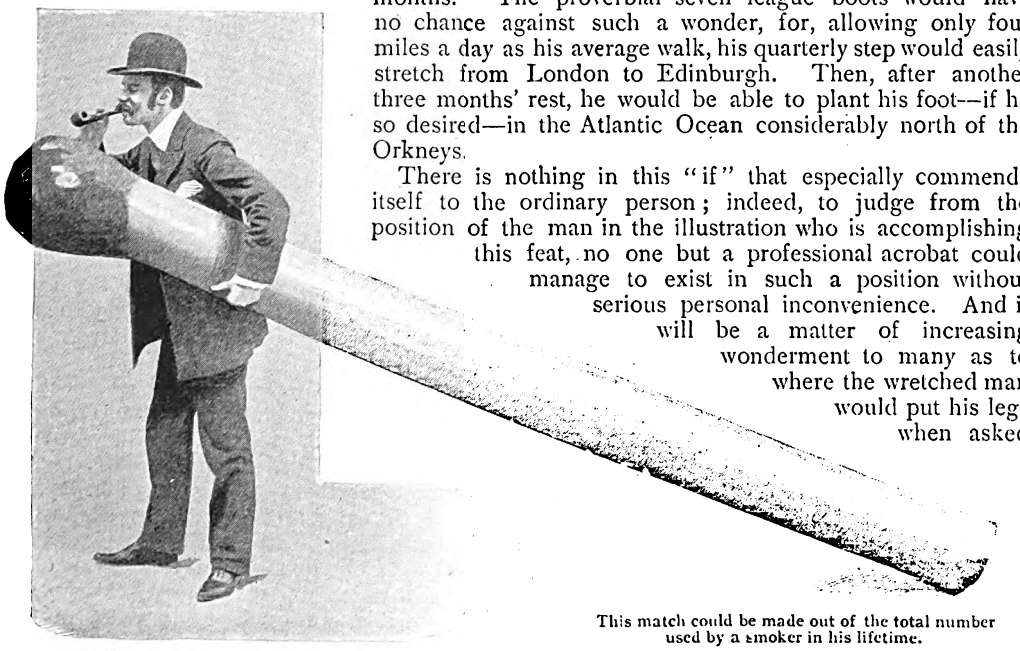


This man is trying at one effort to wear out his life allowance in boots.

If we wore all our boots at once. By this I do not mean that a few new pairs of feet are to be acquired, but that a pair of boots equal in size to our ordinary four pairs a year for fifty years put together should be worn. They would be a very large pair, and rather ungainly and heavy to wear. No bootblack would undertake the job of blacking them at his usual rate, as blacking alone would form a serious item in the expense. Though they would doubtless be convenient in wet weather, only a Sandow would be able to run with them on his feet, as they would be about five feet in length and proportionately wide. If such foot-gear became the rule, steam rollers would fall into disuse and foot-paths would have to be widened.

If a man could traverse in a single step a distance equal to his average walk in three months. The proverbial seven league boots would have no chance against such a wonder, for, allowing only four miles a day as his average walk, his quarterly step would easily stretch from London to Edinburgh. Then, after another three months' rest, he would be able to plant his foot—if he so desired—in the Atlantic Ocean considerably north of the Orkneys.

There is nothing in this "if" that especially commends itself to the ordinary person ; indeed, to judge from the position of the man in the illustration who is accomplishing this feat, no one but a professional acrobat could manage to exist in such a position without serious personal inconvenience. And it will be a matter of increasing wonderment to many as to where the wretched man would put his legs when asked



This match could be made out of the total number used by a smoker in his lifetime.

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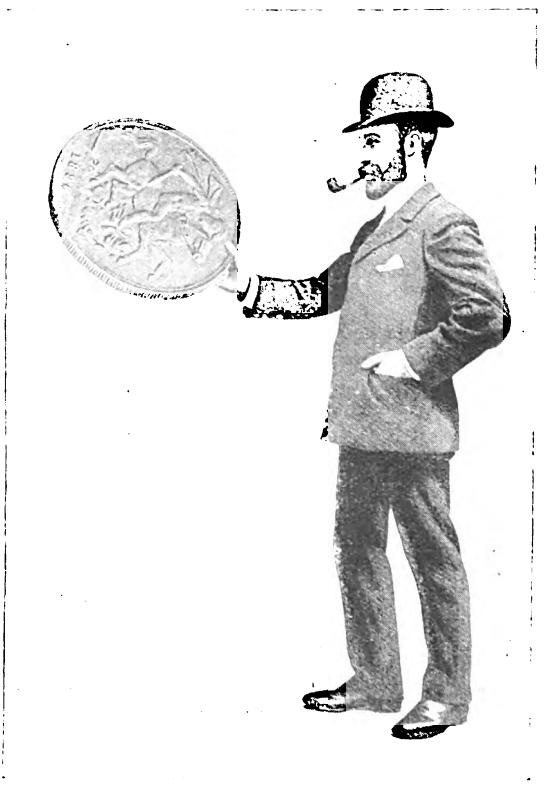
out to dinner or afternoon tea. Perhaps by a special dispensation of Providence he would be allowed to coil them up.

If the matches that a smoker uses in his lifetime were rolled into one. Even the smoker himself would be a little surprised to find that these would be sufficient to make a wax pillar 12ft. long. The average smoker does not use fewer than fifty matches a day; most of these he borrows, for by an unwritten law, you may beg, borrow, or steal matches without any loss to your dignity. In fact, even if a man is a smoker, it does not follow that he carries matches—the reason being that he can always borrow from someone else, and someone else is always trying to borrow from him.



This man has just received 55 years' wages at £300 a year in a single coin.

The gentleman in the photograph evidently meditates the extravagance of using his life's allowance to light a single pipe. We would advise him—apart from any economical considerations—to be careful, as the head of a match of this size would give a flame on being struck of nearly forty cubic feet in capacity—quite sufficient to make it very unpleasant for anyone who happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood.

If there was a London fog all over England for a week on end! Can a more horrible possibility than this be conceived of? After the first two or three days all the railways would be hopelessly disorganised, and people would have to stay at home or walk. Each house would be in a state of siege, and would have to be put on siege rations, as butchers and grocers would not be able to find their way round to their customers, and would have to let them starve. All traffic would, of course, have to be suspended in London and all large towns; but the number of accidents would be very large in spite of this.

If England were situated in the tropics; if everyone were a genius; if we lived in water instead of air. These are other topics upon which much might be written. But almost every "if" that we have examined, gives us reason to think that we are best off as we are at present.

For though many of the "if's" that we have suggested have seemed very agreeable, probably every one of them would have some disadvantages lurking behind.

Nevertheless, should any of the readers of this article care to try some of the "if's"—to fly to Jupiter, or to wear all their boots at once, or to live under water, there is no objection to their so doing. But the probability is that afterwards they will all come to the conclusion that though some things might be a little better, most things would certainly be a great deal worse *if* things were different.

This is the best way to view the subject. And if sometimes we incline to the feeling that we resemble the fox in the fable of the sour grapes—only despising benefits when we cannot get them—well, it has always appeared to me that the fox was a most sensible animal to be able to console himself so easily. Consequently, in the cases of those "ifs" which appear agreeable, pleasant, and impossible, we ought to look for disadvantages rather than advantages.

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"HATS OFF!"

By Hector Grainger.

Different styles of hat demand different methods of raising. The silk hat and the bowler you raise by grasping the front rim; a soft felt hat you grasp at the side rim, a straw hat you grasp at the rim and crown, and a cap you grasp at the crown. And here I cannot choose but bewail the necessity of raising a cap at all. Is there anything more profoundly annoying, especially if the cap happen to be of rather tight fit? The disorder it makes of your neatly parted hair, the botheration of getting it straight on the head again tempt me to choose strange and unfrequented ways when I happen to be wearing a cap. The same tacit social law that exempts any person in uniform from raising his hat or helmet ought surely to be extended to the wearer of a cap!

Politeness under difficulties.

How to raise a cap.

How not to raise a cap.

There is a great diversity of method even among Englishmen in raising their hats. You have some who literally *raise* it: that is to say—they lift it about a foot above and not to the side of the head—an unlovely method fortunately not in fashion just at present. Very stylish, on the other hand, is the method which consists of raising the hat with a mere effort of the wrist and bringing it on a level with the mouth, with its interior depths open to the blue sky. This is very frequently done and very diverting; it always seems to suggest that the hat is brought into its quaint position for the purpose of catching something, and one would scarcely feel astonished if the lady so greeted should kindly drop a penny into it.

Foreigners, who are always admirably frank when criticising England and her sons, are kind enough to inform us that Englishmen are not merely the most grasping and hypocritical of mortals, but out and out the rudest. Our charming friends across the Channel assert

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this fact with the same vehement conviction as they assert the fact that France is predominant in all things. And, indeed, if we compare British with Gallic methods of raising the hat, we are forced to admit that the severe criticism passed on ourselves is not altogether devoid of foundation. An English gentleman never removes his hat more than a foot away from his head; he does it, moreover, with the utmost indifference, with scarcely a smile on his face and with no perceptible inclination of his head or body.

How the Briton raises his hat.

The correct method with a straw hat.

The ugly but necessary treatment of felt hats.

Is there anything, on the other hand, more elaborate and wonderful than a Frenchman raising his hat to an acquaintance? His walking-stick is whisked from his right to his left hand; he stops short; he brings his heels together with a click, the long points of his feet being as far apart as possible; his right hand goes with a masterly flourish to his hat, he nips the rim delicately between finger and thumb, and with a magnificent curve the hat is brought round to his heart, while his whole body from the waist upwards inclines toward the individual he is greeting, who may very possibly be a man several years younger than himself. Superb! may the time soon arrive when every Englishman goes through the same delightful performance! London will then become a gayer city with such little comedies enacted along its footpaths.

The Frenchman greets a friend. Deportment and politeness personified!

Nothing annoys the average German more than when you tell him what he really is: an industrious, thrifty, conscientious, if slightly unlovely, individual. He delights to be thought an elegant trifler, brilliant, bizarre, rather naughty and wholly charming—epithets which neither his worst enemy nor best friend would dream of pinning on his back. And the poor man strives to live up to his ideals. To see him raise his hat in the street is one of the funniest sights in Europe; he literally sweeps the ground

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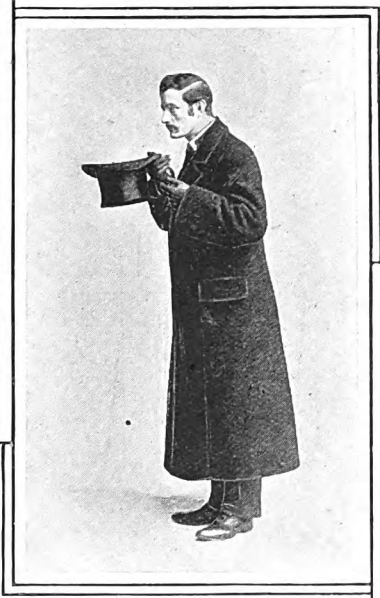
The man in uniform. He touches his cap and society is satisfied.

I wonder if, in any future state of society, the raising of the hat will become an obsolete method of showing respect. Very possibly; for nothing can last for ever that has not a very good reason for its existence. And when you come to think of it, there is really no reason why a man should take off his hat any more than his boots to show his respect to a lady. The day may come when the levellers will have obtained their desire, and not only will all men be equal, but all the women will be equal to the men. In those days a nod will be considered



The modest youth. He is not asking alms, he is only greeting a friend.

Occasionally to be seen, but happily not often.

with it, and so clumsily that you are driven to wonder whether he has a single joint in his body. And like the American — who, by the way, whips off his hat just as though he intended to do a conjuring trick with it—our worthy Teuton invariably stands bareheaded, let the day be ever so frosty, while talking to a lady in the street, and very often to one of his own sex as well.

If the latter happen to be an Englishman and the scene London, the meeting becomes comical in the extreme, for the Englishman cannot help feeling uncomfortable with his hat planted firmly on his head, but dares not for the life of him remove it in emulation of his polite foreign acquaintance for fear of exciting the ridicule of the passers by.

The German thinks himself a model of elegance.

ample courtesy to a lady. Possibly those days will never come, and the custom of hat-raising will continue for the benefit of such persons as like to study character from outward signs and observances. Certainly no more infallible way could be conceived than from the raising of the hat: everyone raises his hat, or ought to; and even if some do not, the conclusion in their case is obvious.

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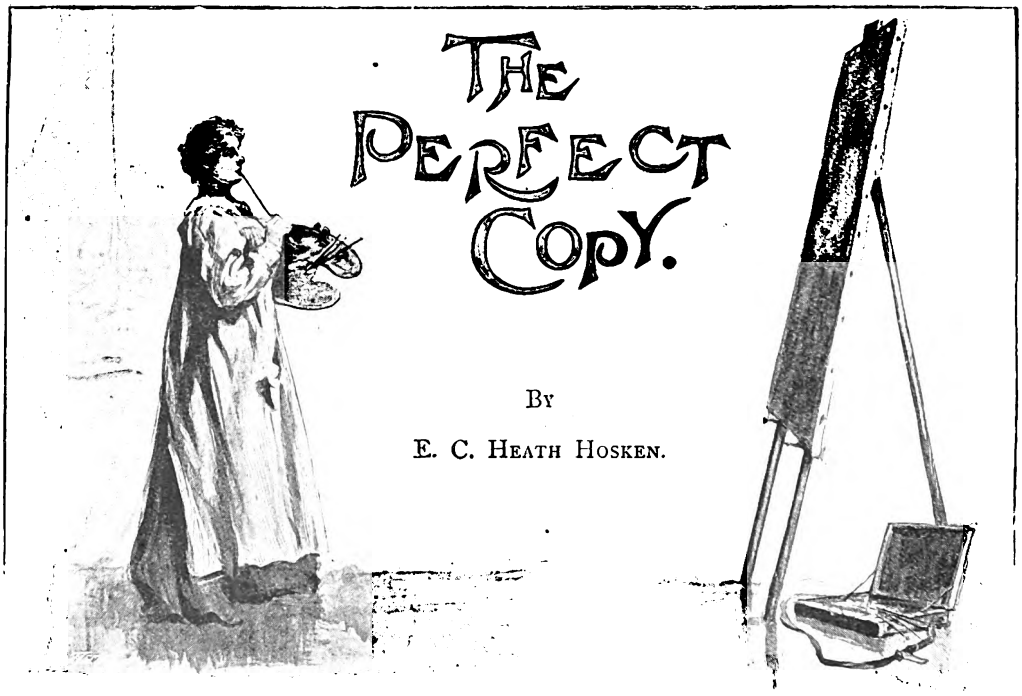

THE PERFECT COPY.

By

E. C. Heath Hosken.

She was a painter, though there were people who said that she should have painted Art furniture rather than pictures. She was young and she was passably pretty, and what her name was is of no importance. She might not like it if I were to tell you.

She had not much money in those days, but at any rate it was enough to enable her to go to Florence for a year or two to study Giotto, Raffael, and Botticelli.

She lived at an English Pension and took lessons in Tuscan Italian from her good Signora. Of course, for a week or two she lived on Baedeker, but she soon got to know the cab fares and the Free Days; and in a month she was independent of Guide Books, was on a nodding acquaintance with the custodians, had formed her favourite pictures and haunts, and, by the time she had been in Florence a couple of months, had taken up her position as an Art Student and copied in the galleries with the rest of them.

Then an evilly disposed old lady put it into her head that she might make a substantial addition to her limited means if she sold her copies; and so for nearly a year she copied the Masters at the Uffizi, the Pitti, and the Accademia delle Belle Arti. Occasionally, and only occasionally, she sold weird travesties of Madonnas and Annunciations and Assumptions to American tourists.

Nevertheless, she loved Florence and she loved her work, and she was happy so far as it went; and she knew that nobody could have perfect happiness in this world, and so she did not mind so much as she might have done.

Poor little soul, she painted with all her heart and brain and might, and there were few people in the Art City of fair Tuscany or anywhere else who knew more about the pictures and their painters than she did. But —she could not paint.

One fine October day, there came to Florence one of those excellent and well-intentioned American ladies who travel with their daughters and consider that a week or ten days is really necessary to do Florence, and then dash off to give Rome a fortnight before finishing Italy.

This excellent lady of the United States possessed a very fair share of the world's goods, stayed at the same Pension, and, in the course of conversation, heard that the girl painted, and further conversation led the girl to show with tender reluctance, a copy she had recently made of Andrea del Sarto's "St. John the Baptist."

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"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed the good American.

"Well now, momma, I don't think I ever saw anything quite so good before," exclaimed the American's daughter in the purest Bostonian. "Now, isn't that just fine!"

"How much, now, would it be for one like that?" asked the American mother.

"One of what?" asked the artist very naturally.

"Well, just a copy you know. What's considered the best thing?"

"That depends on your taste," she answered, with a curious little smile.

"Well, let's say that perfectly exquisite Raffael in the Pitti."

"There are a good many Raffaels in the Pitti."

"Well I mean that—now what do you call it, Sadie? Have you got your Baedeker? The Madonna—you know, the one painted on the bottom of a barrel, isn't it?"

"You mean the Madonna della Seggiola, I suppose?"

"That's just it—the Madonna della Seggiola. I think it's just as perfect as it could be."

The artist bit her pretty under lip and considered that now was the time to make a bold bid for fame and fortune, and ask something like a respectable price.

"I shall be pleased and honoured to do you a life-size copy of the Seggiola for three hundred lire," she said promptly, and looked nervously to see how the announcement was received.

"Only three hundred lire?" exclaimed the American lady. "Why, that's splendid. Only three hundred lire—why, that's just sixty dollars! Do you really mean it?"

The girl nodded and felt that she had missed a chance. She ought to have made it five hundred; but it was too late now.

"And when could you have it done—eh?" asked the good lady.

"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed the good American.

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"When would you want it?" asked the Artist.

"Let's see. We leave here Thursday week, leave Rome on the 6th of next month. Then back here—well, could you have it done in a month?"

"Yes," said the girl. "It shall be finished." And she smiled to herself at the thought of painting the Madonna della Seggiola in a month.

And so the bargain was struck and the artist got her first really remunerative commission.

And the next morning she set about making the necessary arrangements for commencing work.

Two men were already engaged on the same painting, perhaps the one that has been copied more than any other.

For a week the artist sat and sketched the outline and let the picture grow on her. She generally worked quickly, but somehow this time she set herself to do a masterpiece worthy of the masterpiece. At the beginning of the next week she started painting, and then she got on a little quicker; but somehow or other the thing did not go well. The two other copyists with their well nigh finished canvasses upset her. They were old hands and they painted well and quickly. One of them had copied the Madonna della Seggiola a dozen times last year and knew it by heart. He was one of those men who arrest the tourist and move him to look from the copy to the original and say: "Couldn't tell which was which."

Well, she painted for a week and covered most of the canvas and worked at the face of the Child; but she could not get the thing right, she could not get the colour. Her face looked wooden, and nothing would make it otherwise. She tried the Virgin and that was even worse than the Child. She managed a little better with the little St. John in the corner. But it was altogether very disheartening.

How was it that those men sitting next to her managed to get such a grand effect?

She watched them enviously.

Her reds were always too red, her blues never blue enough.

She fought with it bravely, pluckily, and she worked like a nigger from the moment the Gallery was open to the last moment of light, and she thought of it day and night and felt sick at heart.

At the end of the fortnight she felt that she must go home and give it up. It was worse than amateurish, it was the worst thing she had ever done since she entered South Kensington. She realised for the first time in her life that she had never possessed the magic of the brush. And yet it was hardly fair. Did she not know every line of the picture, every varying shade, every expression? She could shut her eyes, and it would live before her. Yes, her soul could paint it, but her hand could not.

And time was slipping away. It had to be finished, and the paint must be dry, in two weeks' time.

She took it very much to heart, and the good Signora at the Pension thought she must be sickening for an illness, and even her friends noticed a strange change coming over her.

And in truth it was a change. It was a dull feeling of hopelessness, impotence, despair where there had been nothing but bright optimism before.

She could not paint. That was the thing that dinned in her heart, and yet she saw men and women by the score who only cared for pictures as for a means of earning a poor livelihood, and who never saw the soul, but only saw the colour, the form, and perspective, paint as she would have sold her soul to paint.

And one morning she had been lying awake for hours, unable to sleep, watching the moon sink and wondering whether she had not better learn shorthand and typewriting, when she fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

It was as if she sat alone in the Sala di Saturno of the Palazzo Pitti, the Salon in which hung the Madonna della Seggiola.

She sat before the picture, staring, as she had done for the last week, hopelessly, dully at the masterpiece with palette and brush in hand, unable to do a stroke, afraid to touch the already spoiled canvas for fear of making it even worse than it was, when she felt someone touch her lightly on the elbow, and, turning suddenly, she started with a little cry of surprise, for beside her stood a strange looking man—a young man with a woman's face, a young man attired in a curious black costume of another age. The young man looked like the incarnation of a picture she knew well, but for the moment could not recall.

She stared dumbly at him, and he smiled reassuringly, though he said not a word.

"Who are you?" she asked in a whisper.

And then in a flash she knew without his answering. She saw and knew. She had

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seen that face in a portrait, hanging in the Rooms of the Painters, she had seen it in a thousand different forms in photograph, copy, print and pastel.

It was Raffael himself.

And yet she was not surprised. It seemed quite natural that he should be there, he who had died hundreds of years ago, and who, save for the work he left behind, would have been forgotten long ago.

She watched him wonderingly.

He bowed with old-time courtesy, and, without speaking, took her brush and palette from her hand; and she let him do so, she said not a word.

For the time being it was as if her power of speech and action were taken from her. She was struck dumb, petrified, and could only be a witness to a scene. And so she watched him mix the pigments in a strange way unknown to her, she saw his long white fingers—woman's fingers—take the brush.

He held it in a curious way as if he were holding a pen and writing rather than painting for all time.

He painted rapidly, with infinite skill.

She watched him fascinated.

And it was her work—her poor, wretched travesty of his—that he was going over, painting out her lines, putting in his own, changing her colour, giving life to the stiff figures, life to the dead eyes, life to death, changing the wretched, incompetent copy into a living, breathing duplicate of the immortal original. And she sat there watching him, smiling, feeling that it was a dream, and yet dreading the dream would end.

The picture grew before her eyes—the colour came — and inspiration.

The young man turned once and smiled at her, and nodded as if to say: "You see how I do it? That is how it should be done."

And she looked up at the original and then at the one that had been hers, and then—because she could not for the life of her see any difference, because they looked to be one and the same picture—she started, and tried to rise—and awoke.

She had been asleep.

Her bedroom was flooded with the morning light, and her *femme de chambre* was standing by the side of the bed with a can of hot water in her hand.

"Buon giorno, Signorina!"

She rubbed her eyes.

"I?—oh, of course, it is you, Angela. Buon giorno. Is it time to get up?"

"It is seven o'clock, Signorina."

"And the hot water?"

"Behold the hot water, Signorina."

And still, half dreaming, she arose and dressed.

By ten o'clock she was at the Gallery as was her wont.

She was there first of all.

Only the friendly Custode saluted her and passed a remark on the weather and the light.

Her canvas stood face to the wall as she had left it the previous afternoon; but somehow this morning she did not feel quite so disheartened.

Had the strange dream encouraged her?

She could see now the dream figure of Raffaelo painting. How simply, how dexterously he worked.

And she recalled his look—that look of encouragement.

She laughed softly to herself, and thought how very absurd she was to allow herself to have such ludicrous fancies, and pulled her raised easel and stand into her allotted position.

She had been asleep.

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And then she strangled a little hoarse cry of surprise — of perhaps more than surprise, for there was a note of fear in it. She stood and stared wildly at her picture and then reeled backwards, hands outstretched as if to ward off an invisible something.

There was her copy—but yet it was not her copy. She had never painted that. She could never have done it.

It was perfect.

She raised her eyes to the original. Then she looked at the copy, and then from one to the other, and a strange trembling seized her.

Was she still dreaming or had she gone suddenly mad? They seemed to be one and the same picture!

Someone else had painted that Mary's face, someone else had mixed that colour—*someone*—and yet was there anyone on earth now who could paint like that? Had there ever been a painter who could paint like that after——Raffaelo?

The golden Salon of Saturn swam around her and she clutched at her easel to prevent herself from falling.

Her dream was coming back to her. It seemed almost as if she saw the dream figure of the painter by her side, and she half turned.

Yes—the pale, beautiful face of Raffaelo.

His lips moved and it was as if she had heard words:

"Paint! Paint quickly! It is not yet finished. It is for you to finish!"

They were spoken in a melodious Italian that was music in her ears.

And mechanically she mixed her paints. Some power within her which she could not understand was controlling her actions. The paint was wet upon the canvas—*wet from whose brush?*

A spirit that was not her's, moved her, and she began to put the finishing touches on to the Chair, and she felt that a new life, a new soul had come into her. It thrilled her through and through, and sent the blood tingling in her veins.

Half-an-hour afterwards the young Italian who was copying the Madonna della Granduca, a man who had made his reputation as artist's reputations now go, came across the room to her side.

"Good morning, Signorina," he said, "Early as usual I see? How are you getting on?"

Then he stopped short and stepped a pace backwards and stared at the copy, then at the original. "Dio mio!" he gasped, "*have—you—done—that?*"

She turned and smiled. She could not say anything.

At that moment two tourists came up and stopped, as they all stop, before the great picture.

"Humph! seem to know that," said one.

"Know it? Why, of course, you do. It's the Madonna della Seggiola. But, goodness, look at that girl's copy! I say—why, it's—it's perfect. You couldn't tell which was which."

The Italian artist still stared speechlessly at the girl. He could not believe his eyes.

At length he turned away and walked swiftly into the next Salon to return in a few seconds with two other artists—Italians and men of note, in Italy at any rate.

"Look," said the young artist, "*look!*" He could say no more.

The Italians looked, started, looked again, and then stared at each other.

"And the English Signorina has done *that!*"

"Corpo di Bacco!" jerked out the other. "She is made — she is great — it is a miracle!"

And the girl painted on oblivious of everything.

Two others came—and some visitors, then a custodian.

Quite a little crowd collected around her, gaping open-mouthed in astonishment.

And one of the other men who were copying the same picture arrived.

He was an Englishman and a rising man. His copy was almost completed.

"An accident—eh?" he asked the Custode.

"No, Signore, it is the English Signora."

"What of the English Signora?"

"Ecco, Signore. The marvellous copy!"

The artist pressed forward, stared hard, and caught his breath.

He had watched the girl's copy every day for nearly three weeks, and had smiled pityingly, but this—this was not her work.

He stared hard, and then he jerked out an oath, and forced his way through the crowd.

"What are you doing?" he said angrily. "What does this mean?"

The girl started to her feet and flushed.

"I—I don't understand you?" she said.

"Understand me? My dear young lady, I am sorry if I appear rude; but you really must not spoil my picture."

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"*Your picture?*" she gasped.

"Mine? Of course! You surely could not have imagined that—that—"

He checked himself. He was excited; but he was a gentleman, and there was something in the look that the girl gave him that checked him.

He walked swiftly to the window wall where his own easel was standing, and boldly lifted the canvas from it.

"Of course—of course—an absurd mistake. The fool of a Custode must have moved them. I must complain to the Authorities."

"See, my dear madam, here is *your* canvas."

She came forward unsteadily and saw—that it was. Yes—her poor, wretched copy.

She looked wildly around.

"But—but the other?" she stammered. "I—I—"

And then she fainted.

Of course, at the end of an hour, she understood everything, and the English artist comforted her by assuring her that she had not spoilt his picture.

As for her own?—He finished it for her, and the American lady was more than satisfied.

And the girl? She gave up painting and married the English artist.

Everyone knows him now, and he does not copy.

He will very probably be able to put R.A. after his name in a year or two.

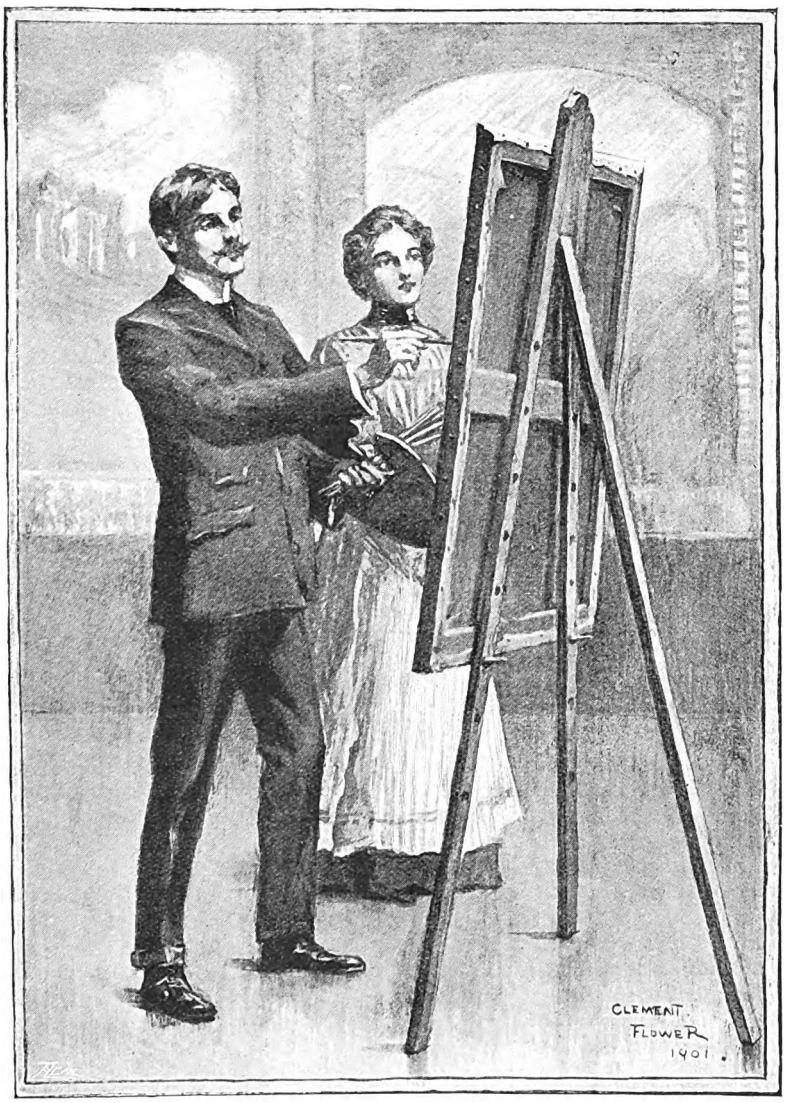
Perhaps you know who he is.

He never sold his own beautiful copy of the Madonna della Seggiola.

It hangs in his studio at Chelsea, and people who know say that it is wonderful.

But he does not take the credit for it, and when people ask him when he did it, he laughs and says his wife and he painted it at Florence a few years ago.

But, between themselves, the artist's wife still insists that Raffaelo had something to do with it.



He finished it for her.

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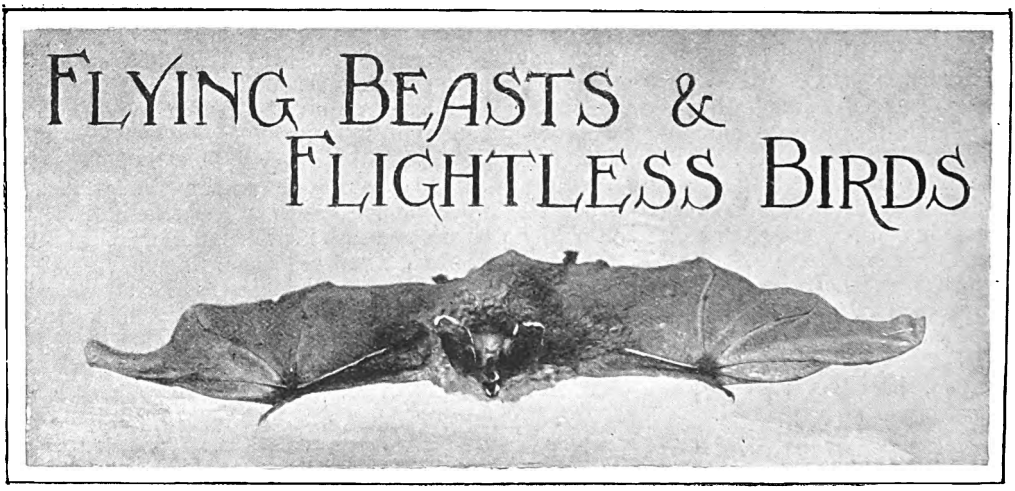
FLYING BEASTS & FLIGHTLESS BIRDS



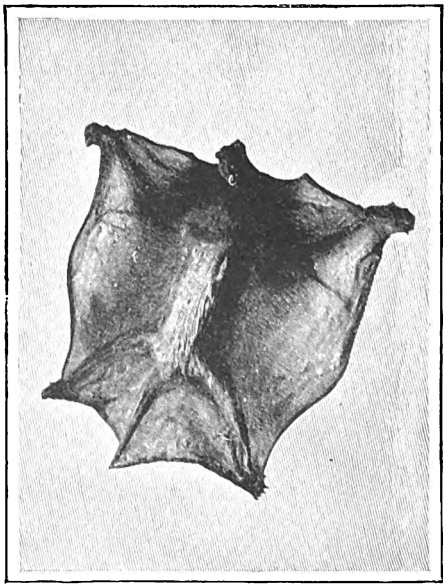
The vampire bat, which feeds on blood only, and to which evil powers are ascribed by various native tribes.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Illustrated from Copyright Photographs by the Author.

One so often hears the words "animal," "beast," and "mammal" jumbled together and used wrongfully, that it is worth while to note briefly the differences in their meanings. Whilst the word "animal" is applied to any "organised being endowed with life, sensation and power of voluntary motion," including, of course, man, beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, the word "beast" is applied to four-footed, or rather four-limbed, animals only, as distinguished from man, birds, reptiles, etc., and the word "mammal" is confined to those animals which suckle their young.

It is interesting to notice the very remarkable way in which the four limbs of the mammalia vary in their shapes and uses, for we find the hinder ones modified into swimming-paddles as with the seals, or entirely suppressed as with the largest of all the mammals, the whale; whilst the front ones are developed into swimming "flippers" in the whales and porpoises, and into wings for flying purposes in the bats. These latter animals alone amongst the mammals possess the power of "true" flight, which "is effected by means of alternate upward and downward strokes of the wings, and can be carried on as long as the muscular powers of the flyer permits." The "spurious" flight of the so-called flying phalangers (lemurs) and flying squirrels is really nothing more than a prolongation of an upward or downward leap, by the aid of parachute-like expansions of the skin of the sides of the body, and cannot be extended in an upward direction beyond the limits of the impetus of the original leap.



The flying phalanger or lemur, which does not really fly, but takes long leaps.

The photograph of the flying phalanger or lemur shows very plainly the expansions of the skin which, in most of this class of animal, encircles the whole of the body, the four limbs, and the tail. All of them inhabit the Australian region, and

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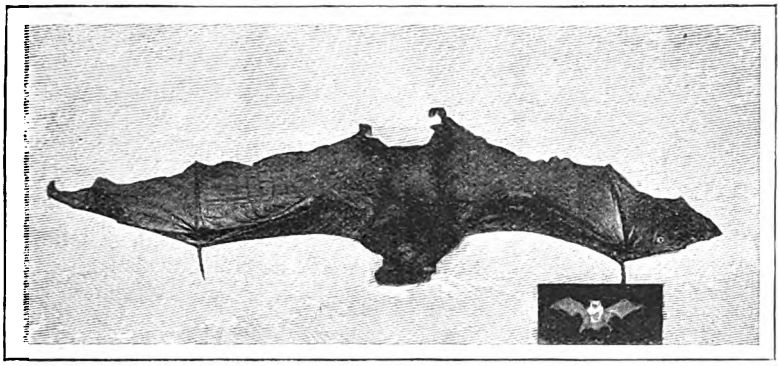
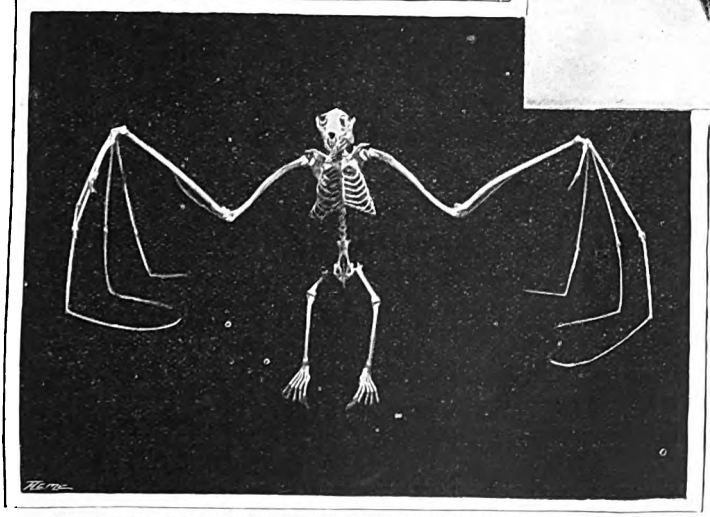


Giant and dwarf bats, showing the two extremes reached by the members of the "*chiroptera*."

they possess pouches like the kangaroos and wallabies, their young ones, which are born in a very undeveloped condition, being transferred to the pouch by the mother, where they are there nursed until old enough to shift for themselves.

The flying squirrels, again, exhibit only "spurious" flight, like the phalangers, but they differ from them in two particulars. First, they do not possess pouches, and, secondly, the parachute-like expansion of the skin does not encircle their tails. They are widely distributed over the world, and many a morning has the writer spent in the American forests watching these picturesque and graceful little animals at play, for it is then that they are seen at their best, when unaware of the near presence of any human being. Climbing, leaping, and sailing in the air, they spend hours at a time, sometimes ten or twenty of them, racing up the stem of a tall tree to the very highest branches, and then suddenly leaping into space. They extend their membrane-like wings, and with tails spread out behind them, come down with a rush towards the ground. But just as they seem to be on the point of striking *terra firma* they curve their bodies upwards, and in an instant are seen clinging to the side of another tree quite thirty yards away from the one they have just left. Quickly racing to the top of this tree the little creatures once more launch themselves into mid-air and land on another tree thirty or forty yards further on.

The fruit bat or false vampire resting.



The skeleton of the fruit bat, showing how well the long bones of the wings adapt it for rapid flight.

The bats, as was pointed out just now, are the only mammals possessing the power of "true" flight, and

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they are well named as an order, *Chiroptera*, or hand-winged. The majority of the mammalia possess limbs of fairly equal length, and when there is any difference it is usually the hind limbs that are longer than the front. The kangaroo affords an instance of this, although, strange to say, its hind limbs at birth are very much shorter than the front ones.

But with the bats the front limbs are very much the longer, and a glance at the photograph of the fruit bat's skeleton will show how beautifully they are adapted for flying purposes. Whilst the arm from the shoulder to the forearm is only lengthened a little more than would be expected, from there to the wrist the length is enormously increased, whilst the bones of the hand, with the exception of the thumb, form long, slender rods, on which the wing membrane is carried.

The thumb is quite free from the membrane, and has, instead of a nail, a hooked claw, which the bat uses when crawling along any surface, or for hanging itself up, when it wishes to sleep. The third is much the longest of the fingers, and they are all joined and covered with the membrane, forming a soft and delicate wing. This wing-membrane goes right along the arm, down the side, and round the hind limbs as well, forming a magnificent resistance to the air when the bat is flying, and enabling it to turn and twist with marvellous quickness, when on the wing.

The bats, which number altogether about four hundred and fifty different species, are divided into two groups, the fruit-eaters and the insect-eaters, the largest being the so-called flying foxes, fox-bats, or fruit-bats from the hottest parts of the Old World, some of them measuring no less than 5ft. across the wings. The insect-eaters are very much smaller, the contrast in size between the huge fruit-bat and the tiny "flitter mouse," as the Daubentons bat is commonly called, being plainly shown by our photographs.

The vampires, or blood-sucking bat, belong to this class, and they are divided into false vampires (which are common in parts of Africa, India, and the Malayan region), harmless vampires, and true vampires, from the New World, or American continent. All of them are rather small, the harmless vampires being the largest, and measuring nearly 30in. across the wings. The true vampires are blood-feeders only, and they use their sharp incisor teeth for shaving away a thin bit of skin, and then they quickly suck up the blood of human beings and other creatures, as it flows.

The apteryx, or kiwi, a curious-shaped bird without wings or tail, and with feathers resembling fur.

The harmless vampires are fruit-feeders only, but their hideous appearance, "the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head . . . the grin on the face, and the glistening black eye," is doubtless the cause of their being so dreaded by the natives, who ascribe diabolical powers to them. The false vampires are "all round" feeders, for they are known to devour not only smaller bats, but birds, frogs, grasshoppers, and even small fish, in addition to their blood-sucking propensities, the word

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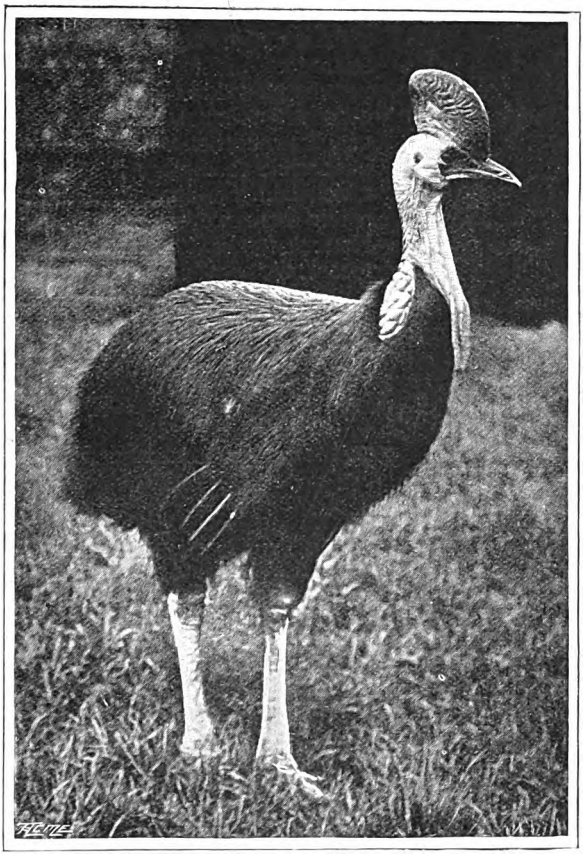
"false" applying only to a structural difference and not to their habits.

Of reptiles endued with the power of true flight, it is only necessary here to mention those weird prehistoric creatures, the flying dragons or Pterodactyles, which "whilst agreeing with crocodiles in the essential structures of their skulls and ribs, have the other portions of their skeletons more or less modified for the purposes of flight." They were provided with beaks, which in many cases were lined with strong and business-like teeth. Their gigantic wings far exceeded in size those of any bird, either of prehistoric or recent ages, their span being estimated at quite five-and-twenty feet, whilst some of the Pterodactyles sported abnormally long and naked, rat-like tails with racquet-shaped tips, which may possibly have served the purposes of a rudder when their owners were soaring far above earth.

Few things more weird can be found amidst all Nature's efforts than these Pterodactyles, with their extraordinary contrasts, their variability, and appalling hideousness of form.



The cassowary, a flightless Australian bird of the ostrich family. The males are smaller than females

Surely amidst all Nature's freaks and contrasts, not the least remarkable is the fact that there are many birds which do not possess the power of flight. We find good examples of this amongst the penguins and ostrich-like birds, the wings of the former being transformed into paddles for swimming purposes, covered only with small scale-like feathers, the quills being quite rudimentary; whilst in the latter the wings are so reduced in size as to be altogether useless for the purposes of flight. Indeed, in some cases they are so rudimentary as to be completely hidden from sight by the feathers on the back and sides.

There are about twenty different kinds of penguins, and all are inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere, amidst the ice of the Antarctic, in South Africa, South America, Australia, and New Zealand, whilst they vary in size from the large Emperor penguin, which measures 3ft. 6in. in height, and weighs about 80lb., to the little blue penguin, which stands only about 16in. in height. All, however, are very similar both in appearance and in habits.

The ostrich-like birds may be divided into ostriches, rheas, emus, cassowaries, and kiwis (apteryx). The first-named is now found in Africa, Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia only, although it is believed formerly to have inhabited parts of Central Asia. The rhea, or South American ostrich, is a very much smaller bird, and differs from its African relative in many ways, one of the most remarkable points being that it possesses three toes on each foot, whereas the ostrich has only two, and these toes are furnished with claws instead of nails. Unlike their relatives in Africa, the rheas have feathers on their heads and necks, but they have no tails. Both kinds of birds use their wings when running at their fastest, their speed and the distances which they can travel being truly remarkable.

The emus and cassowaries are from the Australian region, and they differ from the ostriches in many points. Especially are their

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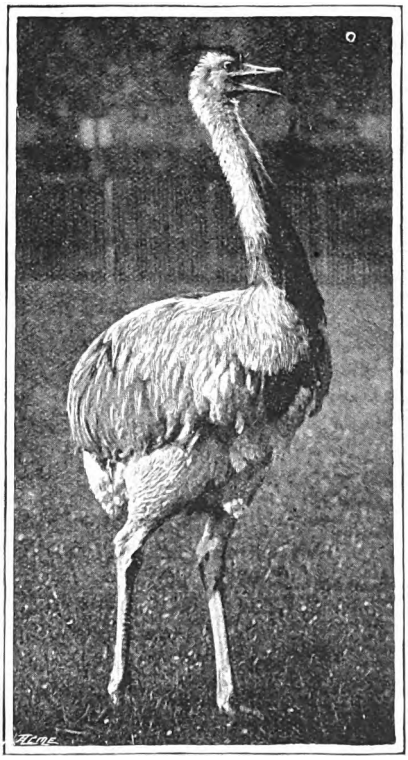


The rhea, a tailless bird of the ostrich family.

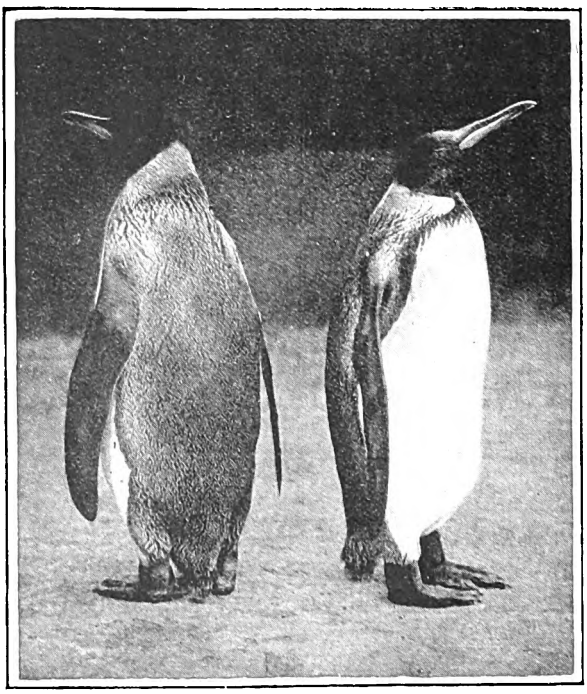
eggs distinct from those of the ostrich. They are dark green in colour and have rough shells, instead of being smooth, light coloured eggs. In this group of birds the females are larger than the males, the latter not only doing the whole of the hatching, which lasts from eight to nine weeks, but taking entire charge of the chickens as well.

Emus are now so common in Great Britain, where large numbers of them are kept in private parks and other places, that it is unnecessary to describe them, but they are rapidly being exterminated in the Australian region, and it is fortunate that they so readily adapt themselves to the vagaries of our extraordinary climate, or they would soon be classed only with the "have beens."

The cassowaries may generally be recognised at once by the helmet-like prominence on the top of their heads, and also, in some instances, by the heavy wattles hanging from their necks. Their feathers are hair-like in texture, and quite different in this respect from those of the majority of birds, whilst the wings are represented, externally, only by four or five black quills, which look like coarse bristles.

Both emus and cassowaries are three-toed birds, and they defend themselves by powerful kicks from their sturdy legs; but it is curious to notice that whilst the former always kick outwards and backwards, the cassowaries invariably kick forwards, raising up their heads and bodies to their full height at the same time.

But of all the flightless birds, the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand is the most remarkable in appearance, habits, and structure. The rounded body without a sign externally of wings or tail, the hair-like texture of the feathers, the lengthy beak with the nostrils placed at the end of it (in this respect being absolutely unique), the huge egg which it lays, so out of all proportion to the size of the kiwi that it is impossible to replace it in the skeleton of the bird which laid it without breaking some of the bones; surely here we see a regular triumph amongst Nature's freaks. They are night birds and strongly resent the daylight, our photograph having been taken under great difficulties, the subject all the time protesting against being roused from his slumbers with loud hisses, whilst directly he was touched, he struck out vigorously with his strong feet, and quickly drew blood whenever his claws got home.



Emperor penguins, the largest species in the penguin family, standing 3ft. 6in. in height.

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THE PASSING OF A SHADOW

By Mary Manifold.

The great ocean liner, *Merovingia*, was within twenty-four hours of New York. There was a whisper of land in the air. In the smoking saloon the men were laying wagers as to the number of the pilot boat. The ladies were shaking out the toilettes in which they were to land. Chances of meeting again were discussed by those who had become good friends in the short seven days that, as a rule, mean so little on land, but are so full of possibilities at sea.

Pretty little Mrs. Gowan reclined in her deck-chair with eyes full of trouble. To a casual observer this might seem strange, for apparently she had much to make her happy. She was newly wed. Her husband, to all appearances, was everything that could be wished. He was young and handsome, his manners, as a rule, were most agreeable, and, moreover, he was rich. It may seem odd that no one had guessed that they were on their honeymoon, but the reason of this will be explained.

Two days after their arrival on board, Mary Gowan made an unpleasant discovery with regard to her husband. Of all the minor failings in man or woman, sulking was the one she most detested, and Richard could sulk. This was how she found it out.

It was before breakfast, and they were in their state-room. There was a choppy sea which produced that motion which, before breakfast, and in one's state-room, is almost unbearable. Richard was wrestling with a collar-stud; Mary was adjusting a hair-net. Both were longing for fresh air. They were having a trifling argument, not in itself likely to be dangerous, but, taken in conjunction with the other conditions, fraught with peril.

"I don't remember seeing it," said Mary. ("It" was a hat-box.) "I left all that to you."

"A small thing like a hat-box," began Richard, getting hot and then suddenly cold as the ship gave a lurch—and just at this point his stud broke. "Really, Mary, you might——"

"I tell you it was nothing to do with me," retorted Mary angrily.

He turned sharply on her. "Confound it all, Mary! I said——"

"I beg you will not swear at me, Richard," said Mary, furiously—the motion was horrible—"pray remember that you are a gentleman, even if you do feel ill!"

As these fatal words left her lips, a certain expression settled on Dick Gowan's face that Mary had never seen. She did not see it now; she had reached the point of her endurance, and with her hat in her hand and her cuff-links unsecured, she made as straight a line for the deck as was compatible with the motion of the boat.

"I *was* cross," she reflected, "and I believe it was his collar and not me he confounded, poor boy."

A few minutes later the poor boy appeared, looking immaculate, but with the Expression

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on his face. His wife was leaning against the rail near the companion-way. She turned her head and smiled shyly at him—they had never quarrelled before—but he, alas, turned on his heel and went forward.

At breakfast they met, and Mary, very sweetly as her nature was, made timid advances which were repelled. No—thanks—he was not taking any salt with his egg and he ate it saltless, to his inexpressible discomfort. She drew his attention to the violets she wore—she had brought them on board, and they looked wonderfully fresh. Richard gave them one scathing glance and entered into conversation with his *vis-à-vis* in a most pointed way. Mary was much hurt. She was, however a very sensible girl, and she determined to be gentle with him until his mood should change—but she did not realise that it might be a long time in changing.

"I beg you will not swear at me, Richard," said Mary furiously. "Pray, remember that you are a gentleman."

Through the day he was perfectly civil and occasionally even considerate, but he held aloof, and his aloofness tried and wounded Mary more than she was aware. When, therefore, towards evening she resolved to attach herself to him as he paced the deck, her patience was all but exhausted. Richard received her coolly and they tramped the length of the deck in silence. As a matter of fact he was relenting. He was a good fellow, and her persistent sweetness had touched him, and, moreover, he loved her very dearly. The cloud that had oppressed him all day was lifting, and things were assuming their natural proportions, but for the life of him he could not think of anything to say, and so they turned and retraced their steps, still in silence. "Now," said Mary to herself, her wrath steadily rising, "I will give him as far as that ventilator and if he has not spoken by then, I'll——"

The deck was almost empty, it was nearly dinner-time — in a few minutes they, too, must go below and prepare for the evening meal. Richard realised this and his mind became a blank—as for Mary, her eyes were fixed on the ventilator. They were within three yards of it — Richard had not opened his lips—they were alongside — for a minute all was a blur of red before Mary's eyes with her husband's startled face staring out of it. "Very well," she said, in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears, "very well—sulk—go on sulking, sulk for the rest of the voyage," and she whirled off, one might almost say carried away by her indignation. As for Richard, the cloud settled down on his spirit blacker than ever, and he sulked and he went on sulking—and he sulked for the rest of the voyage—almost.

On the last day but one, as related at the

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beginning of this narrative, Mary Gowan was meditating sadly in her deck-chair. An awful task confronted her and she was nerving herself to perform it. She must write home. As soon as they landed, the letter must be mailed—in America they do not 'post' letters—the letter which she knew was being so longingly awaited by her mother, alone in the far-away English home. As she thought of her mother, Mary's eyes filled with tears. *She* did not know how it had ended. She had hoped so much for her beloved and only daughter. Together they had looked forward to this voyage across the sea, although they were not to share it. She little knew what a fiasco it had been; moreover, she should never know. Mary sat up in her chair, put back the little stray curls behind her ears, and after another moment's deliberation, rose and went to her stateroom. There she found her husband, fussily folding his ties, evidently with a view to packing. Mary silently collected her writing materials.

"I should like to see the letter," he said quietly.

"Are you going to write?" asked Richard, glancing at her little set face.

"Yes," said Mary, adding, "in the ladies' saloon." The monosyllable sounded so curt.

The green-plush stuffiness of the little saloon oppressed her, but she had it to herself and she bent resolutely to her task. The little mother should be happy, even if her own heart were breaking, as it was to all intents and purposes; and she wrote on, almost eagerly, warming to her work until at last it hardly seemed difficult at all.

She was finishing when her husband came in and sat down at the other side of the table.

As she blotted the last sheet, "Are you writing home?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mary, a little nervously, hurriedly searching for an envelope.

"I should like to see the letter," he said quietly.

"I am sorry," was the reply. "I can't possibly let you see it—it's quite private. I refuse—" she added quickly, as he held out his hand.

"In that case, I must insist that you show it to me," he said, incisively.

Mary hesitated for a second, and then almost desperately passed over the sheets. It did not occur to her that his heart might soften. Latterly she had become hopeless. It seemed to her that her life stretched out indefinitely across an unending desert of loneliness. She closed her eyes and lay wearily back in her chair, wondering vaguely if Richard's annoyance would take any new form.

In the meantime Richard was reading. At first the letter seemed innocent enough—

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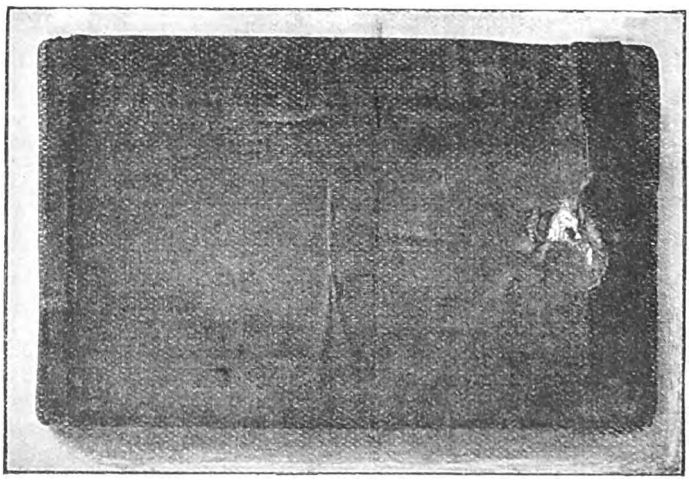
the steamer was described—the captain—their fellow-passengers. She went on to relate how their days were spent, and here it was that the following strange statement met Richard's eye: "After dinner Dick and I have long, lovely talks as we pace the deck in the starlight—there seems so much to talk about, and we make delightful plans for the future." Needless to say this was pure fiction, and Richard, somewhat abashed, glanced up at his wife. The sight of her sad little face smote him, and he dropped his eyes to the closely-written sheets in his hands and continued reading. After this untruth there was a lull, and the narrative continued strictly veracious for another page and then it had apparently struck Mary that there was not enough about Dick in her letter to satisfy her anxious mother's heart—so: "Dick is quite the best-looking man on board, and by far the most attentive and polite. I am so proud of him." Richard blushed. "He is reading one of Black's novels aloud to me." ("Oh, Mary!") "We both enjoy it so much. I have made one or two friends, but really, I hardly need them as Dick seldom leaves my side." It was easy to see that Mary was fast being swept down the stream of her own inventions, and Richard read on, fascinated. "Darling, I hope you are not too lonely. I know it must make you happy to know how happy *I* am. Dick, I really think, is quite perfect, and I am the happiest woman in the world——"

Richard laid down the sheets—his face was very white. Two tears were rolling slowly down the cheeks of the happiest woman in the world. With a heart full of love and remorse, he stretched out his arms to her, saying: "Dearest, I am so sorry——"

The cloud had lifted, and it did not fall again.

A BOOK WITH A HISTORY.

If we were able to judge from appearances, we should probably not see much of romance in the Company Squad Book here depicted in our illustration. But since its purchase by Sergeant A. Hatrick, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, the volume in question has been to South Africa and back with its owner, having served an almost unique purpose while at the front. Sergeant Hatrick was one of Lord Methuen's Brigade of Guards, and while in the Modder River district he saw a good deal of hard fighting. It was his custom to carry the Company Squad Book in his breast pocket, and it was in that position when the sergeant was engaged in the action at Belmont, in which he was twice wounded. Strangely enough, however, when his wounds were examined it was found that one of the bullets had struck the book as it lay in the pocket just over his heart, and had been slightly deflected, thus entering his chest higher up, wounding him, but not seriously. Sergeant Hatrick's other wound was in his left forearm, and this, unfortunately, necessitated his return home, and subsequently his leaving the service. Nevertheless, he has every reason to thank Providence for his marvellous escape from greater misfortune.



The book that saved Sergeant Hatrick's life at Belmont. The small hole near the elastic band is where the bullet struck.

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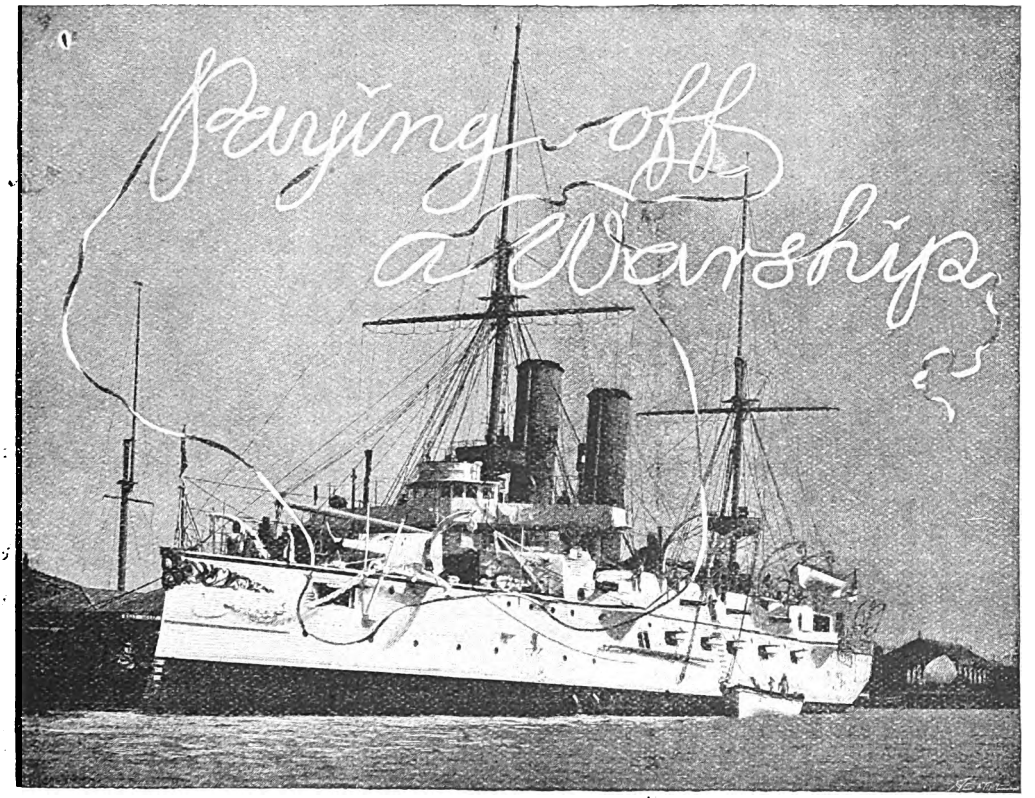

Being the Last of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By J. J. Bennett.

Illustrated with Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.

Three years is a long time to spend at sea, away from home and kindred, and cut off from almost everything that makes life enjoyable. What wonder then that Jack's spirits rise when he sees the homeward-bound pennant flying from the masthead. For this strip of bunting is a token that his ship will soon be shaping her course for old England once more.

When a warship goes into commission for a term of foreign service, she stays abroad on her station for three years. And it is by no means a three years' pleasure trip, either. Only those who have had actual experience, know what hard work our sailors perform in far away corners of the earth. Ubiquitous as the newspaper correspondents are, they take cognisance of only a tithe of the little affairs in which Jack participates.

At one time he is sweltering under double awnings beneath a tropical sky; at another on duty in seas where icebergs are a constant source of danger. Of hard work there is always plenty; and not infrequently there is hard fare as well.

But Jack maintains his native cheerfulness through it all and comes back with his skin tanned, his frame as tough as iron and his heart as happy as a schoolboy's on a holiday.

Of course, on a station like the Mediterranean the conditions of life are somewhat easier, and the trips ashore more frequent.

You do not fully realise the pleasure of stretching your legs on dry ground until you have been cooped up in a ship for months together. It is not as if a sailor were free to go where he liked aboard his own vessel, for every man is allotted his particular part of the ship both for work and play.

Thus the foc'sle men get the port side from the waist forward, the foretop men get the starboard—or opposite—side. The maintop men take the starboard side aft, and the quarter-deck men the other side. Each man is told off to his particular gun, watch, fire-quarters, and fighting station. The starboard

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side of the quarter-deck is sacred to the captain and commander. Other officers use the port side. Each rating amongst the crew has its special part of the upper deck for lounging and smoking—and must keep to it. Nowhere in the world is distinction in rank more rigidly observed than aboard a warship. The captain is a veritable autocrat who holds the future of every man beneath him very largely in the hollow of his hand. His word is law in the little floating island of steel over which he reigns.

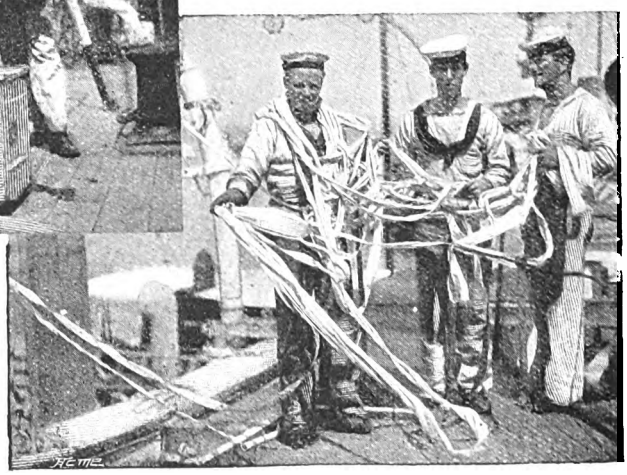
When a ship is ordered to return home to pay-off, the first thing done is to manufacture a paying-off pennant. This is not enjoined by the regulations—but, like many other things in the Navy, it is a custom that no captain would think of neglecting to observe. The pennant is made by the signal staff, and its length is governed by the time the vessel has been in commission. A yard for every month is the recognised allowance; but if the mast be high enough to carry it, the pennant is often made much longer than this. Frequently a gilded bladder, on which are painted the year of commissioning and the year of paying-off, is attached to the end of the pennant. In our illustration the cruiser *Narcissus* is flying a paying-off pennant, at the end of three years on the China Station. Immediately the ship starts her homeward voyage the long pennant is hauled down and the short Admiralty one hoisted in place of it. Were this not done there would not be much pennant to display by the time England was reached.

A bluejacket and his pets.

Upon arriving at her port the ship does a three-hours' paying-off trial. That is, officials from the Admiralty go aboard and a three hours' run at sea is made, the object of this being to ascertain whether her machinery is in good working order. She then salutes the Port Admiral's flag and steams into harbour.

The captain buckles on his sword and goes to the office of the Port Admiral to report arrival. All the ship's books are then forwarded to the Admiralty, where they are gone through by the officials. This inspection finished, the Admiralty orders the ship to be paid-off on a certain day, and into a certain division of the Reserve. She may be ordered to pay off into A Division, Fleet Reserve, which means that she is considered practically fit for sea again. More frequently, however, the ship pays off into B division and is taken in hand for overhaul. Perhaps her guns have become a bit antiquated or her hull needs extensive repair. In such a case a ship is generally ordered to pay-off into C Division, Dockyard Reserve, and she gets stripped, so to speak, to her skin. Boilers are lifted out, decks taken up, and thousands of pounds spent on refitting her.

Whilst waiting orders to pay-off, the ship is inspected by the Port Admiral, or one of his staff. This inspection is somewhat of an ordeal. Into every part of the vessel goes the inspecting officer, and he examines all the gun crews, the small arm parties, and, in fact, everything and everybody aboard. Once this inspection is finished the crew begin to prepare their vessel for paying-off. The first thing done is to get their own belongings ashore. Every sailor is an



Hauling down the paying-off pennant.

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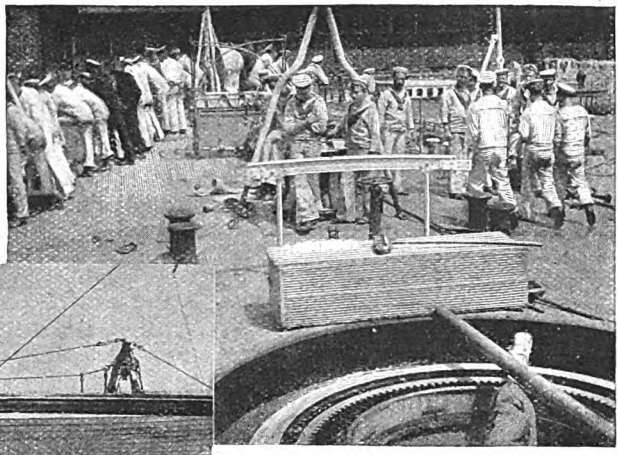
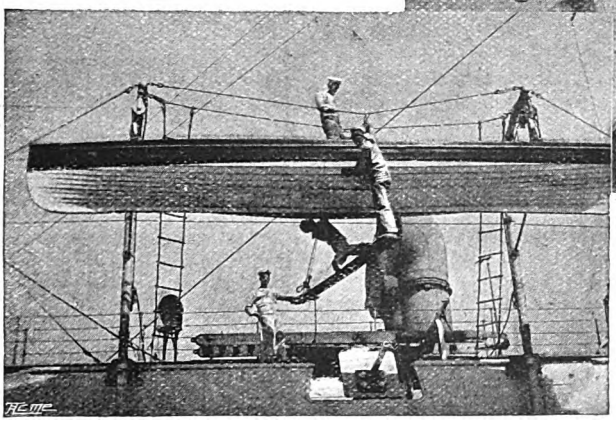
inveterate collector of curiosities, and literally cartloads of odds and ends picked up by the men in the various ports touched at during the commission are disgorged from every ship that comes home. As for canaries, well, the lower deck is often like an aviary—a perfect nest of singing birds.



A "stand easy" interval.
(During this the men have a smoke.)



Smartening up the boats for inspection.

No British Tar would think of passing Madeira on the way home without buying a canary—and now large quantities of them are obtained on the West Coast of Africa.

The ocean seems to have some subtle influence in expanding the kindlier side of man's nature. It thus happens that monkeys, cats, and various other animals from all corners of the world get taken into the ship as pets for the Lower Deck. And these animals become so tame, and are taught by the sailors so many quaint tricks, that they become quite valuable on land.

Having got all pets and curiosities ashore, the work of stripping down the ship begins. Between the arrival home and the day of paying out of commission, a week or two usually elapses.

During this time the crew are busy getting out the stores, unstepping the top-masts, lifting out the guns, and in other ways doing as much as they can to make their vessel look like a derelict. If she is to go into C Division they bare the vessel down to her very bones. The decks are a confused mass of cables, gun gear, and miscellaneous stores. But in the last few days all this is cleared off.

The majority of readers will probably learn with surprise that officers do not get free accommodation aboard ship. A penny per day is charged them as rent for their cabins—or, rather, for the bedding in their bunk. In the old days each officer had to furnish his own bedding. Now the Admiralty supply this necessity and charge a cabin rent to recoup them for their outlay. Another thing is that although mess plate is supplied for the use of the officers in the wardroom, it is not, as one would suppose, given free. This plate, and the table linen also supplied, is of splendid quality. Every precaution—even to the application of chemical tests—is taken to insure that it comes up to the Admiralty standard. For the privilege of using this the wardroom officers have to pay pretty heavily. Often they purchase it outright and sell it by auction when the commission is ended.

The marine sent to serve aboard ship gets knife, fork, and spoon. Jack Tar gets nothing except a clasp knife—which he has to pay for—a tin platter—which he never uses—and the utensils used in the cook's galley. He buys his own knives, forks, and table utensils—or goes without them.

One of the first things Jack does upon arriving home is to "take up some slops," *i.e.* purchase new clothing to wear whilst on leave. Sailors claim the right to wear civilian clothing when off duty, if they choose, and "a suit of civvys" is one of the earliest things Jack invests in. Quite a big trade is done by some of the outfitters at naval ports in rigging out sailors who are about to pay-off.

Tradesmen are allowed to go aboard and

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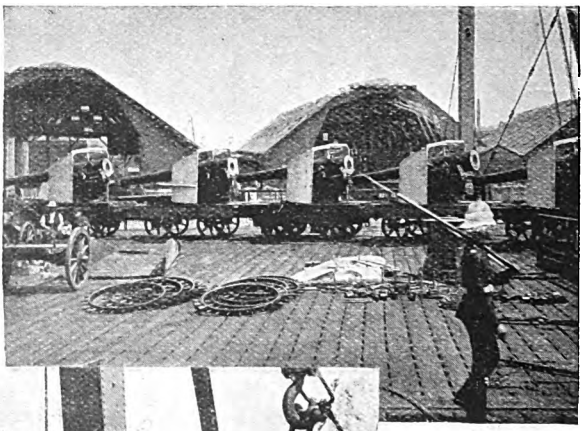
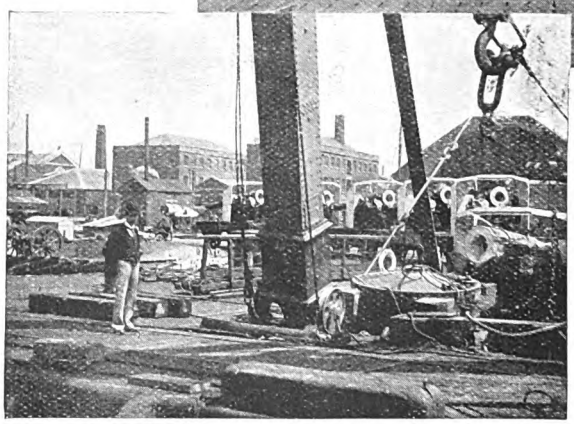
exhibit their wares on the upper decks between the hours of twelve and one. We give an illustration showing the agent of a well-known outfitting firm pushing business in this way.

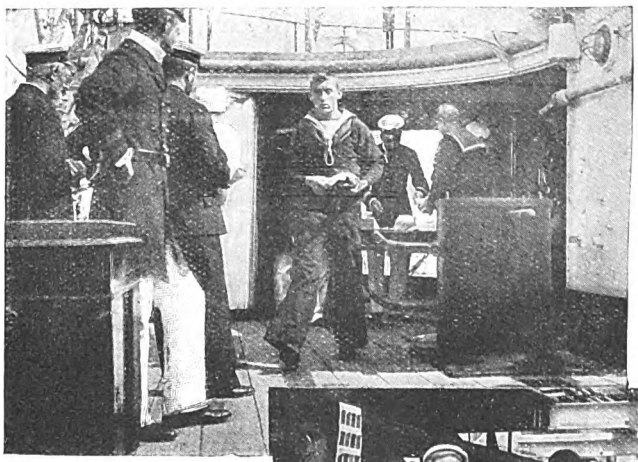
Unfortunately it is not only the honest traders who get this privilege. Dealers in imitation jewellery and other sharks are allowed aboard as well. They bleed Jack, but not to the extent they once did; for the modern tar is an educated, wide-awake fellow compared with the tar of only a few years back. Why allow sharks aboard, you ask? The reply to this is that if the ship is open to traders, you cannot make distinctions between the Gentile who takes photographs and sells "slops," and the Jew who sells watches that don't often go except when they are carried.



6-inch guns going back to the workshops.



Getting guns ashore.



Jack drawing his pay.

At last the long-looked-for day arrives upon which the ship actually pays off. Each man is given fourteen days' holiday for every year he has spent aboard. Jack gets together the remainder of his belongings and falls in on the upper deck. There the paymaster stands behind a table upon which the money due to the ship's company is piled. Each man's money is placed in a bag which bears the recipient's name and the amount due to him. On one side of the paymaster stands the captain of the ship, on the other an officer who has been deputed by the Port Admiral to watch the paying-off operations. When a man's name is called he steps up to the table, salutes, and holds out his hat. The paymaster deposits upon the crown of this (not inside it), the bag containing the money. Without touching this the man carries it (as shown in our illustration) to another table where the bag is picked up by an

Buying "slops."

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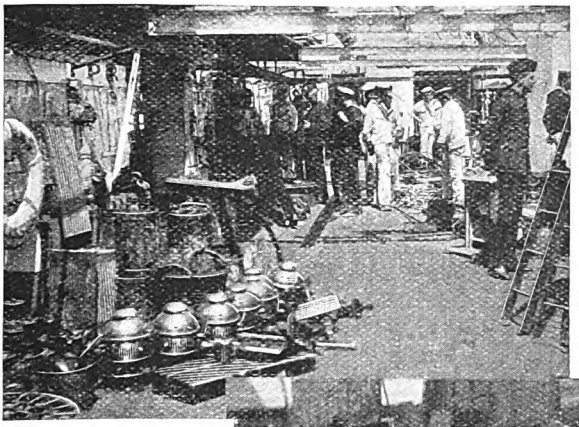
officer belonging to the executive branch, who turns out the contents and counts over the money in order to see that Jack has received all that is due to him.

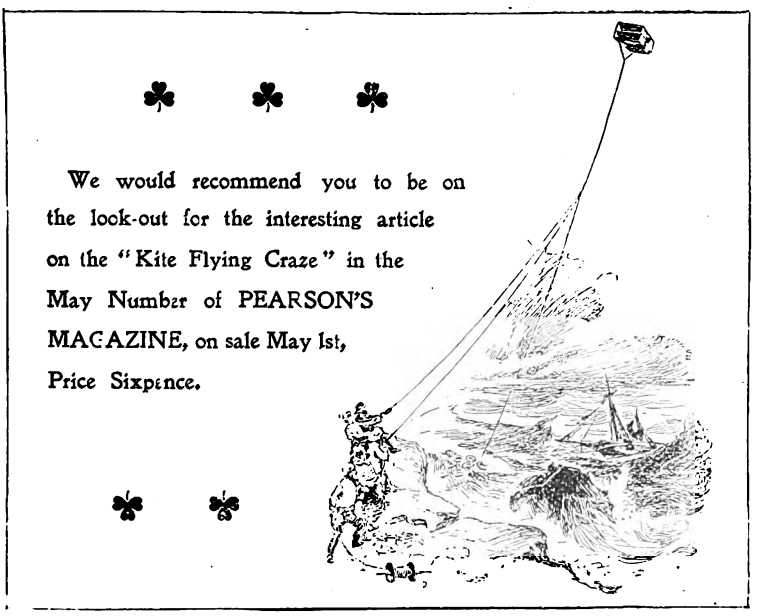
After getting the money Jack receives from the master-at-arms a leave ticket, which gives him freedom for a certain number of days. He then falls in on the jetty alongside the ship, and gets his baggage passed by the Custom House officers. In each of our big dockyards a special staff is maintained by the customs, and these have a busy time, for Jack has a strong penchant for trying to get in Florida water and cigars free of duty. A year or two ago a submerged torpedo tube in one of our biggest battleships was found filled with choice weeds. There were many pounds' worth altogether. Smaller finds are frequent.



All gear on deck.

Custom House officers examining sailors' baggage.

Ships usually pay-off so that the pennant may be hauled down at nine a.m. After the crew have departed, a few sailors or marines are sent aboard to act as ship-keepers and look after the vessel generally. These find a great many things, often valuable ones, that have been forgotten by officers and men in their hurry to get home to see their friends again.



We would recommend you to be on the look-out for the interesting article on the "Kite Flying Craze" in the May Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, on sale May 1st, Price Sixpence.

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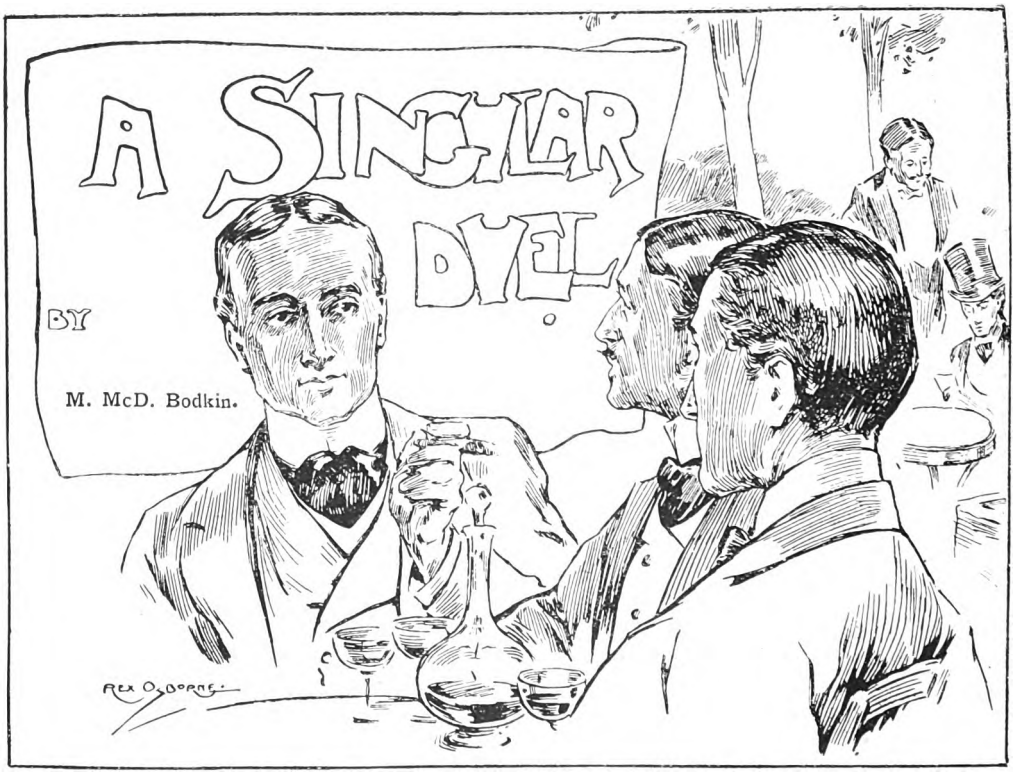

"HALLOA! Stanhope!"

"Halloa! O'Connor!"

We were buying Moorish cigarettes at a stall on the stationary platform when the great figure of Pat O'Connor went by us on the gliding Trottoir which was one of the most striking novelties of the great Paris Exhibition, moving at the rate of a good five miles an hour.

"Glad to see you, O'Connor," said Dick Stanhope. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

"How are you, Stanhope? How are you, Tresham?" inquired the handsome, good-humoured Irish giant. "You are the very chaps I wanted to meet."

"What's up?"

"Oh! I cannot talk till I have something to eat."

"Come along to the German restaurant?" said Dick Stanhope. "We were going there. It has a subsidy from the Kaiser, and does the thing in style."

We found a seat in the open that looked out on the sparkling, swift-flowing Seine which had been ingeniously commandeered for the Exhibition.

O'Connor ate and drank with a Homeric appetite.

It was not till he found himself comfortably at the end of the *menu*, with a cigar between his teeth and a full bumper of Rhine wine at his elbow, that he would consent to tell his news.

"You knew that I was sweet on Nora Martyn?" he began.

"Everyone who knew you at all knew that you shouted it."

"Then you knew, too, that the old girl, Lady Martyn, didn't want it?"

"And the young girl did," said Dick.

"Quite so. Well, we've changed all that.

"The old lady wants it now, and the young lady doesn't?"

"Not likely, Nora is not the girl to go back on her word. But Lady Martyn loves me now—as a son. Always did, she says, though she managed to hide it pretty well. They are in Paris at this present moment. I crossed the Channel for the first time in my life to be near Nora. We are to be married in the autumn."

He puffed his cigar solemnly with big slow

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puffs like a steam engine, to give Dick time to digest his amazement.

"There is another thing I want to tell you."

"Yes?"

"It is not a serious thing like the marriage, you know. In fact I call it a bit of a joke." O'Connor chuckled at some comic remembrance.

"Well?" said Dick Stanhope. "Don't keep all the fun to yourself."

"I have got a duel on hand," laughed O'Connor, "and I want you to be my second if you will."

His news fetched Dick Stanhope's surprise this time. "A duel!" he cried. "Let me tell you that's no joke in this country, Pat."

"Easy," said Pat still laughing—"keep your hair on until you have the ins and outs of the story. It was this way." He told his story slowly between the puffs of his cigar. "We dined at the Exhibition last night, Nora, her ladyship, and myself. On our way home we strolled into the Lay Garden of something or another where there was some kind of a performance going on. I got three seats behind a row of little tables with white tops like bandboxes, and then I went off to look for a *garçon*. When I got back the whole row of seats behind the tables was filled. Perched in my own place was a little Frenchman with a waxed moustache three sizes too big for him, and all the time he twisted it he eyed Nora sideways as a canary eyes a lump of sugar.

"I told him it was my chair as politely as I could, and asked him to get out of it. He didn't seem to hear me. I spoke louder, but he only shrugged his shoulders and kept on twisting his moustache. So I stretched across and took him by the collar of the coat and lifted him clean over the table, glasses and all, and set him down softly on the ground. People noticed, of course; some laughed and some called out '*à bas les Anglais.*'

"The little Frenchman was as mad as a March hare. His face wrinkled up like a monkey's, and I could see the grin of his teeth through his black moustache. He raised the little cane he had in his hand as if to strike me. But all of a sudden he changed his mind. 'The ladies protect you,' he

I stretched across and took him by the collar of the coat and lifted him clean over the table.

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said. Then he took off his hat with a sweeping bow to Nora and walked off with his cane under his arm.

"I thought that was the end of the fun, but it wasn't by long odds. He must have followed us to the Hotel Terminus where we are staying. For when the ladies had gone to bed and I sat down in the open in front of the hotel to get a breath of air, there was my little Frenchman at the next table, twisting his moustache harder than ever. I took no notice of the little man, but caught a *garçon* for myself and told him to bring me a brandy and soda.

"He bustled away and came back in a minute with a little glass full of brandy.

"I took the thimblefull up between my fingers and thumb.

"'What do you call this?' I asked.

"'One glass of brandy.'

"'Do you call that a glass of brandy in this country?'

"'But yes, Monsieur.'

"'Begad,' I said, 'after that I'm not surprised the Germans beat you.'

"The words were not well out of my mouth when up jumps my little Frenchman at the next table and dances in front of me.

"'You have insult my country!' he shouted. 'You are von gross pig of an Englishman!'

"'I'm Irish as it happens,' I said. I could hardly keep from laughing at the cut of him.

"'It is the same thing, you are von Irish pig!'

"He lifted up his little cane again to strike me, but I caught it and took it from him. For a moment I was tempted to lay him across my knee and use it. But he was too small, so I snapped the cane in two instead and flung the bits away.

"'Go home, my little man,' I said, 'and have sense.'

"That made him madder than ever.

"'You are von big coward!' he said.

"I only laughed at him. There was no use being riled with a little chap of that kind.

"'My friend vill call on you,' he said. 'Here is my card!'

"Then for the first time I guessed what he was at, and to humour the joke I fished out a card of my own and handed it to him as grave as a mustard pot.

"The minute he got it he cooled down. He raised his hat and bowed as polite as you please, as though we were the best friends in the world. '*Merci, Monsieur,*' he said. 'We will meet again once more.'

"I was hardly up next morning when his friend Adolphus Lemartine—a tall lanky chap with a yellow face—called to arrange a duel. He spoke very decent English for a Frenchman and was quite chummy with me. I think he knew the whole thing was a joke, though he let on to take it seriously. 'If Monsieur will name a friend,' he said, 'I will not trouble him further.'

"'I'm a stranger here, old man,' I said; 'there are two or three chaps I know knocking about the Exhibition, but I will want a day or two to pick them up.'

"'It is very good,' he answered with a bow, 'I will call again the day after tomorrow if it will please Monsieur?'

"'It will please me first rate,' I said, and we shook hands and parted like old friends. I wasn't half-an-hour in the Exhibition when by the luck of the world I ran across you and Tresham."

Dick Stanhope didn't laugh as the story progressed, but the jolly simple-hearted Irishman was too absorbed in his own enjoyment to notice it.

"Do you happen to have that card about you?" Dick asked when the other had ceased speaking.

O'Connor searched, and at last discovered it crumpled up in his waistcoat pocket and handed it over.

Stanhope turned pale and set his teeth hard as he read the neatly lithograped name:—

"M. Victor du Revileau."

"This is no joke, O'Connor, I tell you," he said gravely. "This is a very dangerous man!"

"Nonsense! my dear fellow," O'Connor persisted, "you don't know what you are talking about. He's a little chap not up to my elbow."

"He is the most noted duellist in Paris. He has killed two men and wounded five in his time."

"Little French chaps like himself most likely. He won't kill or wound me, I promise you."

"Do you know anything about a duel?"

"My grandfather was out five times, and winged his man every time."

"Can you shoot at all, O'Connor—for Heaven's sake be serious."

"As straight as any man—with a double-barrelled gun."

"With a pistol?"

"Never touched a pistol butt in my life."

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"Du Revileau can hit the ace of hearts at thirty yards, I have seen him do it."

"Then we must try swords," O'Connor answered unconcernedly. "We have first call—haven't we?"

"Can you fence?"

"Oh! hang it, Dick, drop this catechism. I tell you again the little chap is not up to my elbow. I don't want to boast, but I could sling him over my shoulder like a puppy dog."

At that moment the lover's quick eye caught sight of two ladies coming slowly down between the shining river and the long row of the "Palaces of the Nations," and he bolted from his seat.

"Lady Martyn!" said O'Connor, "will you allow me to introduce Mr. Stanhope; Mr. Tresham, Lady Martyn. Nora"—in a lower tone—"this is my very special friend, Dick Stanhope, whom I told you about. He is to be best man."

Nora blushed as she gave Dick Stanhope her hand with a winning smile.

My turn came next, and I had a good look at her. She was worth looking at—a regular Irish beauty; dark blue eyes and jet black hair with a wave in it at the temples; a complexion pure as a wild rose leaf, and a smile that lit up her whole face:—

"Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs at the sun."

Then we did the sights together. O'Connor naturally monopolised his sweetheart. Stanhope and myself did alternate duty turns with Lady Martyn.

All that day the lovers were brimful of delight at everything. Nora beamed and rippled with merriment, O'Connor worshipped her openly. But Dick Stanhope was glum as I had never seen him before, and I guessed the cause.

Just once a fragment of the gay talk of the pair in front floated back to us.

"To-morrow morning or the day after," O'Connor said, "I'll tell you all about it at breakfast."

"I'm sure it will be great fun," Nora answered gaily, "how I laughed when I saw you lift him out so nicely over the table. Oh! I wish I could be there to see!"

Then I heard Dick Stanhope growl under his breath a compromise between a curse and a groan.

A little after that we got clear of the party and strolled away together towards the main entrance.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Jack," he explained; "it's the most comical tragedy the world has ever seen. Farce in the first act and tragedy in the last. If they meet, Victor du Revileau will kill him as sure as the sun

"Nora, this is my very special friend, Dick Stanhope, whom I told you about. He is to be best man."

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shines. He will have his sword through his heart before the big fellow can move a finger. In three days O'Connor—one of the best chaps that ever stepped—will be a six feet two clod of senseless clay, and Nora Martyn, who thinks the whole thing 'such fun,' 'who'd like to be there,' to see the amusing duel, will be crying her pretty eyes out over her dead lover's body. It drives me mad to think of it!"

"What can we do about it?" I asked, "get him to apologise?"

"You saw how he laughed at the bare notion. She'd laugh, too, if I had the courage to mention it to her. Neither of them will believe that so small a snake can have so venomous a sting. No, Tresham, I'm afraid I must fight the little beggar myself."

"Not Victor du Revileau!" I cried, "He'll kill you first and O'Connor afterwards!"

"I'm not so sure of that. You know I'm fond of this kind of sword and pistol, though I have never been out before. I know his form. I can fence pretty nearly as well as our friend Victor, and shoot I think a shade better, and I flatter myself my nerves are all right."

"Nerves!" I cried, "you haven't got such things, and as to shooting with anything from a cannon to a bow and arrow you can"—

He interrupted me with a sudden clap on the shoulder and an eager exclamation.

"I have it!" he cried.

"Have what?" I asked.

"You know that I'm a terror at archery meetings?"

"What's that to say to it?"

"Don't ask questions, little boy, you will know soon enough. I will tell you what to say and do when M. Victor du Revileau's friend calls on you. Come away home and let us have dinner at Margaray's restaurant. I've the deuce of an appetite. It is ten to one we will meet our friend Victor there. I know the animal's haunts."

As Dick anticipated, M. du Revileau came in to dinner at Margaray's a little after we began.

He finished first, and had his coffee and a cigarette in the open air. A moment afterwards Dick came out and took the next small table on the lee side of the little Frenchman. Presently Dick began to sniff ostentatiously, even offensively.

At the third sniff, M. du Revileau looked at him, and Dick seized the opportunity.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," he said, raising his hat with infinite politeness, "your cigarette incommodes me. Will Monsieur have the extreme goodness to move a little further on, or to try one of mine?"

He held out the open silver case with gold tipped cigarettes to the irate and astonished Frenchman.

"Monsieur is pleased to be impertinent," said du Revileau.

"Monsieur's manners seem no better than his cigarettes!"

"Does Monsieur desire to insult me?"

"If Monsieur so pleases."

"Will Monsieur have the great goodness to accept my card?"

"With a great deal of pleasure, and Monsieur will permit me to offer mine in return."

It all passed with the utmost politeness. With many smiles and bows and lifting of hats these two men arranged to kill each other if they could, because one of them didn't like the smell of the other's cigarette.

Next morning Adolphus Lamartine called upon me to arrange preliminaries.

He seemed a decent sort of fellow as O'Connor had said, and anxious to avoid bloodshed.

"Your friend, if you will pardon me for saying so, was a little hasty last night. Should he desire to apologise——"

"My friend," I interposed, "will fight this duel to the death. He has, as you will surmise, other causes of quarrel with M. du Revileau."

M. Lamartine bowed again a little more stiffly than at first.

"There is no more to be said," he remarked very gravely. "You are the challenged; the choice of weapons is with you. You choose?"

I steadied my voice and face for a second before I answered quite as a matter of course, "We choose bows and arrows."

He looked at me for a moment in blank amazement. Then he gasped out the single word—"What!"

"I thought I spoke distinctly. We choose bows and arrows," I repeated.

"This is no time for jesting, Monsieur Tresham."

"Monsieur Lamartine, I do not jest I assure you."

"But this is ridiculous!"

"Monsieur, I have to remind you I am acting for my friend, and I am entitled to courtesy from you."

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"A thousand pardons, Monsieur. If I have offended, I meant it not. But Monsieur is not serious?"

"Quite serious, I assure you. It is, as you say, our right to choose. I have made our choice."

"But men do not fight with children's toys?"

"Your friend will find them no toys. If Monsieur persist I must seek some other reasons for his reluctance. Can it be that his countrymen have not forgotten the British bowmen at Cressy?"

The taunt told as Dick anticipated when he suggested it.

The Frenchman's sallow cheek flushed and his dark eyes glittered for a moment.

"We will fight first with the weapons you have chosen as is your right to choose, but afterwards—"

"For your friend," I said gravely, "I fear there will be no afterwards."

So with grim salutes our interview closed.

I had some difficulty in procuring the weapons I wanted in Paris. But I got them at last. Two large lancewood bows, a dozen gaily feathered sharp pointed arrows, and a pair of gaudily decorated quivers.

Never before was there so quiet a duel in the neighbourhood of Paris. Neither M. du Revileau nor his second were in the least degree anxious to give publicity to the affair. They dropped no hint in any quarter. There were no inquisitive pressmen, no excited spectators. We were a select party of four.

Dick Stanhope sent a second shaft straight and clean through the resounding hat.

Dick and I drove out to the quietest corner of the Bois de Bologne with our bows and arrows tucked away in the voiture.

Having dismissed the driver, we proceeded to the ground, where we were joined ten minutes later by M. du Revileau and his second. Their deadly seriousness added the final touch of absurdity to the business.

With corresponding gravity I offered M. Lamartine his choice of bows. We agreed that the distance was to be

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thirty yards. The Frenchmen had stipulated for an early meeting, and the sun was just flush with the horizon as we came upon the ground — a glorious summer morning with the promise of a glorious day.

We paced the distance and set our men so that neither faced the horizontal stream of dazzling sunlight that glorified the green woods and sward. Three shots apiece was agreed to, our men to fire simultaneously when Lamartine dropped his handkerchief.

As they took their places I whispered to M. Lamartine: "My friend is a master of the weapon, he will send his first and second arrows through your friend's hat, and the third through his heart."

Lamartine's lips tightened and his brow wrinkled, but he said nothing.

One! Two! Three! the white handkerchief fluttered to the ground. Twang! went the bows. The taut string struck M. du Revileau sharply on the wrist, his arrow fluttered sideways a few paces and dropped. The arrow from Dick Stanhope's bow sped swift and straight—a thin line of darkness through the sunshine. Thud! it struck the tall hat with a sound like the stroke of a drum, pierced it like paper, and dropped quivering in the sward forty yards away.

Lamartine started and turned sharply to me. "It is enough!" he said, "shots have been exchanged; honour is satisfied; we will take our men away?"

"Neither is touched," I answered as sharply. "My friend demands satisfaction; if it is refused he will proclaim M. du Revileau a coward through the streets of Paris."

"*Eh bien!*" he said with a shrug, "as you will; my friend has no fear."

M. du Revileau assuredly had no fear. He never winced nor changed colour a jot as he awkwardly fitted a second arrow to the string.

One! Two! Three!

This time M. du Revileau's arrow fled high into the air. Dick Stanhope sent a second shaft straight and clean through the resounding hat, not an inch from where the first had pierced.

At this M. Lamartine lost all control of himself. "This is murder," he cried impetuously, "it must be stopped!"

"Monsieur forgets himself," I answered gravely: "it is an affair of honour; it must proceed."

"But my friend knows nothing of the weapons you have chosen!"

"Does that matter? Your friend has an affair with M. O'Connor."

"We will meet him with pleasure."

"I am not so sure of that; there is yet a third arrow to be shot. M. O'Connor knows nothing of sword or pistol of which M. du Revileau is master."

"*Eh bien!*"

The quick-witted fellow saw my drift at once. "M. Stanhope," I said, "is the friend of M. O'Connor. If M. du Revileau will apologise to M. O'Connor, M. Stanhope will apologise to M. du Revileau, and both affairs are at an end."

"*Très bien!* I will try," he said, and he stepped across to his principal while I went over to Dick Stanhope.

The sturdy little Frenchman was hard to manage. We could see the two arguing and expostulating with shrugs and gesticulations and much waving of hands for a good five minutes before they made a move in our direction.

When they came up M. du Revileau was still looking sulky. But Lamartine whispered aside to me, "It is arranged," and I nudged Stanhope's elbow.

Instantly he raised his hat with a profound bow to his late opponent.

"Monsieur du Revileau," he said, "I have to offer you my sincerest apologies. Your cigarettes are most excellent."

The cloud vanished from the Frenchman's face. He smiled and bowed with consummate grace.

"Monsieur," he said, "does me too much honour. Will Monsieur have the goodness to convey my apologies with a profession of my profound regards to his friend M. O'Connor?"

As we walked off the ground Dick consummated the reconciliation. "Perhaps M. du Revileau," he said, "would have the goodness to oblige me with a cigarette?"

Later in the day we came across Pat O'Connor and Nora at the Exhibition. They had contrived to give Lady Martyn the slip.

Dick duly conveyed M. du Revileau's apologies and expressions of regret and regard.

"I'm glad," said O'Connor; "he was a plucky little chap and I shouldn't like to have to hurt him."

"I'm half sorry," laughed Nora—"it would have been such fun!"

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TABLE GOLF

By Stanley White.

The idea of adapting the great outdoor sports tc parlour use is growing apace, one of the most recent developments being Parlour Golf, a game which bids fair to become very popular indeed.

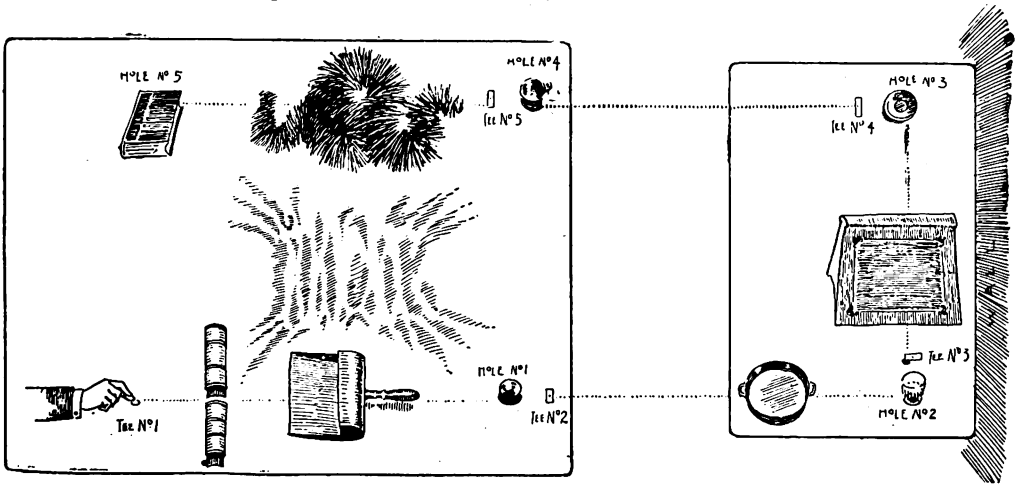
Parlour golf is a sort of hot-house variety of the great parent stock. It has this advantage, that the principle of the old game is preserved, though the means employed are necessarily varied. And it is in this elasticity of playing that one of the chief charms of the new game consists.

The player of that most exquisite of musical instruments, the violin, must make his own notes, while the parlour golfer very largely makes his own game. The results vary in both examples, with the skill and ingenuity of the players. No two people without previous consultation ever played parlour golf in exactly the same way. The beauty of the thing is that while following out a general idea, the mode of playing can be modified according to the conditions imposed by the surroundings; and in this it resembles real golf.

To begin with. a good sized table covered with a thick springy cloth is required. Instead of balls, which obviously would be impossible to manage in a room, counters are used in the same way as in that popular pastime, tiddley-winks.

The rules are practically the same as in golf except that if it be found confusing to keep count of all the little strokes, the better plan is to proceed as in croquet, playing your opponent stroke for stroke, and the man who gets round the links first wins.

For holes little cups are to be used, and to give variety they may differ in size, or a thick book laid flat on the table on to which the counter is flipped may serve as a hole. One of the most important points is, of course, the judicious placing of the obstacles, and in



A bird's-eye view of the links (the tops of two tables). No. 1—A drive through a cañon and over a sandy hollow (the dust pan). Nos. 2 and 4—Long shots needed to bridge the chasm, with the additional desirability of keeping out of the duck-pond in the first case. No. 5—Negotiating an acre of gorse (a lady's boa) for the last hole.

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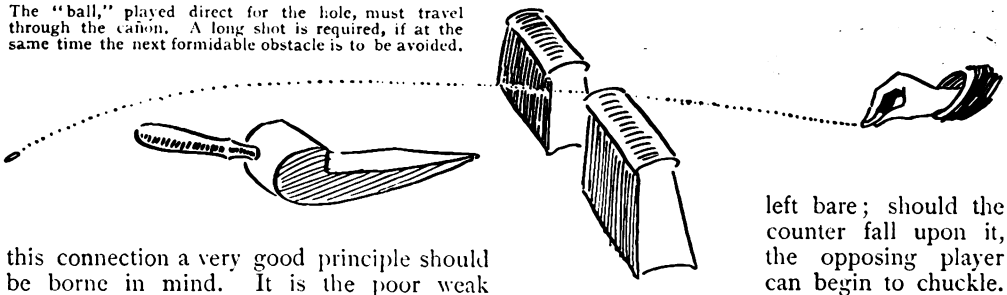


The "ball," played direct for the hole, must travel through the canon. A long shot is required, if at the same time the next formidable obstacle is to be avoided.

this connection a very good principle should be borne in mind. It is the poor weak shots that must be penalised by pit-falls, not the good ones.

The first bunker it is suggested should be placed at such a distance from the "tee," that it requires a good shot to over-top it. A very good bunker is furnished by two books set up on end, leaving an opening between them, through which the drive must pass. This accomplished, the player should be in a position to "putt" for the first hole. The "putting," it will be gathered, does not, as in real golf, consist in rolling a ball into a hole, but in flipping a counter into a cup or on to a book.

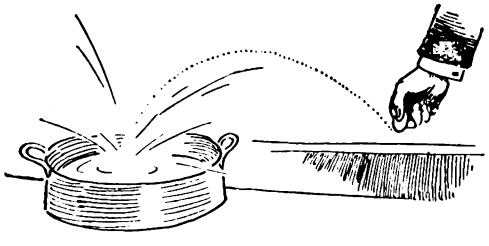
The most natural, and probably the most effective bunkers of all can be arranged by the extremely simple process of rucking up the cloth in parts, so that unless care is taken the "ball" becomes entangled and a stroke or more lost in retrieving.

Again, an excellent kind of hazard may be made on quite the reverse principle. As all readers who play "tiddley-winks" know, one can only get a good shot with the counter when it rests on a thick cloth. Taking advantage of this fact, it is suggested that the table at the sides or at any convenient spot be left bare; should the counter fall upon it, the opposing player can begin to chuckle.

No light penalty is the result of falling foul of the dust-pan.

Another very good plan is to play with two tables, one large and one small, leaving a considerable gap between, which can be widened as players become more expert. A "hole" is then located on the far table, and a very good drive is needed in order to cross the yawning chasm to reach it, and an equally good "stroke" on the return journey.

A good duck-pond may be improvised by a large saucer containing water. If the ball should happen to fall in it, don't attempt to play it out, that will only lead to trouble, take it out and lose a stroke. As in ordinary golf, the game may be played by several at once, either in partnership or all against all. It is often said, and with a certan amount of truth, that golf is a dull game for onlookers, and that only players can realise how intensely fascinating it can be. The indoor variety has an advantage over real golf in this respect. For the simple reason that the whole panorama of action can be taken in at a glance it is very interesting to follow, and the keen rivalry of players ensures plenty of healthy excitement.



There he goes, right in the duck-pond. That means the loss of a stroke. To attempt to play out would be absurd.

Neither does one have to walk half a mile to reach the next hole, though there is plenty of steady exercise round and about the "links" for all that. And what a boon to be relieved of that incubus the caddie, who ever follows closely on our heels in the open air game. One does not want his assistance to carry the one fat counter which is driver, brassie, cleek, and niblick all in one, according to the angle at which it is held in play.

There is considerable opportunity for skill, in the proper taking of the various strokes. For instance a very high bunker may have to

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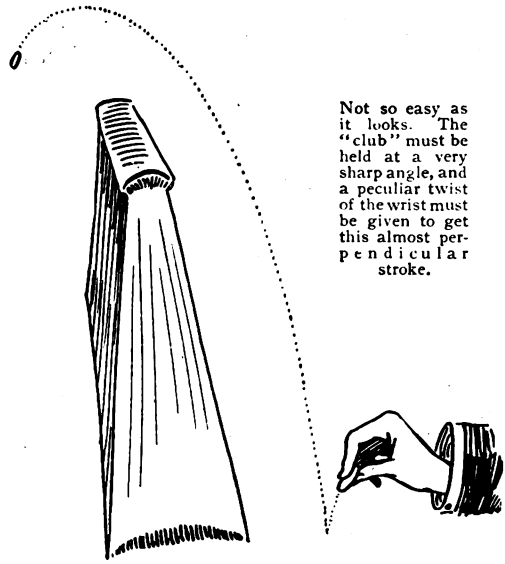
be negotiated, on the other side of which there are some "natural bunkers," on the rucked table-cloth system. Obviously the difficulty here lies in the attainment of two opposite ends. In other words, a high, yet long shot is required. If the counter be flipped too high it will fall short and be lost in the table-cloth folds, if too low it will not pass the book.

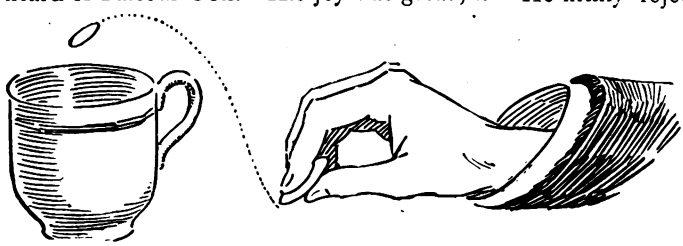
Players are kept within bounds by the necessity of confining the "ball" to the table, a stroke being forfeited when this rule is infringed. In this connection it is not a bad idea to locate one of the holes not far from the edge. Restraint as well as straight "approaching," will then need to be exercised.

The fault with beginners is that they generally attempt too elaborate a game at the first, and besides making themselves very hot and tired, and irritable, with their preparations, they provoke similar distressing symptoms in other members of the household. Take a case.



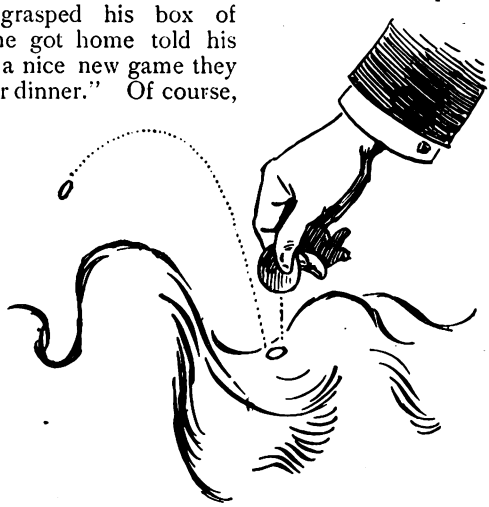
Not so easy as it looks. The "club" must be held at a very sharp angle, and a peculiar twist of the wrist must be given to get this almost perpendicular stroke.

A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance heard of Parlour Golf. His joy was great; it was to him as a Kimberley diamond. Not waiting to get more than a bare idea of the *modus operandi*, he grasped his box of counters, and when he got home told his admiring family "what a nice new game they were going to have after dinner." Of course, they were delighted, and sacrificed digestion in their eagerness to taste this new pleasure.



This is the "putting green," and this is where experience in tiddley-winks comes in.

Somehow this poor man had got it into his head that the only way to play parlour golf was on the floor. So, as that was not feasible in a room cramped with furniture, nothing would do but they must all come into the kitchen, which was comparatively clear, and wait while he collected a few necessary things. He firmly rejected all offers of assistance, insisting that the success of the whole thing depended upon the skill with which the materials were selected. Seeing that there was no carpet on the floor, the first thing he did was to rush upstairs and seize a bed covering, which he selected in preference to others, because it was thick and springy. It was a coincidence that it was one of the most expensive, and of light colour. He descended again to the scene of action, dragging it behind as he went, for his wife happened to be away at the time.



A scene of tribulation—very typical of what happens when one is foolish enough to get mixed up with "natural bunkers" or gorse.

Spreading it over the floor he next turned his attention to the scullery, where he gathered quite a nice assortment of dust-pans, dust-pan brushes, door-mats, stew-pans, a coal-scuttle, and a good deal more heavy war material of a similar kind. He then piled them in an unsightly heap in the presence of his astonished family, who,

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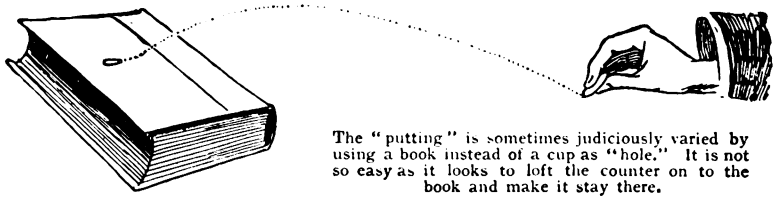
quite in the dark as to the principle guiding his strange actions, surmised that their father had suffered some cruel misfortune on 'Change, which had turned his brain.

They were, of course, greatly relieved, when he explained matters, to find their fears groundless, and it was perhaps the sudden reaction that enabled them to apply themselves with some measure of cheerfulness to their father's new game.

So under his direction they began to set up the obstacles; the coal scuttle for the first bunker, a deep and full vessel for a water jump, a dust-pan turned inwards for another bunker, and coats flung about at random for sandy patches. Then they all got down on their knees, and as there was a big fire in the powerful range they grew rather warm. But that only made it more like golf as played on a hot summer's day, minus the refreshing sea breeze.

Then someone got his counter into the deep water vessel, and, instead of losing a stroke, tried to play it out, with the result that a very fine, natural water-course was soon wending its way over the "links."

People who begin a game in this way are apt to get discouraged, and to blame the sport for what is really due to their own inexperience. The latitude of indoor golf is so wide that there is no reason why a good game should not be played on the floor, but the kitchen variety, as described above, is not recommended.



The "putting" is sometimes judiciously varied by using a book instead of a cup as "hole." It is not so easy as it looks to loft the counter on to the book and make it stay there.

A DEAD LOVE.

I.

Her name was Clementina Jane
  Melissa Ann Eurydice,
I ne'er shall see her like again,
  I worshipped her so fervently.

II.

Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue,
  Her cheeks defied the reddest rose,
Her lips had borrowed all the hue
  That peony or poppy knows.

III.

The protestations of my love
  Fell on her ears unheedingly,
I longed to find some way to prove
  If she had any love for me.

IV.

Alas! She sits before me here,
  She has no hair upon her head,
The eyes that once I held so dear
  Are dim and lustreless as lead.

Her frock is torn, her battered face
  To pristine charms but gives the lie,
And yet she held the chiefest place
  Of all my dolls. Dear heart, good-bye!

PHILIP HEMERY.

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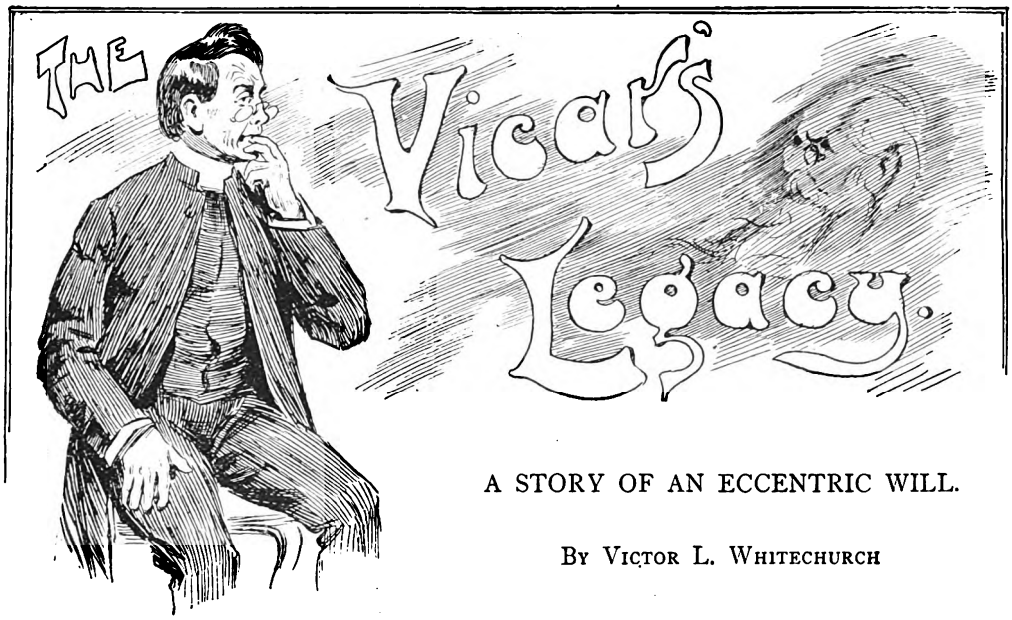

A STORY OF AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

By Victor L. Whitechurch

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer sat in solitary state and in equally solitary despair in his study. Before him, on his table, were strewn various papers and account books, all of them dealing with the mystic letters — L. S. D. If the problem, which was agitating his brain concerning these letters, could have been put into the language of a proposition of Euclid, it might have run thus :—

"If L. S. D. represent three very minute points, it is impossible to construct a square out of them."

That was just it. It was impossible to get things "square." Which was absurd. Which was also very distressing.

It was the burden of his large parish that was weighing so heavily upon him. Schools, clothing club, blanket society, organ fund, choir fund, alms fund—from one to the other did he turn, only to find the same story written in each—to wit that the supply was many degrees less than the demand.

St. Margaret's, Dullminster, was a large parish and a poor one withal.

Leslie Mortimer had accepted it some three years previously, being strongly urged thereto by the Bishop, although he had great misgivings at heart.

He was a meek, inoffensive, hardworking, little man. All his thoughts and all his efforts were bound up in his parish.

He lived on next to nothing in order to give up something of his scanty income to the devouring element. He begged morning, noon, and night for money, but try as he would, things continued to look uglier and uglier.

"It wants quite five hundred a year to do it on," he murmured sadly, "and I've drained every source I can think of. I don't know what's to be the end of it, I'm sure."

Just at that moment the servant entered with a batch of letters. The Vicar sighed as he took them off the tray. The post generally meant only fresh worries.

As he glanced through them his eye fell on a letter directed in a stiff, legal handwriting, with the post-mark of Brayford on it.

"Brayford," he soliloquised, "why that's where my uncle and aunt live. Ah me, I wish I had some of the dear lady's money, but it's no use asking her. She's always refused me. This isn't her writing, though—nor is it uncle's, so far as I remember—well, let's see."

He tore open the letter and read as follows :—

17, High Street,
Brayford.

Dear Sir,

It is our painful duty to inform you that your aunt, Mrs. Craig, of "The Elms," Brayford, died yesterday, after a short illness. The funeral is to take place on Thursday, and your uncle, Mr. Benjamin Mortimer, would be glad for you to be

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present. For other reasons, also it is desirable that you should attend, as there are sundry important business matters to be gone into.

Assuring you of our sympathy,
We remain,
Dear Sir,
Your obedient servants,
FOSTER & GIBBS,
Solicitors.

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer,
St. Margaret's Vicarage,
Dullminster.

The Vicar laid down the letter.

"Dear me," he said, "I'm sorry, exceedingly sorry, though it's some years since I've seen her. And poor Uncle Benjamin, how deeply he will feel her loss. They were so devoted to each other. Why, they've lived together now for seventeen years—ever since she became a widow and inherited her husband's fortune. I suppose she'll leave it all to him, for she has no children. Ah me, she could easily have spared a trifle for our schools! . . . Perhaps she has. The lawyers say there are business matters to be gone into—and yet I fail to see how that concerns me. Let me see . . . dear, dear—the return fare to Brayford is thirty-eight shillings . . . and I shall have to get a new hat. I must go, I suppose—but it's a terrible expense—Yes? Come in!"

"Miss Hemming to see you, sir."

Miss Selina Hemming was one of the most devoted admirers of the Vicar, and the leader of the small coterie who provided a limited congregation for the daily services.

During the reign of the late Vicar, who was a married man with a family, Miss Hemming had not attached such a particular importance to her religious duties, and had even been known to give afternoon teas on Sundays. But the advent of the "dear Vicar" changed all this, and the good lady plunged headlong into the whirl of ecclesiastical observances and inhaled parochial atmosphere with a truly feminine fervour.

She taught in the Sunday School, she visited a district, she revelled in mother's meetings, soup kitchens, and temperance teas became a perfect heaven to her, and the Rev. Leslie Mortimer's photograph in his surplice and a stole which *she* had worked "for the Church," stood on a little table in her bedroom and had a fresh bunch of flowers before it frequently.

The Vicar, unsuspecting man, thought it was all done for the love of the parish. The rest of Dullminster waited for the banns to be published, some with amusement, others, of the female persuasion, with a jealousy that designated Selina Hemming as "a designing vixen."

She was a tall, angular woman of some fifty summers, who went about the parish with a heavenly smile that was meant to show the joy of ecclesiasticism, but which had the effect of displaying sundry wrinkles that were more the result of age. She wore pince-nez and invariably carried a parish magazine and a book of relief tickets.

She had come on this particular afternoon to consult the Vicar about a "case." There were many "cases" she felt bound to consult him about, and in his guileless mind she was "Dorcas" personified. But then he did not know how easily her prayer book opened at the Marriage Service!

When she had finished, he told her about the news he had received. She was all sympathy in a moment.

"Poor Vicar! I'm *so* sorry. You have troubles enough in the parish, I'm sure, without other worries."

"Yes, it *is* sad."

"And, of course, you feel it more being alone, with no one to talk over your troubles with you."

"Oh, I don't mind."

"Ah, you are so *strong* in your grief. What a great thing it is to be strong. Well, I hope there may be good out of evil."

"What do you mean?"

"That your aunt has remembered you substantially."

"I don't think that for an instant, Miss Hemming, she was utterly devoted to her brother. Poor Uncle! How he will miss her!"

As Selina Hemming sallied forth into the parish, a beauteous dream took possession of her. She saw herself the "Vicaress" of St. Margaret's, and Leslie Mortimer, a rich man, into the bargain.

"Oh, I *hope* it may be so," she sighed.

As for the Rev. Leslie Mortimer, a dream wandered through his brain also. He thought of receipted accounts, a new organ and larger schools—in fact, the flourishing of every parochial institution—with the exception of Selina Hemming, and, strangely enough, she did not figure in his dream at all.

"Oh, I *wish* it might be so," he murmured.

* * * *

"There can be no doubt about it at all," said Mr. Foster, the senior partner of the firm of Foster and Gibbs, "it certainly struck us

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"Ah, you are so strong in your grief. What a great thing it is to be strong."

as being a most extraordinary will when we drew it up for Mrs. Craig, but she insisted upon it strongly. Her income was about £1100 a year. You will receive the whole of this amount from us, the trustees, on the sole condition that you allow your uncle, Mr. Benjamin Mortimer, to live with you, 'giving him,' so says the will, 'full liberty to pursue his scientific researches and experiments in whatsoever manner he pleases, seeing that he is clothed decently and fed regularly, and is kept supplied with a reasonable amount of cash should he desire it.' And further, if from any cause on your part, your uncle should be forced to leave you, the entire principal of the estate is to be paid over to him, while, on the other hand, if he leaves of his own free will, he is to receive £200 a year for life, and in case of his death, the whole property reverts to you."

"But whatever possessed my aunt to make such an eccentric will?" asked the astonished Vicar.

The lawyer smiled.

"Out of regard to your uncle, partly," he answered. "He is a man who knows nothing of the world and gives his whole time to a rather dangerous scientific research. If he lived alone he would have no idea of managing for himself, but would neglect everything except his experiments. His sister wished him to have a comfortable home and to be well taken care of. That is why she has bound the money over in this strange manner."

"But what if he objects?" pleaded the other.

Again Mr. Foster smiled.

"I think he'll only be too glad," he said, 'but we'll ask him about it at once."

The two men left the room in Mrs. Craig's house where they had been discussing her affairs after the funeral, and stepped through the French windows on to the lawn. At the bottom of the garden was a corrugated iron building, to which they proceeded.

"Take care!" cried a voice as they opened the door, "don't shake anything whatever you do. I'm experimenting with iodide of nitrogen, and it's rather a peculiar subject."

Mr. Benjamin Mortimer was a benevolent looking old gentleman of some sixty summers, clad at that moment in the best black broadcloth suit he had been wearing at his sister's funeral. His white, thin hair, flowed gracefully over his neck, his beard was patriarchal in the extreme, and his soft, dreamy blue eyes might have been taken for those of a gentle, optimistic philosopher.

"I was obliged to leave you to settle the business by yourself," he went on. "This stuff wouldn't wait."

"I have been explaining to your nephew—" began Mr. Foster.

"I know, I know," interrupted the old gentleman, "it will be all right, Leslie. Poor dear Emily has arranged that I am to go and live with you, and you are to keep her money in trust for me, or something of that sort—it

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doesn't very much matter. I am too busy to worry about money. I must finish this little experiment to-morrow and I'll come to you the next day."

"But really, Uncle, are you sure you——"

"Pooh, pooh. It's all settled, isn't it? Poor dear Emily said you'd be very glad to have me, she was sure, and I never knew her make a mistake. Is there a large garden to your house, Leslie?"

"A fairly large one, but——"

"That's a comfort. I shall want to put up a laboratory in it, as far away from the house as possible. It's safer, you know."

"Safer?"

"Of course. I am engaged in a series of investigations on the nature and properties of modern high explosives, and am developing several new features. An interesting study, Leslie. Just at the present moment I am inventing a water gun which will discharge a projectile by means of concentrated acetylene gas fired by an electric spark. I have already perfected the projectile," he went on, taking up a small shell and handing it to the Vicar, who received it mechanically. "Now that isn't very large, is it? But I assure you, if you were even to drop it on the floor, all three of us would be annihilated."

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer gasped in horror and placed the little shell down on the table as if it had been an egg. Mr. Foster retreated a step or two, laying his hand inadvertently as he did so on a scrap of black, pasty-looking substance that was drying on a sheet of glass.

"Crack—fizzle—splutter," a wisp of violet coloured smoke, and the lawyer rubbed his hand as if in pain.

"Dear, dear! I told you to be careful," cried Mr. Benjamin Mortimer. "Iodide of nitrogen explodes on the slightest touch. And *doesn't* it sting, too, Mr. Foster?"

The Vicar felt himself distracted with conflicting inward emotions as he returned to Dullminster the next day. Further conversation with his eccentric uncle disclosed the fact that this particular part of his aunt's legacy was a terrible one for a meek and inoffensive parish priest to have in his house, and once or twice he nearly made up his mind to abandon the whole thing.

But when he entered his study, and found himself confronted with those ominous parish accounts, he braced himself together.

"Even St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh," he murmured, as he gave directions for a room to be got ready for his uncle.

The latter was duly installed at the Vicarage, and in the course of a few weeks had erected his laboratory and transported all his apparatus to it.

Then the thorn in the Vicar's flesh began to assert itself. It was bad enough to have to penetrate that terrible laboratory and drag his uncle in to every meal, it was painful enough to meet him wandering hatless and umbrella-less, clad in a violet dressing gown in the pouring rain down the town one morning, whither he had strayed to purchase some drug at a chemist's, but these and similar trying little eccentricities were a mere nothing in comparison with his awful hobby.

This mild old gentleman revelled in explosives. To hear him talk one would imagine that the wholesale destruction of human beings was the acme of Paradise. Besides which, the Vicar was in continual dread of the experiments that were conducted within the laboratory—and sometimes without it.

For example, one Friday evening in Lent, when the Vicar had been preaching to his flock on the Pillar of Fire in the Wilderness, he was strolling home across the lawn, thinking of his subject, when suddenly, within a few yards of him, there was a sharp explosion, and a volume of flame streamed upwards from the ground and continued to blaze in dazzling brightness for at least a couple of minutes.

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer stood horror-struck and aghast when his uncle came running up.

"Capital!" said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands. "Hullo, is that you Leslie? This is a grand success."

"What—what *is* it?" gasped the Vicar.

"A new idea of mine—on an exceedingly minute scale, of course. A dynamite mine in connection with a composition resembling the nature of the old Greek Fire. It would take the form of a gigantic mine, laid where troops would pass over it. On touching an electric button miles away, not only would a terrific explosion take place, but a volume of fire would rise from the ground sufficient to consume a small army. I shall communicate with the Government to-morrow. If they adopt it, it will mark a new era in the development of civilisation!"

"Civilisation!" screamed the Vicar.

"Yes—civilised warfare, I mean. Its action would be both effectual and humane."

That evening the Vicar had serious thoughts of resigning his legacy. But when he turned to his Organ Fund account, and

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found that £200 would square it, he sighed in resignation, sent for his uncle to come in to supper, and listened to him patiently as he described what would be the effects of his new invention in the event of a European war.

"Which Heaven forbid!" said the poor Vicar.

"I don't know," replied the old scientist thoughtfully, "it would be exceedingly full of interest. We should learn much!"

Of course there were many conjectures among the parishioners concerning the exact position which Mr. Benjamin Mortimer occupied at the Vicarage. Miss Selina Hemming was especially eager to know. She had sounded the Vicar carefully upon the subject.

"How good of you to give a home to your poor uncle," she had said.

"Well," he replied, with a sigh, "I couldn't exactly help it."

"Ah! I suppose your dear aunt has been generous to you? I hope, for your own sake, you are her heir."

"Well," said the guileless Vicar, who had had his nerves more than usually upset that morning, and was thinking if the legacy were worth the trouble, "I can't say I am. It depends on my uncle. The fact of his living with me makes a difference, but one cannot tell how things may turn out."

Now Selina Hemming pondered much to herself over this, and the immediate consequence was that a strange dearth of fresh flowers before the Vicar's portrait evinced itself, while the weather suddenly proved too uncertain for her to attend the early morning services so regularly as had been her wont.

Also, she managed to prevail upon Mr. Benjamin Mortimer to show her his laboratory, and displayed a sudden and bloodthirsty interest in explosives that was unnatural in a

It was painful enough to meet him wandering hatless and umbrella-less.

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spinster, but which hugely delighted the old gentleman.

"It must cost you a great deal to work out your experiments, Mr. Mortimer," she said at parting, "but there! I suppose you have plenty of money to spare."

"Plenty of money," he replied briskly, "as much as ever I want. Poor dear Emily thought of everything—even my home here."

From which Selina Hemming put two and two together and removed the Vicar's portrait into the spare room.

Now Miss Hemming was the fond possessor of an exceedingly ugly little terrier named Spot, which frequently accompanied her on her walks abroad. One afternoon she had come to the Vicarage to attend a District Visitor's Meeting, and had left her dog, according to her wont, in the garden outside.

Towards the close of the meeting an explosion took place in the vicinity of the Vicarage, and the Rev. Leslie Mortimer had to explain that it was a little experiment on the part of his avuncular relative and nothing really to be alarmed at. When the meeting was over, Selina Hemming could not find her dog.

In vain she cried for him all over the garden. In vain were the domestics questioned. Not a trace of him could be seen, and she departed to her home disconsolate, in the hope that he might have returned alone.

When Mr. Benjamin Mortimer came in to tea, he was in an exceedingly good humour.

"Did you hear a little report this afternoon, Leslie?" he asked.

"I *did!*" replied the Vicar.

"It was a most satisfactory experiment. You know that new explosive based on picric acid I've been evolving lately?"

His nephew nodded his head wearily.

"You know I said it would completely destroy any human being within a couple of yards of the explosion?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've proved that it *will!*"

"Gracious Heavens," shrieked the unhappy Vicar, starting from his seat, "you don't mean to tell me you've been committing murder?"

"No, no," laughed the old man, "but I found a dog."

"A *dog?*"

"Yes—a wretched little cur trespassing in your garden. So I tied him up to a post and discharged a very small cartridge near him."

"Has that dog got a black spot on its back?" gasped the Vicar.

"It *had*," replied his uncle cheerily, "but the explosion destroyed every trace of the spot *and the dog too!*"

Then the Vicar explained the awful crime that had been committed.

"You'll have to call on Miss Hemming and apologise," he said, his lower lip dropping in horror.

"Well," said his uncle, "perhaps I'd better. I'll go after tea. I don't think she ought to mind a bit though. It was done in the interests of science."

After tea he put on his hat and went out. In the course of a couple of hours he returned.

"Well?" queried the Vicar anxiously.

"It's all right, Leslie. I *said* she wouldn't mind. She was a bit upset at first, but when I explained matters, she soon came round. She's a remarkably sensible person, Leslie—with a decided scientific leaning. I rather like her."

The Vicar marvelled. But then he knew not the workings of the feminine mind. Selina Hemming had digested the preacher's text that "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and had compared a dead dog with a living husband—plus a fortune.

So frequently did she contrive to meet Mr. Benjamin Mortimer after this, so interested was she in his experiments, that two months afterwards the Vicar received the astounding intelligence that his uncle had quietly procured a marriage license and that he was to perform the ceremony the following Tuesday.

"But—but—" said the Vicar, when his astonishment allowed him to speak, "you can't live here. I *couldn't* have a lady living in the house."

"Oh, that's all right, Leslie, Selina has taken a house for us somewhere in Surrey. We shall travel for a month, you know. *I* didn't want to, but she says one must, and I shall give in to her just this once."

"But what about your affairs?"

"You must write to Mr. Foster and tell him. I shall have plenty—with Selina's money."

"I didn't know she had any."

"Oh, she must have. She impressed upon me that she is marrying me for love—and science, you know."

"And how about the laboratory?"

"Oh, we must have that sent on, I suppose."

Dullminster was astounded. Selina Hemming was triumphant. The Vicar was bewildered.

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"Gracious Heavens!" shrieked the unhappy Vicar, starting from his seat, "you don't mean to tell me you've been committing murder?"

He went to see Mr. Foster immediately afterwards.

"As your uncle is leaving of his own free will," said the lawyer, "of course, the property is yours—minus the small annuity to him. Does the bride know of this?"

"I cannot tell."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"Most good and exemplary. A spinster of middle age, but generally fairly shrewd."

"Mr. Mortimer," said the lawyer, "depend upon it they've both made a mistake."

* * * *

It was a year after this that the Rev. Leslie Mortimer paid a visit to his uncle and the latter's wife. He noticed that his new aunt looked more angular than ever, while there was a chastened expression on his uncle's face that was new to him.

"And how are the explosives getting on, uncle?" he asked after dinner when Mrs. Mortimer had retired to the drawing-room.

The old gentleman shook his head.

"I've given them up," he said. "*She* stopped it. The only explosions we have now take place indoors. Your aunt is a well-meaning woman, and we get on very well in a way—but—but—do you know, Leslie, I *sometimes* wish I'd made my picric acid experiment on a human being after all, instead of a dog."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the Vicar.

"And," he added grimly, "that that same human being had been the owner of the dog!"

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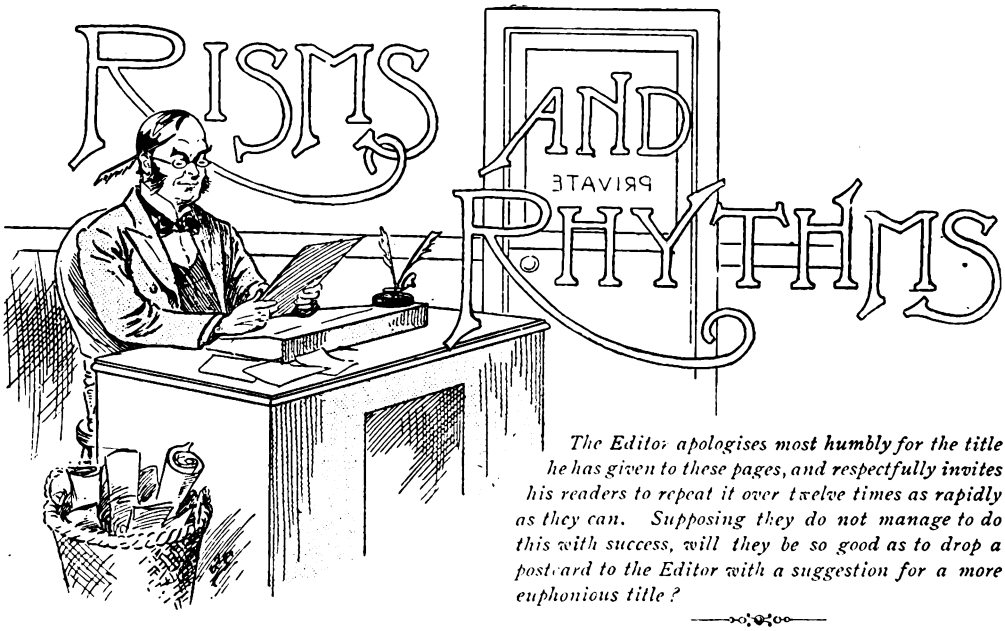

The Editor apologises most humbly for the title he has given to these pages, and respectfully invites his readers to repeat it over twelve times as rapidly as they can. Supposing they do not manage to do this with success, will they be so good as to drop a postcard to the Editor with a suggestion for a more euphonious title?

THE GOSSIPING GIRL.

Oh, the gossiping girl, with the artless smile,
Is a pleasant sight to see,
As she talks of her neighbour's faults meanwhile,
With a savour of charity.

"You haven't heard!" she exclaims with a sigh.
"Oh, yes; it is really true.
I'm sure no one's more surprised than I—
She was such a fine girl, too!"

Oh, the gossiping girl is an innocent thing,
And she has for us all a charm,
With her tongue that carries its deadly sting,
For she never means any harm.

I once knew a fellow, the best of men,
Whom I counted my life-long friend;
But he married a gossiping girl, and then
Our friendship came to an end.

* * * * *

No Hurry.

SHE: "What are you doing?"
HE: "Squeezing your hand."
SHE: "Squeezing my hand?"
HE: "Yes."
SHE: "With what?"
HE: "With my hand."
SHE: "With which hand?"
HE: "With my right hand."
SHE: "Oh, you must stop at once, it's dreadfully improper."

* * * * *

"Before I began this story," said young Mr. Graffik to his friend, "I opened a small bottle."

"Of '47 port?" asked his friend.

"Of ink," replied the writer.

STERN PARTY: "Well, sir, I don't know that I am particularly desirous of becoming your father-in-law, young man."

CHOLLY SEEKE: "Er-eh-I n-ne-never thought of that. You w-wo-would-b-be my father-in-law, wouldn't you? I g-guess we'll l-let the-er-m-matter drop; g-good-d-d-day."

* * * * *

"MOTHER," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "it's no use, I can't wear them. My toes can't get a chance to breathe."

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THE DAY WAS HOT.

1. The day was hot and Hodge, on sport intent,
With rod and children to the river went.

2, The day was hot and Hodge began to nod,
Holding his children and his fishing-rod.

3. The day was hot and Hodge, in restless sleep,
Plunged from the bank into the river deep.

4. And walking home, he wished that he had not
Gone out to fish, although—the day was hot!

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The Rattling Window.

Now is the time of year when your bedroom window persists in rattling in the wind. Do not fancy that you can do anything that will prevent a window from rattling, when once it has made up its mind to rattle. You may

get up, and jam scissors, hairpins, matches, and combs between the sash and the casing, but as soon as you are once more comfortably settled in bed, the window will recommence its rattling.

The crack between the casing and the sash is an insatiable gulf that will swallow up anything that may be thrust into it. Whatever is so used will probably prevent the window from ever being opened again, but it will be permanently lost to its owner, and will have no effect in compelling the sash to remain quiet.

I knew of a man who, after having used up every small object in his bedroom on a refractory window, finally packed into the yawning crevice the whole of his wife's costume for the day, forcing it in with the aid of a hammer and a screw-driver. It was all in vain. The window kept him awake all night, and in the morning, when his wife began to search for her missing property, he found that it had totally disappeared, and even the removal of the window-sash failed to bring it to light. The only thing to do with a rattling window is to remove the entire sash and nail up a blanket in its place. This is effectual, but it exposes one to the remarks of one's neighbours, who invariably associate missing window sashes and panes of glass with gross and confirmed intemperance.

* * * * *

"Can your friend play the piano?"
"No, confound him, but he does."

* * * * *

Accepted.

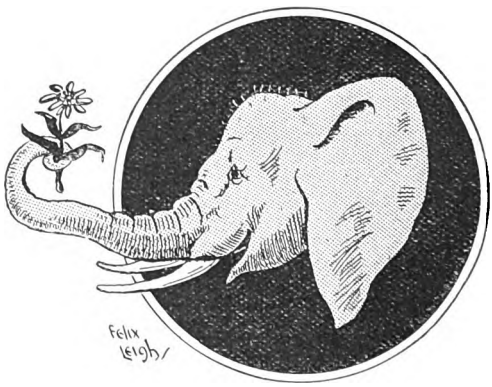
The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance.

"Marry–

The modern maid was on his neck in an instant.

"Oh, Roderick," she cried, "this is so sudden!"

* * * * *



Old Jumbo in this picture
Has a trouble—shall we tell it?
He's picked a blossom with his trunk—
But how is he to smell it?

* * * * *

The man who has placed himself in line with the rising sun of politics is apt to think himself as big as his own shadow.

* * * * *

JUST SO.

"Man wants but little here below,"
And is not hard to please;
But every woman that I know
Wants everything she sees.

* * * * *

Clara: "Would you accept an apology?"
Mamie: "Yes, anything, if it only looked like a man."

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FOUND IN A VISITOR'S BOOK.

One of the honoured institutions for the tourist's resort is the visitor's book, which serves as an outlet for the exuberant spirits of the holiday-making guest, and furnishes the means of whiling away half-an-hour when the weather is unkindly. The principal themes that are dealt with in the visitor's book are the weather and the delights of the table.

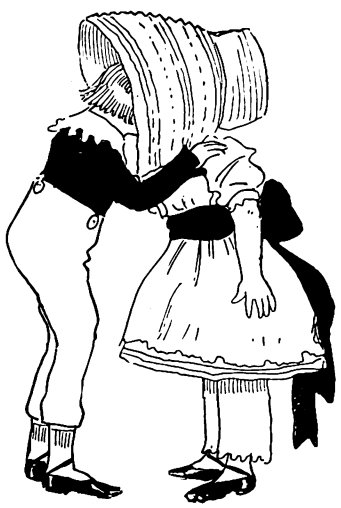
The first is a fruitful source of inspiration. One needs to be a humourist in a climate like ours, though truly, it is bad enough to be so. Some of the stanzas on the weather are decidedly libellous, and indicate that the writer has had a lot to put up with.

The following, which appears in the visitor's book of an hotel at Bala, may be taken as a sample:

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,
And I've found that the saying is true;
For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain,
At the half it's no better, I ween;
When the moon's at three-quarters it's at it again,
And it rains besides mostly between.

* * * * *



AND SHE TURNED THE OTHER CHEEK.

"I like your cheek," said the indignant maiden to the youth who kissed her.

"And I like yours," said he, as he kissed her again.

* * * * *

HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

ONE: "There is no fun in being engaged."

OTHER: "Who in the world told you that?"

BROBSON: "Your calling me an ass doesn't make me one!"

CRAIG: "Of course not. It merely indicates the accuracy of my observation."

* * * * *

THREE BENEDICTIONS AND A CURSE.

Now praises be to him who first
Invented lager beer,
The cooling draught that quenches thirst
When summer heat is here.

And praises be to him (alas,
Now in his endless sleep!)
The man who first conceived a glass
Ten mammoth inches deep!

And praises be to him to whom
All lofty praise is due:
The man who was the first to sell
That glass for pennies two.

But curses be on that vile gnome,
That wretch without a peer,
Who first drew inches nine of foam
On one small inch of beer!

* * * * *

A WARLIKE BROWNIE.

Quoth a Brownie, "This rush is my rifle;
With a *soldier* folks won't dare to trifle!"
Two fieldmice who had heard
His remark cried, "Absurd!"
But they managed their laughter to stifle.

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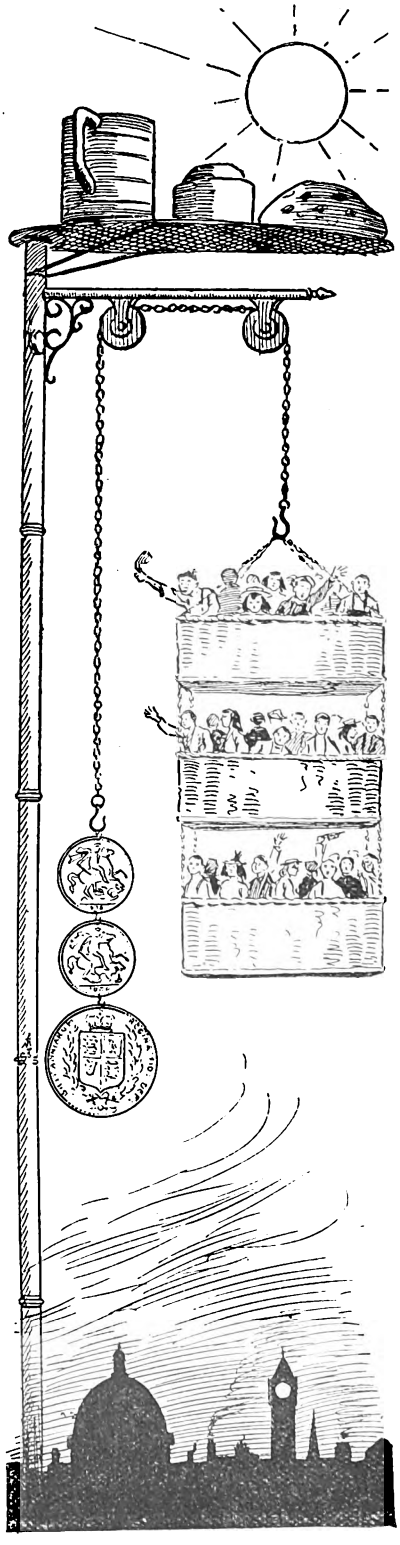
WHERE ARE THEY GOING?



WHERE are these children going? Metaphorically, up into the bright, blue sky: actually, for a day's trip into the beautiful country.

To drop once more into metaphor; it certainly seems remarkable that all those baskets full of little mortals can be shot into the blue vault of Heaven by the mere weight of three discs at the end of a pulley.

And yet the diagram gives an accurate representation of the fact. Those coins are two sovereigns and half-a-crown; a very small sum of money to raise fifty boys and girls into the Seventh Heaven of delight. If you don't see them all in these baskets, that is because a good number are round the other side, and they are packed rather tightly moreover.

The story of PEARSON'S FRESH AIR FUND is by this time a pretty familiar one to the British public. It was started in 1892 with the object of giving a day's holiday in the country to as many poor children from London as possible, with plenty to eat and drink at the small cost of ninepence per head.

The public were made cognisant of the scheme through the medium of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, the subscriptions being acknowledged in that journal. The public heartily appreciated the splendid object aimed at by freely subscribing.

One of the chief points which has always weighed with the public is this: Every penny sent in is spent on the children themselves and in the purchase of the food provided, Pearson's and the Union bearing the cost of management.

Any individual firm, or other combination, sending £8 2*s.* 0*d.* can give their name to the glorious day's joy that has thus been provided for 200 children, and sufficient teachers to look after them. In the third year the Fund grew so rapidly that the benefits were extended to the great provincial cities, and at the present time there are no fewer than twenty-four places in which the Fresh Air Fund has been established.

Let your subscriptions be sent in as early as possible. Pearson's make themselves responsible for half the sums needed to defray the cost of the number of children contracted for at the season's commencement. If no donations were received, Pearson's would lose half of £4050—viz., £2025, supposing the programme arranged was for 100,000 children. The public have never yet allowed this, and it is confidently expected that they will not this year.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary of the FRESH AIR FUND, Pearson's Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and they will be all acknowledged in PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Ninepence pays for one child, 7*s.* 6*d.* for ten, £4 1*s.* for 100 and attendants, and £8 2*s.* for 200 and attendants.

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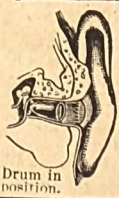

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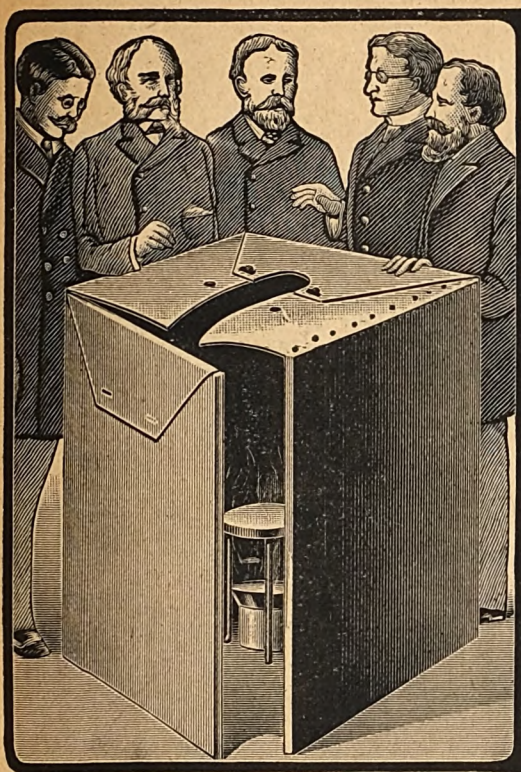

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It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
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JUNE, 1901.

THE ROYAL

4D.

No. 32. VOL. VI.—JUNE, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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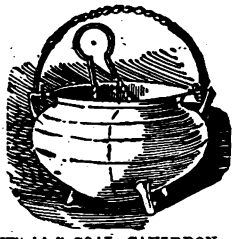

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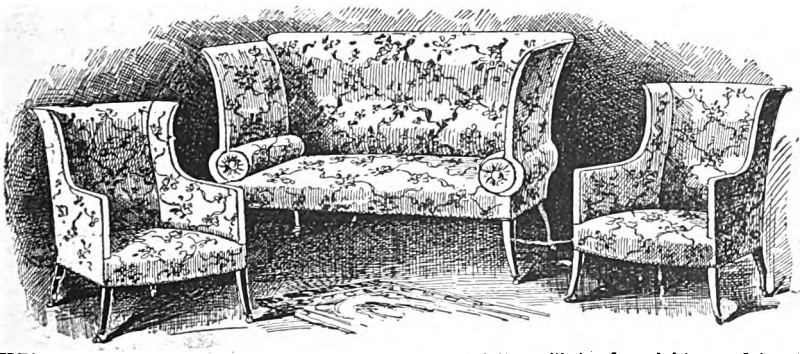

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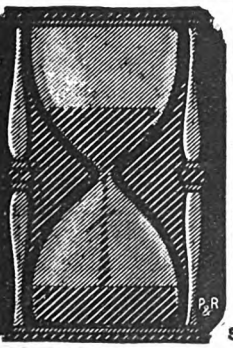

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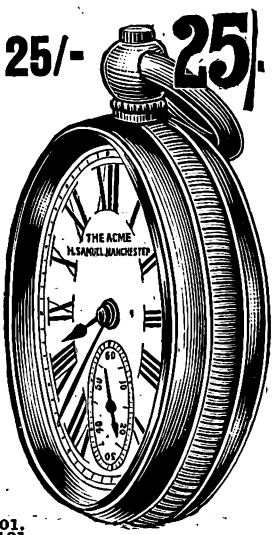

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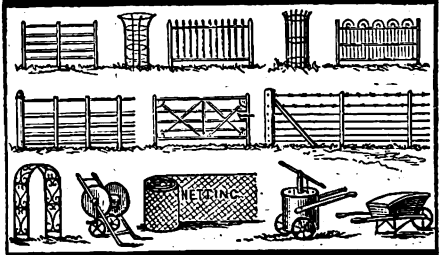

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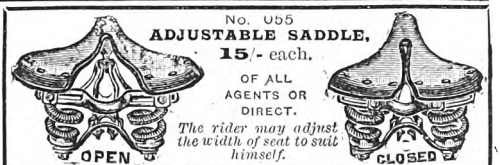

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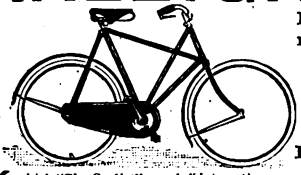

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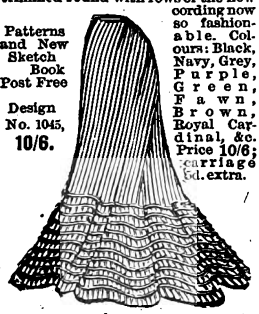

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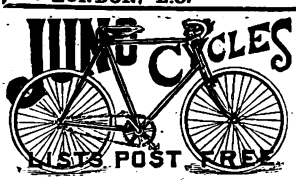

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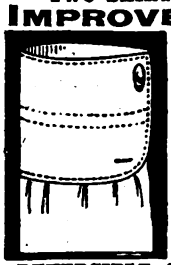

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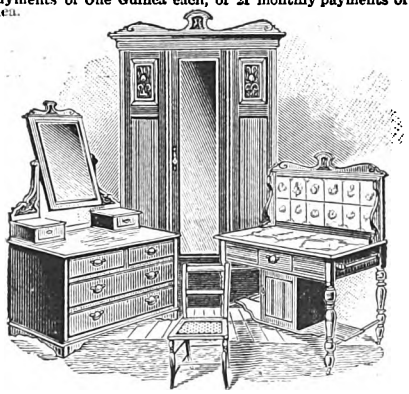

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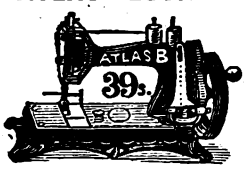

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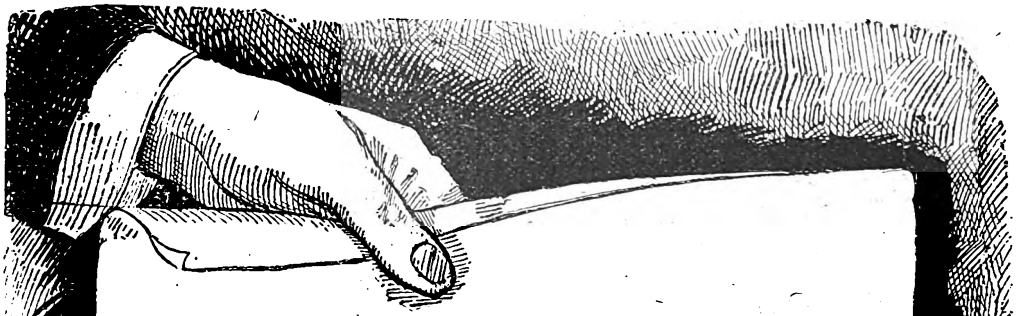

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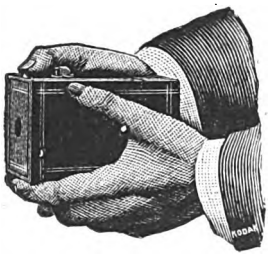

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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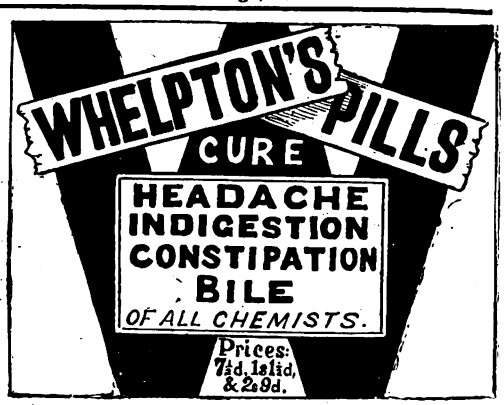

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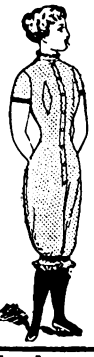

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Bassano.

SUZANNE SHELDON.

She is a Yankee born and bred, but she left her native country for the first time at the age of sixteen. Her first London success was at the Lyceum, and later on in '99 her acting at the Adelphi created quite a *furore*. Miss Sheldon is extremely fond of music; but her chief delights are riding and driving. She can do pretty well anything on a horse—except fall off.

ETHEL MATHEWS

Some may say one thing, some another; taste differs widely and fancy is capricious; but I think we all agree that Miss Ethel Mathews is the loveliest and most elegant woman on the English stage. Her acting has that rarest charm of being absolutely untheatrical; her voice is so eminently well-bred; her movements so perfectly easy—you never tire of hearing her or watching her. "I used to write when I was a girl," she said, "and contributed several stories to various children's magazines. The footlights, however, proved too attractive, and I discarded literature for the stage." She loves out-of-door exercise—"cycling, and tennis, don't you know; and shooting's a very favourite pastime of mine—pigeon shooting especially. I'm not a great hand at the gun, but I can hold my own—I'm not dangerous, don't you know!" And Miss Mathews smiled.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

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EVELYN. MILLARD.

Miss Millard is emphatically not one of those who go on the stage in order to make money. It was sheer love of the art that made her its beautiful devotee, and her marriage to a rich man has in no way damped her ardour.

But it is doubtful whether she will ever attain to real greatness, and that in spite of all her advantages of voice and presence and beauty.

The secret of the success of the Bernhardts and Terrys of the stage is their wonderful capacity for entirely forgetting themselves in the parts they happen to be playing. Miss Millard has not as yet been able to accomplish this. She seems always to be aware of the hundreds of admiring eyes that eagerly follow her every gesture.

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AMY . . . COLERIDGE.

When these lines were written Miss Coleridge was playing in *Sweet Prue* at the Court Theatre, she is now engaged in impersonating "Good Queen Bess" in Messrs. Calvert's and Moulliot's new play, *Elizabeth*. London knows as yet but little of this charming actress; in the provinces, and in Manchester especially, she has long been a prime favourite, whilst during her South African tour she took the hearts of both English and Dutch by storm.

Pleasant to look at, intelligent, graceful, and industrious, she is an actress we have not heard the last of.

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BLANCHE - - THORPE. - - -

She has only been on the boards a short while, and Mr. George Edwardes has not as yet thought fit to intrust her with very important parts. Handsome and picturesque in appearance, Miss Thorpe's face is an index to her character. She is strong-willed and determined, and will get on.

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Photo, Langfier.

SARAH BROOKE.

It was as understudy to Mrs. Patrick Campbell that Miss Brooke first came to the fore. In figure and face she resembles somewhat that great actress, being both dark and slender. But her style is altogether different from Mrs. Campbell's; she does not possess her nervous intensity, she is elegant and suave; her movements are slow and stately, not rapid and arresting.

Miss Brooke, when she takes part in modern society plays, forms an immense attraction to women generally. This on account of her dresses. No actress on the English stage shows such consummate appreciation of her own outward appearance, and no other actress's outward appearance is so thoroughly appreciated.

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Photo, Bassano.

MARIE DAINTON.

She made her *début* on the music-hall stage as a mimic, and high comedy is the goal of her ambition. Miss Dainton is a lively girl, dark and graceful, glad to talk about herself, and fond of novel reading. She loves Stanley Weyman (his books), and dropped tears on the pages of "An Englishwoman's Love-letters."

The Americans fill her with astonishment. "When I was over there they determined to advertise me—and their methods are bewildering! One morning I picked up a newspaper and saw it stated that I had come into £10,000. Alas! an advertising dodge and nothing more! On another occasion an enterprising Yankee informed me that he had carefully prepared a motor-car accident, with myself as chief victim. I respectfully declined. Yes, indeed, the Americans are original."

And Miss Dainton shook her head and laughed.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery

JULIA NEILSON.

Miss Julia Neilson's first intention was to become a public singer, and with that idea she entered the Royal Academy of Music, and there had a very successful career, winning several scholarships and medals But when she went on the stage to get experience, she liked it so much that he has stayed there ever since. "I used to be very fond of cycling and swimming," she says, "and should be now, but I am so busy that I never get any time."

CYRIL - - MAUDE. -

His parents never meant him for the stage. He began his education at a school kept by a friend of Kingsley's, and numbered among his schoolfellows Lord Curzon. He went to Charterhouse, and after some years was sent to an army crammer's. But the allurements of the stage proved too strong for the lad, and with his parents' consent (wonderful to relate), he

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

commenced working at elocution, fencing, and so forth, to prepare him for the boards. His studies were interrupted by a serious illness, which necessitated a voyage to Australia, and afterwards he was dispatched to Canada to live an out-of-door life, farming with his brother. It was in the spring of 1884 that he started what has proved a most successful theatrical career.

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Photo, Window & Grove.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not the first in her family to show a talent for pleasing the public. Her mother used to perform in a circus, and with her two sisters used to accomplish marvellous feats of horsemanship.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has never yet acted in America, but once when "The Musketeers" was being prepared in New York, she received an offer of £100 a week to take the chief part. She refused, and, thinking to name a prohibitive sum, asked £200. This offer was accepted by cable, but she coolly cabled back, refusing her own terms.

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THE ROBBERY IN PHILLIMORE TERRACE.

Being the Second of a Series of Stories entitled "London's Mysteries,"

BY

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN *with the piece of string who explains the mystery to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST.
FERDINAND KNOPF (*a diamond agent*).
ROBERTSON (*his servant*).
ARTHUR SHIPMAN (*a diamond merchant*).
A TRAMP (*suspected of two diamond robberies*).
FRANCIS HOWARD (*a detective*).

I.

WHETHER I really did expect to see the man in the corner that Saturday afternoon, I am sure I could not say; certain it is, that when I found my way to the table close by the window and realised that he was not there, I felt conscious of an overwhelming sense of disappointment. And yet during the whole of the week I had, with more pride than wisdom, avoided this particular A.B.C. shop.

"I thought you would not keep away very long," said a quiet voice close to me.

I nearly lost my balance—where in the world had he come from? I certainly had not heard the slightest sound, and yet there he sat, in the corner, like a veritable Jack-in-the-box, his mild blue eyes staring apologetically at me, his nervous fingers toying with the inevitable bit of string.

The waitress brought him his glass of milk and a cheese-cake. He ate it in silence while his piece of string lay idly beside him on the table. When he had finished, he fumbled in his capacious pockets, and drew out the inevitable pocket-book.

Placing a small photograph before me, he said quietly:

"That is the back of the houses in Phillimore Terrace, which overlook Adam and Eve Mews."

I looked at the photograph, then at him, with a kindly look of indulgent expectancy.

"You will notice that the row of back gardens have each an exit into the mews. These mews are built in the shape of a capital F. The photograph is taken looking straight down the short horizontal line, which ends, as you see, in a *cul-de-sac*. The bottom of the vertical line turns into Phillimore Terrace, and the end of the upper long horizontal line into High Street, Kensington. Now, on that particular night, or rather early morning, of January 15th, Constable D 21, having turned into the mews from Phillimore Terrace, stood for a moment at the angle formed by the long vertical artery of the mews and the short horizontal one

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which, as I observed before, looks on to the back gardens of the Terrace houses, and ends in a *cul-de-sac*.

"How long D 21 stood at that particular corner he could not exactly say, but he thinks it must have been three or four minutes before he noticed a suspicious-looking individual shambling along under the shadow of the garden walls. He was working his way cautiously in the direction of the *cul-de-sac*, and D 21, also keeping well within the shadow, went noiselessly after him.

"He had almost overtaken him—was, in fact, not more than thirty yards from him—when from out of one of the two end houses—No. 22, Phillimore Terrace, in fact—a man, in nothing but his night shirt, rushed out excitedly, and, before D 21 had time to intervene, literally threw himself upon the suspected individual, rolling over and over with him on the hard cobble-stones, and frantically shrieking: 'Thief! Thief! Police!'

"It was some time before the constable succeeded in rescuing the tramp from the excited grip of his assailant, and several minutes before he could make himself heard:

"'There! there! that'll do!' he managed to say at last, as he gave the man in the shirt a vigorous shove, which silenced him for the moment. 'Leave the man alone now, you mustn't make that noise this time o' night, wakin up all the folks.' The unfortunate tramp, who, in the meanwhile had managed to get on to his feet again, made no attempt to get away; probably he thought he would stand but a poor chance. But the man in the shirt had partly recovered his power of speech, and was now blurting out jerky, half-intelligible sentences:

"'I have been robbed—robbed—I—that is—my master—Mr. Knopf—The desk is open—the diamonds gone—all in my charge—and—now they are stolen! That's the thief—I'll swear—I heard him—not three minutes ago—I rushed downstairs—the door into the garden was smashed—I ran across the garden—he was sneaking about here still—Thief! Thief! Police! Diamonds! Constable, don't let him go—I'll make you responsible if you let him go——'

"'Now then—that'll do!' admonished D 21, as soon as he could get a word in, 'stop that row, will you?'

"The man in the shirt was gradually recovering from his excitement.

"'Can I give this man in charge?' he asked.

"'What for?'

"'Burglary and housebreaking. I heard him, I tell you. He must have Mr. Knopf's diamonds about him at this moment.'

"'Where is Mr. Knopf?'

"'Out of town,' groaned the man in the shirt. 'He went to Brighton last night and left me in charge, and now this thief has been and——'

"The tramp shrugged his shoulders and suddenly, without a word, he quietly began taking off his coat and waistcoat. These he handed across to the constable. Eagerly the

The waitress brought him his glass of milk and a cheese-cake.

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man in the shirt fell on them, and turned the ragged pockets inside out. From one of the windows a hilarious voice made some facetious remark, as the tramp with equal solemnity began divesting himself of his nether garments.

"'Now then, stop that nonsense,' pronounced D 21, severely, 'what were you doing here this time o' night, anyway?'

"'The streets o' London is free to the public, ain't they?' queried the tramp.

"'This don't lead nowhere, my man.'

"'Then I've lost my way that's all,' growled the man surlily, 'and p'raps you'll let me get along now.'

"By this time a couple of constables had appeared upon the scene. D 21 had no intention of losing sight of his friend the tramp, and the man in the shirt had again made a dash for the latter's collar at the bare idea that he should be allowed to 'get along.'

"I think D 21 was alive to the humour of the situation. He suggested that Robertson (the man in the night-shirt) should go in and get some clothes on, whilst he himself would wait for the inspector and the detective, whom D 15 would send round from the station immediately.

"Poor Robertson's teeth were chattering with cold. He had a violent fit of sneezing as D 21 hurried him into the house. The latter with another constable remained to watch the burglared premises both back and front, and D 15 took the wretched tramp to the station with a view to sending an inspector and a detective round immediately.

II.

"When the two latter gentlemen arrived at No. 22, Phillimore Terrace, they found poor old Robertson in bed, shivering, and still quite blue. He had got himself a hot drink, but his eyes were streaming and his voice was terribly husky. D 21 had stationed himself in the dining-room, where Robertson had pointed the desk out to him, with its broken lock and scattered contents.

"Robertson, between his sneezes, gave what account he could of the events which happened immediately before the robbery.

"His master, Mr. Ferdinand Knopf, he said, was a diamond merchant, and a bachelor. He himself had been in Mr. Knopf's employ over fifteen years, and was his only indoor servant. A charwoman came every day to do the housework.

"Last night Mr. Knopf dined at the house of Mr. Shipman, at No. 26, lower down. Mr. Shipman is the great jeweller who has his place of business in South Audley Street. By the last post there came a letter with the Brighton postmark, and marked 'urgent,' for Mr. Knopf, and he (Robertson) was just wondering if he should run over to No. 26 with it, when his master returned. He gave one glance at the contents of the letter, asked for his A.B.C. Railway Guide, and ordered him (Robertson) to pack his bag at once and fetch him a cab.

"'I guessed what it was,' continued Robertson after another violent fit of sneezing. 'Mr. Knopf has a brother, Mr. Emile Knopf, to whom he is very much attached, and who is a great invalid. He generally goes about from one seaside place to another. He is now at Brighton, and has recently been very ill.

"'If you will take the trouble to go downstairs I think you will still find the letter lying on the hall table.

"'I read it, after Mr. Knopf left; it was not from his brother but from a gentleman who signed himself J. Collins, M.D. I don't remember the exact words, but, of course, you'll be able to read the letter—Mr. J. Collins said he had been called in very suddenly to see Mr. Emile Knopf, who, he added, had not many hours to live, and had begged of the doctor to communicate at once with his brother in London.

"'Before leaving, Mr. Knopf warned me that there were some valuables in his desk—diamonds mostly, and told me to be particularly careful about locking up the house. He often has left me like this in charge of his premises, and usually there have been diamonds in his desk, for Mr. Knopf has no regular city office, as he is a commercial traveller.'

"The detective and inspector, before returning to the station with their report, thought they would call at No. 26, on Mr. Shipman, the great jeweller.

"You remember, of course," added the man in the corner, dreamily contemplating his bit of string, "the exciting developments of this extraordinary case. Mr. Arthur Shipman is the head of the firm of Shipman and Co., the wealthy jewellers. He is a widower, and lives very quietly by himself in his own old-fashioned way in the small Kensington house, leaving it to his two married sons to keep up the style and swagger befitting the representatives of so wealthy a firm.

"'I have only known Mr. Knopf a very little while,' he explained to the detectives. 'He sold me two or three stones once or twice, I think, but we are both single men,

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and we have often dined together. Last night he dined with me. He had that afternoon received a very fine consignment of Brazilian diamonds, as he told me, and knowing how beset I am with callers at my business place, he had brought the stones with him, hoping, perhaps, to do a bit of trade over the nuts and wine.

"'I bought £25,000 worth of him,' added the jeweller, as if he were speaking of so many farthings, 'and gave him a cheque across the dinner table for that amount. I think we were both pleased with our bargain, and we had a final bottle of '48 port over it together. Mr. Knopf left me at about 9.30, for he knows I go very early to bed, and I took my new stock upstairs with me and locked it up in the safe. I certainly heard nothing of the noise in the mews last night. I sleep on the second floor in the front of the house, and this is the first I have heard of poor Mr. Knopf's loss——'

"At this point of his narrative Mr. Shipman very suddenly paused, and his face became very pale. With a hasty word of excuse he unceremoniously left the room, and the detective heard him running quickly upstairs.

"Less than two minutes later Mr. Shipman returned. There was no need for him to speak, both the detective and the inspector guessed the truth in a moment by the look upon his face.

"'The diamonds ——!' he gasped. 'I have been robbed.

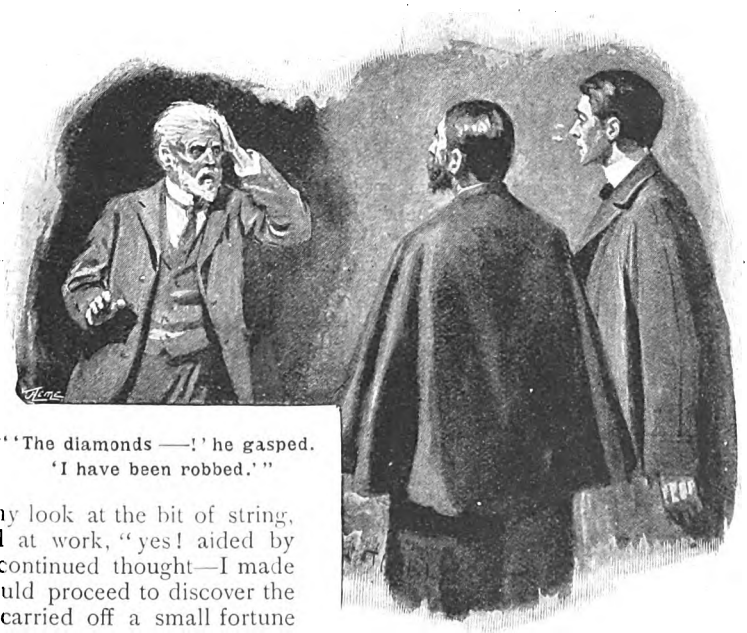
III.

"Now I must tell you," continued the man in the corner, "that after I had read the account of the double robbery which appeared in the early afternoon papers, I set to work and had a good think—yes!" he added with a smile, noting my look at the bit of string, on which he was still at work, "yes! aided by this small adjunct to continued thought—I made notes as to how I should proceed to discover the clever thief, who had carried off a small fortune in a single night. Of course, my methods are not those of a London detective; he has his own way of going to work. The one who was conducting this case questioned the unfortunate jeweller very closely about his servants and his household generally.

"'I have three servants,' explained Mr. Shipman, 'two of whom have been with me for many years; one, the housemaid, is a fairly newcomer—she has been here about six months. She came recommended by a friend, and bore an excellent character. She and the parlour-maid room together. The cook, who knew me when I was a schoolboy, sleeps alone; all three servants sleep on the floor above. I locked the jewels up in the safe which stands in the dressing-room. My keys and watch I placed as usual beside my bed. As a rule, I am a fairly light sleeper.

"'I cannot understand how it could have happened—but—you had better come up and have a look at the safe. The key must have been abstracted from my bedside, the safe opened, and the keys replaced—all while I was fast asleep. Though I had no occasion to look into the safe until just now, I should have discovered my loss before going to business, for I intended to take the diamonds away with me—'

"The detective and the inspector went up to have a look at the safe. The lock had in no way been tampered with—it had been opened



"'The diamonds ——!' he gasped. 'I have been robbed.'"

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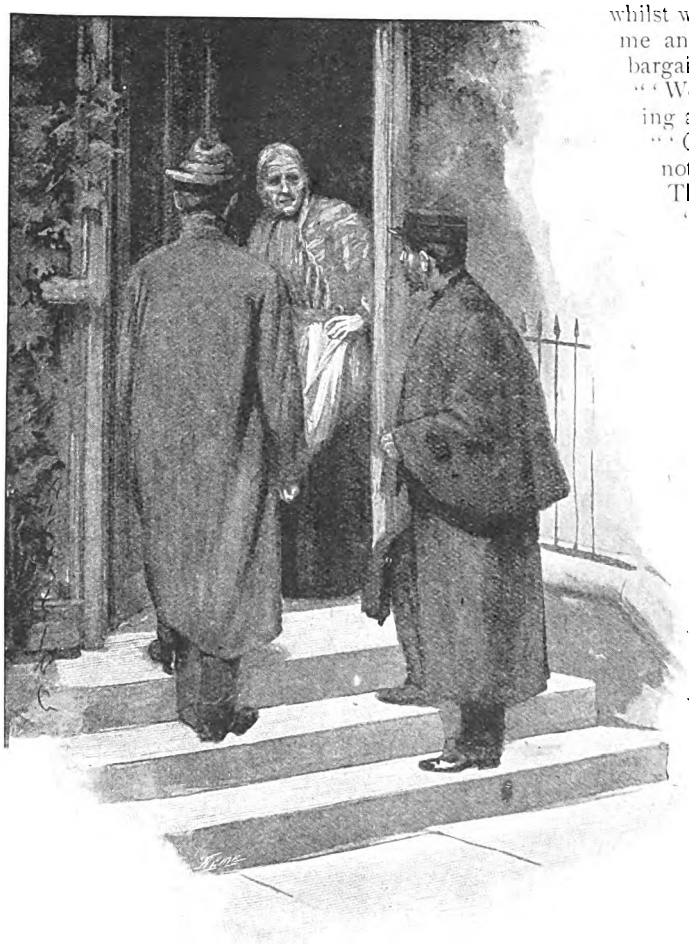

"The door was opened by the old charwoman."

with its own key. The detective spoke of chloroform, but Mr. Shipman declared that when he woke in the morning at about half-past seven, there was no smell of chloroform in the room. However, the proceedings of the daring thief certainly pointed to the use of an anæsthetic. An examination of the premises brought to light the fact that the burglar had, as in Mr. Knopf's house, used the glass-panelled door from the garden as a means of entrance, but in this instance he had carefully cut out the pane of glass with a diamond, slipped the bolts, turned the key, and walked in.

"'Which among your servants knew that you had the diamonds in your house last night, Mr. Shipman?' asked the detective.

"'Not one, I should say,' replied the jeweller, 'though, perhaps, the parlour-maid, whilst waiting at table may have heard me and Mr. Knopf discussing our bargain.'

"'Would you object to my searching all your servants' boxes?'

"'Certainly not. They would not object, either, I am sure. They are perfectly honest.'

"The searching of servants' belongings is invariably a useless proceeding," added the man in the corner with a shrug of the shoulders. "No one, not even a latter-day domestic, would be fool enough to keep stolen property in the house. However, the usual farce was gone through, with more or less protest on the part of Mr. Shipman's servants, and with the usual results.

"The jeweller could give no further information; the detective and inspector, to do them justice, did their work of investigation minutely, and, what is more, intelligently. It seemed evident, from their deductions, that the burglar had commenced proceedings on No. 26, Phillimore Terrace, and had then gone on, probably climbing over the garden walls between the houses to No. 22, where he was almost caught in the act by Robertson. The facts were simple enough, but the mystery remained as to the individual who had managed to glean the information of the presence of the diamonds in both the houses, and the means which he had adopted to get that information. It was obvious that the thief or thieves knew more about Mr. Knopf's affairs than Mr. Shipman's, since they had known how to use Mr. Emile Knopf's name, in order to get his brother out of the way.

"It was now nearly ten o'clock, and the detectives, having taken leave of Mr. Shipman, went back to No. 22, in order to ascertain whether Mr. Knopf had come back; the door was opened by the old charwoman, who said that her master had returned, and was having some breakfast in the dining-room.

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"Mr. Ferdinand Knopf was a middle-aged man, with sallow complexion, black hair and beard, of obviously Hebrew extraction. He spoke with a marked foreign accent, but very courteously, to the two officials, who, he begged, would excuse him if he went on with his breakfast.

"'I was fully prepared to hear the bad news,' he explained, 'which my man Robertson told me when I arrived. The letter I got last night was a bogus one; there is no such person as J. Collins, M.D. My brother had never felt better in his life. You will, I am sure, very soon trace the cunning writer of that epistle—ah! but I was in a rage, I can tell you, when I got to the Metropole at Brighton, and found that Emile, my brother, had never heard of any Doctor Collins.

"'The last train to town had gone, although I raced back to the station as hard as I could. Poor old Robertson, he has a terrible cold—Ah yes! my loss! it is for me a very serious one; if I had not made that lucky bargain with Mr. Shipman last night, I should perhaps, at this moment, be a ruined man.

"'The stones I had yesterday were, firstly, some magnificent Brazilians; these I sold to Mr. Shipman mostly. Then I had some very good Cape diamonds—all gone; and some quite special Parisians, of wonderful work and finish, intrusted to me for sale by a great French house. I tell you, sir, my loss will be nearly £10,000 altogether. I sell on commission, and, of course, have to make good the loss.'

"He was evidently trying to bear up manfully and as a business man should, under his sad fate. He refused in any way to attach the slightest blame to his old and faithful servant Robertson, who had caught, perhaps, his death of cold in his zeal for his absent master. As for any hint of suspicion falling even remotely upon the man, the very idea appeared to Mr. Knopf absolutely preposterous.

"With regard to the old charwoman, Mr. Knopf certainly knew nothing about her, beyond the fact that she had been recommended to him by one of the tradespeople in the neighbourhood, and seemed perfectly honest, respectable and sober.

"About the tramp Mr. Knopf knew still less, nor could he imagine how he, or in fact anybody else, could possibly know that he happened to have diamonds in his house that night.

"This certainly seemed the great hitch in the case.

"Mr. Ferdinand Knopf, at the instance of the police, later on went to the station and had a look at the suspected tramp. He declared that he had never set eyes on him before.

"Mr. Shipman, on his way home from business in the afternoon, had done likewise, and made a similar statement.

"Brought before the magistrate, the tramp gave but a poor account of himself. He gave a name and address, which latter, of course, proved to be false. After that he absolutely refused to speak. He seemed not to care whether he was kept in custody or not. Very soon even the police realised that, for the present, at any rate, nothing could be got out of the suspected tramp.

"Mr. Francis Howard, the detective, who had charge of the case, though he would not admit it even to himself, was at his wits' ends. You must remember that the burglary, through its very simplicity, was an exceedingly mysterious affair. The constable, D 21, who had stood in Adam and Eve mews, presumably while Mr. Knopf's house was being robbed, had seen no one turn out from the *cul de sac* into the main passage of the mews.

"The stables, which immediately faced the back entrance of the Phillimore Terrace houses, were all private ones belonging to residents in the neighbourhood. The coachmen, their families, and all the grooms who slept in the stablings were rigidly watched and questioned. One and all had seen nothing, heard nothing, until Robertson's shrieks had roused them from their sleep.

"As for the letter from Brighton, it was absolutely commonplace, and written upon notepaper which the detective, with Macchiavellian cunning, traced to a stationer's shop in West Street. But the trade at that particular shop was a very brisk one; scores of people had bought notepaper there, similar to that on which the supposed doctor had written his tricky letter. The handwriting was cramped, perhaps a disguised one; in any case, except under very exceptional circumstances, it could afford no clue to the identity of the thief. Needless to say, the tramp, when told to write his name, wrote a totally different, and absolutely uneducated hand.

"Matters stood, however, in the same persistently mysterious state when a small discovery was made, which suggested to Mr. Francis Howard an idea, which, if properly carried out, would, he hoped, inevitably bring the cunning burglar safely within the grasp of the police.

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IV.

"That was the discovery of a few of Mr. Knopf's diamonds," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause, "evidently trampled into the ground by the thief, whilst making his hurried exit through the garden of No. 22, Phillimore Terrace.

"At the end of this garden there is a small studio which had been built by a former owner of the house, and behind it a small piece of waste ground about seven feet square which had once been a rockery, and is still filled with large, loose stones, in the shadow of which earwigs and woodlice innumerable have made a happy hunting ground.

"It was Robertson who, two days after the robbery, having need one day of a large stone, for some household purpose or other, dislodged one from that piece of waste ground, and found a few shining pebbles beneath it. Mr. Knopf took them round to the police station himself immediately, and identified the stones as some of his Parisian ones

"Later on the detective went to view the place where the find had been made, and there conceived the plan upon which he built his cherished hopes.

"Acting upon the advice of Mr. Francis Howard, the police decided to let the anonymous tramp out of his safe retreat within the station, and to allow him to wander whithersoever he chose. A good idea, perhaps—the presumption being that, sooner or later, if the man was in any way mixed up with the cunning thieves, he would either rejoin his comrades or even lead the police to where the remnant of his hoard lay hidden; needless to say, his footsteps were to be literally dogged.

"The wretched tramp on his discharge wandered out of the yard, wrapping his thin coat round his shoulders, for it was a bitterly cold afternoon. He began operations by turning into the Town Hall Tavern for a good feed and a copious drink. Mr. Francis Howard noted that he seemed to eye every passer-by with suspicion, but he seemed to enjoy his dinner and sat some time over his bottle of wine.

"It was close upon four o'clock when he left the tavern, and then began for the indefatigable Mr. Howard one of the most wearisome and uninteresting chases through the mazes of the London streets he ever remembers to have made. Up Notting Hill, down the slums of Notting Dale, along the High Street, beyond Hammersmith, and through Shepherd's Bush did that anonymous tramp lead the unfortunate detective, never hurrying himself, stopping every now and then at a public house to get a drink, whither Mr. Howard did not always care to follow him.

"In spite of his fatigue, Mr. Francis Howard's hopes rose with every half hour of this weary tramp. The man was obviously striving to kill time; he seemed to feel no weariness, but walked on and on, perhaps suspecting that he was being followed.

"At last, with a beating heart, though half perished with cold, and with terribly sore feet, the detective began to realise that the tramp was gradually working his way back towards Kensington. It was then close upon eleven o'clock at night; once or twice the man had walked up and down the High Street, from St. Paul's School to Derry and Toms' shops and back again, he had looked down one or two of the side streets and—at last—he turned into Phillimore Terrace. He seemed in no hurry, he even stopped once in the middle of the road, trying to light a pipe, which, as there was a high east wind, took him some considerable time. Then he leisurely sauntered down the street, and turned into Adam and Eve mews, with Mr. Francis Howard now close at his heels.

"Acting upon the detective's instructions there were several men in plain clothes ready to his call in the immediate neighbourhood. Two stood within the shadow of the steps of the Congregational Church at the corner of the mews, others were stationed well within a soft call.

"Hardly, therefore, had the hare turned into the *cul de sac* at the back of Phillimore Terrace than, at a slight sound from Mr. Francis Howard, every egress was barred to him, and he was caught like a rat in a trap.

"As soon as the tramp had advanced some thirty yards or so (the whole length of this part of the mews is about one hundred yards) and was lost in the shadow, Mr. Francis Howard directed four or five of his men to proceed cautiously up the mews, whilst the same number were to form a line all along the front of Phillimore Terrace between the mews and the High Street.

"Remember, the back garden walls threw long and dense shadows, but the silhouette of the man would be clearly outlined if he made any attempt at climbing over them. Mr. Howard felt quite sure that the thief was bent on recovering the stolen goods, which, no doubt, he had hidden in the rear of one of the houses. He would be caught *in flagrante delicto*, and with a heavy sentence hovering over him, he would probably be induced to

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name his accomplice. Mr. Francis Howard was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"The minutes sped on; absolute silence, in spite of the presence of so many men, reigned in the dark and deserted mews.

"Of course, this night's adventure was never allowed to get into the papers," added my curious interlocutor with his mild smile. "Had the plan been successful, we should have heard all about it, with a long eulogistic article as to the astuteness of our police; but as it was — well, the tramp sauntered up the mews—and — there he remained for aught Mr. Francis Howard or the other constables could ever explain. The earth or the shadows swallowed him up. No one saw him climb one of the garden walls, no one heard him break open a door; he had retreated within the shadow of the garden walls, and was seen or heard of no more."

"One of the servants in the Phillimore Terrace houses must have belonged to the gang," I said.

"Ah, yes! but which?" said the man in the corner, making a beautiful knot in his bit of string. "I can assure you that the police left not a stone unturned once more to catch sight of that tramp whom they had had in custody for two days, but not a trace of him could they find, nor of the diamonds, from that day to this.

He even stopped in the middle of the road, trying to light a pipe, which, as there was a high east wind, took him some considerable time."

V.

"The tramp was missing," continued the man in the corner, "and Mr. Francis Howard tried to find the missing tramp. Going round to the front, and seeing the lights at No. 26 still in, he called upon Mr. Shipman. The jeweller had had a few friends to dinner, and was giving them whiskies and sodas before saying good-night. The servants had just finished washing up, and were waiting to go to bed; neither they nor Mr Shipman nor his guests had seen or heard anything of the suspicious individual.

"Mr. Francis Howard went on to see Mr. Ferdinand Knopf. This gentleman was having his warm bath, preparatory to going to bed. So Robertson told the detective. However, Mr. Knopf insisted on talking to Mr. Howard through his bath-room door. Mr. Knopf thanked him for all the trouble he was taking, and felt sure that he and Mr. Shipman would soon recover possession of their diamonds, thanks to the persevering detective.

"He! he! he!" laughed the man in the corner. "Poor Mr. Howard. He persevered—but got no farther; no, nor anyone else, for that matter. Even I might not be able to convict the thieves if I told all I knew to the police.

"Now follow my reasoning, point by point," he added eagerly.

"Who knew of the presence of the diamonds in the house of Mr. Shipman and Mr. Knopf? Firstly," he said, putting up an ugly clawlike finger, "Mr. Shipman, then Mr. Knopf, then, presumably, the man Robertson."

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"And the tramp?" I said.

"Leave the tramp alone for the present since he has vanished, and take point number two. Mr. Shipman was drugged. That was pretty obvious; no man under ordinary circumstances would, without waking, have his keys abstracted and then replaced at his own bedside. Mr. Howard suggested that the thief was armed with some anæsthetic; but how did the thief get into Mr. Shipman's room without waking him from his natural sleep? Is it not simpler to suppose that the thief had taken the precaution to drug the jeweller *before* the latter went to bed?"

"But——" I argued.

"Wait a moment, and take point number three. Though there was every proof that Mr. Shipman had been in possession of £25,000 worth of goods since Mr. Knopf had a cheque from him for that amount, there was no proof that in Mr. Knopf's house there was even an odd stone worth a sovereign.

"And then again," went on the scarecrow, getting more and more excited, "did it ever strike you, or anybody else, that at *no* time, while the tramp was in custody, while all that searching examination was being gone on with, no one ever saw Mr. Knopf and his man Robertson together at the same time?

"Ah!" he continued, seeing that suddenly I had seen the whole thing as in a vision, "they did not forget a single detail—follow them with me, point by point. Two cunning scoundrels—geniuses they should be called—well-provided with some ill-gotten funds—but determined on a grand *coup*. They play at respectability, for six months, say. One is the master, the other the servant; they take a house in the same street as their intended victim, make friends with him, accomplish one or two creditable but very small business transactions, always drawing on the reserve funds, which might even have amounted to a few hundreds—and a bit of credit.

"Then the Brazilian diamonds, and the Parisians—which, remember, were so perfect that they required chemical testing to be detected. The Parisian stones are sold—not in business, of course—in the evening, after dinner and a good deal of wine. Mr. Knopf's Brazilians were beautiful; perfect! Mr. Knopf was a well-known diamond merchant.

"Mr. Shipman bought—but with the morning would have come sober sense, the cheque stopped before it could have been presented, the swindler caught. No! those exquisite Parisians were never intended to rest in Mr. Shipman's safe until the morning. That last bottle of '48 port, with the aid of a powerful soporific, insured that Mr. Shipman would sleep undisturbed during the night.

"Ah! remember all the details, they were so admirable! the letter posted in Brighton by the cunning rogue to himself, the smashed desk, the broken pane of glass in his own house. The man Robertson on the watch, while Knopf himself in ragged clothing found his way into No. 26. If Constable D 21 had not appeared upon the scene that exciting comedy in the early morning would not have been enacted. As it was, in the supposed fight, Mr. Shipman's diamonds passed from the hands of the tramp into those of his accomplice.

"Then, later on, Robertson, ill in bed, while his master was supposed to have returned—by the way, it never struck anybody that no one saw Mr. Knopf come home, though he surely should have driven up in a cab. Then the double part played by one man for the next two days. It certainly never struck either the police or the inspector. Remember they only saw Robertson when in bed with a streaming cold. But Knopf had to be got out of gaol as soon as possible; the dual *rôle* could not have been kept up for long. Hence the story of the diamonds found in the garden of No. 22. The cunning rogues guessed that the usual plan would be acted upon, and the suspected thief allowed to visit the scene where his hoard lay hidden.

"It had all been foreseen, and Robertson must have been constantly on the watch. The tramp stopped, mind you, in Phillimore Terrace for some moments, lighting a pipe. The accomplice then was fully on the alert; he slipped the bolts of the back garden gate. Five minutes later Knopf was in the house, in a hot bath, getting rid of the disguise of our friend the tramp. Remember that again here the detective did not actually see him.

"The next morning Mr. Knopf, black hair and beard and all, was himself again. The whole trick lay in one simple art, which those two cunning rascals knew to absolute perfection, the art of impersonating one another.

"They are brothers, presumably — twin brothers, I should say."

"But Mr. Knopf——" I suggested.

"Well, look in the Trades' Directory; you will see F. Knopf & Co., diamond merchants, of some City address. Ask about the firm among the trade; you will hear that they are based upon a sound financial basis. He! he! he! and they deserve to be," added the man in the corner, as, calling for the waitress, he received his ticket, and taking up his shabby hat, took himself and his bit of string rapidly out of the room.

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Magazines and Their Covers.

All Readers are requested to glance through this article, as it contains an Important Announcement for the future.

Comparatively speaking, it is only of quite recent years that some of the best and most popular English magazines have been sent into the world each month with a new design upon their covers. It was, we believe, in America that this idea first originated, and the credit of introducing it into England was due to the proprietors of Pearson's Magazine.

The older magazines, The Strand, The Idler, and The Pall Mall Magazine, abstained, and perhaps wisely abstained, from following the new fashion set by their younger rival. It is true not one of their covers (if we make a possible exception of The Pall Mall Magazine, whose old cover was designed by Mr. Linley Sambourne) were especially remarkable either as regards colour or design, but the public had come to look upon them as ancient institutions, and being conservative for all its love of variety, it very strongly objects to have these institutions tampered with. Look at the cover of The Strand. Could anything be plainer and more unpretentious? And yet we venture to say that The Strand would greatly endanger its unique popularity should Sir George Newnes ever take it into his head to exchange this design for another, however beautiful or startling it might be.

MANY LADIES READ "HOME NOTES." DO YOU? 1D WEEKLY.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE
C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta St., London, W.C.
Price SIXPENCE Net.

But all the same, the phenomenal success of Pearson's Magazine is probably not entirely due to its contents; the cover has also had something to do with it. It is an ideal magazine cover, being the only one that changes every month and yet may be known at a glance. The Royal Magazine and Harmsworth's Magazine, beautiful and striking as nearly all their cover designs undoubtedly are, present monthly such an entirely novel appearance as to give the casual passer-by the idea that yet another publication has been put upon the market. But every number of Pearson's has the rich yellow border we are so familiar with, and the

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wonderful red that, without being in any way offensively glaring, attracts the eye in whatever position the magazine may be.

The immediate popularity and success of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE is also largely due to its changingly unchanging outward appearance. It is one of the most charming covers ever published. The delicate lilac design has already become familiar to thousands, and thousands more expect with pleasure the new miniature which this design encompasses.

Now among the thirty-one numbers of THE ROYAL we have had many covers which have brought us hearty congratulations from all corners of the earth. All our readers must remember the ladies in a gondola with a blue background and the towers of Venice silhouetted against the distant sky—a design that brought a blush of pride into the editor's cheeks, so fervid, numerous, and unsolicited were the congratulations of his readers. The cover that showed a pink riband also met with general approval; a few facetious people objected, however, that it gave THE ROYAL the appearance of a box of choice French bon-bons—a heartlessly cruel thing to say to an editor who has ever manfully striven to delete anything too sweet from the pages of his magazine.

But, after all, he told himself, one can never please everybody—a truism which last month he discovered to be lacking in one little quality—truth. For the cover bearing a heraldic lion and a crown on a pure white background brought such a tempest of eulogy on his head not only from well-wishers, contributors, and readers, but also from the editors

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FEBRUARY, 1901. SIXPENCE.
CASSELL'S MAGAZINE
Edited by MAX PEMBERTON.
KIM BY RUDYARD KIPLING
AND SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES
Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York & Melbourne

of rival magazines, that he was moved to wonder whether public opinion would force the King into bestowing upon him a knighthood or something of the sort.

"And why do you not always retain this beautiful cover? You will never get anything better." Such was the gist of so many of the congratulatory letters that, after mature deliberation, *it was decided to revert once more to this unique design, and to retain it at least for some months to come.*

But monotony must at all costs be avoided, and we have hit on a very adequate expedient for doing so. *Every month the design will appear in some new colour or tint.* All our readers remember the royal blue of the April number; this month the design is dark red. Orange, violet, purple, and other colours will be used in the coming numbers. In the future, therefore, no one will have any cause to complain that THE ROYAL comes every new month like a stranger into the world. The moment he catches sight of the crown and lion, he will at once recognise an old friend. What do our readers think of this change? Do they approve of it, or do they pine for something new every month? We should take it as a great favour if they would drop the editor a postcard with a line or two of criticism or approval, and, judging from the opinions we have already received, it is very evident that those who disapprove will be in the vast minority.

As to the contents of THE ROYAL—well, I think no one has complained of them as yet, and certainly no one will have cause to complain of them in the future,

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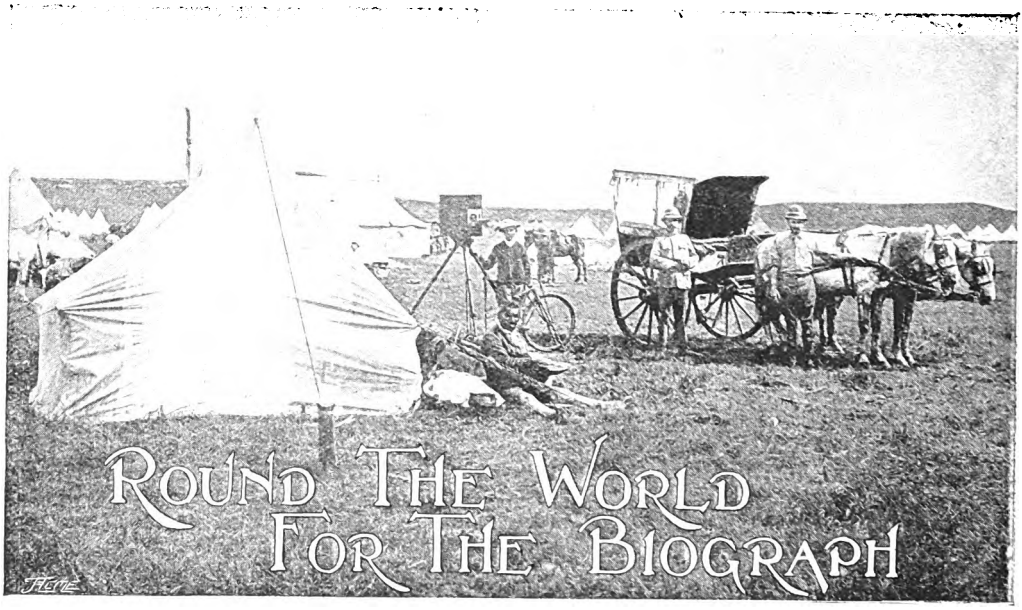


Mr. Dickson, with tent and apparatus, at Chieveley Camp in Natal.

By H. L. Adam.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Biograph Company.

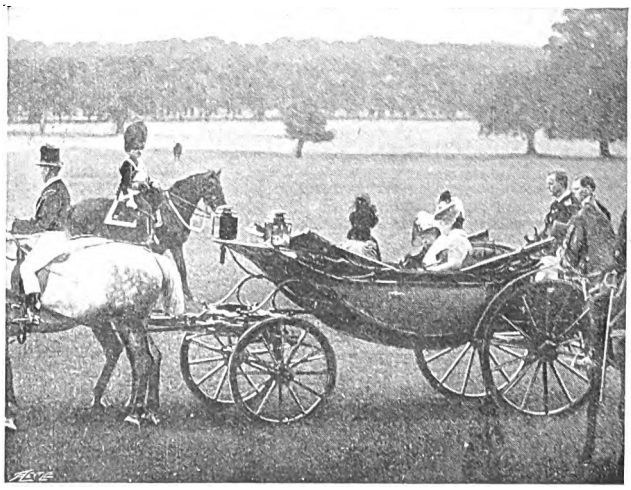
It is doubtful if there is a more confirmed cosmopolitan than Mr. W. K. Laurie-Dickson, one of the four gentlemen who were the initiators of the Biograph.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, from China to Peru, on the sea and on the land, in the air above and under the earth beneath, this indefatigable photographer has travelled with his apparatus. And please do not imagine that by "apparatus" I mean the ordinary camera on a tripod, but implements weighing some hundredweights, with batteries, generators, etc., which, when set going, roar like a locomotive.

Many and varied have been the experiences encountered by Mr. Dickson, in all parts of the world, in his efforts to obtain exceptional subjects for the Biograph.

At the same time he creates a realistic, permanent, and unique record of great events in the lives of great people.

I presume nobody will be prepared to deny that the "Biographing" of Leo XIII. was the greatest thing ever accomplished in photography.



Queen Victoria driving in Windsor Park.

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It must be borne in mind that for eight years the Pope had not given a sitting to even an ordinary photographer, the exertion of so doing being considered too great. But Mr. Dickson would not be denied, and, with a liberal exercise of patience and

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diplomacy, performed what was deemed to be the impossible.

Let the traveller and diplomat narrate his experiences in his own words. We shall find him an excellent cicerone.

"Some time ago," says Mr. Dickson, 'an exhibition of Biograph pictures was given before President McKinley and some specially invited guests at Washington. Among the latter were the Apostolic Delegate, Mons. Martinelli, Cardinal Gibbons, and others. It occurred to these gentlemen that if the Biograph could obtain some pictures illustrative of the daily life of the Holy Father, it would be an excellent thing for the Roman Catholics of America, thousands upon thousands of whom would never otherwise be enabled to receive the Pope's benediction.

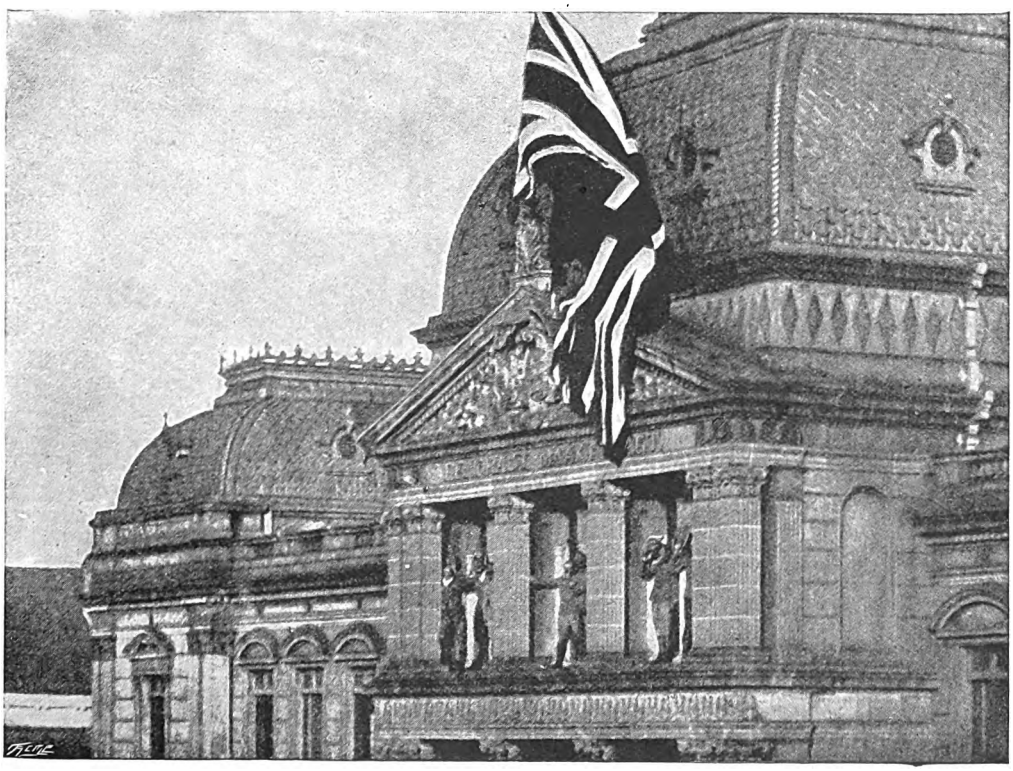
"The idea, once mooted, was not long being acted upon. I soon after set out for Rome, with the firm determination of obtaining access to the Vatican, and possessing myself of the coveted pictures. I was armed with powerful credentials in the shape of letters from influential ecclesiastical personages. Arrived there, I found that I possessed rivals in the field from England, France, and Germany.

"Although, at this period, I was conversant with several foreign languages, I knew nothing of Italian. It was almost essential that I should remedy this defect. I set myself to learn the language, and practically mastered it by the time I needed it.

"The Pope spoke French, but very little English—just a few words.

"I was four months in Rome before I succeeded in obtaining the Pope's consent. During that period I carried on constant negotiations with Count Sodarini, the chief officer of the Papal Court. But I owe my eventual success to the friendly offices of Count Pecci, the Pope's nephew, and an officer in the Pope's household.

"Well, altogether I took 17,000 pictures, the first series being while the Pope was on his way to the Sistine Chapel. On this occasion, for the purposes of the picture, the top of the Pope's carriage was let down, the



A unique photograph of one of the most famous scenes in the Transvaal war: The hoisting of the Union Jack on the Town Hall at Pretoria.

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first time for twenty years. Two other scenes were taken in the upper Loggia of the Vatican.

"I found the Pope a most lovable man, and owe much to his kindness. He took a great interest in the pictures, and on one occasion, having received some prints from London, I showed them to him. He was delighted, and exclaimed 'Wonderful! wonderful! See me blessing!'—referring to the one representing him giving the Apostolic blessing—and turning to Mons. della Volpa, he added. 'How splendid you look!' All the time he held my hand, which he pressed affectionately.

"To my application for the last picture the Pope demurred. 'What, another!' said he. I pressed my request, explaining that it would bring joy to the hearts of many of my countrymen if he would graciously condescend. And he did.

Queen Victoria visiting Eton College.

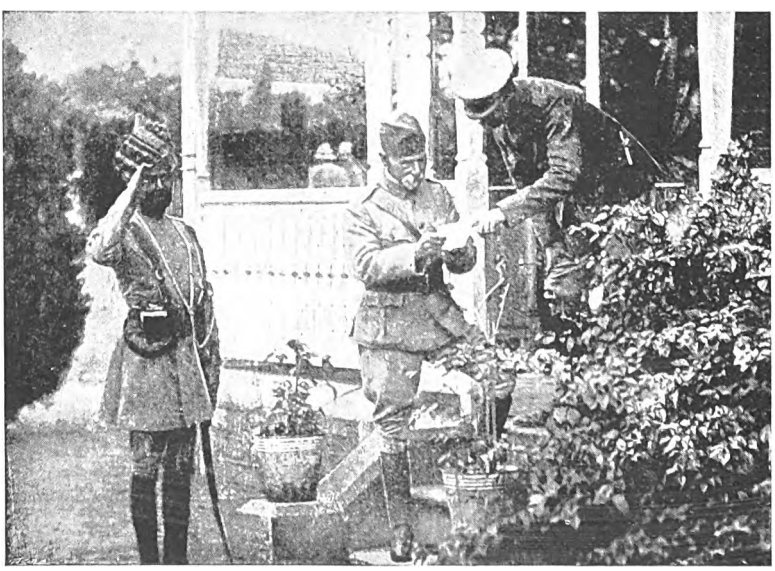
"After I had taken the first picture I was asked to give a guarantee that I would not photograph any of the Royal family in Rome. I offered my earnest assurance that I would carry out their wishes, and this materially assisted me in the remainder of my task.

"A visit to the Vatican gives one a vivid idea of Papal state, with the Swiss, Noble, and Palatine guards. In taking the views I had to don a black robe. None of the views may be shown in a place of secular amusement, nor without the authority of the Church.

"Altogether my visit lasted six months, and cost £1000."

Mr. Dickson will now tell us how he photographed Queen Margharita of Italy.

"While in Rome," continues Mr. Dickson, "I met at a small reception the Marchesa, Lady-in-waiting to Queen Margharita. Naturally the subject of the Bio-



Lord Roberts and his Indian orderly. The Commander-in-Chief has just received a dispatch.

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The late President Faure was "biographed" just before setting out on a shooting expedition.

graph came up for discussion, and I ventured to suggest that I should take some pictures of the Queen.

"The Marchesa, a charming lady, was delighted with the idea, and at once offered me her assistance. In view of my promise to the authorities of the Vatican, I could not carry out the idea in Rome, so it was eventually arranged to take place at the Queen's country residence, Villa Marina, Gressany, a mountainous district.

"In matters of this kind one must be patient and wait. So some little time elapsed before I ventured to wire to the Marchesa, reminding her of the

Doctor Jim: a hitherto unpublished photograph.

arrangement, and asking if I should come. Her reply was cordial: 'Yes, come by all means —come at once.' Accordingly I started out with my assistants and apparatus for Gressany. I travelled thus for hours, and at night arrived at a small village at the foot of the mountains. Here I halted, and sought out the Post Office, only to encounter an 'unmitigated staggerer.' A telegram was awaiting me from the Marchesa. 'Don't come—Queen away on a mountaineering expedition.' Here was a dilemma! I had to catch a train at one the next day, *en route* for London.

"It was a case of

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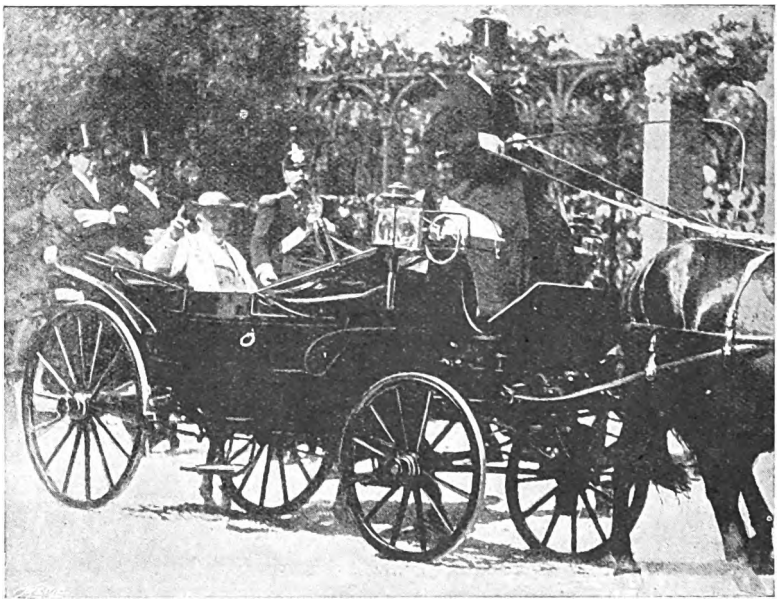


To enable Mr. Dickson to take this photograph, the top of the Pope's carriage was let down—the first time in twenty years.

do or die, now or never. So I decided to push on up the mountains to the Villa Marina, and chance what fell out. After a few hours' rest I sent on the apparatus and followed.

"Finally we reached our destination, and soon after the royal party returned, tired out. I was fortunate enough to encounter the Marchesa, and learned that it was Her Majesty's intention to sleep through the day. I explained my predicament, and the Marchesa, affable and willing as of yore, volunteered to mediate on my behalf. She explained the situation to the Queen, who, accordingly, most graciously agreed to alter her arrangements, and gave instructions to be called at eleven.

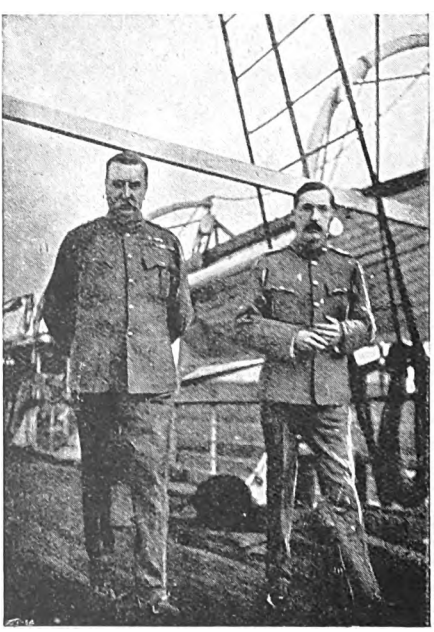
"I filled in the interim by getting everything in readiness. It was going to be close work. Prompt to the minute Queen Margharita appeared, and we soon arranged a picture. At the finish I had to go helter-skelter down the mountain, in order to catch my train.

"It was not a very difficult matter to photograph President McKinley, as his brother is a great friend of ours. It was, of course, through him that the matter was arranged.

"The pictures were taken in the garden of the Presidency, at Washington. We had a kind of rehearsal first. I just asked the President, in company with two officials, to walk from one spot to another, and, *en transit*, to take off his hat and pass his hand across his brow. In order to make my meaning clear, I went through the performance with two of my assistants. In the middle of it the President called out, 'But, who am I?' I indicated with a finger that I myself was supposed to be impersonating him.

"It was on this occasion that a curious mishap occurred. Just as the President was about to appear a wire snapped in my apparatus, rendering it useless. Luckily I thought of a silver penknife I had in my pocket, and, whipping it out, made the connection with it, and so saved the situation."

Mr. Dickson relates how he photographed



General Buller *en route* for South Africa.

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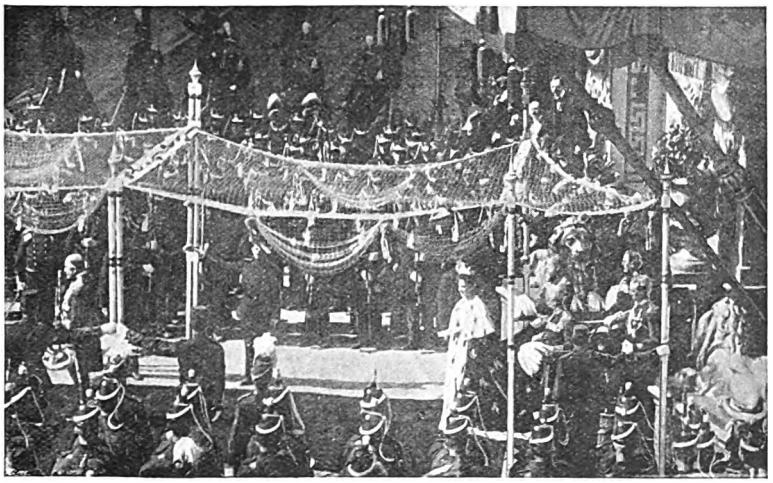


Queen Wilhelmina of Holland on the way to her coronation.

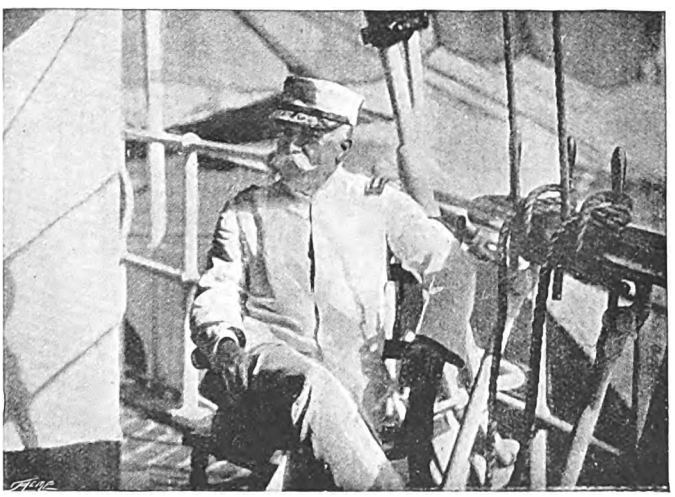
Admiral Dewey—a performance that presented many difficulties. The popular naval commander is what is frequently referred to as a "hard nut." But Mr. Dickson has quite a healthy and vigorous taste for this class of fruit, possessing some very serviceable "crackers." He set out from London with the avowed and determined intention of "capturing" the Admiral. He had for travelling companions Robert Barr and S. S. McClure. Arrived at Nice he put up at the Hotel Termini, taking an early train next morning for Villefranche Harbour, and finally a boat to the flagship *Olympia*.

Having boarded the vessel, he obtained an audience of Admiral Dewey, who refused point-blank to be confronted with the camera, adding he was tired of photographers. This did not disturb Mr. Dickson, who expected not only one but many refusals, and duly received them.

But perseverance was at length rewarded, and a reluctant consent was obtained. Back went the gratified photographer for his baggage, which was taken to the *Olympia* in small boats. Arrived at the vessel's side, another obstacle presented itself; the Admiral was indulging in his afternoon nap, and the apparatus could not be taken on board without first consulting him. So for four and a half hours Mr. Dickson possessed his soul in patience tramping up and down the deck. At the end of that period the "Hard Nut" arose and gave the word. The baggage was "shipped," sorted, erected, and covered with a tarpaulin. Exit Mr. Dickson till the following morning.

So far, so good. Mr. Dickson duly boarded the *Olympia* next morning, and encountering the Admiral, informed him he was quite ready. Said Dewey: "Oh! don't bother me." Then ensued the following dialogue: "Come now, Admiral," persisted Mr. Dickson, "I want you to walk from there, along there, seat yourself in that chair and—" "I will do nothing of the sort!" "I'm sure you will, Admiral. That chair is quite as comfortable as the one you are sitting in." "Oh! don't bother me." And, protesting, did it.

Mr. Dickson was, of course, "on the spot" at the crowning of the young Queen of Holland. His efforts to secure a favourable



The difficulties Mr. Dickson had to contend with before "capturing" Admiral Dewey, are graphically described in the text.

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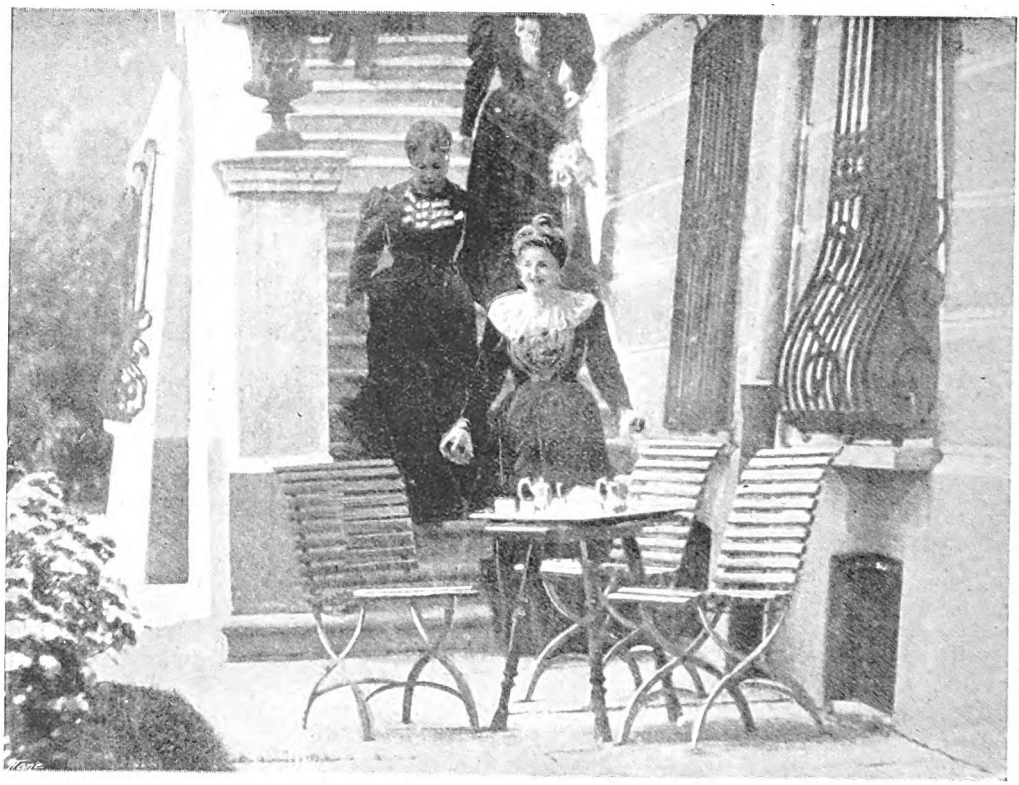

Queen Margharita of Italy was "biographed" at her country residence, Villa Marina, in Gressany.

coign of vantage, throw considerable light on the insatiable cupidity of the Hollander.

"The spot I selected, was a corner house, which commanded a good view of the approach to and entry into the church. The price charged was fabulous, and rose every day on a kind of sliding scale. On the day of the ceremony there were fourteen of us to be passed into the house, and at the last moment the authorities tried to exclude me in order to extort another 50 guldens. I threatened to retire elsewhere with the *whole of the money*, when they promptly conceded the extra. Arrived upstairs I found the window I was to work from covered with a flag. To take this down would have been an indignity, so I tied up one corner and so made a space for the camera."

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at Oxford.

While in Paris on one occasion, Mr. Dickson obtained an introduction to the late President Faure, who very kindly consented to be "Biographed." It was arranged to take place on a day when the President was out with a shooting party. Every facility was placed in the operator's way, as in the case of the U. S. President.

Another interesting ceremony, at which Mr. Dickson

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was present, was the laying of a corner stone of a new barracks at Buda Pesth, by the Emperor Franz Josef. The occasion was made a kind of "meeting of the Emperors," of Russia, Germany, and Austria.

For ten months Mr. Dickson was in South Africa, nearly the whole of which time he boarded, lodged, and trekked with 4.7. He had a very good opportunity of studying the Boer character. In reply to my query as to what he thought of the race, he rather neatly put it thus:—

"I always had a feeling of looking behind me."

Mr. Dickson's account of how he came to sail in the same vessel with Sir Redvers Buller, and of some incidents on the voyage out is interesting.

"It was not till the last moment, that I learned that General Buller was to sail by the *Dunottar Castle*. Immediately I telephoned through for a berth, and the reply came back 'not an inch of room.' I implored them for the love of heaven to squeeze me in somehow, and went forward with my luggage. Fortunately, the Company, with a little manipulation, were able to find a corner for me, and I landed on deck with a sigh of relief.

"The General was very good to me in giving me every opportunity to take pictures on the voyage out. On one occasion while I was photographing him, he jokingly threatened that if I did not leave him in peace he would 'throw me over the side.' And on another similar occasion he tried to push the captain in front of him, but I was too quick for him.

Lord Dunraven taking the bearings.

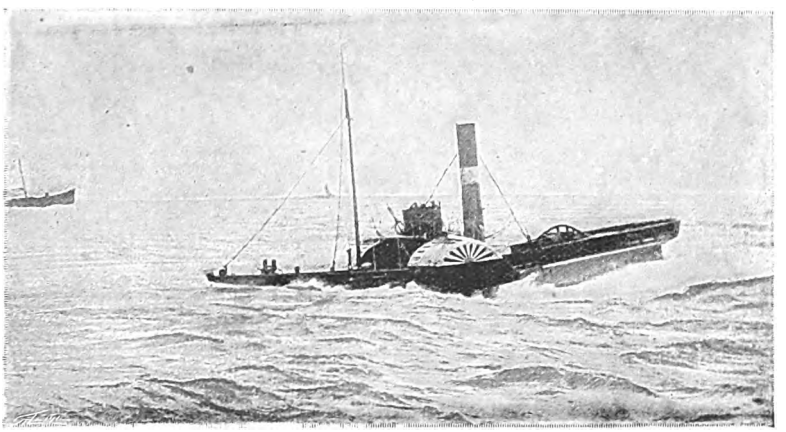
"Arrived at Cape Town I had some difficulty in photographing the Boer prisoners on board the *Penelope*, on account of instructions having been given that prisoners were not in any way to be treated with indignities.

"I did not attach myself to any of the War correspondents, as they were subject to such restrictions as would have considerably hampered my movements. So I pushed forward with my own contingent, and was present at many of the principal engagements. I was one of the first to enter Ladysmith with Buller, being just behind the General."

On the return journey in the *Carisbrook Castle*, Mr. Dickson had for fellow passengers Mr. Hofmeyer and Lord Dunraven, the latter of whom always "took the bearings," regularly every morning.

Some time ago at an Aldershot review, which was specially arranged for the Biograph, and at which the Duke of Connaught was present, Mr. Dickson was vividly reminded of the uncertainty of life. This occurred during a charge of some Lancers, who with lances down were coming dead straight at the apparatus.

Instinctively Mr. Dickson realised that "someone had blundered," and was on the point of making a bolt while still he might, when an officer gave the order "Divide!"



Mr. Dickson nearly lost his life while biographing this steam-tug.

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Instantly the soldiers split in twain and sped past right and left of him. "It was the most wonderful manœuvre I had ever witnessed," said Mr. Dickson.

At another military display, in France, the photographer confesses that he himself was nearly answerable for the premature quietus of a fellow creature.

It was a charge of Cuirassiers, and as they were approaching, Mr. Dickson waved his hand as a signal for them to take a slightly different direction. They answered to the signal, swerved, collided, and down went one of their number, biting the dust in curious confusion. Up he rose with countenance crimson, and swore only as a trooper can swear. Oil, however, soon fell upon the troubled waters—*palm-oil*. And there was peace.

If Mr. Dickson was born to be drowned, the event should have transpired on the occasion when he "took" Portcoon Cave, Giant's Causeway, where his retreat at a critical moment was nearly cut off by a seventy-feet wave.

Failing this, his drowning should have occurred when he chartered two tugs and two skippers at £5 apiece, and put out into a boiling sea for an "effect."

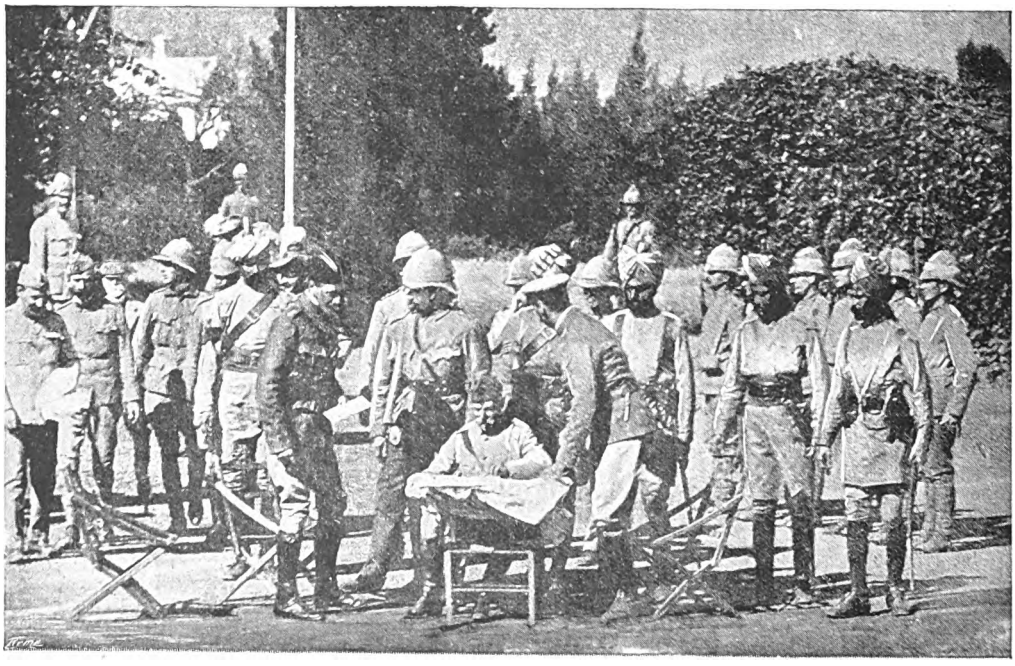
Apparatus and operator were both lashed down, the latter horizontally. The whole thing was so "lively," that the hardy skippers agreed that there "wasn't no fun in it," and hinted that the £5 each hardly "met the case." But £10 each did.

Mr. Dickson has been favoured by several members of our own Royal Household, the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught having been particularly kind to him. In addition to being cosmopolitan, he is also protean, and always adapts himself to his surroundings.

When he is taking military pictures he is a soldier; when he is on the sea he is a sailor; when he is in ecclesiastical company he is a theologian; when in royal spheres he is a courtier; when in the world of music he is a musician (he has an amateur orchestra of forty-two instrumentalists in America); and when with Legislators he is a politician. At all times he is a student. He is conversant with the technicalities and customs of all communities.

When he finds himself in a strange place, he first addresses himself to the Mayor, and invariably succeeds in obtaining what he wants.

"Finally let me tell you," he said to me, "that I never quake at a task, I go right at it. The man who apprehends a failure will probably meet with one."



Lord Roberts with his staff at Bloemfontein.

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By E. Arbuthnot.

Marie-Louise looked down, put the end of her fore-finger into the cleft in her chin, and pouted. Her face was damask-flushed, and her black hair untidy. The effect was artistic in a high degree.

Poor Jean-Paul was desolated. His little round figure took a dejected droop; his mouse-coloured hair seemed to pale with despair. His forehead wore a most pathetic pucker. Truly, it was a sore dilemma for a young lover to be in! And how to get out of it? But there indeed was the question, and Jean-Paul could not answer it.

"*Tiens*, Marie," he began presently, and stopped short. But Marie-Louise was sulky, and took no notice.

"See, now," he continued, after a short pause, in persuasive tones, "it seems to me, thou art unfair to thy poor Jean-Paul. Thou sayest thou wilt never speak to me again, and yet thou wilt not so much as tell me the reason, although everyone expected that we were to be married next week!"

"Everyone had no business to expect," snapped Marie-Louise. "And we shall not be married next week."

"But a reason! I pray thee at least a reason!" cried Jean-Paul in despair.

"That is so like a man! What good will a reason do thee? Well, if thou *wilt* know, I have seen someone I like better than thee! I am tired of thee, Jean-Paul, and moreover, my friend, I will thank thee to be off! Go!"

Jean-Paul stood as if turned to stone. Was all his devotion of three years to end thus? And besides she was fond of him too, he felt sure. What could he have done to offend her? He must find out his unknown rival, that was certain.

"I have always been a favourite with the women," he reflected. "Why should I not put this other to the rout? Ah, the wretch, the horror! It makes me sick to think of him!"

Aloud he said only—

"Well, Marie-Louise, if that be so, I must be off, I suppose. Eh! It is possible that I shall not break my heart! There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out! And it is not every girl who will despise a smart, likely young barber, who is to be taken into partnership next year! I am good tempered too, and have not even poor relations to support! Well, well, we shall see, we shall see."

With which he stalked out of the room in a

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very lofty manner, and forgot his cap entirely, so that it remained upon the kitchen table. He remembered it after he had gone a yard or two, but to return after so tragic an exit was beyond question impossible. He was therefore obliged to go away and leave it, which was a piece of shocking extravagance when one thinks that he had paid for it, that very morning, five-and-twenty sous in the Place de la Madeleine! But there! The meanest of us becomes lordly when he is in love!

And now it is time, you think, to tell you what was really the cause of this sad tiff between two love-birds? Well, then, pay attention.

For some weeks, you must know, a room in the house next door to that in which lived Marie-Louise, had been let to a rather nice-looking young man of Italian extraction.

Marie lived alone with her aunt, a bed-ridden old woman, and consequently had a good deal of liberty, more perhaps than was good for anyone so pretty and so mischievous. There was no one to interfere, if she and her neighbour had a slight acquaintance.

It was the balconies that began it, oh, wicked inventions that they are!

Being summer, the evenings were beautifully warm and balmy. And after supper, Marie would invariably take her work out there, and stay till dark watching the stars come out.

And at about eight o'clock, the window on the other side of the little ornamental iron railing would open, and forth would step Marie's dark-eyed neighbour, with the most fascinating of smiles and a very harmless remark about the weather.

And after a while, was it not a good idea of his, that he might be able to help her with her work? So from then, they sat and both shelled peas, or sliced beans, or chopped carrots.

And if their heads *were* rather close together and if their hands *did* touch now and then, well, how could they help it, I should like to know? Without doubt it was necessary over such work.

Or sometimes Marie-Louise would sew, while her kind Gironimo leant over her, and watched the deft fingers as they flew along the rough dark seams. And by-and-bye, when it was too dark for work, they sat and counted the stars, talking very quietly, for fear of disturbing the poor old woman indoors.

But in spite of all this, you must not think Marie-Louise was in the least inclined to be unfaithful to her betrothed. True, Jean-Paul knew nothing about Gironimo, nor Gironimo about Jean-Paul. But what did that matter? Gironimo was always away the whole day, coming in only for supper, and Jean-Paul was always obliged to stay and keep the shop in the evenings, for that was when his master liked to go out. So Jean-Paul came to see her every morning, and Marie kissed him and told him he was a dear, good fellow, and wore his green pinks, and every evening she had a quiet chat with the handsome Gironimo in the moonlight. And if sour old Marthe, who lived opposite, declared she had seen them seated hand-in-hand for hours, "exactly as if they were lovers of the fondest," why that, no doubt, was merely jealousy on the part of Marthe. Or even if—well, only through the railing!

But this flirtation would have done very little harm to the cause of the young barber, for in her heart of hearts I feel sure Marie always preferred Jean-Paul—he was such a *beau garçon*, such a taking, jolly fellow, and had none of those solemn and tragic moods, which sometimes grew really alarming in the dark-skinned Gironimo. But silly Jean-Paul made a mess of the thing himself. Yes, it was entirely his own fault.

In the next street to Marie's, lived Jean-Paul's god-father, Monsieur Tallien, "distantly related," as he always declared, "to the great Tallien"—and Monsieur Tallien kept a little *cabaret*. It was a flourishing concern, this inn, and no doubt, that was partly owing to the attractions of Monsieur's pretty daughter, "Tallien's Star," as they called her, so fair and pale and gentle she was—and Stella was a bosom-friend of Marie-Louise.

Well, now, Monsieur Tallien, passing one day down the Avenue des Ternes, found Jean-Paul at the door of the barber's shop, and carried him off to have "a little something to make him cool." He was an irascible little old man and quickly over-ruled Jean-Paul's faint objections about the early hour. One must not be too obstinate when talking to one's rich god-father, more especially when one has matrimony in view.

"Come, come," cried old Tallien, "the heat is frightful! *Viens, imbécile!*"

And certainly when Jean-Paul found himself comfortably seated with his god-father and a couple of customers, at a little round table in front of the *cabaret*, with a beautiful acacia tree overhead, and "the Star,"

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light-handed and fairy-footed, supplying every want before it was felt, he could hardly be said to regret very much having come. And surely *un p'tit bleu* can hurt nobody?

But the weather was so hot, and the two customers so thirsty, and Monsieur Tallien so pressing, that the glasses were re-filled almost too often. And Jean-Paul, not being accustomed to a great quantity of liquor, it had just enough effect on him to make him garrulous and perhaps just a trifle bombastic.

"My god-son is very happy just now, I must tell you," said Monsieur Tallien, after a somewhat uproarious burst of merriment from Jean-Paul had subsided. "You see, he is going to be married next week—I forget which day, Jean-Paul?"

"Wednesday," cried Jean-Paul, beaming all over, and thumping his fist on the table.

"Wednesday is the happy day?"

"Oh, indeed! And who is the young woman, if I may ask?" inquired one of the others.

"And who should it be but Marie-Louise Lambert?" said Jean-Paul. "And my faith, she loves me to distraction!"

"Ah! Well that is as it should be, no doubt. And you, my friend, are you equally devoted?"

A faint suspicion that he was being laughed at, here crept into Jean-Paul's mind. He checked the reply he had been about to make, and putting on an air of easy indifference which suited him the very worst in the world, made answer—

"Oh, with me of course it is different. A man has other things to occupy his time. But she is a good girl all the same. And I am quite as fond of her as is necessary, you understand."

After which, feeling perhaps a little sleepy and dazed, our hero made his adieux with politeness, and departed to be soundly rated at least five times during the afternoon for cutting people's faces while shaving them.

That same evening, the gentle Stella went to supper with her dearest Marie-Louise, and all the unlucky words of foolish Jean-Paul were repeated. Not in the least from malice, understand, for Stella was too simple for that, but merely as a topic of conversation, to ears for which they were certainly never meant.

Poor Marie! she wept, she sobbed tempestuously for half-an-hour. Then she grew unnaturally calm. She washed her face and brushed her hair, put on a clean white apron with an embroidered frill, and tied a cherry-coloured ribbon round her neck. Then she took her knitting and went out into the balcony.

And oh, how sweetly she smiled that night upon Gironimo! And how he smiled in return, too, with his white teeth gleaming like

Sometimes Marie-Louise would sew, while her kind Gironimo leant over her.

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There was a crowd of children, a monkey, a box covered with green cloth.

pearls and his black ringlets dangerously near her cheek! How they both sighed and whispered over the little railing! And when at dusk they strolled out for a turn on the ramparts, who could cavil? For Marie-Louise had promised to marry Gironimo.

And now you comprehend why she treated Jean-Paul so cruelly when he came to see her the next morning.

Well, for three days after that painful scene, the young barber languished in the darkest abysses of despair, and every time he went to see Marie, she shut the door in his face. At last, happening to pass his godfather's *cabaret*, he met the angelic gaze of Mademoiselle Tallien's sweet blue eyes fixed on him with a sort of mild, reproachful wonder, and an idea flashed through his mind.

"Here," he cried aloud in his excitement, "is a friend of Marie. She will have the key to this abominable mystery. I will ask her."

And oh, what a miserable half-hour was the next for poor Jean-Paul! For Stella told him all about the handsome Gironimo, and why Marie was offended with himself, and filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing.

"Oh, I have been a fool, a fool," he cried, "a madman! Why could I not keep my tongue under better control? And the good God knows I never meant it! Not a word I said! But who is this Italian, this Gironimo? Ugh! what a hideous name! It is like oil gurgling into a can! Who is he? How does he live?"

"But, my friend, I have not the slightest idea!" exclaimed Stella, frightened at the storm she had raised. "I do not think even Marie is to know till they are married! But that will be on Wednesday. And he has sworn to her that he follows an honest calling."

"Oh, horrible, shameful, unheard of!" cried Jean-Paul, with tears running down his cheeks. "Not to know! Why the man may be a beggar, a thief! Sworn? He would not care for oaths. This fiend of an Italian! But I will find him

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out, or die in the attempt," he added tragically.

The master-barber was a good-natured man, and when Jean-Paul told him he was ill and begged for a week's holiday, he made no bones about it.

Then Jean-Paul hid himself in a doorway and started work as a detective.

* * * *

Tuesday evening came. At six o'clock Jean-Paul, in his Sunday coat, stood knocking humbly at Marie's door.

"Thou again!" she cried as she opened it, and would have slammed it in his face, but he got his knee in before she had time, and pushed boldly past her into the kitchen.

"Marie," said Jean-Paul, "I am sorry for what I said in the *cabaret*. I did not mean a word of it. Only forgive me, and I will proclaim to the whole world that I adore thee and am not fit to tie thy shoe-lace."

"Thou art too late, Jean-Paul," said Marie stiffly. "To-morrow is my wedding day."

"So! And it is me thou wilt marry!" cried Jean-Paul. "Something tells me so! Why should this Italian part us?"

"He is my *fiancé*," replied Marie coldly, "and I will thank thee not to slander him."

"Marie," said Jean-Paul, "if I prove that this man is not worthy of thee, thou wilt marry me?"

"Oh Jean-Paul!" cried Marie, and turned away her blushing face.

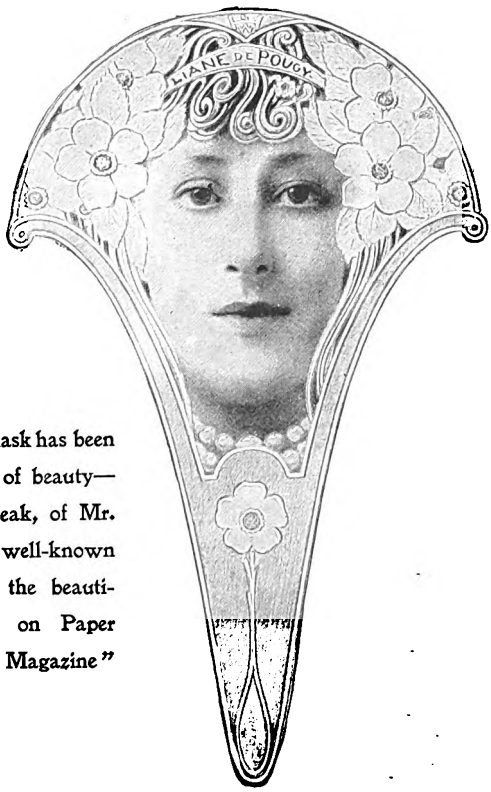
* * * *

It was a very gay wedding the next morning. Marie looked charming, and the bridegroom as happy as a King. Old Tallien treated the party to *déjeúner* at the Châlet in the Bois de Boulogne, and they spent the afternoon on the water, very pleasantly, though Jean-Paul, of course, fell in, and got soaked quite early in the day. For it was Jean-Paul after all.

And can you guess why?

Jean-Paul and Marie-Louise, hidden behind a sentry-box, had beheld the evening before a sight which came as a dreadful shock to Marie-Louise. There was a crowd of children, a monkey, a box covered with green cloth, and—horrible, degrading spectacle!—Gironimo turing the handle!

He was an organ-grinder!



The one-time hideous mask has been superseded lately by one of beauty—the invention, so to speak, of Mr. L. Weldon Hawkins, the well-known portrait painter. Read the beautifully illustrated article on Paper Masks in the "Lady's Magazine" for May.

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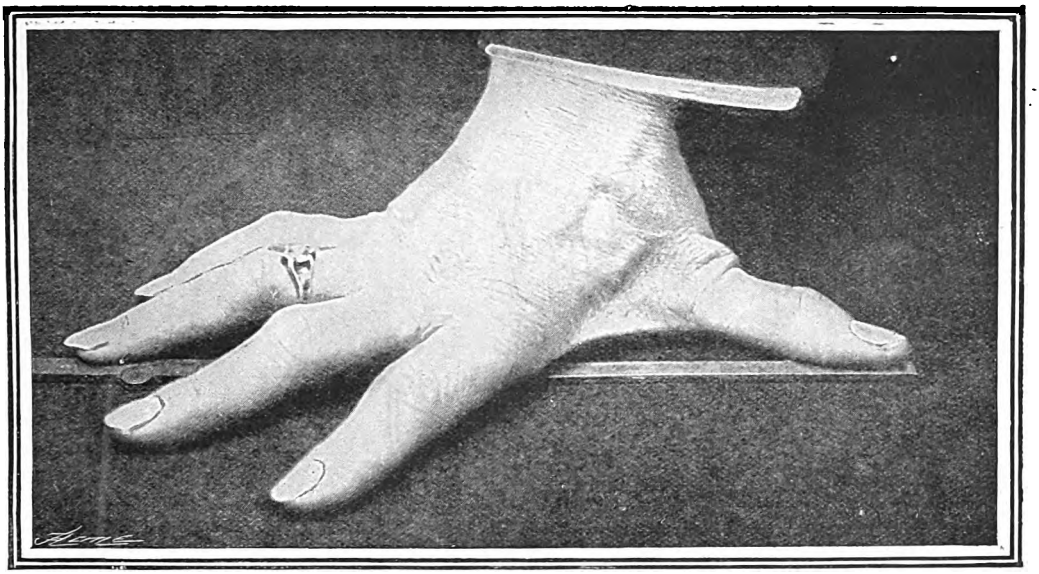

The normal span of the human hand is slightly over 8in.; Mr. Wilkins can span a distance of no less than 13in.

THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

By Patrick O'Brien.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Real, live giants are not often seen in ordinary life to-day, the few surviving specimens of the race having retired into the comparative obscurity of travelling shows or fairy books of different colours. Nevertheless, one is to be met with occasionally, and Mr. Lewis Wilkins, whose photograph appears several times here, is by a long way the tallest man the world has seen in two centuries, his height being 8ft. 2in.

He has recently been appearing on the London variety stage, but he is not by any means the ideal giant of the show in one respect at least. For, if we remember rightly, a giant ought to be a tall man with a narrow chest and brittle bones which have a habit of breaking at inopportune moments. Mr. Wilkins, however, is anything but this, for in spite of his great height, he is broad and strong in proportion.

His chest measurement is 66in., round the thigh he measures 34½in., and he turns the scale at 26 stone. The distance between the fingers of his outstretched arms is the same as his height, 8ft. 2in., and this goes to show how perfect are his proportions.

How the giant's manager looks in the giant's hat. It measures 27in. round where it fits on the head.

From these figures it will be seen that Mr. Wilkins has nothing remarkable about him except his size — his proportions are the same as those of an ordinary human being, but he is cast in altogether a larger mould. His hand for instance is like the ordinary hand—except that it is considerably bigger. It measures 5in. across the palm and 12in. from the wrist to the top of the middle finger, and takes a

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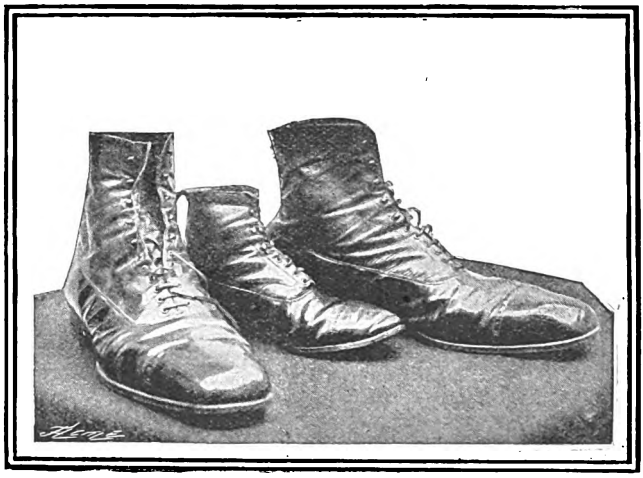


The giant's boots measure 25in. in length, more than twice as much as those of the average man.

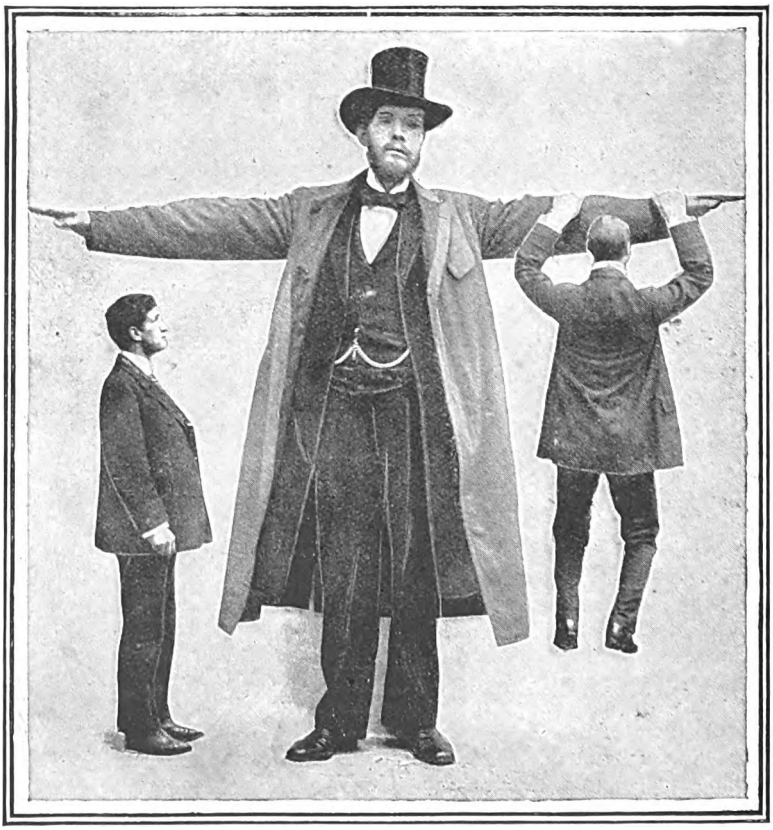
glove of size 14—the ordinary mortal takes size 7.

With such colossal hands it will easily be seen that the giant's rings must also be out of the common. A penny will pass through one easily, and a single finger is a handful for anyone with an ordinary span. His third finger is $1\frac{1}{2}$in. in diameter and $4\frac{1}{2}$in. in circumference.

In the matter of clothing, Mr. Wilkins finds his size not only inconvenient but extremely expensive. He is not like the ordinary man—he cannot go into a shop and buy a pair of boots or a hat, for he is a very Gulliver in Lilliput, and everything is too small for him. His hat where it fits on his head has a circumference of 27in., and any ordinary person—the giant's manager, for instance—is quite lost when he attempts to put it on. His boots measure 25in. in length, and the difference between them and the ordinary person's footgear will easily be seen from the photograph.

When Mr. Wilkins was asked if clothing were not a pretty large item in his expenditure, he said that it was indeed. Of course he has to get everything made specially for him—excepting shirt buttons and handkerchiefs. No tailor will take him on his ordinary terms, and, as a rule, he has to pay fifteen guineas for each suit.

Mr. Wilkins tells a good story of a tailor who used to boast that he would supply any man with any number of suits at two guineas apiece, cut to measure. A friend of the giant got



The distance from one end to the other of the giant's outstretched arms is 8ft. 2in., the same as his height.

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The giant stands 8ft. 2in., while the gentleman beside him is only of average height and cannot touch the giant's hat, even with his outstretched arm.

to hear of this, so he visited the tailor in question.

"Will you cut me fifty suits to measure for a friend of mine at that price?" he asked. "He's a big man, mind, and a good bit over the average."

"Certainly," answered the tailor, "five hundred suits if you like—the more the merrier."

"But he's a biggish man, I may tell you."

"Doesn't matter a bit. I couldn't fit bigger men than I have in my time, and yet I've always made a profit somehow."

Mr. Wilkins' friend still had his doubts.

"I'll bet you a fiver," he said, "that you'll back out when you see him!"

But the tailor would not take warning and staked his fiver. But a few minutes later, when Mr. Wilkins walked in, he paid that fiver like a lamb.

Another bane of Mr. Wilkins' life is the laundry. Here, also, his size is a disadvantage, for they always charge him double price; though, even at that rate, he has the best of the bargain, from their point of view. For most of his garments, if not quite double those of the ordinary man in size, cause a good deal more trouble at the laundry. His shirts, for instance, contain about a square foot of cuff, and something less than an acre of front.

By birth Mr. Wilkins is an American, though he is of British descent. When he was born at St. Paul, Minn., in 1874, there was nothing to indicate that he would become the man he is. He was just an ordinary baby of 8lb., and he grew just in a plain, matter of fact fashion, until his fourth year, when he started quite suddenly to shoot upwards at an alarming rate. At ten years of age he was the biggest boy in the school, and the master did not care about taking him in hand, for he was then 6ft. in height. Still he did not stop. Up and up like Jack's beanstalk he went until he attained, in his eighteenth year, his present altitude of 8ft. 2in., and he is now twenty-six years of age.

"Neither my mother nor father were more than ordinary mortals in stature," says the American Goliath, "and my four brothers and sister look up to me from the average height of human beings."

Except on one occasion, Mr. Wilkins has never had a day's illness. That was when, at the age of eight years, he was

The ordinary person does not find the giant's clothes very comfortable.

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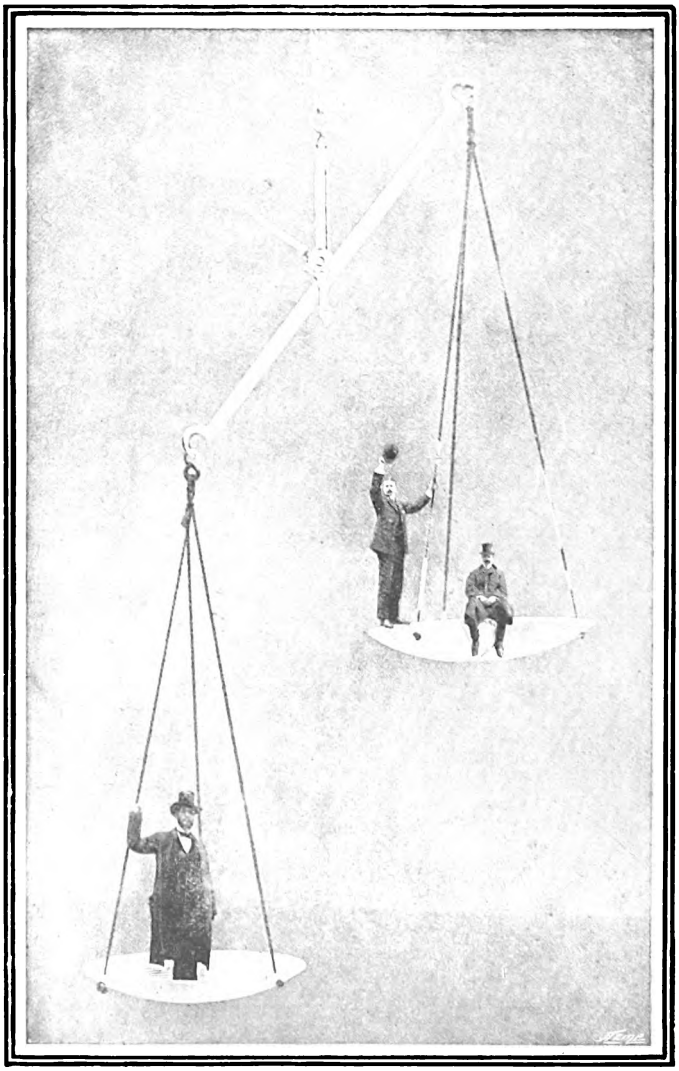
thrown from a horse which kicked him on the head. The accident occurred whilst he was rounding up some of his father's cattle, and he was not found until the day following, having lain all the while in an unconscious state. But he took little notice of the accident at the time. Later there appeared at the side of his head a swelling, which for many years was not only a source of great annoyance, but was by many doctors believed to be actually dangerous to life.

Happily, however, the latter belief proved a wrong one, and Mr. Wilkins surprised the doctors by continuing to live when, according to their judgment, he ought to have died.

Mr. Wilkins is a particularly active individual for a man of his size, and takes a large amount of exercise. As indoor amusements, the punching ball and a Sandow's exerciser are his favourites, whilst of outdoor sports he is most fond of swimming and riding.

He is an ardent collector of coins and stamps, and he is a good linguist, speaking both French and German as fluently as his own tongue. When in America he takes a keen interest in politics, being a red-hot Republican; we imagine that those who differ from him, usually do so in a silent and discreet manner.



The giant, who weighs 26 stone, can easily weigh down two ordinary men of 12 stone.

Like all celebrities, Mr. Wilkins is greatly molested by the vulgar and the curious when on his travels, even though he hardly ever "takes his walks abroad" in the public streets. Instead of this, he has to travel in a cab in which he is about as uncomfortable as it is possible to be in this climate, and in which he also has to pay double fare. Indeed, his life seems to be made up of a series of operations of paying double what ordinary mortals have to. When he goes to an hotel the landlord always charges him double—for meals, for beds, for attendance, in fact for everything.

We must not omit to record that Mr. Wilkins would probably now be a possessor of the Royal Humane Society's Medal had he done in this country what he did a season or two back at Atlantic City. He had strolled down to the beach with the intention of bathing, when suddenly cries were raised that a man and woman were drowning, having got out of their depth. Wilkins waded out up to his neck with all his clothes on and saved the pair amidst the cheers of the excited onlookers on the shore. Truly, there are some advantages in having giants about.

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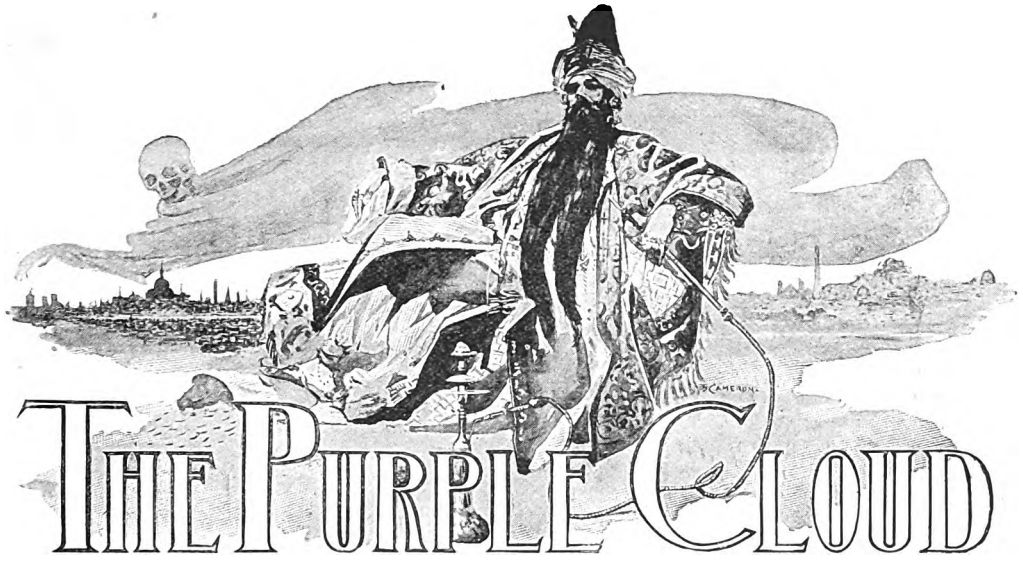

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel. Illustrations by J. J. Cameron.

VI.

She must rise very early. I, who am on the palace roof at dawn, sometimes, between the pavilion flaps, spy her far below at the edge of the lake gazing up.

It is now three months since she came with me to Imbros.

I left her the first night in that pale-yellow house, with the two green jalousies, facing the beach, where there was everything that she would need; but I knew that, like all the houses there now, it leaked profusely, and the next day went down to the curving stair, cut through the rock to the back and south of the village, climbed, and, half a mile beyond, I found a rain-proof cot on a cliff-edge overlooking the sea on the east coast, a mile or so from the palace. This I ordained for her abode, and there left her. When she attempted to follow me, I picked up a sassafras whip, and threatened her with it.

I am convinced, however, that she is no stay-at-home, but roams continually over the island. Thrice, wandering myself, I have met her.

The first time she was running and laughing, intent upon striking down a butterfly with a twig held in the left hand (for both hands she uses with equal skill). It was in a citron grove, and I, while watching, was able to hide. She resembled the butterfly which she chased, for she had dressed herself in the colours of the rainbow—voluminous pantaloons of sky-blue satin, a zouave of saffron, and so on. With her extraordinary cleverness, she has learned (from pictures, I imagine) to do up her hair; but now, as she ran chasing, its masses under a fez had loosened somewhat to a wanton slovenliness. My heart beat thickly, owing to the consciousness that while I saw, I was unseen.

Another noontide I came upon her sleeping on her arm in an alley between overgrown trellises, where the vine, rioting wild, buried her in shade. I had not been gazing through the bushes a minute, when she started and looked wildly round, her quick consciousness detecting my presence. But I think I managed to steal away unseen. She keeps her face very dirty; all about her mouth was dry-stained with a polychrome of grape-juice and other fruits, like a street-child of old. I could also see that her nose and face were now sprinkled with freckles.

So, then, what is my fate henceforth?—to think always, from sun to moon, and from moon to sun, of one only thing—and that thing an object for the microscope?—to become a sneaking Paul Pry, to spy upon the silly movements of one little sparrow, like some fatuous, motiveless gossip of old, his occupation to peep, his one faculty to scent, and his wine and his triumph to unearth the infinitely unimportant? I would kill her first!

Four days since I saw her a third time. The primitive instinct to represent the world in pictures has been working in her: for she was drawing. It was in the village once called Selvi, which lies in a dell near her cottage. I had strayed that way towards

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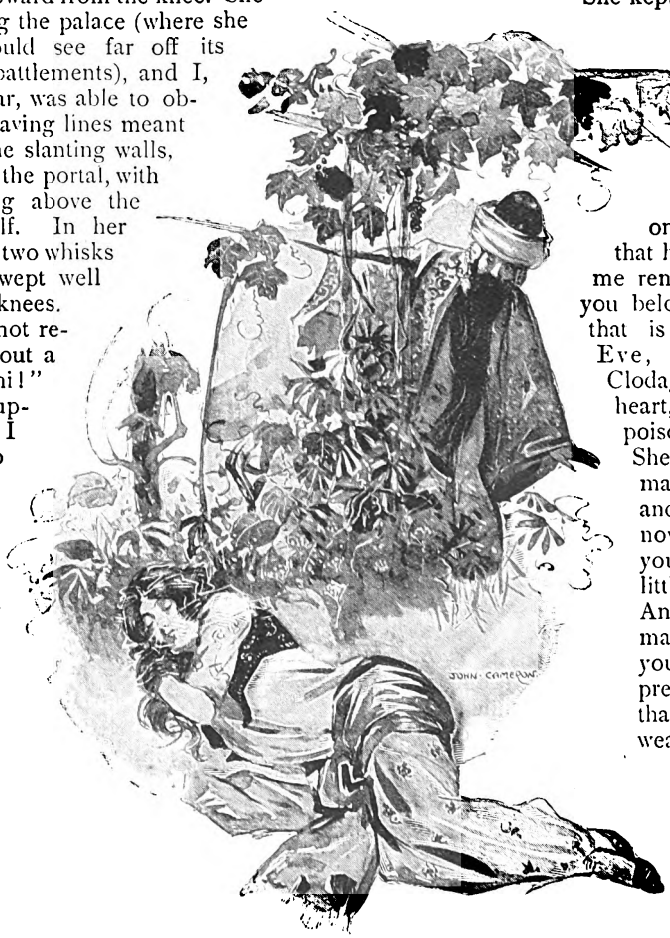
evening, and emerging upon the street from between two walls, I saw her quite near. I stopped—and peered. She was lying on her face among the weeds, a piece of cardboard before her, and in her fingers a light yellow chalk. Very intently she drew, her tongue-tip travelling along her upper lip, from side to side, like a pendulum, her tasseled fez cocked back on her hair, and one foot swinging upward from the knee. She was drawing the palace (where she lay she could see far off its gleaming battlements), and I, peering near, was able to observe the waving lines meant for steps, the slanting walls, and, before the portal, with fez reaching above the roof—myself. In her drawing my two whisks of beard swept well below the knees.

I could not resist crying out a sudden "hi!" She leapt upright. I pointed to the drawing, smiling.

She has a way sometimes of mincing her pressed lips, while she shakes the head, intensely cooing a fond laugh. And so she did now.

"You are a clever little thing, you know," I said. She cocked her eyes, trying to divine my meaning, smiling vaguely.

"Ah, yes, a clever little thing," I said, talking in a gruff voice, "clever as a serpent, I dare say. But it won't do, you know. Do you know what you are to me, you?—you are my Eve! But it won't do, it won't do at all! Well, no; the second Adam is some ten or twenty thousand years wiser than the first—you see? less instinctive, more rational. The first disobeyed by Commission; I shall disobey by Omission; only *his* disobedience was a sin, mine is a heroism. I have not been a particularly noble sort of wretch so far, but in me, Adam Jeffson—I swear it—the human race shall attain a true nobility—the nobility of self-extinction. No more Clodaghs, girl, and Cæsar Borgias, and Pompadours, you see?"



I came upon her sleeping on her arm between overgrown trellises, where the vine buried her in shade.

She kept her eyes obliquely cocked like a little fool, wondering what I was saying.

"And talking of Clodagh," I went on, "I shall call *you* that henceforth, to keep me reminded of the race you belong to. So now that is your name—not Eve, but Clodagh. Clodagh was my sweetheart, and she was a poisoner — you see? She poisoned a poor man who trusted her; and that is your name now, to remind me, you most dangerous little speckled viper. And in order that I may no longer see your foolish little pretty face, I decree that for the future you wear a *sashmac* to cover up your lips, which, I can see, are meant to be seductive; and you can leave the eyes, and the little freckled nose uncovered, if you like, *they* being commonplace enough. Meanwhile, if you care to see how to draw a palace, I will show you."

Before I had stretched my hand, she was presenting the cardboard. She had guessed something of my meaning! But some hard tone in my talk had displeased her, for she was looking glum, her under-lip pushing out, showing her ready to cry.

In a few strokes I drew the palace, with herself standing at the portal; and

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great was her pleasure. She pointed to the sketched figure, and to herself, interrogatively; I nodded yes; and she went cooing her murmurous laugh with pressed and mincing lips. It is clear that she is in no way afraid of me.

Before I could move away, I felt some rain drops, and down in some seconds came a shower. I looked, saw that the sky was darkening, and ran into the nearest of the little cubical houses, originally white, which compose the village, leaving her glancing sideways upward with the quaintest artlessness of interest in the downpour. She is not yet familiarised with the operations of nature, and seems to regard them with a certain amiable, inquisitive seriousness, as though they were living beings, comrades as good as herself. She presently joined me, but even then stretched her hand out to feel the drops, murmuring her coo.

Now there came a clap of thunder, the wind was rising, and rain spattering about me. (The window-panes of these houses—made of paper drenched in olive oil—have disappeared, and rains, penetrating by roofs, flooring and windows, wet the bones of men.) As I gathered up my skirts to run toward other shelter, she was before me, saying in her strange, experimental voice that word which she has learned: "Come."

She ran in advance, and I, throwing my caftan over my head, followed, urging my way flinchingly against the whipped rain-wash. She took the way up the hillside to her house, which was near; though, by the time we pelted into its dry shelter, we were wet to the skin. It had probably been the house of an Englishman, for it is of Western build, with a book-case of English books.

There is a rage in the storms of late years which really transcends bound. I never could have conceived a turbulence so huge. Hour after hour I sat there that night listening to the batteries and lamentation of the haunted air. I had poured some oil from a goat-skin into an earthen lamp, and smoking a chibouque in an armchair, read Milton.

The girl, after standing drawn up in a corner for some time, apparently troubled, sat on an ottoman, and presently fell sideward, asleep. I heard the ocean swinging hoarse like heavy ordnance against the quivering cliffs below.

I said to myself: "If now I taught her to speak and read, she could read aloud to me, and save my eyes."

The storm seemed struggling for the house, to snatch and wing it away into eternity.

She startled up at a gust of more appalling volume, rubbing her eyes, with disordered hair. It must have been near midnight. She listened a minute, with that comic scientific interest of hers, to the noise of the elements, and smiled. She had heard it before, and it had not hurt, so now it would not hurt, she must have thought. She rose, left the room, and presently returned with a pomegranate, three almonds, and wine in a Samian cruche, which she placed before me.

"Hospitality," I said.

She looked at the book I had with lowered left eyelid, seeking to guess its use. Most things she understands at once, but this must have baffled her.

I held it up before her.

"Shall I teach you to read?" I said. "If I did, how would you repay me, you Clodagh?"

She cocked her eyes, seeking to comprehend. Heaven knows, at that moment I pitied the poor dumb waif, realising that she was alone in all this great round earth with me. The lamp-flame, moved by the wind like a painting brush, flickered upon her face, though I had carefully stuffed every crevice.

"Perhaps, then," I said, "I will teach you. You are a poor pitiable little castaway of your race, you know. Two hours every day I will let you come to the palace, and I will teach you. But be sure—be careful. If there be danger, I will kill you. I surely will. And let me begin with a lesson *now*: say after me, 'White.'"

I got her to understand that I wanted her to repeat after me.

"White," said I.
"Hwhite," said she.
"Power," said I.
"Pow-wer," said she.
"White Power," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer," said she.
"Shall not," said I
"Sal not," said she.
"White Power shall not," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer sal not," said she.
"Pre-vail," said I.
"Fffail," said she.
"Pre-Vail," said I.
"Pe-Vvvail," said she.
"White Power shall not prevail," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer sal not—fffail," said she.

A roar of thunder went laughing, as it seemed, through the universe. A moment I looked at her with positive, shrinking fear,

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and as I ran to dash forth into the storm, to re-seek the palace, I thrust her with violence from my path.

Such was the ingratitude, and the fatality, which my first attempt to teach her met with. It remains to be seen whether my pity for her dumbness, or some tendency toward fellowship in myself, will result in any future lesson. I have, indeed, given my word to teach her; but the most solemnly pledged word may be broken.

Surely, her presence in the world with me has worked great changes in my mood! Gone now, apparently, are those turbulent hours when, my head reaching to the stars, I stalked like a peacock, flaunting my Monarchy in the face of the Eternal Powers, with hissed blasphemies; or else rushed to fire some vast city; or rolled in the drunkenness of drugs. It was mere madness; I see it now. And it seems past—or almost past. I have clipped my beard, and thought of modifying my attire.

I will watch to see whether she comes loitering about the palace lake.

* * * * *

I remember, long before the poison cloud, to have met, in Paris, a little coffee-and-milk Portugo-Brazilian boy, twelve or fourteen years of age, of whom she reminds me. He wore his hair short like a convict's, and delighted to play solitary about the staircases of the hotel, dressed up in the white balloon-dress of a pierrot. Clever as a flea he was, knowing five or six languages, as it were by nature, without having any suspicion that that was at all extraordinary. She has that same light, nonchalant cleverness, and easy way of life. It is little more than a year since I found her, and already she can speak English perfectly (except that she does not pronounce the letter "r"); she has also read a good many books; and can write. And she does it all with the flighty naturalness with which a bird takes to the wing.

One day, ten months since, I saw her from the roof. She had a book in her hand, and she was looking at the print with sideward head, as she had seen me do. I burst out laughing. Whether she is the simplest little fool or the craftiest serpent that ever breathed, I am not yet sure.

Since then I have let her come to the palace daily, her mouth covered over with the *sashmac*, and here, mostly sitting on the outer steps, or on the lake in a little mother-of-pearl wherry from Sartori, I have taught her. *Why* she must needs wear the *sashmac* she has never once asked; and how much she divines, knows, or intends, I have no idea, continually questioning myself as to whether she is all simplicity or all cunning.

Her book of books is the Old Testament. Sometimes at noon, or afternoon, I may look abroad from the roof and see a tiny figure sitting far off on the sward under the shade of dark cypress, or purple-flowering maple; and I know that the book she cons there is the Bible. She has a passion for *stories:* and there finds a store-house.

She asked me one night:

"What did Cain to Abel?"

"He knocked him over," I replied (for I find a coarse pleasure in using idioms new to her).

"Over what?" said she.

"Over his heels," said I.

"I do not complehend!"

"He killed him, then."

"That I know. But how did Abel feel when he was killed? What is it to be *killed?*"

"Well, you have seen a lot of bones all around you, and you can feel the bones in your fingers. Your fingers will become mere bones some time after you are dead, as die you must. Those bones which you see about are bones of the men of whom we often speak; and the same thing happened to them which happens to a butterfly when you strike it, and it lies still."

"And the men and the butterfly feel the same after they are dead?"

"Precisely the same. They lie in a deep drowse, dreaming a nonsense-dream."

"That is not dleadful. I thought it was much more dleadful. I should not mind dying."

"Ah, so much the better. It is possible that you may have to die a great deal sooner than you think."

"I should not mind. Why were men so vely aflaid to die?"

"Because they were all such shocking cowards."

"Oh, not all—not all!"

(This girl, I know not with what motive, has definitely set herself up against me as the defender of the dead race. Every chance she gets she is at it.)

"Nearly all," I said. "Tell me one who was not afraid to die——"

"There was Isaac," she replied, "when Ablaham laid him on the wood to kill him, he did not jump up and lun to hide."

"Isaac was a great exception," I said. "In the Bible, and such books, you understand, you read of only the best kinds of people:

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there were millions and millions of others—especially about the time when the poison-cloud came—on a very much lower level—wretches who were covetous, false, murderous, mean, selfish, debased, hideous, diseased, making the earth a very charnel-house of vices and crimes."

For some minutes she did not answer. She was sitting with her back toward me, cracking almonds, her feet swinging over a depth of sixty yards. In the clear gold of the platform steps, I saw her fez and corals reflected by the bright moonlight, like rubies in a lake. Before she spoke, she turned and drank some wine from a great Burmese goblet near, which quite covered in her head. Then with wet lips, she said:

"Vices and climes—climes and vices Always the same. What are these climes and vices?"

"Robberies of a hundred sorts—murders of ten thousand kinds—"

"But now did Abel feel when he was killed? What is it to be *killed?*"

'But what made them *do* them?"

"Their evil natures—their base souls."

"But *you* are one of them—*I* am another—yet you and I live here together, and we do no vices and climes."

Her astounding shrewdness! Right into the very inmost heart of a matter does her simple wit pierce!

"No," I said, "we do no vices and crimes because we lack *motive*. There is no danger that we should hate each other, for we have plenty to eat and drink, dates, wines, and so on. Our danger is rather the other way. But *they* hated and schemed against each other, because they were very numerous, and there arose a question among them as to the dates and wine."

"Was there not, then, enough land to glow dates and wines for all?"

"There was—yes; a good deal more than enough. But some got hold of a vast lot, and the rest feeling the pinch of scarcity, there arose a pretty state of things, including the vices and crimes."

"Ah, but then it was not to their bad souls that the vices and climes were due, but only to this question of land. If there had been no such question, there would have been no vices and climes, because I and you, who are just like them, do no vices and climes here, where there is no such question!"

The clear limelight of her intelligence! She wriggled in her effort of argument.

"I am not going to argue the matter," I said. "There *was* that question of land, you see. And there always must be on an earth where millions of men, with varying degrees of cunning reside."

"Oh, not necessallily!" she cried with conviction, "since there is a good deal more than enough for all. If there should spling up more men now, and they made an allange-

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ment among themselves that the first man who took too much should be killed, and sent to dleam a nonsense-dleam, the question could never again alise."

"It arose before—it would arise again."

"But no! I can guess cleally how it alose before; it alose thlough the carelessness of the first men. The things to eat at first were so vely, vely much more than enough for all, that the men did not take the tlouble to make an allangement among themselves; afterwards the habit of carelessness was confirmed, till, at last, the vely oliginal carelessness must have got to have the look of an allangement, and so the stleam which began in a little long ended in a big long, the long glowing more and more fixed, as the stleam lolled. I see it cleally, can't *you?*"

She turned her face now to look at me: and it suddenly struck me what a noble brow she has, almost pointed at the uplifted summit, and widening down like a bell-curved Gothic door, draped in strings of frizzy hair.

"Clodagh," I said after some minutes, "do you know why I called you Clodagh?"

"No. Tell me."

"Because once—long, long ago, before the poison-cloud—I had a lover called Clodagh; and she was a——"

"But tell me first—how did one know one's lover or wife flom all the others?"

"Well, by their faces."

"But there must have been many faces—all alike."

"No, not all alike. Each was different from the rest."

"Leally? Still, it must have been vely clever to tell. I can hardly conceive any face, except yours and mine."

"Ah, because you are a little goose, you see."

"What was a goose like?"

"It was a thing like a butterfly, only larger, and it kept its toes always spread out, with a skin stretched between them."

"Leally? And am I like that? But what were you saying that your lover Clodagh was?"

"She was a poisoner."

"Then why call me Clodagh, since *I* am not a poisoner?"

"I called you so to remind me; lest you should become my—my—lover, too."

"I am your lover already; for I love you."

"You do *what?*"

"Do I not love you?"

"Come, Clodagh—none of that maniac rubbish! Clodagh was a *poisoner*—you see?"

"Why did she poison? Had she not enough dates and wines?"

"She had—yes; more than enough; but she wanted more—more—more."

"So the vices and climes were not confined to those who lacked things to eat, but were done by the others, too?"

"By the others chiefly."

"Then I see how it was!"

"How was it?"

"The others had got *spoiled*. The vices and climes must have begun with those who lacked things, and then the others, always seeing vices and climes alound them, began to do them, too—as when one lotten olive is in a bottle, the whole mass soon becomes collupted. But oliginally they were not lotten, and only became so; and all thlough a little carelessness at the first."

"Go inside," I said. I could stand no more of her chatter. "Go inside, and in the third room on the left you will see hanging on the harp a wreath of roses which I have woven for your head this afternoon; put it on; and bring the harp, too, and play for me."

She ran with alacrity, and not till the moon set in a cloudy bed, impillowed in dreams of curdling opals, did I send her home.

But often in like manner we speak together, she and I.

* * * * *

I am driven out from Imbros!

I was walking in a wood yesterday—it was a calm evening, about seven, the sun having just set. Some twenty minutes before, Clodagh had been with me, darting after peeping fruit, and gathering in her arms a mass of purple amaranth and red-berried asphodel. But weary of my life, I had said angrily to her: "Go away, go!—far from me!" and she, with pushed-out under-lip, had walked off.

I was continuing my stroll, when suddenly I felt a slight quaking of the ground, and before one could count ten it seemed as if the island was bent upon racking itself to fragments. My first thought was of her, and in great fright I went running, calling in the direction which she had taken, staggering as on the deck of some ship, falling, picking myself up, running again. The air was full of uproar, and the land was waving like the sea. As I went plunging, not now knowing whither, I saw to my right some three or four acres of forest droop and sink into a chasm

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which opened to receive it. Up I flung my arms, crying out: "Heavens! save the girl!" and a minute later rushed out, to my surprise, into open space on a hillside. In the valley below, I could see the palace, and beyond it, a stretch of white and rushing sea, which had the awful appearance of being higher than the land. Down the hillside I staggered, driven by the instinct to fly, when, about half-way down, I was startled by a shrill pattering like musical hail, and the next moment saw the entire palace rushing with the jingling clatter of a thousand bells into the heaving lake.

After this the earthquake lasted some five minutes, gradually lulling. I found Clodagh an hour later standing among the ruins of her little house.

Probably every building on the island has been destroyed. The palace platform, all cracked, lies half-sunken askew into the lake like a huge stranded ark, while of the palace itself no trace remains, except a mound of golden stones emerging above the lake. Worst calamity of all, the *Speranza*, where she lay in her little cove, has been dashed ashore by the tidal wave; and, were it not that one of her liquid-air launches and her nautical instruments are intact, I should be in somewhat of a difficulty.

Clodagh and I have passed the night in the woods, and this evening will bid a long farewell to Imbros. I look forward with pleasure to our hour's run to the Mainland in the moonlight. I will teach her to steer by the compass, as I have taught her to talk, to cook, to read, to think, to live.

But *what is the design* of this Expulsion —this new "going-out from Haran"?

* * * *

The earthquake must have been even more severe on the Mainland than on the island, and apparently ravaged all Turkey. The rages of nature at present are perfectly astonishing. When we came to the Macedonian coast we sailed along it, looking out for a village or habitation. We saw none, slept in a forest which had quite a devastated aspect, and on reaching Gallipoli next day found it a complete ruin.

Here I sat and thought out the question as to whither I should go; my choice would have been either to remain in the region where I was, or to go Eastward. But the region where I was, offered no dwelling, and to go any distance eastward I needed a ship. Of ships I saw only wrecks; nor did I know where to find one. I was thus, like Abraham, urged westward.

Even this Westward journey was no light task. The deep-rusted rails, as far west as Trieste, are, in places, twisted about, or rent away, by the earthquake; moreover, this whole tract of Europe has become nothing but one vast Indian jungle. Ofttimes we were tearing our way, deep cloistered in cool glooms, through miles of bindweed, and thrice were compelled to abandon engines on account of the obstruction of trees, not to mention the hundred and one changes from engine to engine where other trains blocked the lines, or where the lines themselves were so dislocated that we must needs travel a-foot to find another engine, or else, if the ground permitted, proceed without rails. I had, moreover, to go at low pressures, fearing explosion in the weather-worn machinery, creeping through tunnels and stopping whenever darkness came on. Mostly I travelled on engines—of that large-grade kind used in Eastern Europe — coupled to a single waggon in which sat Clodagh. Thrice I passed through cities doubly desolated, once by the arson of my own hand, and once by the earthquake.

Finally, two months and thirteen days from the date of the earthquake, having traversed Turkey, Servia, Bosnia and Istria by nautical means—altitude observations, chart and compass—I let go in the Venice lagoon the lateen sail and stone anchor of a Maltese *speronare* found at Trieste, and thence proceeded up the Canalazzo in a gondola. I said to myself: "In Venice I will pitch my patriarch tent."

But still further westward I was driven. These stagnant canals are now mere miasmas of pestilence, and in two days I was rolling with fever in the old Procurazie, Clodagh standing in pale wonderment at my bedside, sickness being new to her. I had hitherto enjoyed unbroken health, and divining the cause of the malady, with trembling knees I again set out—always westward.

My love of water led me through Lombardy and Savoy to the Lake of Geneva; and here, under the steep brown turret-roofs of the antique Castle of Chillon, where I write these words, we have lived for the last three months.

* * * *

Again driven Westward!

It happened in this fashion.

We had been living at the Castle of Chillon seven months, she occupying apartments overlooking the indigo waters, while I, at the other end, looked from my barred turret-casements into deep elm-forest.

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With her murmuring laugh she presented me with an armful of roses.

She had now taken to western dress, having even, in her adroit way, herself made some of her garments. The airs and graces are natural to her as feathers to a bird, all her dressing showing a certain positive salient quality of taste, ever anew bewitching in its effect. Sometimes, from the forest, she would wave up to me, looking cool in the green shade, training her skirt like a court lady.

This novelty of attire produced a separation between us. I would no more let her approach me. The more she bejewelled and made herself a sachet of sweet scents, chapleting her Greek-dressed head in golden filets, the more I fled her. During the voyage from Imbros, especially during my illness, our intimacy had increased. But now, neither at table was she with me, nor when I was fishing, nor when I took long walks, sometimes extending through days, to Montreux, or Vevey, or Villeneuve. I had myself, somehow, resumed European dress, and my mode of thought was once more quite modern and western.

One day, after an absence, I was returning to the castle, when I was extremely startled to see an object floating in the air above a gentian field. I quickly decided that she had re-invented *the kite*—for she had certainly never seen one. I presently sighted her holding the string. Her invention resembles the kind called "swallow-tail" of old.

On the 21st of July I attained my forty-sixth birthday in good health. I forget now what circumstance had made me mention the date long before; certainly I did not dream that she would keep any count of it; but, about noon, descending by a narrow stairway with fishing-tackle, I met her coming up. With her murmuring laugh she presented me with an armful of roses.

I was at once thrown into a state of agitation. She was dressed in a frippery of white muslin, a rose-diamond at the open neck, and satin slippers without stockings.

I could not speak.

"It is the day!" she cried.

"I—perhaps——"

My manner at once quenched her enthusiasm.

"I have not done long again?" she asked.

"No, no—oh no. Only I could not suppose that you would count up the days. You are—considerate. Perhaps—but——"

"Tell me?"

"Perhaps—I was going to say—you might come fishing with me——"

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"Oh luck! I *like* that."

She liked it, because on two former occasions she had not failed to land three or four to my one, every little hooked rōthel, or carp, throwing her into ecstasies of triumph.

We went down, and out on the lake. She sat in the stern, sending to me in the bows mixed breaths of ambergris and frangipane. We had put every possible inch of distance between us. I said:

"Who told you that flowers are proper to birthdays? Or that birthdays are of any importance?"

"Nothing," she answered, "can happen so important as birth; and perfumes must be ploper to birth, because the wise men blought spices to the young Jesus."

"But you read too much the Bible—all your notions are Biblical—you should read modern books"

"I have tlied; but I cannot lead them long. The whole world seems to have got so collupted. It makes me shudder."

"Ah, now you see, you come round to my point of view," I said.

"Yes and no," she answered, "they had got so *spoiled*. Evelybody seems to have become quite dull-witted—the plainest tluths they could not see. Those faculties which aided them in their stlain to become lich must have been gleatly sharpened, while all the others withered; as I can imagine a person with one eye seeing double thlough it, and blind on the other side. Yet all the time they were stluggling to see—to do light—but without power, like one stliving to stir in a nightmare. They meant well—I am certain, *sure*. That is so pletty in them all! that they meant well—evely one. But they were too tloubled and sad, too awfully burdened; they had no chance at all. Such a queer, unnatulal feeling it gives me to lead of that world; I can't desclibe it! all their motives seem so tainted, their life so lop-sided. Tluely, the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint."

"Right, Clodagh," said I, "and observe that this was no new thing; in the very beginning of the Book we read how God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of his heart only evil——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "that is tlue. But there must have been some *cause*. We can be quite sure that it was not *natulal*, because you and I are human, and our hearts are not evil."

"Ah, you know nothing about my heart, Clodagh," said I.

"I know my own; and I know yours, too," said she.

"You know *mine!*" said I.

"Quite well," said she.

"Then—come—tell me what is in it!" said I.

"I will tell you," said she. "In it is a lebellion, which is good, yet not good. If a stleam will flow, neither tlying to climb upward, nor overflowing its banks, but lunning modestly in fixed channels, just whither it is led, then it will finally leach the Sea—the mighty ocean—and lose itself in Peace."

"Ah? But that counsel is not new; it is what the philosophers used to call 'yielding to Destiny,' and 'following Nature.' And Nature and Destiny often led mankind quite wrong——"

"Or *seemed* to—for a time, as when a stleam flows north a little, and the Sea is to the south; but it is bound for the Sea all the time, and will turn again. Destiny cannot yet be judged, for it is not finished, and our lace should follow blindly whither it points, sure that, thlough many curves, it leads the world to God."

"To God? Girl! you talk speciously, but falsely! Whence have you these thoughts in that head of yours? Girl! Girl! you talk of 'our race'? But there are only two of us left? Are you talking *at* me? Do not *I* follow Destiny?"

"You? ah!"

"What should I do, if I followed it?"

"You would come now and sit near me here! You would be always and for ever near me . . ."

Oh, then I felt my face redden!

"You talk disastrous folly!" I cried; "you lack all sense of responsibility! Never, never——"

"I could make you come *now*, if I chose," she said, covering her face with her left hand, "but I will not. I will wait upon my God . . ."

"Make me! Clodagh! How make me?"

"I could cly before you—as I cly often and often—in seclet——"

"Cry? *you?*"

"Yes, *vely*, *vely* often and often I cly in seclet, thinking of you."

As she said it, I saw her bottom lip push out and tremble. At once I burst into uncontrollable flame.

"Why, my own little dear . . !" I cried, rushing through the staggering boat to seize her.

But mid-way I was saved. A whisper—a

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thousand times more intense than lightning-flash—arrested me: "Forward is no escape, nor backward, but *sideward* there is a way!" I plunged into the lake; I swam to the shore.

Three hours that afternoon I spent in secret agony of thought; and decided that things had reached a climax, and could not continue. Either we must part, or one of us must die.

About six in the evening I found her; and my brow was stern. It was in the elm wood.

"Clodagh," I said, "we are to part—for ever. Oh, I am very sorry, my little child, and heavy is my heart. But it must be done. To leave you alone in the world is death for me. But it must, it *must* be done."

Her face turned sallow, showing up her freckles, but on her lips was a steady confident smile.

"My plan is this," I said, "we go hence together—to-night—to some unknown place by train. Then we separate, and you go one way, I another. We shall thus never be able to rediscover each other in all this wide world."

"I will go in the tlain with you," she answered with slow decisiveness, "but where you leave me, there I will stay till I die. And I will patiently wait till God change you, and send you back to me."

"Well, you speak not like a girl, Clodagh, but like a full woman now," said I. "But still, reflect a minute—oh, reflect! If you stayed where I left you, I *would* go back to you; I know I would. Tell me, then, reflect and tell me—do you refuse to part with me?"

"Yes; I lefuse."

"Then, here are two matches in my grasp; be good enough to draw one."

Now she was startled; I saw her wide and haggard eyes; she had read of the drawing of lots in the Bible.

But she obeyed without a word. I had determined that if she drew the shorter of the matches, she should die; if the longer, then I.

She drew the shorter. I had a loaded revolver in my pocket.

I took it out, and stood with hanging arm, looking at her. She knew its use, for at Imbros I had taught her target-shooting. But her pale lips were still smiling. She glanced at the weapon, and then fixed her eyes upon my face.

While she was smiling, I could not, of course, kill her. But the whole business of lots was, in any case, a farce. I must have intended all through to die in her stead. I walked away, and left her there.

I went to a saloon on the first floor, locked the doors, and for some time walked about. Then I lit the chandelier, and sat to write her some last directions, telling her why I died, begging her to love me always—the weapon being near my hand. Tears were on my face, when, turning, I saw her standing in a terrified pose behind me; at the same time I observed a ladder-end at the open window. By this way she had craftily stolen in.

My hand instinctively rushed to secure the weapon; but she was before me. I darted upon her to wrench it away; but she ran and threw it through the window. I flew to the door, unlocked it, and went pelting down a near staircase to recover it. I was surprised that she did not follow, forgetting the ladder.

But with a horrid shock I remembered it as I reached the bottom. I heard the report of the weapon; and crying out, "Oh, God! she has died for me!" I staggered forward upon her where she lay in her blood.

Had I not been a medical man, she must in truth have died. The ball had entered the left lung obliquely. But after a month she opened her eyes, and smiled with me.

It was then that I said to myself: "This is the noblest, the most lovable, of all the creatures that God has made. She has won my life, and I will live. But at least—to save me—I will put the ocean between her and me."

And thus we are forced still further westwards.

* * * * *

I wished her to remain at Chillon, intending myself to depart for the Americas. But she refused.

I let her accompany me to the coast, we in thirteen days traversing France by petrol and liquid-air traction.

We came to Havre, infirm of will that I was: for in my secret heart I knew that, she being at Havre, and I at Portsmouth, we could still speak together.

I saw her stand lonely on the quay in the sun-set light, as the long-silent screws churned the basin; I saw the out-push of her underlip, and the hurried hiding of her face; and my heart broke. She had meekly acquiesced, and made no attempt to force her presence upon me on the ship. I left her there watching after me, and went out to sea.

I had taken care to overhaul the little dry battery instrument of the telephone in the

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house which she had chosen for her abode. I believe that she lives and sleeps now under the drum, as I here live and sleep, sleep and live under it. The office here stands on the Cumber, so that, hearing her, I can gaze out over the expanse of water, yet see her not; and she, too, looking over the sea toward me, can hear a voice from the depths of nowhere, yet see me not.

"Good morning! Are you there?"

"Why, yes! Good morning!"

"Are you well?"

"Vely well. Are you?"

"Quite well. Have you slept well?"

"Except when you lang me up at midnight. I have had such a dleam . . ."

"Ah. Go on——"

"No; you do not deserve to hear it now."

"Well—what will you be doing to-day?"

"I? It is a blithsome day. Have you nice weather in England?"

"Lovely."

"Well, between eleven and twelve I will gather flowers and cover this loom deep, deep. Wouldn't you like to be here . . .?"

"I? Not I!"

"You would!"

"Why should I?"

"Because your little girl is here—waiting, oh waiting, for you . . ."

"Good-bye. This talking spoils my morning smoke . . ."

So we speak one with the other across the sea.

* * * * *

On the 8th of September, when I had been separated from her only three weeks, I embarked on a vessel lying in the inner harbour, to go to her.

Halfway between Portsmouth and Havre I dropped on the deck, writhing like a man in torture. But after a time the paroxysm passed; and as I resumed my place at the wheel, and turned the bows back to England, I said to myself:

"Oh no, no more! If I could bear it, I would, but I *cannot!* To-morrow as the sun sets—*without fail*—I will kill myself!"

* * * * *

Well! It is finished.

On the early morning of the next day, the 9th, when I bid her good-day through the telephone, she was long silent, then said:

"What is the matter to-day?"

"Matter?" I replied, "nothing!"

"Oh, tell me, tell me!"

"There is nothing to tell, Clodagh."

"But how can you be so *cluel* to me?" she cried, and there was anguish in that voice: "There *is* something to tell—there *is!* I know it by your voice!"

Ah, the thought crossed me then, how on the morrow she would ring, and have no answer; and she would ring again, and have no answer; and she would ring all the day, and ring, and ring; and for ever she would ring, with white hair, and the staring eyeballs of frenzy, and the universe would cry back to her howling wails only one eternal answer of silence. And as I thought it I sobbed aloud:

"May God pity you, woman!"

I don't know if she heard it; she *must*, I think, have heard it. But no reply came. There I stood, shivering like the sheeted dead by the ear-piece, waiting for her next word. At last, after half an hour, she spoke; and, to my surprise, the voice was firm. She said:

"Are you there?"

"Yes"

"What was tne colour of the poison-cloud that destloyed the world?"

"Purple."

"And it had a smell like almond and peach-blossoms?"

"Yes."

"Then there has been *another* eluption! Evely now and again I seem to scent stlange whiffs like that—and there is a purple vapour to the East, which glows and glows. See if you can see it——"

I flew—I looked—but the sky was cloudless. Back again I flew.

"I cannot see it——!"

"Then it has not tlavelled far enough westward yet——"

"My wife! you are my wife now——!"

"Am I? But shall I not soon die?"

"No!—you can escape! My wife! if only for an hour: then sweet death—together, together——!"

"How can I escape?"

"It travelled slowly before—get—quick! You have seen me turn on liquid air—you can steer by the compass: the course is directly N.E. by N.—I will meet you on the sea—oh, begone——!"

I was frantic with bliss. Even when I knew that she was gone I still stood there, hoarsely calling: "My wife! . . . my wife . . .!"

I flew to the ship which had borne me on the previous day. I set out, straining her engines.

The sea was as smooth as a lake. I saw no cloud; but about 9 a.m. on my weather beam, I spied across the water a moving

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object—the glass showed me a Havre-Antwerp boat—making for me.

I bore down upon my bride, waving: and soon I saw her stand like an ancient mariner, but in white muslins that fluttered, at her wheel on the bridge, and she waved a little white thing. And we came nearer, till I could spy her face, her smile, and I shouted her to stop, and in a minute stopped myself, and by happy steering came with slowing headway to a slight crash by her side, and ran down the trellised steps to her, and led her up; and on the deck, without saying a word, I fell to my knees before her, and I worshipped her there as Heaven.

And we were wedded: for she, too, bowed the knee with me under the jovial blue sky; and under her eyes were the little moist semi-circles of dreamy fatigue, so sweet: and God was there and saw her kneel.

* * * * *

I said to her: "We will fly to one of the Somersetshire coal-mines, and we will barricade ourselves against the cloud, and provision ourselves for six months. We have plenty of time, and no crowds to break down our barricades—and there, in the deep earth, we will live sweetly together, till the danger is over-past."

And she smiled at me, and said:

"No, no; don't you tlust in my God? Do you think He would leally let us die?"

For she has appropriated the Almighty God to herself, naming Him "*my* God"—the little impudence; though she generally knows what she is saying, too.

* * * * *

And I am now writing, three weeks later, at a little place called Château-les-Roses, and no poison-cloud, and no sign of any poison-cloud, has come. And this I do not understand.

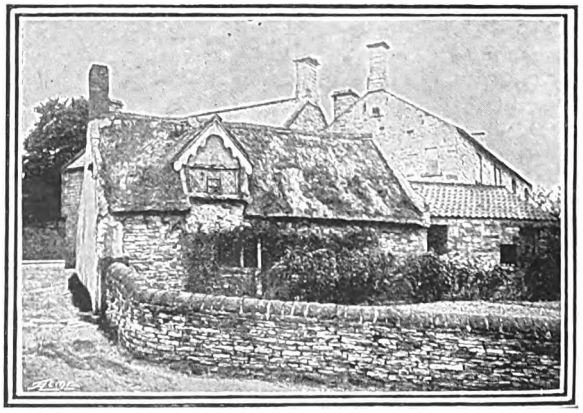
It may be that she divined that I was about to destroy myself. But I do not understand, and shall never ask her.

But I, Adam Jeffson, second Parent of the world, hereby decree that the one Motto proper to the whole race of Man, was always, and remains, even this: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

THE END.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A GREAT REVOLUTION.

WHITTINGTON, which is pleasantly situated on the river Rother, near Chesterfield, is a village of much historic interest, being the birthplace of the great Revolution of 1688, which freed the country from the intolerable despotism of King James II. A plot was concerted to overthrow the Popish power and to dethrone the King, the leading actors in the movement being the Duke of Devonshire, the Earls of Danby and Shrewsbury, John D'Arcy, and Compton (the Bishop of London).



"Revolution House," where the plot to overthrow James II. was conceived.

The conspirators met in the tiny cottage, now known as the "Revolution House," which still stands in Whittington, being a quaint little building composed of rough, uneven stones, with a curious lattice window in the old thatched roof, but at that time it was a prosperous country inn, bearing the sign of the "Cock and Pynot" (magpie), possessing a brewhouse where the renowned old Derbyshire ale was made and dispensed to the travellers and merchants who frequented it. The room where the conference was held still remains, and is called "The Plotting Parlour," which, until quite recently, contained the old armchair in which the Duke of Devonshire sat when he presided over the meeting. It is now carefully preserved at Hardwick Hall.

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PRINCE GEORGE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

How the Duke of Cornwall and York was photographed when a child.

By C. Van Noorden.

Illustrated with Photographs by Adolph Beau.

Generally speaking, there is no greater autocrat than the professional photographer, especially when firmly entrenched in the stronghold of his studio. He is no respecter of personages, and with the greatest coolness, will tell warriors and statesmen, Society beauties and stage celebrities, to modify their pose and expression to suit his august will. In his eyes all men and all women are equal; he views them merely as subjects for the camera.

Yet there comes a time when even the photographer has to yield to a power greater than his own. When a child comes to the studio to be photographed, then he or she reigns supreme, while the photographer dances attendance with indiarubber dolls and toy windmills.

This is so even to-day, when the introduction of the dry plate and the instantaneous shutter has made exposures of small fractions of a second possible under almost any circumstances.

"I can't stand this."

If these difficulties exist to-day, what, then, must have been the sufferings of the photographer of thirty years ago when he had children to deal with? With only the wet collodion plate to assist him, he was forced to give an exposure varying in length from five to twenty seconds. Naturally, with such difficulties to contend against, the results were not always very good, but nevertheless they were often marvellous, when the disadvantages are taken into account.

The portraits forming the subject of this article possess a unique interest, as being some of the very earliest taken of His Royal Highness Prince George, Duke of Cornwall and York.

These likenesses were taken by Mr. Adolph Beau, a well-known fashionable photographer of the time, to whom, with Mr. Silvy (his former partner) is to be given the credit of introducing the full length *carte-de-visite* portrait.

Mr. Beau, in 1867, had his private studio in Regent Street, and here he received a command from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., to take a series of portraits of the Royal children. Miniatures were to be painted from them for presentation to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at Christmas.

In the course of an interesting conversation, Mr. Beau, who is full of anecdotes and a most lively

"Did you say *must?*"

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raconteur, described his struggles with the young Prince, and I have prevailed upon him to give the story to the public.

The Prince of Wales's command was a very difficult one to fulfil, considering that portraits were to be taken of children of a very tender age in November, the "month of fogs" being the worst of the year for photographic operations.

Mr. Beau was greatly aided in his task by those at Marlborough House, the young Prince being brought to the studio in the Royal carriage on no fewer than five successive days, no matter what the weather.

The result was a very interesting series of negatives from all of which the Prince of Wales had copies printed, including the naughty ones and those most suitable for the miniatures.

Prince George, although only two years and five months old at the time, was, in the words of Mr. Beau, "the embodiment of what you might call the most charming specimen of a child, full of life, frolic and liveliness. At the same time he showed a most intelligent disposition coupled with a strongly marked self-will."

He knew quite well what all the fuss was about, and his equanimity having been disturbed by the compulsory quietude of a sitting, he took it into his head after having been placed in a favourable pose, to slip off his seat and totter to the other end of the studio, muttering resolutely to himself: "George won't sit, George won't sit."

Some of the expressions with which Prince George favoured his photographer.

It is within the bounds of possibility that at this point of the proceedings, whatever may have been the photographer's opinion of Prince George as a Prince, his opinion of him as a sitter must have been anything but flattering.

Not once only were these evolutions gone through, for as soon as the young Prince was induced to come back, he would be ready to start off on some other expedition of discovery to the further end of the studio.

In vain did the artist appeal to the governess who accompanied the Royal child. She could do nothing, and merely advised him to be very stern with the little prince, as coaxing had no effect.

Mr. Beau thereupon ran after his Royal Naughtiness, and bringing him back to his seat, willy nilly, said to him in the most impressive tones he could muster: "George *must* sit."

That *must* which probably was seldom used by strangers in speaking to him and which he associated with real authority, had the desired effect on the child, and he submitted to be again placed in position, taking his revenge, however, by making a grimace. He afterwards became more tractable, and several successful exposures were made.

On another of the five days, Mr. Beau happened to mention in the child's hearing how well his eyes would come out in the

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photograph. His Royal Highness immediately began a series of gymnastics with them, winking first one, then the other, and then both at once.

All persuasion being futile to stop these antics, the young culprit had to be taken back to Marlborough House, after a photograph had been taken as a terrible example to show against future misconduct.

In May, 1868, Mr. Beau received a further command from his Royal Patron to come to Marlborough House to take some full-length *carte de visites* of the young Princes. On his arrival he found the juvenile sitters in the garden dressed in holland pinafores and deeply engaged in horticulture with the aid of wheel-barrows.

Prince Edward of Clarence and Prince George of York. The elder brother is showing a good example.

Prince George, his back to the wall, and very good.

Sulky: Prince George won't sit still—without his dog.

As soon as Prince George caught sight of Mr. Beau, no doubt remembering his escapades in Regent Street, he raised one of his hands from his trundling occupation and, pointing at the photographer, exclaimed: "Portrait."

This faculty for recollecting faces his august father, the King, is also said to possess in a high degree.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sent the two gardeners to be dressed in garments more worthy of their station, and in a short time they reappeared like little fairy Princes. They were dressed in blouses of blue velvet of a bright turquoise colour trimmed with broad white lace, which gave a most beautiful effect; around their little hats were curled white ostrich feathers.

As on the former occasion, Prince George was inclined to be naughty. His brother, the late Duke of Clarence, was taken at the same time, but his behaviour was in the greatest contrast to that of Prince George. When seated on a chair, he remained there; when placed in any other position he occupied it as long as the photographer desired. In fact, he was an ideal sitter; and the photographer must have felt thankful that conduct like that of Prince George did not run in the family.

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The Storm: "Where is that dog?"

Tho Calm: "Do I hear pawsteps?"

Sunshine: "Ah! here he is!"

when this device is employed, for most grown-ups, when told to look pleasant, only distort their features into a ghastly grin. Not so, however, with children who are still very young. They, as a rule, consider the blandishments of the photographer as a personal affront and howl vigorously for about an hour. Sometimes their indignation may take another form, but it is generally well calculated to prevent the photographer from taking the required portrait.

Although Mr. Beau found Prince George very lively and restless, he eventually succeeded in securing some excellent photographs. And this success must in no small measure have been due to the judgment with which he managed his somewhat unruly sitter.

For in all the photographs the expression and general pose of the Prince are perfectly natural and genuine, and are obviously not produced by the device just mentioned.

And it will be agreed that they are all the better for it.

In spite of the whims and fancies of the latter, several successful exposures were taken, and some that were not altogether successful when viewed as studies for miniature painting are none the less charming considered simply as studies in expression.

Examine those, for instance, on page 152, which were taken at the studio. The first, with a look of childish wonder, which in the second gives way to an inclination to be restless—this is shown by the slight indistinctness of the photograph. In the next photograph the sitter is everything a sitter should be, patient, demure, and quiet. But then that unfortunate remark about his eyes set him blinking and winking, with the result that there is not much of them to be distinguished in the photograph.

The three portraits on this page also convey with wonderful clearness the changes that took place. In the first, Prince George—may we be pardoned for speaking thus of Royalty—looks rather sulky. In the second he thinks he can hear something approaching. In the third, he breaks into a smile as his dog comes into sight.

A mistake often made by photographers is to try and induce a child to put on a certain expression by artificial means. Even if the subject of the portrait be an adult, the results are sufficiently horrible

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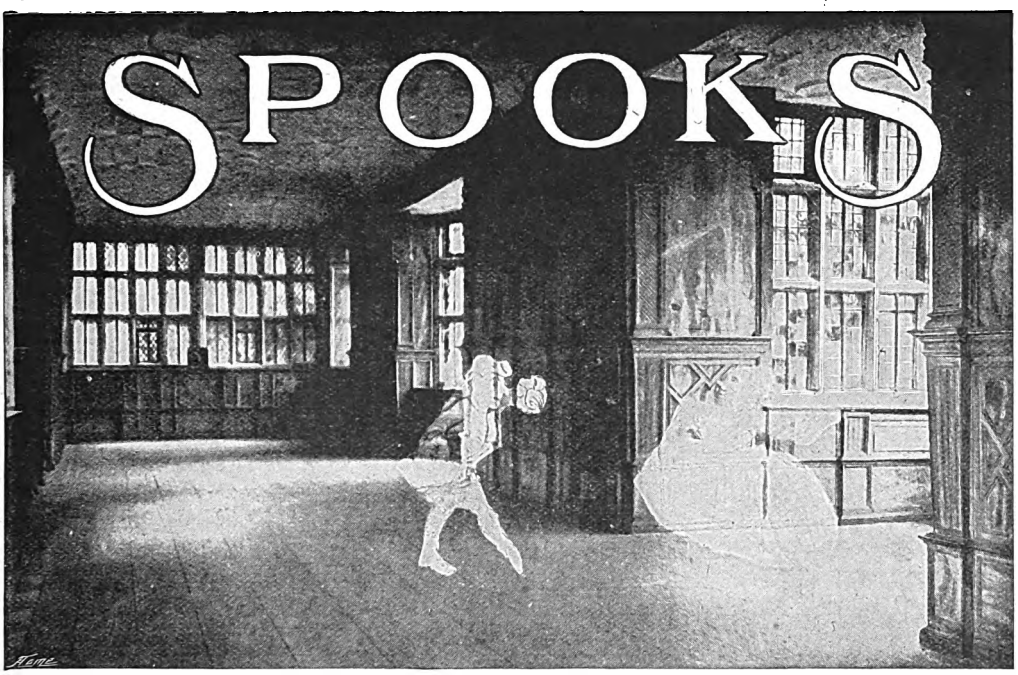
SPOOKS



The spectral dancers of the ball-room.

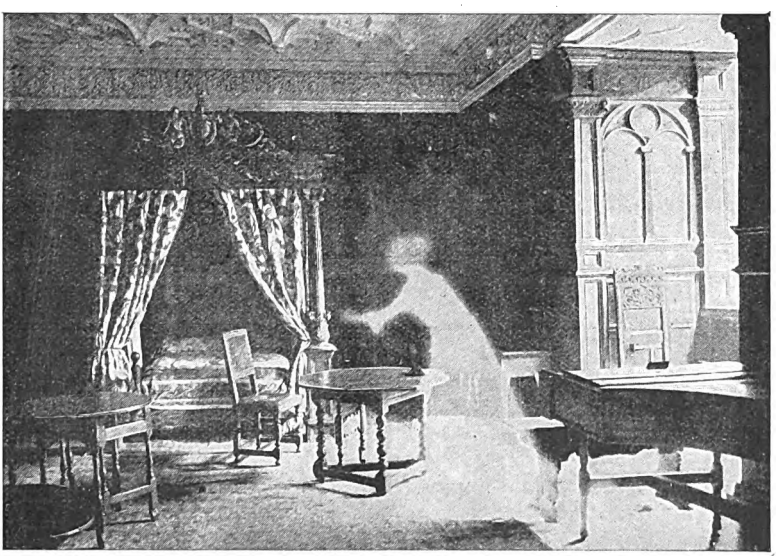
An Interesting Article showing how Ghosts are Manufactured by the Camera.

By Sydney Williams.

Illustrated with Photographs by T. C. Hepworth.

Time was when the ancient and honourable company of ghosts frequently sent one or more of its members to haunt and in various ways to molest any wretched mortal who might transgress its unwritten laws or trespass on its privacy. Indeed, to this day, we find in almost every country town and village a haunted mansion or a ruined abbey where the spirits of long-dead squires and priests are reported to ramble at will. But lucky indeed is the man who can truthfully assert that he has seen one of these ghostly visitants.

Indeed, if the average man of the present day actually did see a ghost, the probability is



The haunted chamber with its nightly visitant. This ghost photograph was printed from two separate negatives, the one on which the figure of the lady appears having been purposely underexposed.

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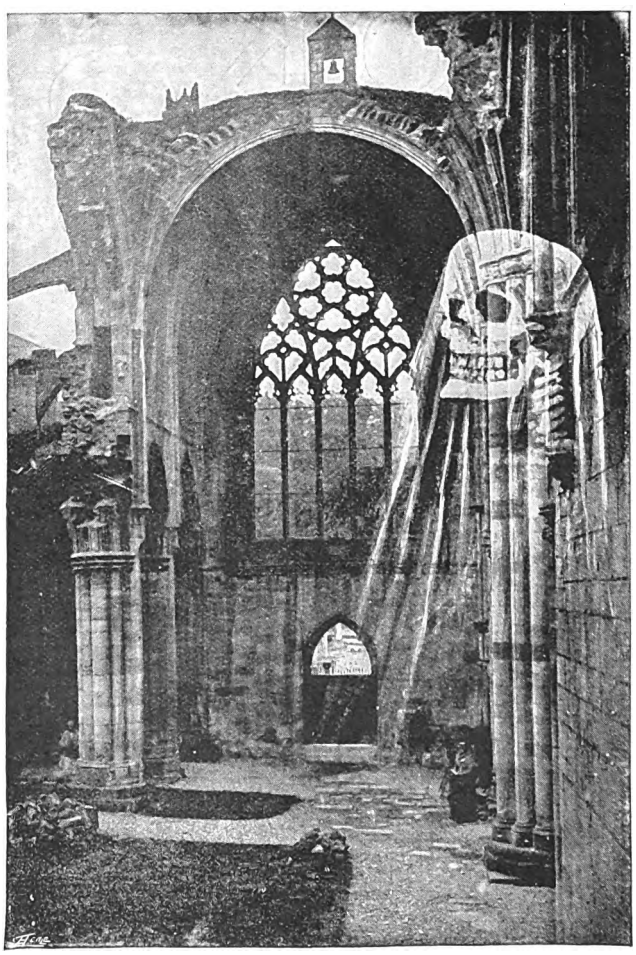

The spectre of the ruined abbey. In this photograph the ghost was impressed on the plate before the rest of the picture was filled in. To obtain the background, the ruins of an abbey, the plate was afterwards exposed in the ordinary way.

that he would sooner believe himself intoxicated than that he had seen with his own eyes a spectre, which, like a sensible person, he would doubtless consider a mythical and imaginary creature.

Even the old-time turnip with the lighted candle inside has lost its terror for the rustic, who having passed the seventh standard at the Board School, knows that it was no ghost, an entirely fabulous creature, but Bill Stubbs, some other yokel, trying to frighten him with an artificial bogey.

No wonder, indeed, that the spirits have deserted us in disgust, preferring probably to haunt some world where their ghostly forms are not put down to the moonlight, and the noises they make to rats or some other such prosaic cause.

Nevertheless, in spite of this dearth of ghostly visitants, most people have seen, at one time or another, a photograph containing a spectral figure, asserted—sometimes seriously, but more often not—to be a ghost. For the benefit of those who have not seen any photographs of this description, several are reproduced in this article, all of them undeniably ghostly in appearance.

In spite of this, however, the photographer did not go to the trouble of persuading some ghosts to pose for him. On the contrary, when his methods are explained, they will be found so simple that the veriest amateur will be able to produce ghost-photographs if he so desires.

There are several methods by which such results may be obtained. The simplest is that in which a human figure is suitably attired and then posed as the ghost. When everything is ready, the photographer gives a very short exposure, far too short to do anything more than get a general impression of the picture on the plate. The ghost immediately moves out of range, and then, while all the other details of the picture remain the same, a second—and this time, normal—exposure is given, making everything come out distinctly on the plate except the ghost, who only appears as a white and unsubstantial spectre. Moreover, it appears transparent also, as the second exposure produces an image of the objects that were behind the ghost and which still seem to be behind it in the photograph.

This method, it will easily be seen, is capable of considerable extension, and any number of ghosts can be introduced into the picture at the will of the photographer. Its chief disadvantage lies in the fact that it is necessary to have at least two accomplices, one to act the part of the spiritual visitant and the other that of the human being who is visited. Of course, it is possible to photograph a ghost alone, but such a picture often looks less convincing than one in which a human being appears as well.

The second method is based on the power

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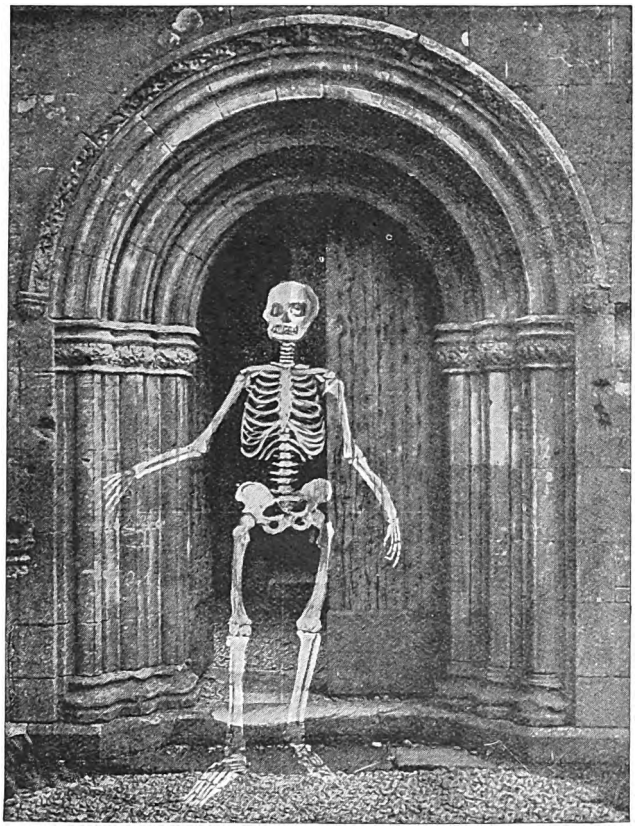
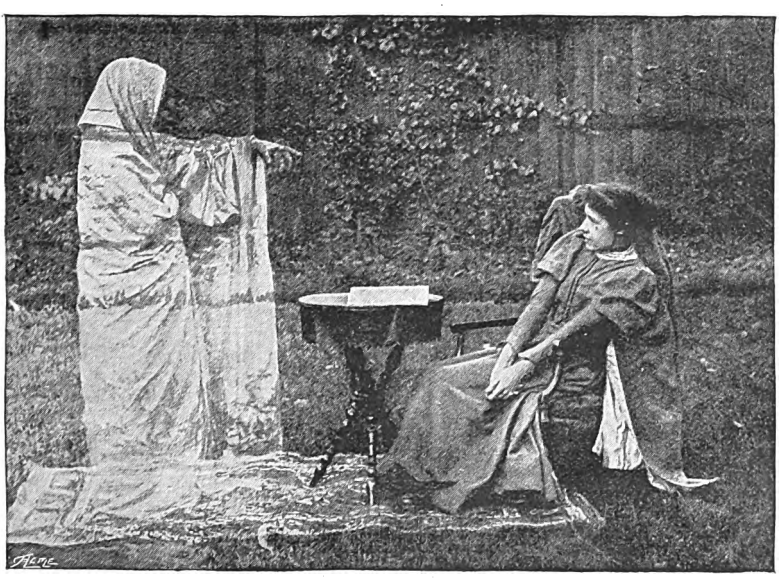
of the modern dry-plate to retain an image for almost any length of time. A short impression is taken of a suitable figure and the plate is then laid by till some future occasion, when the rest of the picture can be filled in.

One hears sometimes of superstitious persons being frightened by the appearance on a photographic plate of the wraith of some departed relative or friend —as they believe. In such cases it has been, of course, the photographer who was responsible for the spiritual manifestation on the plate—his idea being either a practical joke, or, possibly, a deep-laid scheme for blackmail. The method by which the deception would be accomplished in a case like this is the one just described, a plate with a ghost already on it being used.

A third way is to act directly on the plate, either before or after exposure. This method is simple in the extreme, but the results are as a rule rougher than those obtained by the other methods. All that is necessary is to cut a piece of cardboard to the size and shape of the required spectre, paint it over with some substance



The figure of the skeleton was first painted in Chinese white on black paper and then photographed. The gateway is the subject of a separate negative.



The messenger of doom. This photograph was taken with two exposures on the same plate. After one short exposure the "ghost" moved out of the picture, which was then again exposed to make it clear.

which will have an action on the sensitised plate, and apply it direct to the plate. Some phosphorescent compound is the best substance to use for painting the cardboard.

The chief drawback to this method is, as was mentioned before, the fact that the ghost does not come out very clearly, but is inclined to appear only as a blob of white light.

A photograph like that in which a skeleton appears standing at the

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gateway of a castle, is taken by a different method. The skeleton is first painted in Chinese white upon black paper and then photographed. The rest of the picture is the subject of a separate negative, the two being printed so as to form one picture.

There are still more simple means of producing uncanny effects upon a photograph. Perhaps the simplest of all would be to operate direct upon the negative with a pencil in the following manner. Cover the back of the negative with a piece of tracing paper, or *papier mineral*, and upon this draw the spirit form required, remembering that the blacks will print white, and *vice versâ*. When the negative is printed from, the spirit form, being removed from actual contact with the paper by the thickness of the glass, will not be so sharply defined as the rest of the picture, and will therefore have the slight amount of "fuzziness" which, for some occult reason, is associated with spooks.

This photograph and the two on the next page were all printed from two negatives, one containing the ordinary details of the picture, and the other the "ghost."

A more scientific way of producing intentional markings upon a photographic plate is by means of the X-Rays, and there is no doubt that ghost-like figures could by this means be conveyed to a receptive surface from a considerable distance. More than this—as the rays will penetrate through wood and cardboard, it would be quite possible to affect a plate, although the apparatus happened to be in an adjoining room.

Thus the X-Rays might be employed in impressing a ghostly form on a photographic plate, although that plate was contained in a box, or in the usual dark slide of the camera. A stencil, cut into the form of a ghost in metal foil, placed momentarily over the box or slide holding the photographic plate in the path of those rays, would be infallibly impressed as if by light. Thus the image would become visible on development, together with the image of any person for the production of whose portrait the plate might have been utilised.

There is nothing elaborate in the apparatus required in any of these methods except the last one, and the rawest amateur should be able, after a little practice, to produce results calculated to make the hair of any superstitious relative stand on end with fright, if he or she have not been initiated into the mystery.

Indeed, for the practical joker, an endless field of action is opened up by these devices. Nowadays, he can, of course, pursue his nefarious calling with impunity, for the

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customs of the good old times are passed away, and the village pond is no longer the receptacle for all those who deal, however slightly, in things supernatural.

In the good old times, of course, the method of dealing with supposed witches and wizards was drastic in the extreme. Any unhappy wretch who was suspected of witchcraft was dragged to the pond and held under the surface

A ghost who adapts himself to modern improvements and appears in a drawing-room.

The ghost of the cloister.

for about five minutes. If, at the end of that time, he was dead, the finger of Fate had clearly punished him for his sins. If he was still alive, then, obviously, he had survived by witchcraft, and the sooner he was killed the better. Some such terrible fate would certainly have overtaken the writer of this article if he had lived three or four hundred years ago.

The ghosts in the photographs illustrating our subject are of many different types, but all are well known.

Everyone has read of the spectral monk and the ghost of the cloister; while the dancers who go through a stately minuet night after night for centuries, perhaps in the hall of some ancient castle, are the subject of many old and familiar tales.

But, though our illustrations cover a lot of ground, fresh ideas will be thought of by every photographer who takes up this branch of photography, which, though it may not be especially artistic, is certainly extremely interesting, and capable of wide application.

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A BIG BILL

By Owen Oliver.

I was just finishing breakfast when the misunderstanding began.

"The fact is, my dear," I said, "I've a big bill to meet."

"Bother your bills!" said Kitty.

"By all means. They bother me enough."

She stood by the fireplace tapping the fender with her foot.

"I shall never see another like it," she remarked mournfully. "It's quite cheap. Only two guineas."

I groaned.

"Two guineas! For a hat!"

"Ye—es. It isn't dear, really, Fred; not for what it is. Why I saw one in *Toke & Tile's* last week with *ever* so much less on it—just a plain straw and—" I fear I forget the descriptions.

"I really can't manage it," I told her, when she paused for breath. "I don't want to grumble, Kit; but you've had £3 over your dress allowance already."

She flushed hotly.

"You need not throw it in my face, if I have. Uncle John never did."

Uncle John is a crusty old bachelor. He brought Kitty up. People said that he spoiled her. I should have said so myself, only I did not see how any change of bringing up could possibly have improved her.

"Uncle John is rich. I'm not." She turned her back on me and shrugged her shoulders. When I had finished lacing my boots, I took hold of them—her shoulders, I mean—and turned her round. "You shouldn't have been so silly as to marry a poor man." She held me by the lappels of my coat and smiled.

"Perhaps I like you as well as hats," she said. "I'm afraid I'm dreadfully extravagant!" She sighed. "It *is* such a love!"

"Perhaps next month—?" She shook her head.

"It will be gone then."

"There are as good hats in the shops as ever came out of them."

She shook herself impatiently.

"No doubt it is a joke to you. *You* would not care if I wore a last year's hat to Paddington to meet Bill to-morrow." Bill was her brother.

"I feel in love with your last year's hats."

"The last year's *me*."

"Every year's *you*," I assured her. We had only been married seven months.

"I can do very well without it, dear," she said after a short interval.

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"If it weren't for that bill," I said doubtfully. "I don't know that they'd press me. Perhaps I might—"

"No, no! I won't. You'll lose your train, Fred."

She held up my overcoat and I slipped into it.

"I'd like you to have it, of course," I told her. She looked at me with her head on one side and a finger on her lip.

"If I mentioned to Uncle John that I'd seen a hat that I liked——"

"No, no!" I said sharply. "It's my business to keep you now, not Uncle John's." To be candid, he and I did not get on very well.

"I'm sorry to—to be a burden." She took out her handkerchief. "You're very unkind."

"Don't be bad friends, Kit."

"I—I'm not. Only—"

I could see that she was thinking of fresh arguments. So I kissed her quickly and fled. I congratulated myself on my escape till I reached the corner, and looked back and saw Kitty smiling and waving her hand. Then I realised that she would have the hat after all!

When I arrived at the office I found a telegram, saying that her brother William's ship had reached Plymouth a day before time, and that he would get to Paddington about 1.50 p.m. Also, I found a request from one of our best customers that I would call on him at 1.45. So I sent a wire to Kitty:

Cannot meet Bill
Due to-day 1.50
Ask Uncle John
Fred.

When I had finished my urgent business I rushed off home, arriving just before three. Kitty met me at the door. She was naturally excited.

"Has he come?" I inquired.

"Yes. He's in the drawing-room."

I entered hastily, but her brother was not there. Her uncle was. He stood upon the hearthrug with his back to the fire and his arms under his coat-tails.

"Pleased to see you," I remarked affably.

"No doubt!" He ignored my hand, and frowned at me over his spectacles.

"Well," I said with some annoyance, "I don't quite—er—"

"A pretty mess you've made of things!" I regarded him with astonishment.

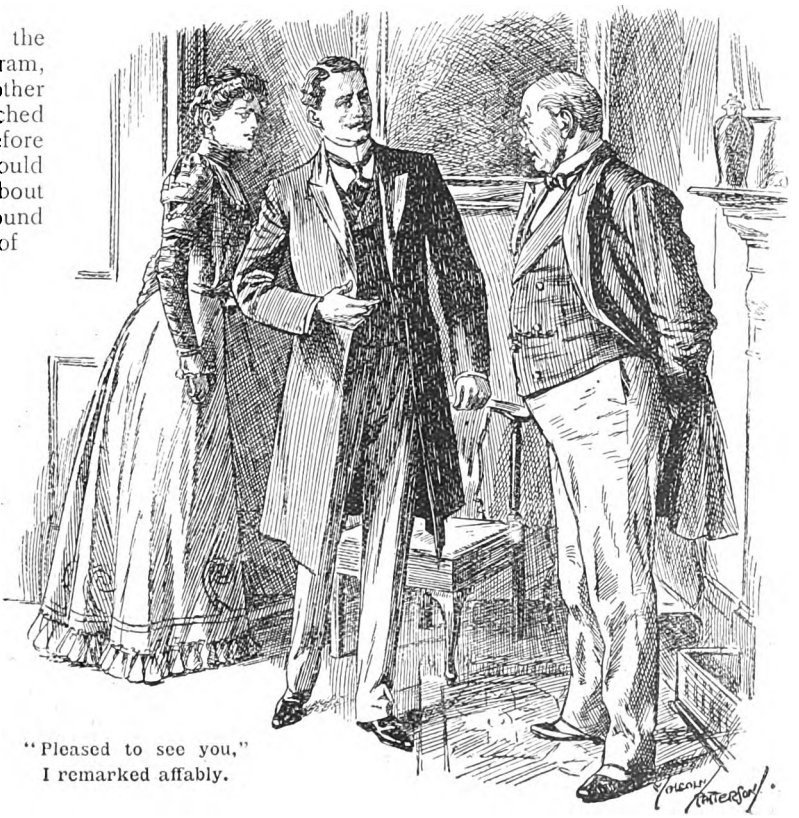
"I don't know what right—" I began; but Kitty pressed my arm suddenly. I noticed that she had been crying.

"However," he continued, "I expected something of the sort sooner or later." He applied the poker to the fire as though the coal represented my head.

"I'm sure it's not Fred's fault," Kitty protested. I was too bewildered for speech.

"A man," said he, flourishing the poker, "has no business to marry unless he can keep his wife properly."

"Kitty has told you!" I looked at her reproachfully.



"Pleased to see you," I remarked affably.

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"Read this, William," he commanded.

"What else did you expect?"

I shook my arm free from hers and paced the room savagely.

"Anyhow I've done my best for her."

"Oh, yes!" She tried to take my arm again, but I would not let her.

"I never thought you'd round on me, Kit," I remonstrated, a trifle unsteadily.

"Who said she has?" snapped her uncle.

"She had no business to speak to you about it."

"You told me to!" she cried.

I raised my eyebrows.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"But—" she began. Uncle John stopped her with a wave of the hand.

"Anyhow, Kitty has told me. Of course I cannot let her want. I have written a cheque for the amount, but—"

"She shall not touch it," I vowed ferociously. "If you think that you are going to insult me in my own house—"

"Fred!" pleaded Kitty. "Fred!"

"You are an insolent young—idiot!" roared her uncle.

"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—" Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm round her.

"As for the hat," I told her huskily, "I made up my mind this morning that you should have it."

"Oh!" she wailed. "As if that mattered!"

"If it doesn't matter, why did you speak about it to your uncle?"

She looked up at me with her eyes swimming. She has the loveliest eyes.

"Of course I didn't!"

"You young—ass!" said he.

I stared at them both.

"Then," I inquired, "whatever are you talking about?"

At that moment there was a bang at the front door, and we heard Brother Bill's big voice.

"Not a word before Bill, for my sake," Kitty pleaded.

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Her uncle and I glared at one another as we nodded. Then her brother rushed in like a breath of fresh air. He is a huge, good-natured, breezy fellow.

"Hulloa, little Kit. Prettier than ever!" He hugged her.

"Why, uncle, you get younger every day!" Uncle John grunted a mollified grunt.

"Fred, you old bounder, why didn't you meet me? I suppose you got my wire, saying I was due at one-fifty?"

"Yes, old man. I couldn't get off, so I wired to Kit. I thought she'd get her uncle to bring her; but—" I looked at her. She looked at Uncle John. Uncle John looked at me. Brother Bill looked at us all in wonder.

After we had stared at one another for a few moments, Uncle John burst into an extraordinary roar of laughter. I had never heard him laugh before. Kitty always said that he did so biennially.

She began laughing and crying together, till Bill and I shook her, to stave off hysterics.

"I think," I confided to him, "they've both taken leave of their senses this afternoon."

Uncle John gave another yell. Then he picked up a telegram from the octagonal table.

"Read this, William," he commanded. This was my telegram, as delivered:

Cannot	meet	bill	due	to-day
one	hundred	and	fifty	Ask
Uncle	John.			

Fred.

"If I had my way," remarked Uncle John, "I would dismiss every telegraph clerk in the service!"

"What!" I cried. "You thought I wanted to borrow the money!"

Uncle John took a pinch of snuff very deliberately.

"It seems," he confessed, "that I misjudged you, nephew." He had never called me that before.

"I misjudged you too, Sir," I said slowly. "Only I think you might have asked particulars, before—"

"Before he wrote us a cheque," suggested Kitty, pulling it out of her pocket and squeezing my arm appealingly.

"It was very good of you, Sir," I confessed gratefully. He blew his nose furiously. Then he held out his hand and I shook it.

"We shall understand one another better in future, my boy."

Kitty laughed in her quick way, and patted her brother's arm.

"Thanks to—Our Big Bill!"

THE illustration here given is a reduced facsimile of one of Tom Browne's exceedingly humorous illustrations to Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's merrily irresponsible book, "The New Master." It is so rarely that one comes across a really funny book that it is with pleasure that we are able to recommend this story of the trials of a new master in a boy's school to anyone who enjoys a good joke, or who has a fit of the "blues" and wishes to be put in a good temper.

It is intended for sheer amusement, and for this purpose it would be hard to find a better volume.

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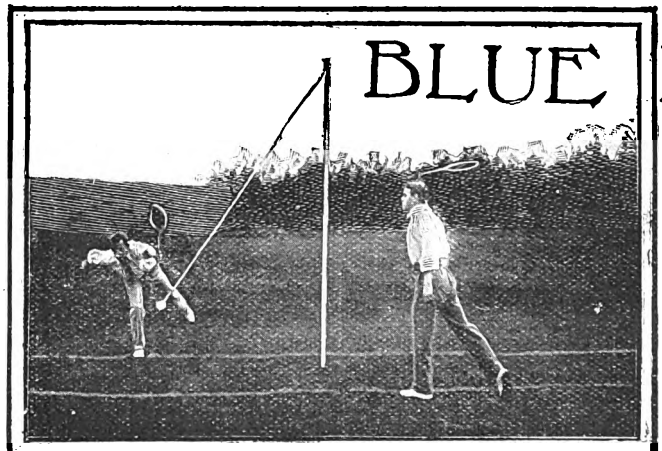
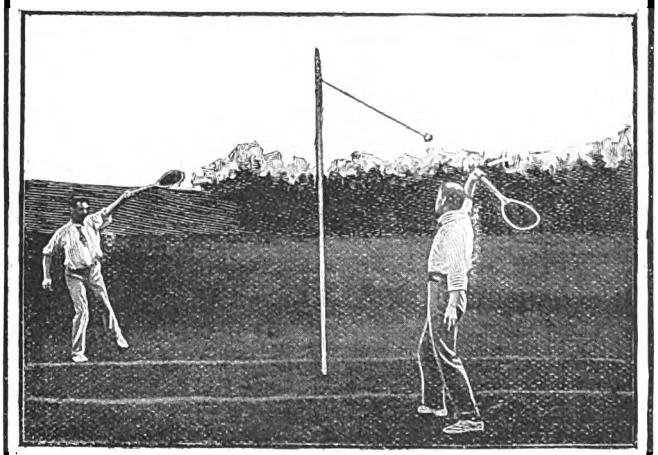
BLUE MONKEY

Showing how to Make the Most of the Possibilities of a Garden.

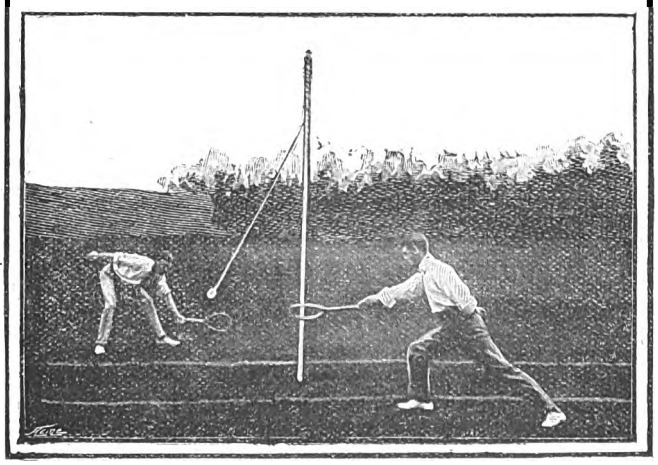
By John Jones.



The start of a vigorous game.



The left-handed player hits high.



How to meet a low return.

"Come along, I'll take you on at squish-squash."

"What?"

"Squish-squash — you know—blue-monkey."

"*Blue-monkey?*"

"Yes; that's only another name for lika-polo."

"Lika-a what?"

"Lika-polo, or spiral-polo —you may take your choice of names."

"Personally," said I, "I have no preference whatever; each seems as idiotic as the other. Are you sure that there aren't any other names for it?"

"Well," said my friend, "I think blue-monkey is the best name, but certainly the Smiths always call it bumble-puppy, while Jones prefers——"

"Bumble-puppy?" (At last I saw light.) "Why didn't you say so at first?" I cried. "Of course I know bumble-puppy. But," I added (it was a lovely summer morning, and I had just come down from Town to enjoy a quiet day in the country with my friend) "but isn't it rather early for cards?"

"*Cards?*" (He was mystified now.) "Oh, good gracious, you are thinking of dummy-whist bumble-puppy! This isn't that. This is outdoor bumble-puppy, garden bumble-puppy, lawn bumble-puppy — the greatest lawn game going when the ground's too wet for tennis. It's no end of good fun. Come along."

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"Then," said I, relieved to find it was an out-door game after all, "I'm with you. Squish-squash, blue-monkey, lika-polo, spiral-polo, bumble-puppy, or what-not—however you call it, I'm your man. Lead on."

My friend led the way out into the garden, and there, just beyond the top of the rain-sodden tennis court, a high pole had been erected, jointed in the middle, with a string hanging from the top almost to the ground, and with a ball, encased in a net, at the end of the string. Two parallel lines had been marked out, each about a yard from the pole.

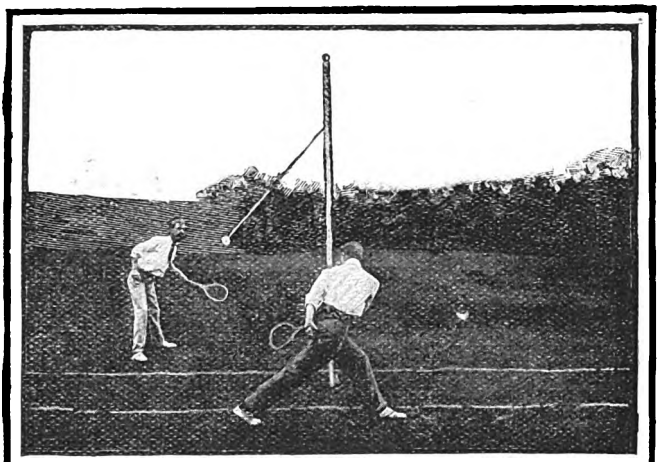
"Now," said my friend throwing off his hat and coat, discarding his tie, and rolling up his sleeves, as though stripping for a fight, "you take this racquet and stand over there, and as soon as I've said the word 'Go,' you must concentrate all your efforts on keeping the ball flying round and round the stick in the same way that the sun goes; I'll try to keep it flying round the other way, and whoever gets all the string wound up first, wins a point. All you have to remember is not to come over the line. Are you ready?"

He took the ball in his hand, and swung it gently across to my side of the pole.

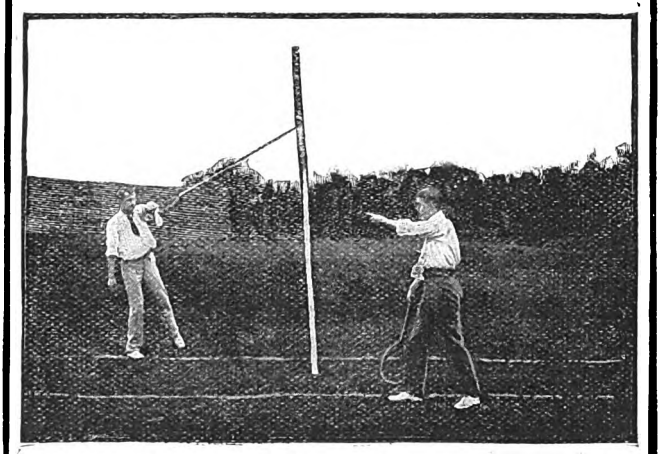
I hit it with my racquet, with all my strength, and stopped to see what he would do.

The next thing I saw was a blaze of lights, as the ball cannoned off my right eye.

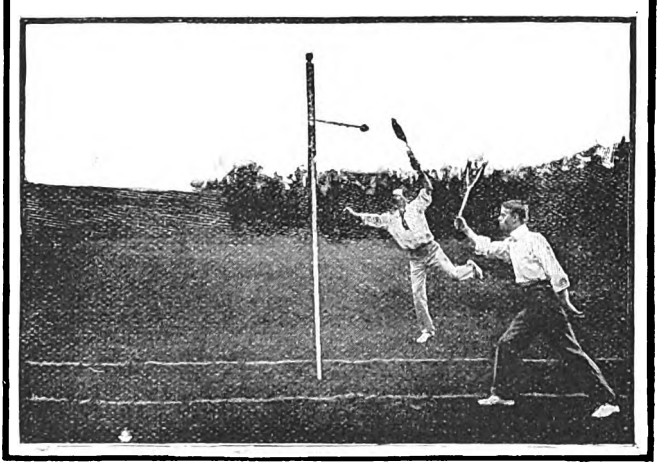
"Sorry," cried my friend, "but never mind, keep the pot a-boiling!" And he hit the ball with terrific force, sending it flying over my head, and twirling round the pole. As it shot past him, he caught it another terrific blow, and again it flew over my head and around the



A study in pose.



"Foul!" The striker's racquet is entangled in the string.



An exciting moment—the string is almost wound round the pole.

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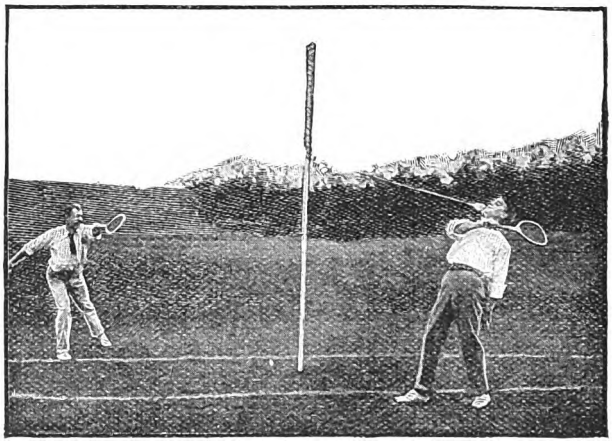
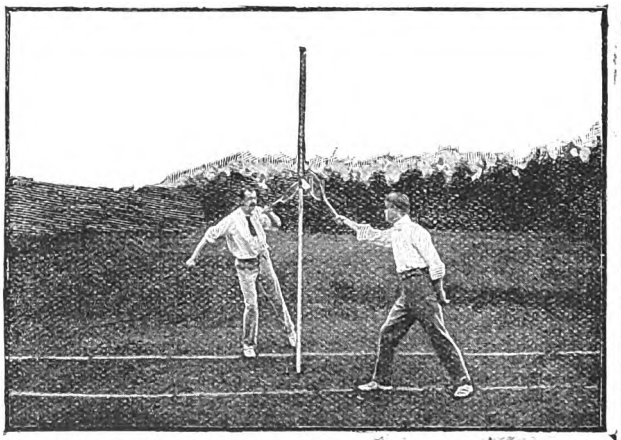
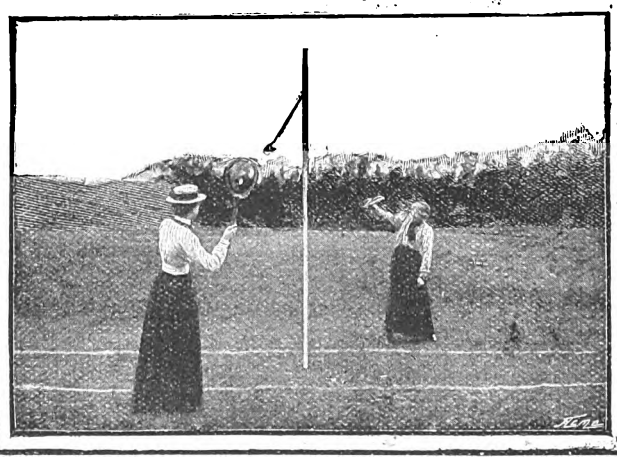


A smack in the face.



"Victory!" The left-handed player wins a game by making the ball touch the pole.



A lady's set.

pole; again he hit, with the same result, again, and again, each time sending it flying high over my head, until finally the ball knocked against the pole, all the string having been neatly wound round it.

"*That's* the way to play," cried my friend joyously. "That gives me three points — thirteen points make one game. Come along, keep the pot a-boiling!"

He twisted the ball around the pole until all the string was unwound; then he said, "Are you ready? Go!" again, and again swung the ball across to my side.

So far I had hit the ball once to his twenty times. He had been having all the fun and had scored one point—I had scored a black eye. This time I determined to do better.

So, as before, I hit the ball when he swung to me with a fine swinging stroke, and though he managed to return it, I managed to volley it back again in the way I wanted it to go. For half a minute we kept up a vigorous volleying, he patting the ball round the pole one way, I patting to round the other way—whenever I could reach it.

For half a minute, as I say, we played vigorously — and then he returned the ball to me in the softest, simplest way in the world. I dealt it a fearful blow — but, unfortunately, instead of hitting the ball, I hit the string, so that the ball merely wound itself around the handle of my racquet!

"Ha, ha," jeered my friend, "the penalty for that is that you give me a point. Start it off again."

I put all my energy into the task of driving that miserable ball round that miserable pole, to keep, as my opponent said, the pot a-boiling. I hit harder than ever—and soon my friend had all his work cut out to

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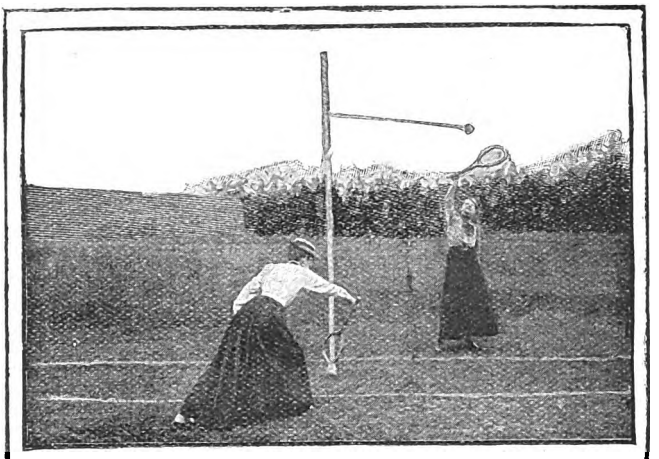
prevent me scoring. It was lucky for him, indeed, that one of the finest strokes I had made had the bad luck to send the ball flying off the end of the string into a neighbour's garden, or he might not have won the first game at all. As it was, he penalised me, as usual, by adding another point to his score, which gave him the game.

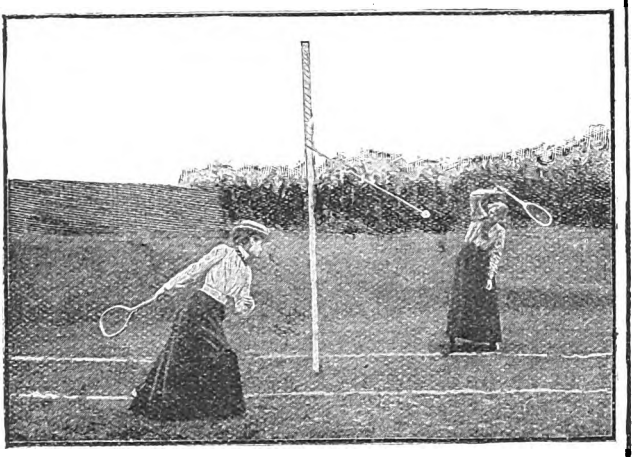
For two mortal hours we played at blue-monkey. At the end of that time I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand; I could hardly raise my right arm; my shoulder felt as though every demon of rheumatism in the world had settled upon it. The score stood at six sets of thirteen points each to my opponent's credit; my score was nil.

My friend tried to persuade me to play just one more set, but I said my only desire just then was to go indoors and lie down on a sofa. I said that his blue-monkey tricks made me tired.

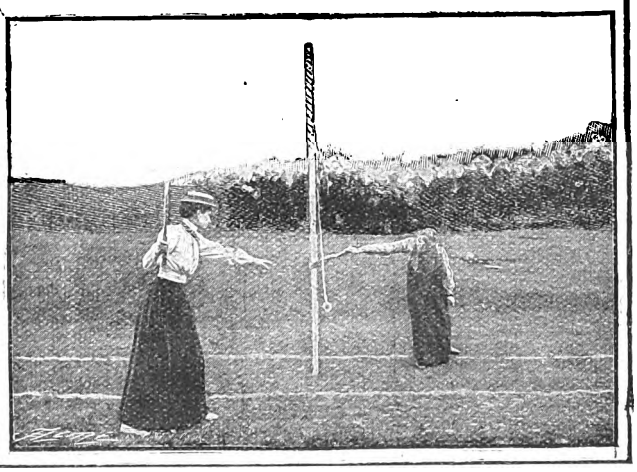
NOTE.—Our contributor takes a somewhat exaggerated view of "blue-monkey." This game of many names is voted by all who know it well to be the next best game to lawn-tennis it is possible to play. It has the advantage over tennis that it can be played in any garden with a few square yards of space. All the accessories can be "bought in a box," or they can be easily extemporised; a high pole, a piece of string, a ball, and a couple of racquets are all that is required. Blue-monkey can be played in summer and winter, and will be found full of exhilaration. The chief rules to bear in mind are that neither player must cross the line, or hit the pole with his racquet, or strike at the ball in such a way that the string becomes caught over his racquet—the penalty for any of these contingencies being the loss of a point. Three points are scored when a player succeeds in winding all the string round the pole so that the ball rests against it above its middle; and thirteen points go to one game.



A clever back-handed return.



Vigorous hitting.



"Sticks!" The penalty for hitting the pole is to lose a point.

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"FLO"

A STORY TOLD IN DOCUMENTS BY ALBERT SPENCER

1

4 Park Terrace
Brighton
March 8th 1900

My dear Nephew
Flo has left Town
for a few days. To stay with Aunt Tabby
for a little change.
I know your Mother will
be pleased to have her for
a time. She arrives at
London Bridge at 12.2 to-morrow
(Wednesday) I rely upon you
to meet her without fail.
Send to take care of
her Your affectionate Aunt
Algernon Dear Eye Tabitha Sole

2

5 MIDDLE TEMPLE
E.C.

Wednesday

Dear Mater,

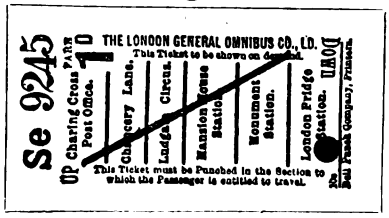
Aunt Tabby writes that she is sending Cousin Flo to us for a change. I didn't know Flo was staying with her; but you'll like to have her, won't you?

I am meeting her at London Bridge. We shall arrive home at about six.

Love—

Algy

3


Se 9245
THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS CO., LD.
This Ticket to be shown on demand.
1D
UP Charing Cross Post Office
Chancery Lane
Mansion House Station
Monument Station
London Bridge Station
DOWN
This Ticket must be Punched in the Section to which the Passenger is entitled to travel.
Bell Punch Company, Printers.

4

A.
Prefix ____ Code ____

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.
(Inland Telegrams.)

No. of Telegram ____

For Postage Stamps.
The Stamps must be affixed at the window, and must not be on the Address. Any Stamps which are not used here should be affixed at the back of this Form.

A Receipt for the Charges on this Telegram can be obtained, price 1 penny.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions | Words | Sent At ____ m. | Charges | To ____ | By ____

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words 6D. Every additional word 1/2D.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Cannot find Flo

FROM { Algernon

Every word telegraphed to charged for, whether in addresses or text.

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

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5

Eyre & Spottiswoode, London.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

No. of Telegram.....

Office Stamp.

BRIGHTON * MY 9 00 H.T.O

If the accuracy of an Inland Telegram be doubted, the telegram will be repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than ½d. being reckoned as ½d.; and if it be found that there was any inaccuracy, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the repetition of Foreign Telegrams.

Charges to pay £ s. d.

Handed in at Brighton at 3·5 p.m., Received here at 3·36 p.m.

TO Vere 5 Middle Temple London

Flo must be found Basket
babelled Persian Cat Valuable to
be delivered at London Bridge
to Algernon Vere Esq If
lost shall never forgive Great
suspense Dole

6

London, Brighton & South Coast Railway.

REGISTERED 2008

Goods Office,
London Bridge Terminus, S.E.
May 10th, 1900.

Sir,

In reply to your letter of yesterday I beg to state that the animal to which you refer was duly delivered, as consigned, to the order of Algernon Vere.

I enclose receipt for your inspection and favour of return.

Yours faithfully,
T. Snookson,
for GOODS MANAGER.

Algernon Vere, Esq.

The London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company (63)

Give Public Notice [illegible]

London Bridge. P. 81 1877

Delivery Porter. Van number. Time issued. 19

In case this Sheet be lost, 2s. 6d. reward will be given to any party returning the same to the Company.

Station	Description	Mark and Nos	Name		Address	Delivery s. d.	Total Amount to Pay	Signature
London Bridge	Prohibited	Persian Cat	Algernon Vere		To be called for			Algernon Vere.

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7

5 MIDDLE TEMPLE
E.C.

14th May, 1900

Dear Little Flo,

What I meant was that I'd anticipated events a bit. Everyone said I was sure to get the beast back if I offered a reward. So I wired Aunt Tabby that I had found it – just to save a fuss!

Now the police think it must have been sold to a dealer before I advertised; but I should not know it if I saw it in a shop.

Couldn't you run up and help? If I couldn't get the cat, it would be jolly to have you!

Yours in haste & devotion –

Algy

P.S. Do answer the question in my last letter.

8

3 CAREY St
EASTBOURNE

May 15th 1900

Dear old Algy,

Of course I will come and help you look for the horrid thing. I know exactly what it is like. We must find it, or Aunt Tabby will never forgive you.

I shall leave by the 10-15 tomorrow. There is no need for you to come down to Redhill to meet me.

With cousinly love

Florence Meadows

P.S. One Persian cat is much like another.

P.S. 2. Of course if you really want to come to Redhill, it would be nice to have company.

P.S. 3. You should not ask silly questions – you know I do.

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9

Established 1842

Mr A Vere

May 14th 1900

Dr to H. BUDDING & SONS
Florists.

108 COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Terms Cash

	Early Roses		10	6
	Buttonhole		1	9
	Received with thanks J Budding		12	3

T.P.T.L. | The Palace Theatre, Limited. Manager Mr. CHARLES MORTON
17/5/1900 | Evening Performance Saturday, May. 17, 1900.
B 14. FAUTEUILS | FAUTEUILS. PRICE 7/6 Row B No 14.
This Portion Admits One Person to the Theatre and is to be given up

10

T.P.T.L. | The Palace Theatre, Limited. Manager Mr. CHARLES MORTON
17/5/1900 | Evening Performance Saturday, May 17, 1900.
B 15. FAUTEUILS | FAUTEUILS. PRICE 7/6 Row B No. 15.
This Portion Admits One Person to the Theatre, and is to be given up

11

A. Prefix: _____ Code _____

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. (Inland Telegrams.)

No. of Telegram _____

For Postage Stamps.
The Stamps must be affixed by the Sender, and must not overlap. Any Stamp for which there is not room here should be affixed at the back of this Form.

A Receipt for the Charges on this Telegram can be obtained, price Twopence.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions | Words | Sent At ____ M.
Charge | To ____
By ____

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words, 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word telegraphed is charged for, whether in addresses or text.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Do	not	worry	He's	well
and	happy	Taking	great	care
of	her	She	grows	fonder
of	me	every	day	

FROM { Algernon

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

(This Paper Manufactured and Printed by McCORQUODALE & Co. Limited.)

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12

Established 1781 817 Regent Street W.

M A. Vere Esq May 29th 1900

5. Middle Temple E.C.

Dr to

STONE, SON & STONE.

COURT JEWELLERS.

(By Appointment)

	Diamond & Sapphire Ring	15	15	0
	Gold Brooch chased and Engraved 7 L O.	2	15	0
	£	18	10	0

13

115 Seven Dials

Mr Vere

BOT OF

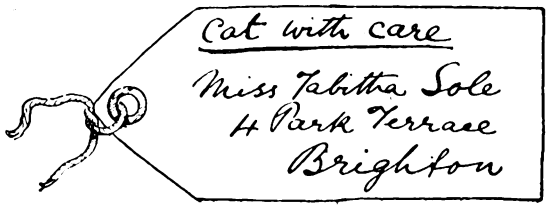
SAMl DOGGETT.

Dealer in Live Stock and Animals' Food.

may 30	Persin Cat to order	5	5	0

FAMILIES WAITED ON REGULARLY.

14



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15

4 PARK TERRACE
BRIGHTON

May 31st 1900

Algernon

I have returned the knocked Guarrilesome Lousy Cat, Which you disthoughtly substituted for my Sweet darling, Unless you send her at once. I shall instruct Mr Grabbet to take proceedings - The person who would steal my Persian cat is no Nephew of mine -

Tabitha Sole

16

Codicil

I Tabitha Sole hereby revoke any and every bequest to my nephew Algernon Vere and direct that whenever the name of the said Algernon Vere is mentioned in my Will of the 15th day of December 1891 the said Will shall be read and construed as if the Home for Incurable Cats were substituted for the name of the said Algernon Vere

Given under my hand this 31st day of May in the year 1900

Signed by the Testatrix in the presence of us both present at the same time who in her presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as Witnesses . . . . . } Tabitha Sole

Thomas Prim Clerk in Holy Orders

William Ethel of Southsea Gentleman.

17

A. Prefix ____ Code ____ | POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. (Inland Telegrams.) | No. of Telegram ____

Office of Origin and Service Instructions. | Words. | Sent At ____ M. | For Postage Stamps. The Stamps must be affixed by the Sender and must not overlap. Any Stamp for which there is not room here should be affixed at the back of this Form.

Charge. | To ____ | By ____ | A Receipt for the Charges on this Telegram can be obtained, price Twopence.

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words, 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word telegraphed is charged for, whether in addresses or text.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Heart	broken	by	unjust	suspicion
Must	have	been	stolen	on
journey	Am	investigating		

FROM { Algernon

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

(This Paper Manufactured and Printed by McCORQUODALE & Co. Limited.)

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18

115 Seven Dials

Mr Vere

BOT OF

SAMl DOGGETT.

Dealer in Live Stock and Animals' Food.

June 1	Persin She cat of Afeckshinit dispersition	£	s	d
	Teachin to anser to name of Flo		5	0
	Expensis	1	1	0
	credit He cat returned	9	14	0
		3	3	0
		6	11	0

FAMILIES WAITED ON REGULARLY.

19

Codicil

I the undersigned Tabitha Sole hereby make and annex this Codicil dated the thirty first of May 1900 to my Will of the fifteenth of December 1899 and direct that the said Will shall remain in force and that the bequests therein made to my dear Nephew Algernon Vere shall hold good in all respects as if the Codicil before named had not been executed.

Given under my hand this 1st day of June in the year 1900.

Signed by the Testatrix in the presence of us both present at the same time who in her presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as Witnesses

Tabitha Sole

Thomas Venn Clerk in Holy Orders

John Richard Merchant retired formerly at Petersham Surrey

20

road, S.E.
of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

VERE—MEADOWS.—On the 15th inst., at St. David's Church, by the Rev. Ed. Larcombe, M.A., assisted by the Rev. John Drew, B.A., Algernon Vere, barrister, to Florence, second daughter of the late Henry Meadows, of Brighton, civil engineer.

SNOOK—WELLS

Affr
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21

presents
ake-stand
ion, oil-painting
and Mrs Green, album
edrick Newman, a cruet
Miss Tabitha Sole, a Persian cat

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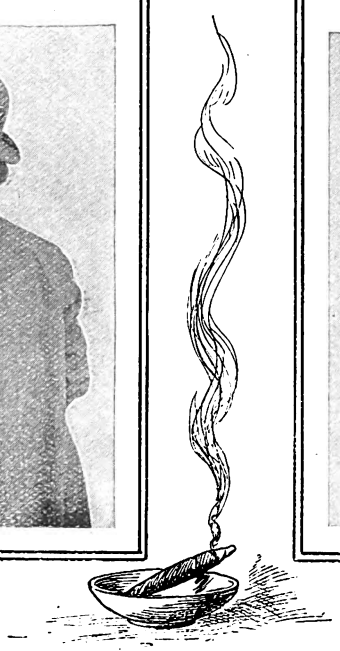
How you may Read a Man's Character from his Manner of Smoking.

By Hector Grainger.

A man may possess a most secretive nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall, and a manner of speech absolutely non-committal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigarette to a mere stump or throws it away half finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book.

Cigarette I said—for a cigarette (and a cigar in a lesser degree), are much better character-revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to nothing, unless, indeed, he happen to puff very violently, which is a certain indication of a nervous, irritable temper. From the filling of a pipe, to be sure, many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly, letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he

Vulgar-minded. He sticks his cigar in the corner of his mouth, so that you can see it when walking behind him.



The pugnacious person. He grips his cigar with his teeth so that the tip points upwards. Beware of him.

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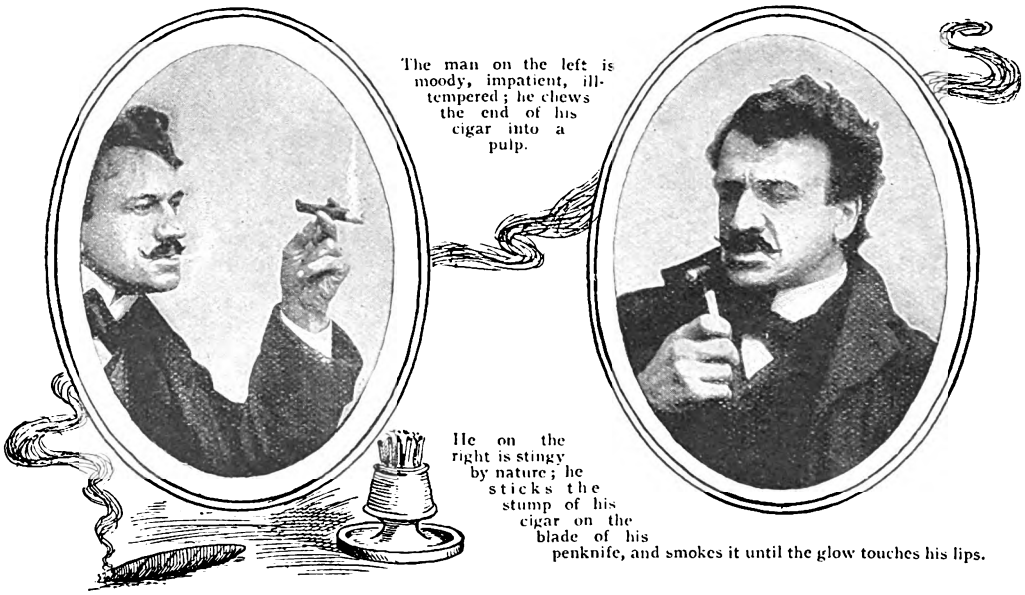

The man on the left is moody, impatient, ill-tempered; he chews the end of his cigar into a pulp.

He on the right is stingy by nature; he sticks the stump of his cigar on the blade of his penknife, and smokes it until the glow touches his lips.

be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make friends, quick to forget them, I shall be much astonished.

One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it—but too untidy to keep one, or too lazy to arrange their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off their cigars instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that not merely fills the mouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an otherwise excellent smoke.

The cigar once happily prepared for smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The operation of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his cigar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff, draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all round.

The dreamy individual finds the cigarette a help to thought.

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth, and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night, you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others again, and these, as a rule, are persons of vivacious temperament, seldom

Of an indolent nature. He is quite content to sit idle and blow rings into the air and watch them dissolve.

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keep their cigars for two consecutive moments between their lips. They take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb.

A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient, often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upward tilt while consuming it—a favourite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level-headed persons, and fortunately they form the vast majority, hold theirs horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sullen, brooding disposition, chew the end into a horrible pulp. And is there anything more eloquent of stinginess than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost touches the lips?

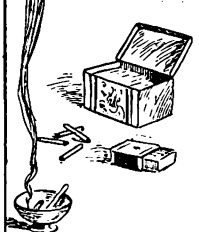
Turn we to cigarette smoking—to me, at least, the most delightful form of consuming tobacco. For a good cigarette is mild to the tongue, delicate to the palate, light to handle, fragrant, and a most delightful plaything!

He greatly loves saying sarcastic things and seems to find inspiration by gazing quizzically at his cigarette.

Nervous and excitable. He holds his cigarette between his teeth.

It has neither the cumbrousness of a pipe nor the cloying strength of a cigar; you enjoy it almost unconsciously, and is not unconscious enjoyment after all the truest? Praise your pipes who will, laud your cigar! A cigarette for me and I am content!

You will find that the man who holds his cigarette with the glowing end pointed toward the palm of his hand is naturally ill-bred.



A superior person.

And what a character-revealer is this little roll of paper and tobacco! Watch the person with a tendency to say sarcastic things when he sits at ease and consumes cigarettes. Most men hold theirs between the first and second fingers. Not so he. He holds his much as you might hold a pen, the glowing end thrust away from his hand, and while the cutting remarks fall from his lips behold him examining the tip of his cigarette as if it were a curiosity. Why he does so is more than I can say. At the other end of the pole is the man who holds his cigarette in the same manner, but with the glowing tip in the hollow of his hand—an ill-bred person, who might well eat potatoes off the tip of his knife.

Yes! watch the smoker: it is well worth your while.

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The Note in the Blue Silk Dress

By Rita Cay.

"It is a question of dress, my dear mother."

"Surely you can get a new dress if what you have won't do, Cynthia."

"No, I haven't paid last quarter's bills yet."

"Well, dear, if it weren't that your uncle insists upon you having an allowance and keeping to it, I should be very glad to get you another dress."

"But as it is, you can't. Yes, I know. And if it weren't for that horrid old man at the dinner at the Hall last week, my white lace would have done beautifully."

"But I can't understand how he managed to spill champagne over your dress."

"He was clumsy, that's all. He seemed an absent-minded old man and hadn't noticed me. I spoke rather suddenly to Edith, he started, stared at me, looked as if he saw a ghost, and in his agitation upset his glass. It came over me because he had turned to look at me with it in his hand."

"Who did you say he was, dear?"

"I was too angry to ask. Captain Macdonald said it was a judgment for talking across the table. I don't see why that old man should have the fun of meting out our punishments though."

"Perhaps you reminded him of someone, his mother, or his wife."

"His mother, I expect," said Cynthia, laughing. "I wonder if I can't alter one of your dresses. Oh, I say, what about those lovely old gowns in the cedar chest."

"I wanted to keep those, Cynthia. You see in another generation or so they will be considered quaint instead of merely old-fashioned, and they will be quite precious. They are all beautiful silk. I had them before I married."

"Personally I would rather enjoy them now than provide interesting fancy costumes for future generations."

"Just as you like. They will be yours in any case."

"Thank you very much. I'm sorry to break into your hoard, mother, and if I can take it out of that old destroyer of the beautiful, my neighbour of the other night, I will. I shan't forgive him."

"Poor old man," said Mrs. Hovell, smiling at her daughter's vehemence.

"He wasn't so very old, not old enough to be pitied. Only about fifty or so, but quite cross-looking and ugly," Cynthia added as she left the room to begin her search in the old cedar chest.

She selected a pale blue silk from among her mother's treasures and took it to her room. Ringing for her maid she tried it on, and together they decided on the alterations it would require to transform it into a modern ball-dress.

Cynthia was satisfied with the gown, and promptly accepted the invitation which had been the cause of its resurrection.

Returning to her room later in the day, she found a note addressed only to "Cynthia."

"How funny," she thought, as she unfolded it, "whoever would address me like that."

My dearest Cynthia (she read),—

You must have guessed my secret before this. I have tried to te l you many times that I love you, but have never dared to put my chances to the test. Even now I write reluctai tly, but, as my regiment sails next week, I must risk it. I have so little chance against Frank Hovell. But I love

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you, my darling, as he never can. My Cynthia, if there is any hope for me, wear the flowers I am sending to-morrow night. I will endeavour to give this to you at the dance this evening. I love you and will serve you always.

Yours devotedly,
ANTHONY GREVILLE.

Cynthia felt bewildered. Who was Anthony Greville? Why did he want to marry her? What an extraordinary way of making her acquaintance. Gradually the truth dawned upon her. *The note was written to her mother.* It must have been hidden in the blue silk. Perhaps Anthony Greville had given it to her at the dance, and she had slipped it into her pocket and forgotten it. But that was scarcely probable.

"Not likely," the girl reflected, as she read the words again; "she wouldn't forget the note. Possibly she meant to put it into her pocket and in her fluster (girls used to get flustered over these things then), put it in some fold of the dress and couldn't find it afterwards. How romantic! But how sad! Supposing she had cared for him. Perhaps she did." Cynthia gave a frightened gasp and sat down on the nearest chair.

"She didn't have a happy life with father I know, he was always so exacting and jealous. Poor mother. But whatever am I to do about it now? She may sigh her soul away over the 'Might-have-beens' if she loved him. Perhaps I had better not give it to her yet. Find out about Anthony Greville first. He is probably dead now, any way, killed out at wherever his regiment was going to sail to. It was sure to be India. Heaps of people get killed off there," she thought hopefully. "I will sleep upon it at any rate."

Cynthia fully realised that she had a difficult problem to solve. It had always been her way to take the initiative, and since she grew up she had considered it her work in life to look after her mother and give her as happy a time as possible to make up for the past.

Mrs. Hovell had smilingly given in to the affectionate tyranny of her daughter; it was delightful to her to be so much considered.

The result of sleeping upon it was Cynthia's strengthened conviction that she should learn more about the past before showing

"Not likely," the girl reflected, as she read the words again; "she wouldn't forget the note."

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her mother the note which had fallen out of the folds of the blue silk dress.

Accordingly, the next time she was at the Hall she contrived to draw her uncle aside for a few minutes' conversation.

"Uncle James," she began, "who was Anthony Greville?"

"'Was' or 'is,' Cynthia."

"We will begin with 'was' about twenty years ago or so."

"He was at school with me in the first place and a frequent visitor here. But what makes you ask?" Mr. Hovell looked at her inquiringly.

"Curiosity chiefly. Did he live near here?"

"He used to rent the Grange for a time until he went to India."

"Was he nice?"

"He was my very great friend before he went abroad, so naturally I thought him very nice."

"Did other people?"

"Your father didn't for one, my dear," he answered laughingly, pulling her ear, "but why am I thus put into the witness-box?"

There was a twinkle in the squire's eye as he asked the question.

"Because you don't tell tales, Uncle. Now, between ourselves, was he fond of mother?"

"Between ourselves, Cynthia, I believe he was, but I never knew what happened, only that after he left England your mother became engaged to my brother and was never the same merry girl she had always been. Between ourselves again, as we are recalling old times, your father was not worthy of your mother; he was very difficult to get on with."

"I suppose so. I remember he was rather irritable. Do you think mother cared for Anthony Greville then?"

"We all thought so at the time, but even in those days he was retiring and awkward, so perhaps he never said anything to her."

After a moment's reflection Cynthia resumed:

"And now what is he?"

"He is a bachelor and a baronet and quite a big man in his own way, though that is not the way a girl would appreciate. He is rather 'dry-as-dust,' but you know him."

"I, oh, no. I never even heard of him till the other day."

"He was here a short time ago. Why, you dined with us one night when he was with us."

"Good gracious," exclaimed the girl, "not the old man who spoilt my dress!"

Mr. Hovell laughed and turned to talk to a visitor who had joined them.

Cynthia summed up:

"Dry-as-dust, awkward, shy. Not very promising and all the result of a lost letter. Well, I suppose I must forgive him and persuade the dear mother to make up his arrears of happiness. After all, the destruction of the white lace may have found for them what the blue silk tried to lose."

A YACHTING LAY.

1.

A hand to hold the tiller, and
A hand to hold my love to me,
A-sailing down a summer land,
Upon a summer sea!
And I'm the skip, and Lucy is
The mate, I wis!

2.

Oh! lightly blows the heather breeze;
And sails are full, and sheets are fast;
So let her run where'er she please
As long as day shall last!
When day is done, we'll tumble out
To put about!

3.

The little waves go gurgling by;
The white gull wheels and cries again;
And elfin wind-sprites hither hie
To pout their soft refrain;
And I am with my love, and she
Sings soft to me.

4.

Ah, little darling, call'st thou these
The earnest of our days to be;
A summer land, a summer breeze,
A-down a summer sea;
And Love—a sail that carryeth
Past even death!

A. Boyd Scott.

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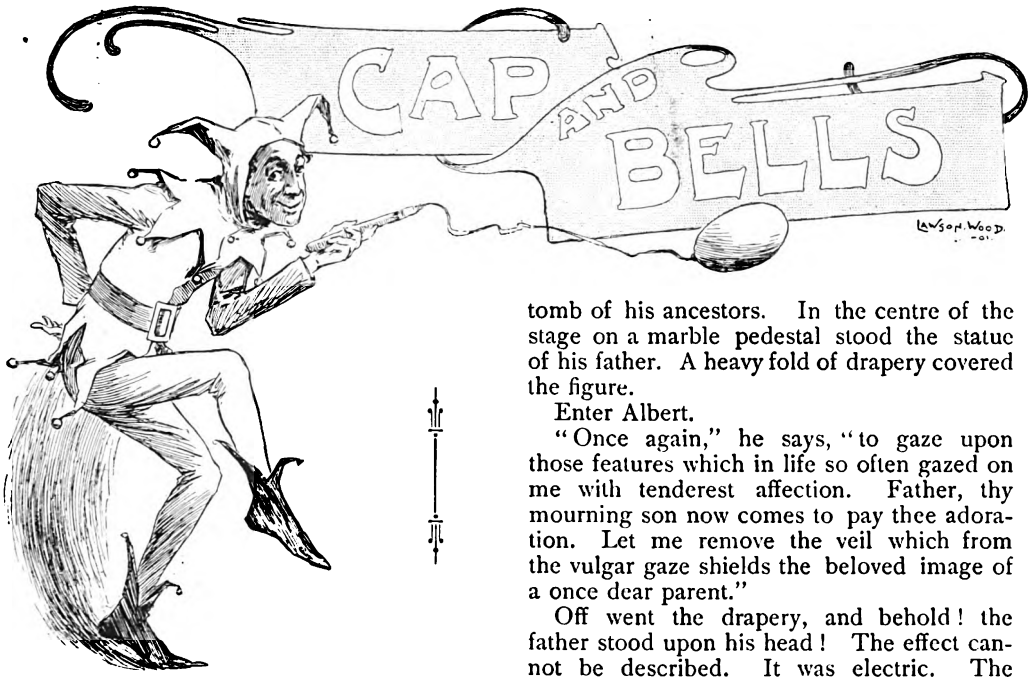


HER FIRST PLUM PUDDING.

Once a bride, unused to cooking, went and made a pudding rare,
And in weight, at least, no pudding ever did with it compare.
Then the bride unused to cooking bowed her weary head and cried,
But her cheerful husband whispered: "Never mind, my precious bride;
It is just the thing I needed; we will yet outwit the fates!"
And he cut it up in segments which he used as paper weights.

* * * * *

MYRTYLLA: "Why are you so anxious to have Mr. Dashing meet me?"

MURILLA: "Because he makes a habit of kissing every girl he meets, and I have a bet on you."

MYRTYLLA: "Did you bet that he couldn' kiss me?"

MURILLA: "No; that he wouldn't."

* * * *

The reputation of many men for truthfulness is due to their lack of imagination.

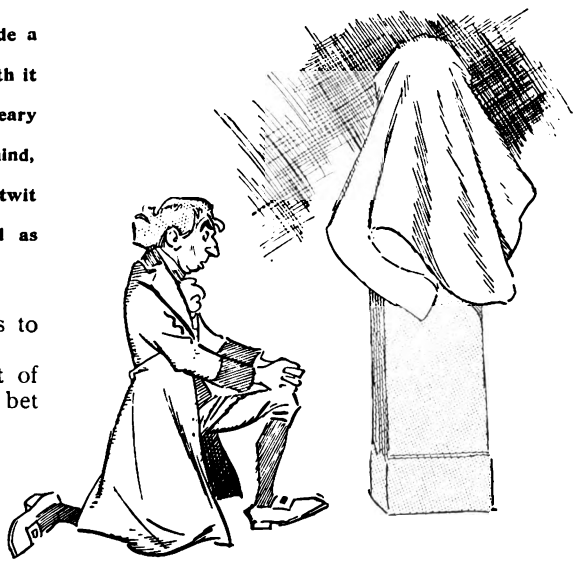
* * * *

A MELODRAMA was some years since played in a certain theatre, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by one and all. In one scene he was supposed to visit the tomb of his ancestors. In the centre of the stage on a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure.

Enter Albert.

"Once again," he says, "to gaze upon those features which in life so often gazed on me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent."

Off went the drapery, and behold! the father stood upon his head! The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the mistake



of the scene men effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible, amid the "Bravos!" of the audience, the anger of the manager, and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.

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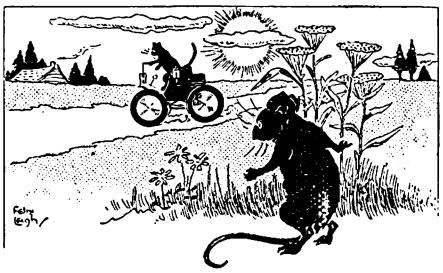


A MOTOR CAR CAT.

Tom Cat has bought a motor car,
And every Saturday
He takes a little "spin" from town
Along the broad highway.

At twenty miles an hour he goes
When he is on the flat,
And you should see him rush down hills,
This reckless Thomas Cat!

One afternoon poor Mopes, the mouse,
Watched him go by, and cried,
"What chance is left for mice who *run*,
Now cats on motors *ride?*"

* * * * *

HADN'T HEARD HER.

"Do you know that fortune knocks at every man's door?"

"Well, fortune must have had gloves on when she knocked at mine."

* * *

KEEPING OUT OF IT.

"Why is it, young man, that you never go to church?"

"My parents have taught me to avoid politics."

* * * * *

BUSINESS.

"What do you do when an editor refuses a poem?"

"I send that poem to another editor."

"And when an editor accepts a poem?"

"I send another poem to that editor."

A NEGRESS, speaking of her children, said of one who was lighter coloured than the rest: "I nebber could bear dat 'ar brat, kase he show dirt so easy."

* * * * *

ETHEL (six) thinks she is lost, and asks a passer-by:

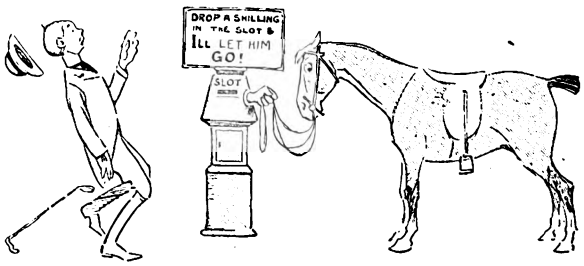
"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

PASSER-BY: "Well, and what if I have, little one?"

ETHEL: "My uncle John has lost me, and I thought if you had seen a gentleman without a little girl you could tell me where he was."

* * * * *

ANOTHER automatic box device is threatened. It confronts the equestrian who alights at the pavement, with the legend written across its front, "Drop a penny in the slot, and I'll hold your horse." He puts in a penny, and an iron hand unclasps, the bridle rein is dropped into them, and it closes again



There you are; the horse is held. The rider goes off about his business. In fifteen minutes he returns. There is the machine, and there is the horse. But the first legend has disappeared, and in its place is the inscription, in characters of living light, "Drop a shilling in the slot, and I'll let him go."

* * * * *

MR. GOODMAN: "When Willie Tuffun called you a liar, did you remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath?"

JOHNNIE: "Yes, sir."

MR. GOODMAN: "And what did you say to him?"

JOHNNIE: "Nothing, sir; I threw a rotten apple at him."

* * * * *

GEORGE: "How is your suit with Miss de Pink progressing?"

JACK: Finely. When I call now her dog wags his tail."

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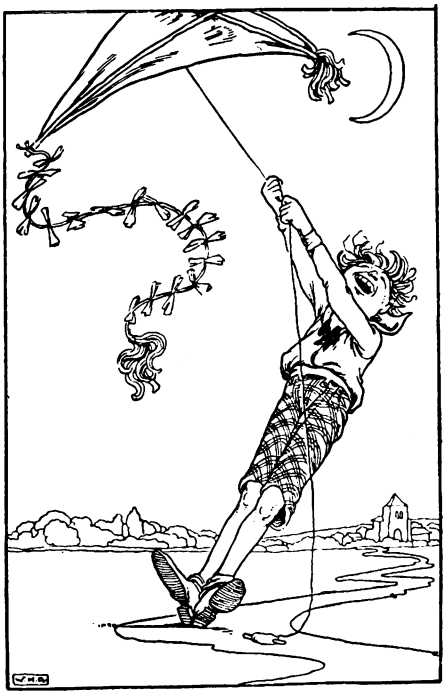
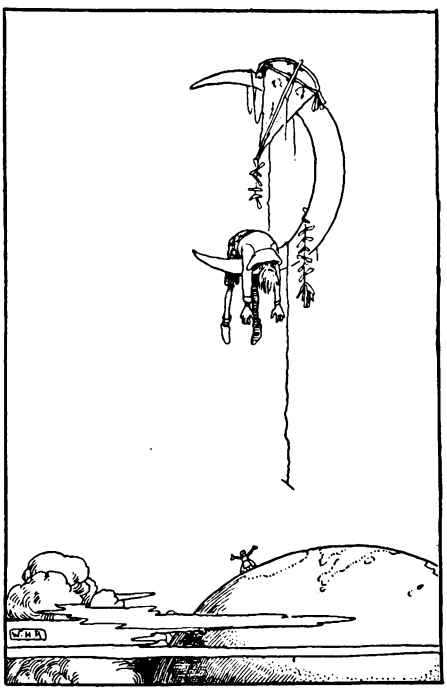
THE TRAGEDY OF A KITE.

1. Jimmy went to sail his kite
On a summer's day;



2. Came a sudden puff of wind—
Blew the kite away.

3. Jimmy hung upon the string—
Wouldn't let it go;



4. Now he's hanging on the moon—
Very sad, you know!

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HIS POIGNANT GRIEF.

"What on earth are you bellowing so hard about, Freddy?"

"Daddy whipped me."

"Well, what if he did? You've been whipped before, and the occasion doesn't call for such heart-rending grief."

"But he w-w-w-whipped me with a s-s-s-switch cut from a Christmas t-t-t-tree."

* * * * *

SHE WAS PUNISHED.

BLANCHE: "Mamma, were you much of a flirt when you were young?"

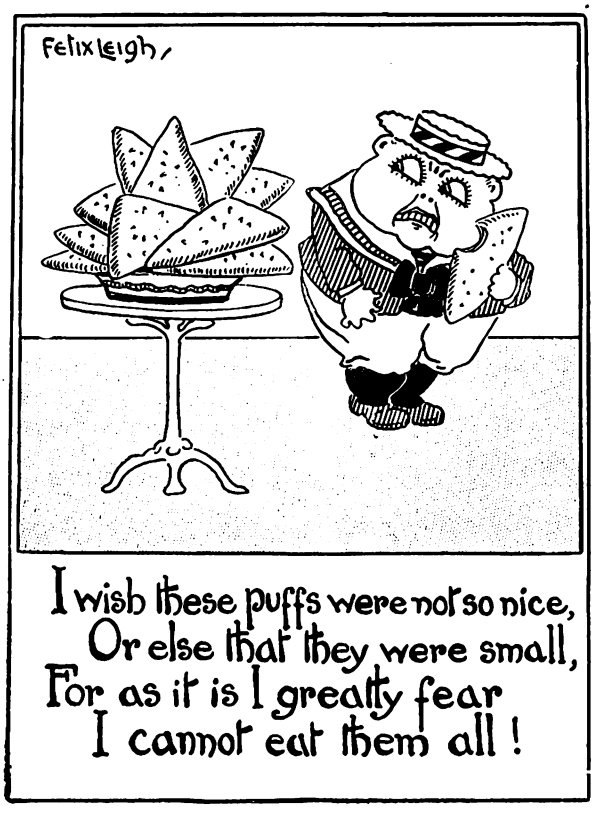
MRS. HICKS: "Yes, indeed."

BLANCHE: "And were you ever punished for flirting?"

MRS. HICKS: "Yes, my dear. I was married to your father as the result of a flirtation."

* * * * *

SUFFERING and knowledge lie very near each other, says a philosopher, and the man who used to get caned about three times a week when he was a boy at school will corroborate this statement.



TENANT (in top flat): "The roof leaks."

LANDLORD: "Nonsense. None of the people in the other flats say so."

* * * * *

A boy having been requested to perform some little service, came to receive his reward. His father offered him his choice between a penny and a sixpenny piece.

"I have always been taught to take the smallest piece," he remarked gravely, pocketing the silver coin.

* * * * *

THE following thrilling sentence is taken from a recently-published society novel:—"For a whole quarter of an hour the young man gazed thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle!"

* * * *

AN ACCIDENT.

Bottom of hill,
Man just from bed,
Feeling quite ill,
Wished himself dead.
Top of the same,
Sled and a boy,
"Best kind of game,"
Juvenile joy.
One on his feet,
One on his sled;
They happen to meet,
Both of them dead.

* * * *

ALPINE GUIDE: "Here at this cross is the place where the guide, Peter, fell and was killed. Don't you want to give me a little money for his poor wife and children?"

"Oh, yes; but how is it that yesterday, on the other side of the mountain, they showed us a cross for the same guide?"

"That is all right; that is for the travellers who go up the other side."

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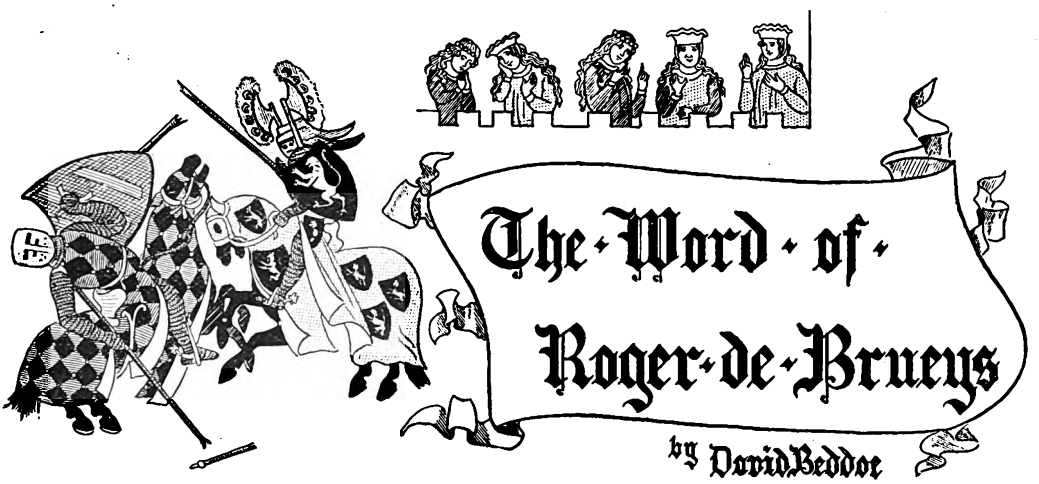

The Word of Roger de Brueys

by David Beddoe

It was a late summer afternoon in the year 1330 that Roger de Brueys, Lord Marcher, rode home to his castle of Mydrim at the head of 300 men-at-arms.

Behind him came Henry de Valence, his squire, carrying his lance and shield, with its device of a mailed fist sinister, on a field gules, bearing beneath the fitting motto, "What I take, I hold."

Stretching away into the lanes and meadows, with a carelessness begotten of dangers passed and the security of home at hand, rode the men-at-arms with many a loud jest and fervent congratulation as they saw the castle battlements rise to view, for there many a tankard of ale awaited their thirsty throats, and many a saucy wench to bid them welcome.

And the wounded, held on to their horses by rough, but not ungentle, hands, turned their glazing eyes towards it with brightening look—for home is doubly welcome after fifty miles on horseback with ghastly wounds and half-lopped limbs.

But there was one with a grisly wound in his head, from which the blood dropped upon his mud-stained jerkin, who viewed the distant turrets with feelings other than those of gladness.

Three men with hands on their weapons rode on either side of him, and glanced furtively round as if they feared that even yet he might escape, and Roger de Brueys himself stood in his stirrups every now and again to see that the jerkined figure, head and shoulders above his men, still kept him company.

The sun, sinking behind the Mynydd Ddu, suffused with its mellow light the broad meads where his cattle grazed, struck in lines of glancing light the winding river where his kine stood knee deep in the shallows. The gorse on the top of the further hill glowed like a crown of gold, and the rays, striking full upon the grey battlements of his castle, took away from the coldness of its walls, bathing them with its own warm glow, and Roger de Brueys smiled grimly—smiled, not so much at the beauty around, but because behind, bound as a prisoner, came Gruffydd ap Conan, his deadly foe.

It had been an ill day for those who lived in and about the Marches when Roger de Brueys, knight, for goodly and faithful service to King Edward II., of blessed memory, had apportioned to his share the castle of Mydrim, and, as the Royal grant vaguely specified, "such lands and appurtenances as he might win from the disaffected and pestilent Welsh."

He had set about his land-getting with a greed unequalled in that time of violence and robbery. Nothing was too sacred for his rapacious hand. Not a petty chief for twenty miles around dared call an acre of his father's land his own.

The halls, where Celtic bards once sang their englynion, now echoed with equal impartiality to the carouse of Norman men-at-arms, and the sons of Ivor and Llewellyn found safety only in the fastnesses of their native hills.

Yet Roger de Brueys had not found it altogether an easy task. Time after time had the Celtic warriors, with bow and javelin, exposed their bare breasts in open fight against the leather jerkin and the steel breastplate. Not on one occasion only had his convoys been cut off, or parties of his

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His men-at-arms, riding home in careless array . . . . had been suddenly cut off to a man.

men-at-arms, riding home in careless array, been suddenly aroused from their dream of security by the wild battle cry of those accursed singers, to be cut off to a man by the showers of arrows from wood and ravine, and the deadly thrust of the javelin when they fell beneath the weight of their ham-strung horses.

Foremost amongst these petty chieftains was Gruffydd ap Conan, from whom Roger de Brueys had taken the stronghold of Abermarlais and the broad lands around.

It had been a hard struggle, for the man, Celt as he was, was no ignorant barbarian. He had lived in Norman courts, and, as Roger de Brueys had said, was wily as the great master of guile himself. He was brave too, and in more than one pitched battle had made the issue doubtful.

Roger had, however, scattered his wild warriors and laid waste his lands with a ruthless thoroughness, but on many a dark night had the survivors swooped down and driven off his cattle, even from under the very frown of his castle walls, and the blaze of his hayricks told that though defeated they could yet sting.

Roger de Brueys might have looked with a certain equanimity upon the loss of his beeves and the burning of his ricks, seeing that they went, even as they had come, in the fortune of war. But when one morning he rose to find a javelin stuck in the lintel of his barbican gate bearing a scornful message that he, Roger de Brueys, was brave only in the shelter of his stone walls, he swore a great oath that the presumption of this Celtic chief should be put an end to, had he to smoke every cave in the Mynydd Ddu and burn every forest within twenty miles around; that he would this time clear out the blood of Gruffydd, root and branch, even to that fiend of a wife of his, who was ever foremost in inciting the tribesmen to battle. It was she who, in the guise of a peasant woman, had led Stephen Fitz Aylwin into a trap so that only

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one man escaped to tell the tale. A thousand curses on her! Gruffydd himself was a soldier, who realised when the tide of war was against him and the odds too great, but this fury of a woman knew no rest. Were half the warriors killed, and Gruffydd himself in hiding, and nursing his wounds, she would go round with her war songs, for she could sing like a crowned bard, and, calling upon the tribes by all that they held most sacred, bring fresh recruits to the ragged banner.

She was a witch, possessed of the devil. They said that her music made men mad, so that they became even as men possessed. Roger de Brueys made not war upon women, but this wife of Gruffydd, though of the royal blood of Llewellyn, so it was said, was not one to whom the courtesy of knights could be extended—a woman who delighted in battle, and, shrieking, urged men to the fury of the combat; no, let him but get the chance, and she, as well as Gruffydd, should hang on his battlements as a warning for all.

And to that purpose, whilst his wrath was on him, he gathered his men, sending to Mortimer at Hereford and Fitzhamon in Glamorgan, word that they should keep watch and ward over the border lest Gruffydd should escape thither, whilst he himself scoured the country, and burnt his lair in the mountains.

How well he had done his task the grisly wounded figure now riding, bound and guarded in their midst this late summer afternoon, told, and at what a cost the riderless horses behind bore evidence, for of the 380 men who had marched out a week before, 300 only now returned, and many of these would carry the mark of javelin and battle-axe to the grave.

One thing only Roger de Brueys regretted, and regretted bitterly, and that was that he did not bring home with him that fury of a wife of Gruffydd. It was she who time and again had spurred on the wavering warriors to the fight, singing in her outlandish tongue songs which urged them again to continue the struggle, to empty many a saddle, and to be the death of many a sturdy man-at-arms. May the seven furies rest on her! How she had escaped from the slaughter he knew not. The last sight he had had was of a tall, long haired figure standing on a rock, half way up the pass, shrieking out her maledictions,

Gruffydd himself in hiding, and nursing his wounds.

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her curses, he knew not what, upon his band.

But even Roger de Brueys, having good cause to hate her, felt in his rough bosom a kind of rude admiration for the untameable spirit, which had so much in it of his own stern courage.

Not that that would have altered his purpose one whit had she but fallen into his hands. Hang her he would, even as he had said, but side by side with her husband, not an inch lower, for if he was brave, she was equally so, though he had stood and fought with battle-axe with scarcely a man left to back him up—fought as a man of his inches well could, until Simon le Fort, hurling an axe from behind, had brought him down.

There was high wassail and riot in the Castle of Mydrim that night, and the weeping was lost in the noise of the toast-drinking and the emptying of tankards, and the wounded forgot their wounds as they poured out their tale to the accompaniment of wondering looks and applauding tongues.

And Roger de Brueys himself, in high spirits, sat at the head of the table in his hall, drinking hard, as he related, with many a loud oath, the story of the campaign to Edward Fitzhamon, his trusty friend, who now sat beside him in the place of honour.

"A goodly foray, de Brueys," exclaimed the knight, "and a right good catch. Now thou wilt be at peace to enjoy the lands which Edward, of blessed memory, peace to his soul, save you."

"Ay," replied the other, draining a tankard of ale, "but I would be the better pleased if that wife of his were in my hands also. She is the more dangerous of the two, I trow."

"But what wilt thou do with him now that thou hast him fast—keep him prisoner here, or let him go upon his word?"

"Keep him here! Let him go upon his word! You know me not, Fitzhamon, to suggest it. He hangs on my battlements within the week. I would hang him to-morrow, but I have hopes to have that fury to keep him company ere then. Let him go! Ay, when I bid his wife welcome to my hearth, not before."

Fitzhamon laughed. He knew the hatred de Brueys had for the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan. And the men-at-arms below laughed and passed on the goodly joke. "Ay, dost hear that? He'll let him go when he bids his wife welcome amongst us—that she-wolf—ha! ha!"

* * *

The days passed by, but Roger de Brueys, though he now held fast in his dungeon-keep Gruffydd, his arch enemy, who, on the morrow, was to swing on his battlements, was not happy.

The armour of Milanese make, which had turned many a fierce thrust, and warded off

A tall, long-haired figure standing on a rock . . . shrieking out her maledictions.

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many a savage sweep of the battle-axe, could not keep away the miasma of the swamp and low-lying lands, and in the day he nursed his aching head, and at night tossed in feverish restlessness upon his mattress.

His physician concocted many cunning remedies, but he threw the goblet at his head. The priest burnt candles, and invoked the aid of the Virgin and St. Luke, but Roger de Brueys only swore, and at last, despite grave advice and solemn warnings, consigning them all to perdition, he took up his place at the head of his table, where, surly and scowling, he sat, anything but a convivial figure.

It was not a particularly jovial feast. The loud toasts and rude laughter which generally echoed from the board of Roger de Brueys were subdued, and the men drained their tankards almost in silence, looking with longing eyes towards the entrance through which, when their sullen lord should give the word, they would depart in search of livelier surroundings, and Fitzhamon, the guest, yawned, for his host was dull company.

Presently through the door, from the direction of the kitchens, came the faint sound of applause, and Roger de Brueys, turning his jaundiced eyes round, bade his servant see what was the cause.

The man returned. It was only a Welsh bard who was playing the harp and singing as a return for the supper he had had.

"A Welsh bard?" exclaimed the knight, scowling. Then suddenly, as if changing his mind, he exclaimed grimly: "Fetch the rascal in, and if he plays well we'll stuff his ribs with meat and drink, but if badly then we'll have him strung out—either way we'll make the dog provide merriment." Fitzhamon nodded—anything to beguile the time until this death's head feast came to an end. The noise from outside suddenly ceased, and, following the servant, in came the Welshman.

Clad in a long cloak of coarse, well-worn homespun, and wearing on his head a cwfl which half shrouded his face, he walked along with an easy grace.

Commonly as he was dressed, there was no appearance of awkwardness in his movements. Accustomed as he doubtless was to but scanty fare and rude dwellings, he yet seemed not awed or abashed in the great hall of the Lord Marcher, but strode right up past the long flanking row of men-at-arms—up without hesitation to the head of the table, where sat the Lord Marcher and his friend, Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan, and there, a few paces off, he bent his head with simple dignity.

The knight scowled. "Give him a seat." A servant placed it.

"Now play, you Celtic dog," he exclaimed, "play so that thy music may save thy back from stripes, for if thou playest not well I'll have you bow-stringed out."

The other did not reply, but, seating himself, strung up his harp carefully, then lightly touched the chords.

It was no novice hand, and Fitzhamon half turned round in his seat to listen.

His physician concocted many cunning remedies.

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"Good," he exclaimed at length, when the few preliminary notes died away.

"Play on," growled out de Brueys.

And the harpist played again and again, now some soft, old tune, now a more stirring one, watching keenly the while the Lord Marcher's face to catch the passing mood, touching the strings with infinite grace and mastery.

"Canst sing?" asked de Brueys at length.

The harpist gave no direct reply, but soon a wonderfully rich voice filled the wooden raftered hall with the sound of its melody.

De Brueys understood not the words. They were Welsh, but the music struck home, and even the knight's war-lined face softened. It called to his mind days in far off Normandy, before he, Roger de Brueys, had become land hungry and a Lord Marcher.

"Thou knowest only thine own accursed tongue, I warrant," he exclaimed at length. "Canst thou sing a Norman roundelay now? If thou canst, this gold chain is yours," and he held out a massive chain of Italian manufacture. "But there, I know, a good bard thou art, and I, Roger de Brueys, who have heard the best Norman minstrels, even the renowned Tailifer, swear that thou art second to none. Thou knowest, I suppose, only thine own accursed gibberish?"

The bard did not reply, but touching the strings, sang, in Norman-French, some of the love songs of Tailifer himself.

"*Pasce Dieu!*" exclaimed de Brueys in wonder, when the loud applause from the delighted men-at-arms had subsided, and the noise of thumping tankards had ceased, "I could have sworn that not a Celt on the Marches knew any tongue other than his own, save, perhaps, Gruffydd himself, who lived at Court, and was a polished gentleman before he took up with his rascally countrymen, but who, praise God, will nevertheless hang on my battlements ere sunrise."

The bard started, and a shiver seemed to run through his tall cloak-wrapped figure. He seemed about to speak, but he only touched lightly, and played on the trembling harp strings.

"But here is the chain, even as I had promised thee, and I give it the more willingly because thou hast done me more good than all the prayers and potions put together, and thou mightest take it from me that not such another bard as thyself lives in this accursed country. Wilt thou take service with me? I, Roger de Brueys, pay well, and what I promise I keep to—a seat at this board, thy fill of whatever goes, and any guerdon in reason that thou mightest ask. Come now, I have taken a liking to thee; wilt thou accept?"

The bard shook his head. "I am under a vow. I cannot take service with the Sassenach."

"Oh, well, so be it, but remember that thou art welcome here to the board of Roger de Brueys whenever thou pleasest for the pleasure thou has given this night."

"Come, thou art hungry, perchance. One more song, then thou shalt go and eat, and we will retire."

A flush had mounted to the shaded cheek of the bard, and his dark eyes glowed strangely as the other spoke, and as he drew his harp nearer towards him he seemed to be labouring under some great excitement, the expression of which even he could hardly suppress.

His fingers touched the strings with firmer movement. It was to be no love song, this. A few almost barbaric notes came forth, then in a low almost chanting voice the singer began, swinging himself the while gently to and fro. It was in Welsh, but the men-at-arms laid down their tankards to listen. It was the Celtic battle-song he was singing in the hall of the Lord Marcher:

> Strike on and deep your axe shall splash
> In Sassenach blood with many a gash.
> Remember Cattraeth's bloody field,
> Die, Celtic warriors, ere you yield.

Louder still rose the wild, impassioned notes, making the very rafters ring with their wondrous power. They looked at one another uneasily, and the noise had ceased; not a sound in the hall as they listened to this impassioned call to arms. Roger de Brueys' hand involuntarily sought his sword hilt, and the bard too seemed as if he scarce could control the growing excitement which his song had conjured up. His eyes gleamed strangely as his voice rang fiercely out in a last triumphant call, almost like a shriek:

> See, see, the Sassenach ranks give way.
> Press on, brave hearts, we win the day.
> Rest not your axe or blood-stained brand
> Whilst rests a foe on Cymric land.

Then with almost startling suddenness the song ceased, the ringing notes, however, still echoing among the distant beams and crannies in the roof.

Then they awoke and breathed again, and Roger de Brueys, with an oath, turned round to view the singer. "*Pasce Dieu!*" he cried, "methought I was fighting again, with that

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accursed woman singing her war songs," and he mopped his forehead.

"Here, who are you?" he cried doubtfully. "I could have sworn for the moment that it was the voice of that she-fiend herself that was listening to."

The bard arose. "A nice word that, Roger de Brueys, to miscall a woman fighting for husband and country."

An angry flush overspread de Brueys's face. "Sir Bard," he exclaimed angrily, "try not our indulgence too far. Here is your guerdon, take it, and begone. Take it, I say; are you deaf?"

But the bard did not move. "This is not the guerdon I claim," he replied calmly.

"Claim! claim! Who talks of claim here from Roger de Brueys?"

"I do. I claim the life and liberty of Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent."

A loud, scornful laugh came from the lips of Roger de Brueys, to be drowned by the louder peal from the men-at-arms, but Fitzhamon turned, a puzzled look in his face, as he keenly eyed the speaker.

"By what right?" laughed the knight; "by what——" but his laugh choked in his throat.

The bard had slipped the hood from off his head. A quick movement, and the heavy cloak lay on the floor, and, lo, a woman stood forth—a woman, tall and stately, clad in a flowing robe of white, her rich, dark hair falling in great masses over her shoulders, and tied in the middle by a golden clasp.

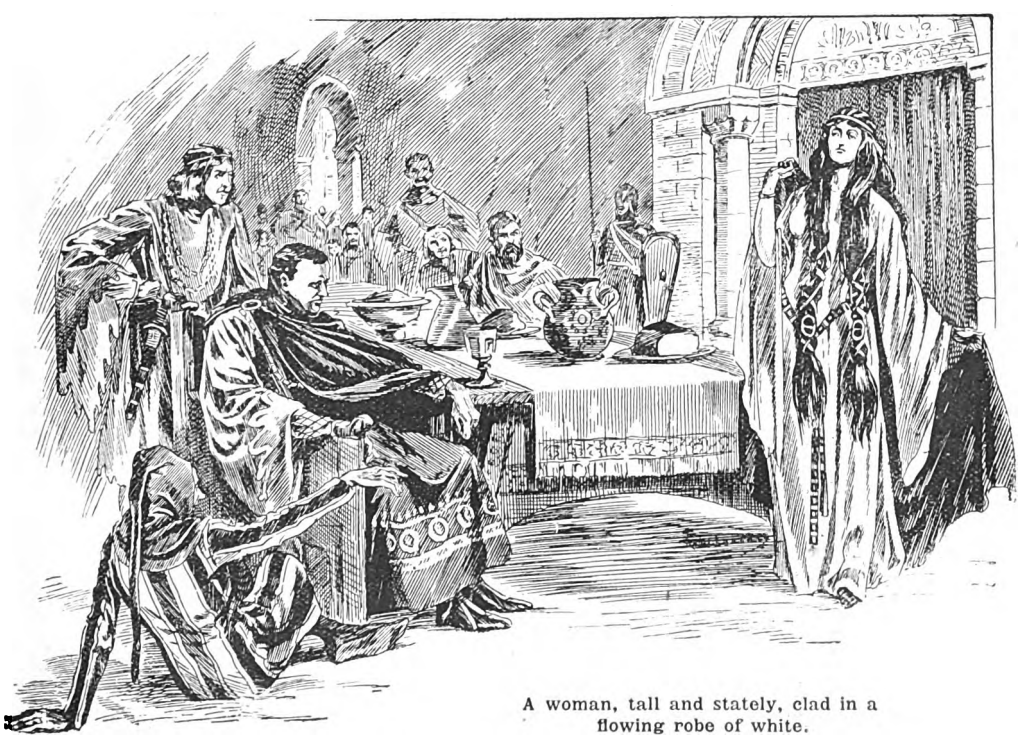
Roger de Brueys stared in amazement, and Fitzhamon rose to his feet in knightly courtesy. "Who are you?" demanded De Brueys, staring.

"Who am I, Roger de Brueys?" she replied, and her voice was as haughty as his own. "I am Morvudd, the wife of Gruffydd, the unhappy Prince of Gwent. I have come to claim the fulfilment of your word. Thou saidst that Gruffydd should go free when thou hadst welcomed his wife to thy board, and that thou hast done this night. I call upon Edward Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan, to bear witness to it."

"What!" exclaimed the knight in surprise, "art thou the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan, thou the woman whom I saw on the hill-side like a—a——"

"Ay, speak out, Roger de Brueys, like a demon, like a hell fury. I know the words that thou wouldst utter."

Roger de Brueys remembered the wild woman, clad in rags, who had hurled out her



A woman, tall and stately, clad in a flowing robe of white.

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maledictions upon him and his men, and his eyes sought with a vague questioning the long rich gown of pure white, the chain at her throat, the golden clasp in her hair.

"Ay, I know what thou wouldst ask," she said, "but dost thou think that the wife of Gruffydd would bring shame upon him by coming to the hall of Roger de Brueys like a beggar woman?"

A flush rose to the cheek of the Lord Marcher. "What dost thou want?" he asked sullenly.

"I have said," she replied, "the life and liberty of Gruffydd ap Conan—the fulfilment of your word."

Roger de Brueys sat silent and fuming, and he swore beneath his breath.

The woman watched him anxiously. "Roger de Brueys has promised."

The knight looked up, and, suddenly bringing his fist down with a crash upon the table, he exclaimed: "Ay, and what Roger de Brueys has promised Roger de Brueys will keep to, though he would rather have parted with his right hand."

"Spoken like a good knight and true," exclaimed Fitzhamon. "Thy hand, de Brueys."

De Brueys rose to his feet and pointed out his chair to the white robed woman.

She shook her head and thanked him with simple dignity. "I have come for my husband. Him alone I want—then let us depart in peace."

Roger de Brueys looked down the long board where his men sat staring.

"Clear the hall," he shouted. "Let not a man remain; or before God, he hangs ere morning. Henry de Valence," he exclaimed to his squire, "take off the manacles thyself, conduct him here, but stay not on thy peril. Fitzhamon, we will go," and with a deeper bow than the Lord Marcher had ever bowed his head before to man or woman he departed, leaving the hall empty save for the woman herself.

In an hour's time two figures left the barbican gate of the castle of Mydrim—one was Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent, the other Morvudd, his wife.

And Roger de Brueys, standing on the battlements, watched them go, and he spoke thus to Edward Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan. "Lord Marcher am I, Lord of the Castle of Mydrim, but methinks Gruffydd ap Conan, outcast and impoverished, is yet a luckier man."

And Edward Fitzhamon was silent, for he, too, had learnt that there was one thing at least on earth better than the conquest of men and the possession of castles.

Down below there echoed from the walls the loud cheers of the men-at-arms—most were for the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent, but not a few for Roger de Brueys himself, who, Lord Marcher and land hungry, had yet allowed his enemy to escape rather than go back on his plighted word, spoken, though it was, but in jest.

"Methinks Gruffydd ap Conan, outcast and impoverished, is yet a luckier man."

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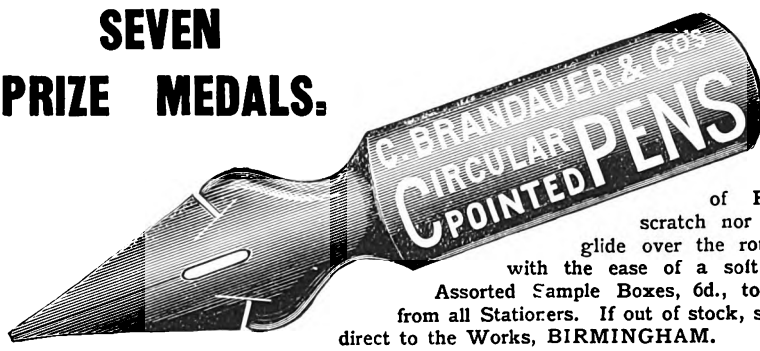

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Marmalades, Jams and Soups

are all most carefully made from the purest and best materials. Maconochie's unique experience in preparing many millions of Rations for the War Office enables them to give the Public the best possible value.

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"AN OUNCE OF FACT IS WORTH A SHIPLOAD OF ARGUMENT."

And it is an acknowledged, well-proven fact that **Beecham's Pills** are an absolutely unrivalled remedy for

BILIOUS ATTACKS,

NERVOUS DISORDERS,

LIVER COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION,

and many kindred ailments.

Therefore don't be misled by the "shiploads" of specious "argument" advanced by those interested in the sale of untried preparations of mushroom growth. Remember,

have been tried and trusted over 50 years. The annual sale exceeds six million boxes, and in spite of all competition they become more popular every day, and this is not due to "argument" and persuasion, but to the **fact** that

THEY RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

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"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams.*

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION
THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE
IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

It is not too much to say that the merits of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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THE John Noble COSTUMES & MANTLES.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE

of the famous **John Noble Costume Coating** and **Cheviot Serge,** and of the **Superior Wool Serge** in which these Costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of **Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating** (6yds., 52ins. wide) for **7/6,** carriage 8d.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Purple, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of **Ladies' Half-Guinea Costumes** are 34, 36, 38ins. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42ins. long in front. Other sizes up to 40ins. bust made to measure for 2/- extra.

NOBLE'S WASHING COSTUMES.

Every lady should write for NOBLE'S

NEW PICTURE LISTS

of Hot Weather Novelties in Cotton Costumes, Blouses, Corsets, Underclothing, &c., post free.

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Fashionable Short Coat Costume, produced in Black or Navy Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Double Breasted Front, smart fitting back and elegant collar of stitched silk. Latest shape skirt. Price only **16/9**; carriage 9d. extra. Also in superior Wool Serge, Black or Navy, lined through. **33/6** Price **33/6**; carriage paid.

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Young Ladies' Coat and Skirt Costume, FROM consisting of a well-cut Coat with Sacque Back, and good fitting Skirt. Made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating.** Lengths and Prices: **9/-**

36	39	42	46	50 ins.
9/-	9/6	10/-	10/6	10/6 each.

Also in **Strong Wool Serge,** excellent quality, lined throughout, **16/6, 17/6, 18/6, 19/6, 21/-.** Carr. 6d. extra.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., 44, Brook St. Mills, MANCHESTER.

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BEST IN 1894 BEST NOW.

The "PALMER" is the fastest.

The "PALMER" is the most resilient.

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ON PALMER HOLLOW RIM.

Ask your Agent what he thinks of it.
Ask the British Public. Ask your Neighbours.
Their replies will convince you.

Made under license from the North British Rubber Co., under Bartlett's Patent.

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DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

on the following terms:—

CASH £10. 10s. **CREDIT** **£1. 1s.** down, and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea; or **£1. 1s.** down, and 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

Our special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and 4 Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels, and large, long drawer underneath. Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones. Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, double row of Majolica tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel-rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout**, every article being well-polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS expressing delight with the excellent value given and the Firm's just method of business.

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Neck Comb *Patented in all the principal Countries.*

Supplies a long and much felt want

Because the loose and stray hair which usually hangs down the neck, presenting an untidy and dishevelled appearance, can be kept up by means of this comb, which can be retained in the hair teeth upwards.

To be obtained of all hairdressers and kept in stock by the principal wholesale houses.

If any difficulty, apply to GEO. WM. KIDERLEN, 27, Milton Street, London, E.C., Agent for Wholesale only.

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Patent BOOTS

The men who wear them will tell you just what we wish you to know, viz.: that they are a most comfortable boot. Fit well. Look well. Wear well. No laces, simply fastened by a strap. They are made by a firm that is progressive, by the best workmen, with the best of materials. They are for young men, business men, & all men.

PRICE 14/6 upwards. Postage 6d. extra. 2/- Europe, 3/6 Colonies

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Goods of the **Finest Quality** and **Finish** direct at **Factory Prices.** A single article sold at wholesale prices, a **Saving** of at least **one-half.**

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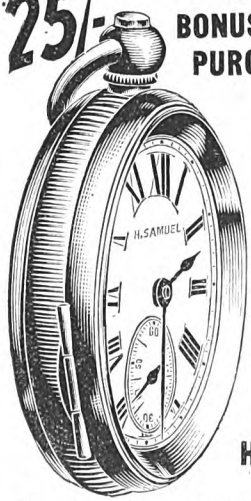

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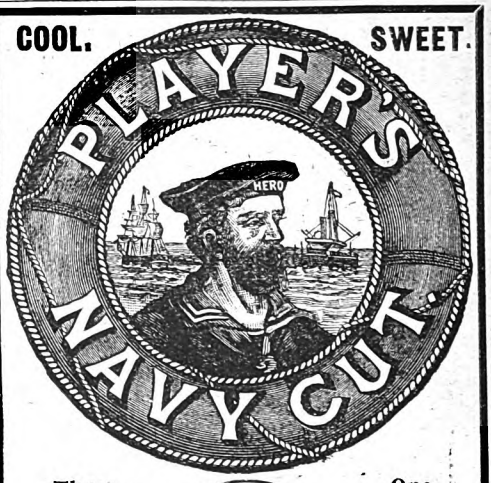

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One Quality only— THE BEST.

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For taking **TURKISH** (Hot Air or Vapour) Baths at Home for 1d. each. It opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy the **CENTURY BATH CABINET** weekly. It beautifies the complexion, prevents disease, cures colds, fevers, rheumatism, influenza, and all Blood, Skin, Kidney, and Nerve troubles.

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MAYPOLE SOAP DYES

Costing only **4d.** a Cake.

TRY THE BEAUTIFUL ECRU COLOUR.

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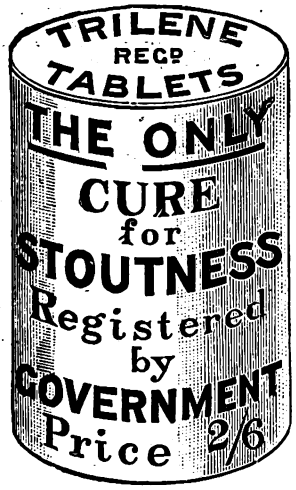
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

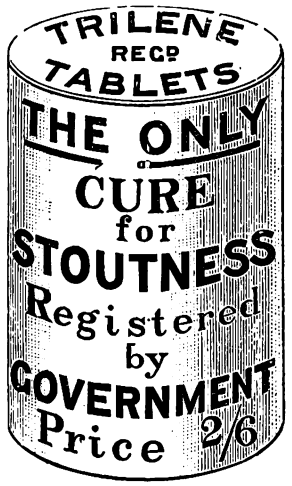


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to ***Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Miss E. Lee, 5, Granville Road, Victoria Park, Leicester, writes: "I can recommend your Tablets, which I think a very fine thing. Diet is no good."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mr. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham."**

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. Boulton, of Filton Laundry, Filton, Bristol, says: "I am much better, my heart more regular; also Tablets reduced me greatly round hips and stomach."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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FOR EVERY HOUSEKEEPER.

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GELATINE
The best for Jellies, Creams, Blanc-Mange, Savouries, etc.

ELFIN JELLIES
Finest Tablet Jelly on the Market.

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ENGAGEMENT RINGS, Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., Post Free to any address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.

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Two Rubies, Six Pearls and One Diamond, **18/6**

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Makes delicious soups, entrees, &c.

The most concentrated nourishment on earth.

A new luxury for the rich.
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Write for FREE SAMPLE.

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If you have any difficulty in procuring it, write direct to
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A boon to Invalids, Children, and the Aged.

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SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

16/6, 21/-, 25/-

UPWARD — TO — 20 Guineas.

IMPROVEMENTS:—
LARGER NIB,
GREATER INK CAPACITY,
INCREASED STRENGTH,
MAY BE FILLED,
WITHOUT UNSCREWING.

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10/6 **ALLEN FOSTER & CO.** 10/6
SOLE MAKERS OF THE
'Alfosco' Costumes.

Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 402. 10/6.
The New Eton Costume.—A smart and fashionable Costume for Summer and Seaside wear. Colours: Black, Navy, Grey, Fawn, Brown, Royal Cardinal, Green, &c.
PATTERNS POST FREE.
The smartly-cut Coat has a pretty shaped collar, which is trimmed with narrow braid. Costume complete, **10/6**; carriage, 6d. extra. The Skirt by itself, **5/6**; carriage, 5d. extra.
This Costume can be ordered with a Flounce Skirt for 1/- extra.

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New Corded Flounce Skirt. Lined throughout with Linenette. The flounce is 16in. deep, and trimmed round with rows of the new cording now so fashionable. Colours: Black, Navy Grey, Purple, Green, Fawn, Brown, Royal Cardinal, &c. Price 10/6; carriage 6d. extra.

Design No. 1045. **10/6.** This Skirt in good Black Alpaca, **10/6.** Carriage 5d. extra.

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THE MARTIN-SILENT CYCLE TOOL BAG.
Always Neat and Tidy.

OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.

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Swift X frame **CYCLES**

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Extract from a late Letter received by the Sole Proprietors.

Sold everywhere, in Tubes,
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A FREE SAMPLE
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Is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!
Purest of the Pure. Sold everywhere. A Large Sample Packet Post Free for 8 penny stamps.
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd.,
The Toffee Mills, Halifax.
Wholesale Dealers should Stock this Toffee, as it sells at sight.

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The Ideal Watch for Officers, Clergymen, Professional and Business Men is

J. G. GRAVES'

'Express' (Regd.) **English Lever, £2.10s.**

Guaranteed Genuine British Manufacture throughout, and Warranted for Seven Years. Of course an **English Lever** costs twice as much as a cheap foreign watch, but then it's **ten times better.**

When writing for the watch on approval, **only send a deposit of 5s.**, and, if fully satisfied with it, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5s.; or, you can send the balance in one sum of 45s., in which case you will be entitled to select a present (from list supplied) as bonus. If not thoroughly satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly refunded.

SPECIFICATION. High-grade English Lever Movement, with Jewelled Escapement, Safety Winding Pinion, Compensating Chronometer Balance, Sterling Silver Cases, plain (for monogram) or engine turned, as desired, etc., etc.

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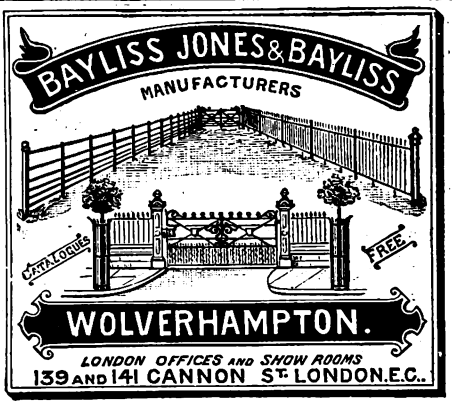
Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Cutlery and Plate, and a Splendid Variety of Fancy Goods. **Catalogue Free.**

A few Responsible Persons Wanted as spare time Agents. Good Commission. Apply for terms.

J. G. GRAVES, 67, Division St., SHEFFIELD.



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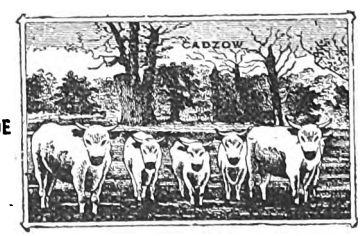
OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

KEITH'S PERFECT "CADZOW" (10 YEAR OLD) INCOMPARABLE WHISKY.



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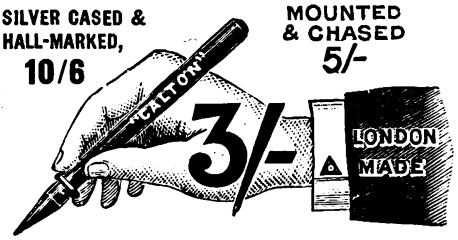

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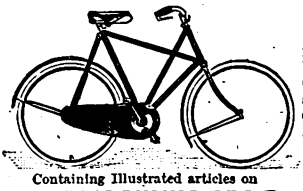

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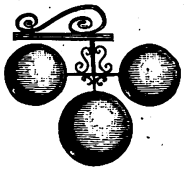

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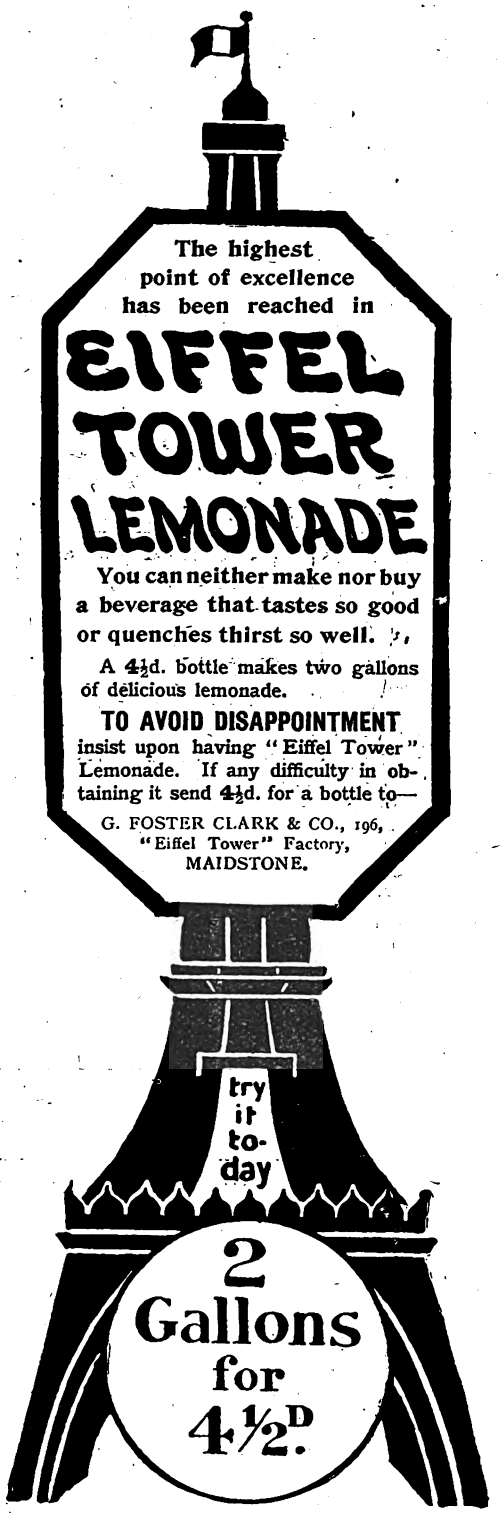

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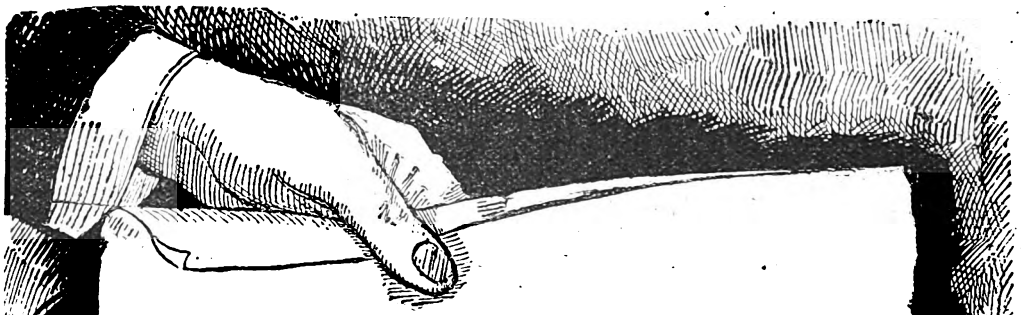

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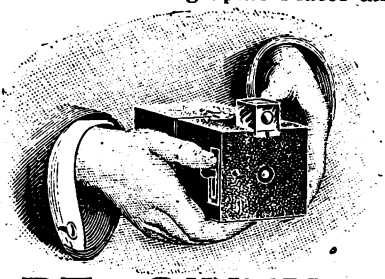

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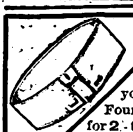

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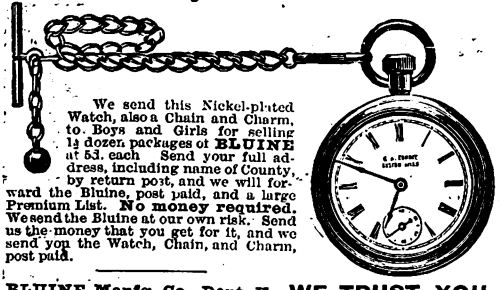

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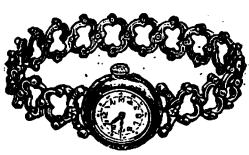

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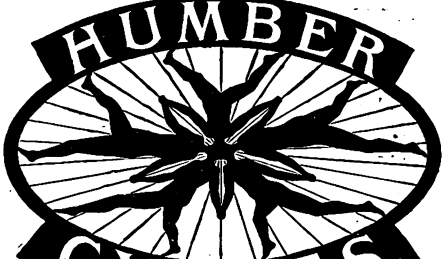

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

We take the opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness for much of the valuable information contained in our article, "His Britannic Majesty," to a book published by Mr. Grant Richards, entitled "His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII."

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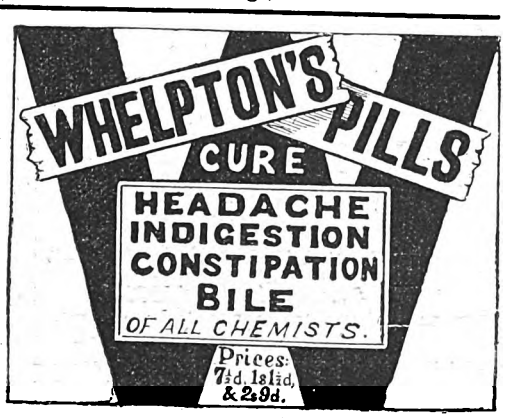

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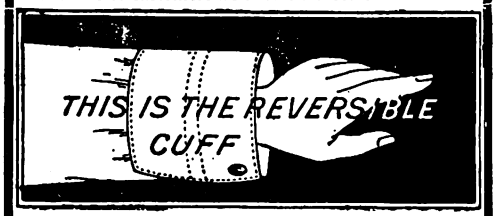

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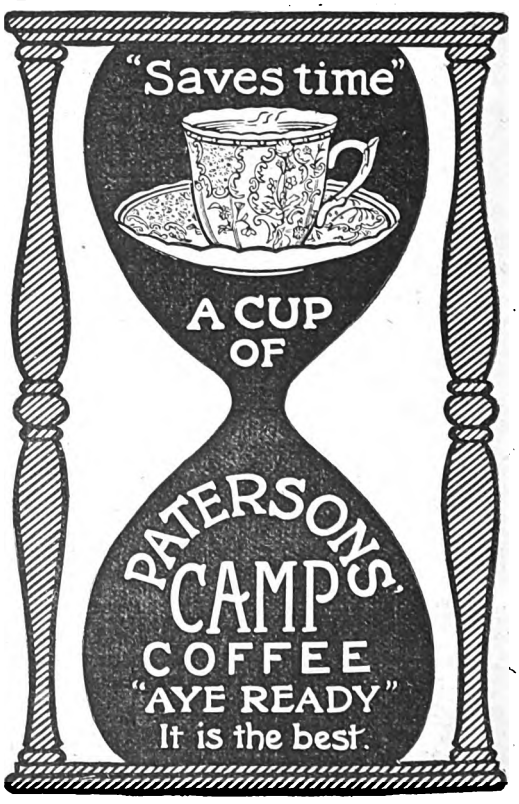

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She is the queen of Parisian comic opera and farce, a blonde, and plump and joyous girl. When you are in Paris you must not fail to see her.

MLLE. DE VRIES.

They are beginning to talk about a certain young lady in Paris, and her name is de Vries. And if beauty is genius, as someone has said, then Mlle. de Vries richly deserves the fame she is acquiring.

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MLLE. YAHNE

The *rôle* that would fit her to perfection is that of a young girl shy yet audacious, tender yet provoking, quick-tempered, lively, and, above all, beautiful. A very gay young lady, Mlle. Yahne, and a favourite in society, an expert with foils, a passionate horsewoman, and the terror of France on her automobile.

MLLE. CÉÇILE SOREL.

The Bernhardt of the future, superbly beautiful, with a voice that Bernhardt alone has excelled, and a manner that any queen might envy, Céçile Sorel is distinctly one of the sights of Paris. She would have adorned the loftiest thrones in the world; but Fate destined her for the stage. It is said that the great Réjane never cares to engage beautiful actresses—a libel: she has engaged Céçile Sorel.

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MADAME
SÉGOND-WEBER.

She is clever as she is beautiful. Tall and elegant, stately as Diana, with a face like a cameo, delicately chiselled features, and a pale, transparent skin, she moves alternately on the boards of the *Odéon* and the *Comédie Française* to the applause of thousands. But she will never earn the recognition and fame that is her due; her temperament is against her; she has no steadfastness, and abhors drudgery and hard work.

C. PEDDIE

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MLLE. MARTHE REGNIER.

The wonder of Parisian women. She resembles
all flowers that are slender and white and delicate,
and you may be quite sure that, did flowers act,
their acting would greatly resemble
Mlle. Regnier's. "She has absolutely no talent,"
said an old playgoer—"she has only genius,"—
which is not a bad substitute.

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MLLE. LUCIE GÉRARD. . .

Catulle Mendés is a French writer whose hobby is to lead beautiful young women before the footlights—a delightful hobby, you will agree. And that child-faced girl, Lucie Gérard, was his most successful experiment. As an actress, dainty and charming; as a woman—why, look at her face! What eyes! What hair! What a delicious little nose! And as to the mouth, some say one thing, some another, but you and I agree—do we not?—that its imperfections make it all the more adorable.

MLLE. SUZANNE AVRIL. . . .

Does she strike you as looking peculiarly *distingué?* If so, you are one with the manager of the *Gymnase,* who always gives her regal parts—indeed, the most plebeian *rôle* she has ever taken was that of a duchess. And yet off the stage Suzanne Avril (was there ever a prettier name?) is a lovely brunette, petulant and merry—no more of a queen than you or I, nor even a duchess, for the matter of that.

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MLLE. SULLY.

A living deception, this apparent butterfly-woman! At night she dances to the laughing world, coquettes, and sings and giggles. She is irresistible: to see her is to lose your heart. But beware of her in broad daylight—you who think to get an entertainment for nothing. She hands you a cup of tea, and, without any warning, pitches Greek phrases at your head. "Ah, and that strophe of the 'Agamemnon,' what is your opinion of the metre? Herodotus's theory in regard to the Kronids—absurd, is it not?"—and so forth. You are abashed and dazzled. Is she playing the fool with you? Not at all. Mlle. Sully has learned to combine erudition and frivolity. She is a wise butterfly.

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MLLE. ROBINSON.

She is one of the chief attractions of the *Gymnase*—an essentially French girl with an English name. Dark, slim, vivacious, she is one who will always be a favourite, even though she never reaches the top of the tree.

MLLE. WALLERY

There is no end to beauty if you look for it on the French stage. It is a veritable "Garden of Fair Women," and should you be asked to make your bow to the fairest, your dilemma is indeed unenviable. Mlle. Regnier? Mlle. Yahne? Mlle. Cassive? Mlle. Sorel? Impossible to decide! But for sheer, blazing, aggressive beauty you must hand the palm to Mlle. Wallery.

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MLLE. SILVAIN.

A born queen, a Cleopatra of women. Fame has still to crown her. She is very young.

MLLE. WANDA DE BONCZA.

There was a great sensation in Paris some years ago. Statesmen, managers, journalists, and authors, all received letters—anonymous, of course—atrociously libelling a pretty little actress of the *Odéon*—Mlle. de Boncza, and none other. But the public sided with the little actress, and bore her on a great wave of sympathetic indignation to the top of her profession. She had such wonderful eyes—large, mysterious, sad, and visionary—you could not choose but believe everything good of her. She is not a great actress—no, but very charming, quick, graceful, and with a sweet tragic voice. A woman of the world, she is to be seen at various race meetings and fashionable entertainments. She laughs and talks with the gayest, but her eyes are always the same—large, mysterious, sad, and visionary.

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An Episode of the China Seas.

This thrilling story of the adventurous career and tragic end of a female pirate is founded on fact.

By the Author of the "Three Days' Raid."

I.

THE English Lieutenant, or "Captain" as he ranked in the Chinese Imperial Navy, unrolled himself from his blanket on deck and proceeded to busy himself in the most matter of fact way with a bucket of water and cake of soap which Ab Sin, his boy, had brought him.

It was half-past two, the night a pitch dark one, and the *Lucky Chance* was riding by a single light anchor about three miles from the land in the very heart of the district infested by the Hing Ti pirates—the most daring and powerful confederacy that had ever terrorised the waterways round Southern China's capital since the days of the dreaded Kozinga, whose power the Dutch fleet had to cripple in the time of our Great Protector. The Lieutenant might have been sleeping at his club in Piccadilly—excepting, of course, for the deck plank and the bucket—for all his countenance displayed to the contrary as he plied a rough brown towel over his dripping neck.

Without a suspicion on the part of anyone but his Excellency the Viceroy, and a certain high official of the British Government, this youth of two-and-twenty with a few score of "Hakkas" had set out two days before, determined to try to break the power of the Sepgo Hing Ti, the Brotherhood of Seven Pirate Captains said to reckon its victims by thousands, and its booty by scores of thousands of pounds.

Not that the Lieutenant or the Viceroy doubted the existence or the formidable nature of the confederacy. That the Hing Ti were a dangerous association was an established fact; native stories of the fate of countless Chinese ships, of course, did not lose in the telling, but it was known that several British steamers, and a few British and foreign vessels had been captured.

Nor need it be doubted that Semala, the bloodthirsty Portuguese renegade whom native rumour placed at the head of the dread Brotherhood, was a figure existing in very reality. But the story of the She-Fiend was, in the opinion of both the Lieutenant and the Viceroy, nothing short of a fairy tale. The idea of a beautiful girl-pirate steering a pirate vessel, and even leading boarders, was a little difficult to swallow.

"There is never much smoke without some fire," the Lieutenant had acknowledged, "and possibly a good-looking youth dressed in girl's clothes may account for the fable; but I venture to doubt the lady-pirate."

But what was a matter for serious consideration was the effect of these legends on his native crew. That his Hakkas believed in and feared the mythical Amazon the Lieutenant could not overlook. He had overheard fragments of their conversation before the start of his expedition, enough to tell him that the She-Fiend was, in their minds, not a creature of this earth. But he had felt more confident as he surveyed the long twelve-pounder brass gun amidships, and the six-pounders in the bow and stern.

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Beside him, steering the ship . . . . stood a slim young girl.

The *Lucky Chance*, a Chinese trader built for speed, had been commandeered from her owner by the Lieutenant for his expedition against the pirates. Every indication of armed force had been carefully removed; the guns had been concealed; the men assumed the character of an ordinary trading crew; and the Lieutenant had even donned native cap, jacket, and trousers over his uniform.

All through the previous moonlit night the *Lucky Chance* had been dogged, as she headed seawards before a six-knot breeze, by a long, low, fast vessel. Throughout the following day the mysterious pursuer had hung in her wake, invisible except from the *Lucky Chance's* mast-head. This craft, the Lieutenant learned from his coxswain, was Semala's, whose consort (for these vessels of the Hing Ti always cruised in pairs) was even more dreaded, for she was usually handled and steered by the dreaded She-Fiend, so his Hakkas unanimously declared; nor had any of their officer's taunts or reprimands been able to stir their conviction of this or allay their superstitious fears of her power.

Now, however, the Lieutenant thought, as he made short work of the hot coffee, devilled fowl and biscuit, brought him by Ab Sin—cook, table-boy and marine in one, whose cutlass and pistols were even now in his belt—he was soon to see for himself how much truth there was in the She-Fiend story.

The men were quietly roused and a ration of hot tea, pork and rice was served out to them, after which the Lieutenant inspected their weapons by the light of a dark lantern and overhauled their guns and their gear. Then there was nothing to do but wait, crouching behind the bulwarks, until the look-out men gave warning.

The Lieutenant grasped his cutlass. Stolid Englishman though he was, the situation was beginning to get on his nerves. There seemed something uncanny in sitting quietly down in the still darkness of the night—an inky darkness that could almost be felt—to wait till some phantom-like craft should glide up and pour a bloodthirsty crowd of desperadoes on the deck.

Suddenly the black, pall-like clouds dispersed, and showed the same long, low vessel, their pursuer of the previous night, heading straight for the *Lucky Chance*. Quick as thought the Lieutenant gave orders to slip the cable and hoist the sails. He was only just in time, for immediately afterwards the approaching vessel shot past the *Lucky Chance's* stern, so close, too, that the Lieutenant and his men could make out everything on her deck quite plainly.

Behind the bow gun stood Semala himself, swarthy and cruel, surrounded by his men, stripped to the waist, ready to board. But every eye was immediately riveted to the pirate's stern, and a low cry went up from the Lieutenant's men.

A helmsman stood with his arm on the tiller, but did not touch the ropes, for beside him, steering the ship, her handsome features

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illumined by a swinging paper lantern bearing in blood-red characters the name of Semala, stood a slim young girl.

"The She-Fiend herself," cried the Lieutenant's crew in sudden panic, "in Semala's vessel instead of her own!"

The Lieutenant seized a Snider carbine and covered the beautiful pirate; his crew held their breath, their eyes fixed on their leader; none of them would have dared to lift a hand against a creature not of this earth. As the Lieutenant glanced along the barrel of his carbine, he saw in a line with the sights a handsome young woman, tall, slender, and dark, whose flashing eyes, pale face, and long, jet black hair that hung in a heavy plait below her waist, were rendered clearly visible by the stern lanthorns. A short fringe on her forehead added to her masculine style of attire, giving her the appearance of a very handsome youth rather than that of a young female.

Her jacket of dark blue silk, confined at the waist by a scarlet sash, allowed a white silk vest to show above it at the neck. Her loose trousers of dark blue silk did not cover her shapely ankles and small feet, encased in neat shoes of European make. Thrust into her sash were a long, double-barrelled pistol and broad, heavy dagger knife, the handles of both weapons being of solid silver. Neither jewel nor ornament of any kind, however, did the "She-Fiend" wear as she stood at the long tiller of her vessel as graceful and almost as motionless as a statue.

"Spanish blood, there," muttered the Lieutenant, as he reluctantly grounded his carbine.

An affrighted murmur went up from his Hakkas. Their leader had been unnerved by the She-Fiend's sorcery.

The Lieutenant recovered himself and drew his hand slowly round his neck. He preferred to assign this kind of thing to the Cantonese executioner.

"Hi-yah, Sapne-Katow!" yelled his men. "Yes, let her head be cut off instead!"

Semala's vessel began to put about.

"Number one gun ready!" cried the Lieutenant.

Before he had time to give the order, "At one hundred and fifty yards fire," there was a flash, a report, and a huge rent appeared in the foot of the pirate's mainsail. Without waiting for the command the too eager gun-captain had pulled the lanyard, and the whole charge of canister went wide, the round shot alone telling. A surprised yell followed from the pirate's deck; they had not expected any resistance at all from what had seemed a rich trader and passenger vessel.

The Lieutenant dispatched his coxswain to the twelve-pounder, ordering him not to pull the lanyard till within a hundred and fifty yards.

There was a brief pause while the vessels swung nearer to each other; then a quick jerk of Long Ling's wrist, a terrific report from the heavily charged swivel gun, and the pirate's fore-mast fell with a crash, while a heap of dead and dying writhed on the deck. More than this, the falling mast had dismounted the bow gun and crushed several pirates under its weight.

A hoarse volley of execrations went up from the pirate vessel. In an instant the She-Fiend had left the helm and dashed into the midst of her panic-stricken men. From between her small pearly teeth came a stream of curses as, with a long double-barrelled pistol, she struck right and left among her disheartened followers, rallying them by fierce blows! Semala himself, urging his men with oaths and threats, brought his stern guns to bear on the *Lucky Chance*.

The latter shortened sail to run alongside of her opponent. Fortunately the "mixed shot" from the pirate's stern carronades fell short; at the same moment the contents of the *Lucky Chance's* bow gun and a volley from her small-arm men got home. Before the smoke from these had cleared, her stem went rasping and grinding along the pirate's quarter till the rigging and sails of the two vessels fouled.

Like a flash the Lieutenant with two score picked men at his heels had scrambled over the wreckage of the foremast, and was on the pirate's deck.

"*Tah!*" (kill) he shouted.

"*Tah!*" re-echoed his Hakkas, as they cut and slashed among the pirates' ranks. The latter, stripped to the waist, blackened with powder, many of them besmeared with blood, rallied round Semala and the She-Fiend amidships. Their hideous faces only served to accentuate the latter's strange beauty, as she stood, pistol in hand, screaming orders to her men and firing into her enemies' ranks. Two of the pirates seemed to devote themselves to shielding her with their spears, while the Lieutenant's men, their superstitious fear overcome in a measure by the actuality of combat, strove to break through to her with their sword-bayonets and pikes.

Semala himself fought like a demon; but try as he would the Lieutenant was unable to

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reach the renegade; some devoted brute always threw himself before his master, and the odds at present were against the Englishman. In vain he emptied his heavy Colt's pistol, and his coxswain thrust and lunged with his long pike. As each gap appeared the pirates' ranks closed up and filled it. They had even begun to drag the stern carronades round, in order to discharge them point blank at the advancing boarders, when the old "service" instincts of the master of the *Lucky Chance* became too strong for him, he having served the "Inglish Keen," as he styled her late Majesty, on board a wooden sailing three-decker. Old habit getting the better of present prudence, he discharged the stern six-pounder crammed to the muzzle with grape shot point blank into the pirate's vessel, and then, followed by nearly all the remaining men of the *Lucky Chance*, scrambled on board the pirate.

Fortunately this diversion proved just sufficient to turn the scale.

"*Tah!*" yelled the Lieutenant's men anew, and step by step they drove the pirates further aft. Gradually, as the latter were forced further and further back, the half-dozen small-arm men still left in the *Lucky Chance* were able to get their Enfield rifles to work. Only their bamboo helmets with the Imperial dragon on the front now distinguished the Lieutenant's men from their equally blackened and blood-stained opponents. At last by a final effort, and aided by the marksmen from the other vessel, the European-drilled Hakkas drove the remainder of the pirates, still fighting round Semala and the She-Fiend, below.

As the Lieutenant wrenched at the closed hatch of the companion ladder he felt a sharp pain in his ankle. His white trousers turned quickly red, and there was a cry of triumph from the She-Fiend below. But the wound was slight and in a trice he had forced the hatch, and cleared the ladder with his Colt.

Nor were they a moment too soon, for the Lieutenant only sprang down in time to strike from the She-Fiend's hand the pistol that in another second would have discharged its second barrel into the powder-kegs, stink-pots, and gun-cartridges that the pirate's magazine contained.

With a scream of rage, and holding her almost broken wrist she sprang through an open door into the stern-cabin. A female slave, with cries of terror, dragged the heavy sliding door to, and dropped the bar.

Posting two men at the door, the Lieutenant turned his attention to clearing the 'tween decks. This his Hakkas' bayonets soon did, a single volley into the bows sending the last cluster of the Hing Ti pirates from the shelter of their gloom. Then torches were brought, and those remaining alive were secured.

Semala himself seemed to have disappeared. He was not among the prisoners, nor could his body be found among the dead.

Meanwhile Long Ling and a mandarin officer who had accompanied the expedition were trying to burst open the door of the She-Fiend's cabin, while Ab Sin, table-boy and marine, covered it with his Snider in case of a sally. These three were perhaps the only men under the Lieutenant's command who would have dared to seize the She-Fiend. As the Lieutenant approached, and Long Ling was about to deliver a blow with his axe, the bar was shot back from within and the door quickly drawn back.

The Lieutenant stepped back in sudden horror. Almost in the doorway itself, suspended by a sash from a beam and full in the lurid glare of the great red lamps which swung before the altar of the Demon he had worshipped, hung Semala, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, his dark saturnine face even more hideous in death. The image itself, with one hand outstretched, the carbuncles forming the eyes sparkling in the flickering crimson light, seemed to exult over its victim with a fiendish leer.

On an ebony and marble seat near the altar, calmly regarding the scene, reclined the She-Fiend, neither her face nor her dress now showing any signs of disorder. A touch of rouge had removed her paleness, some of which, no doubt, had been due to rice powder. She was wearing a yellow flowered-silk jacket with pale blue trousers, both of which allowed the graceful outline of her figure to be seen through them, while gold and jade bangles adorned her wrists and ankles. Pink silk stockings and thin patent leather shoes set off her shapely feet and ankles; handsome rings set with diamonds, of European make—spoils of murdered owners—covered her hands.

For a moment the four men stood rooted to the spot with horror, then the Lieutenant advanced into the cabin and, to destroy the glamour of the scene, struck the great idol a heavy blow with the butt of his revolver. As the image swayed and crashed over on to the deck, not all the heaps of Mexican dollars revealed in its hollow base, nor the jewels and ornaments covering it, could tempt even the coxswain or Ab Sin, far less any of the other Hakkas, to cross that awful threshold.

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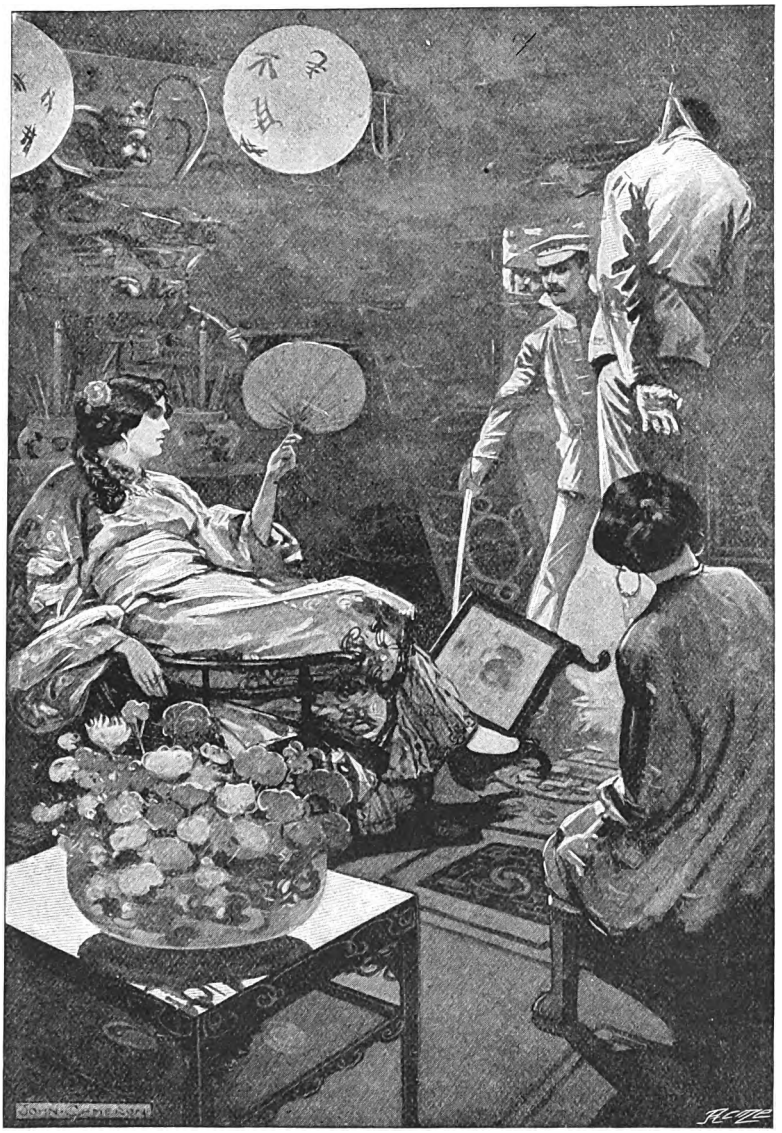
The Lieutenant then called to Long Ling to cut down the body of Semala. But the coxswain merely shook his head and retreated further from the doorway.

"Plenty devil have got 'ee," he observed laconically with a jerk of his thumb towards the body as it swung to and fro in the flickering red light.

Both the coxswain and Ab Sin firmly believed that the ghosts of all Semala's former victims had visited him in his last moments, till driven to desperation he accepted the suggestion of the demon he worshipped and committed suicide to escape them. Demon-haunted was the place in their belief for now and evermore.

Eventually the Lieutenant had to cut down the body himself, while the military mandarin, enraged at the She-Fiend's insolence in daring to wear the Imperial yellow, added a pair of heavy wrist-irons to her other adornments.



On an ebony and marble seat near the altar, calmly regarding the scene, reclined the She-Fiend.

The She-Fiend then suffered herself and her servant to be led from the ghastly scene in the cabin, the Lieutenant threatening to pistol any man who ill-used either her or her slave. Not that such a prohibition was very necessary, for his Hakkas for the most part gave the She-Fiend a very wide berth. Ab Sin, however, and the coxswain, both of whom had seen service with the British-Chinese forces in the "Sixties" were bolder than their comrades and made friends with the She-Fiend at once, supplying her with all she needed in the shape of cigarettes, tea, fruit, cakes, and mandarin wine, and imparting much novel information as to the wonderful ways of all foreign devils in general, and the Lieutenant foreign devil in particular. The latter, however, resisted with some disgust all the She-Fiend's attempts to attract his attention, and hoisting the Imperial dragon over

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both vessels, had them steered, with their cargo of captured pirates, direct for the Canton River.

The rumour of the capture of the most dreaded of the seven pirate captains had outstripped—as native rumour does outstrip everything else, even the telegraph itself at times—the arrival of the *Lucky Chance* and her prey, and many who were interested in the coast trade had come to see the prisoners landed. Among others, the Tepo of a large village, head of a powerful Hakka clan, and who had purchased an official "button," had been engaging junks to carry the granite from his quarries to Canton, and stopped on his way back to see the Lieutenant disembark with his captives. The officer had allowed the She-Fiend's slave to go free, and the She-Fiend, herself, being the last to disembark, was alone.

The She-Fiend marked the admiring gaze of the Tepo. The She-Fiend had a remarkably fine pair of eyes, and being a woman, though a pirate, knew how to use them.

When the Tepo left the quay he was observed to make his way to the Yamen of the local official or magistrate. An hour or two later a casual observer might have noticed a huge sack of silver being carried by coolies into the building.

A few days afterwards the execution of the pirates and "the woman who led them," was officially reported, and two heaps of heads duly appeared on the Public Executioner's ground.

But if that same casual observer had cared to examine these grisly trophies, he would have found that the features of the She-Fiend had in death become singularly like those of her faithful female slave.

II.

It was the autumn of the year 1900, and more than a quarter of a century had now elapsed since the fight on the West Coast. Li-a-Kew, head of the Li clan, and Tepo of the large "stone village," with its strong loop-holed walls, was a prosperous man with power of life and death over four thousand able-bodied Hakkas. Few cared to cross the Tepo, who, as magistrate, was quite capable of administering the bamboo, ordering torture, or even execution to such an offender. But still fewer cared to cross the Tepo's "number one wife," a tall, powerful woman of eight-and-forty, whose features even now bore more resemblance to the She-Fiend's than had those of the ghastly severed head which had lain on the executioner's ground at Canton nearly thirty years ago. It was the Tepo's wife who really ruled the Li clan of the stone village, and ruled them with a rod of iron.

The gossips, and such as had felt the weight of her sore displeasure, declared that his wife had bewitched their Tepo, that he was under the magic of the "Tankerlow Devil," and that no good would come of it. But the missionaries, at least, spoke charitably of "the Tepo's lady" as a liberal contributor to the funds of the mission, and if not actually a Christian herself, the mother of one of their most promising converts.

For the Tepo's daughter had become a strict Catholic under the care of the "Good Sisters," and was soon to be married to a young Christian from the Hong Kong College, the son of a wealthy "Hong" proprietor in that British colony.

Just, however, as the Tepo's wife had ascertained an auspicious date for the ceremony from the soothsayer, there came rumours of a Boxer rising in the north, and the people of the Kwang provinces heard that all the foreign devils were to be driven into the sea.

The more turbulent of the population began to grow restless and show a truly Oriental tendency to range themselves on what they thought to be the winning side. The more enlightened agreed that as the foreign devils had suppressed the "Taipings" forty years ago they would certainly suppress the Boxers now. For the present, at any rate, while these rumoured doings were confined to the north, the people continued to go quietly about their business as usual. The Cantonese Acting Viceroy posted notices instructing the people not to interfere with the missions or molest the native Christians. But all this time certain "Traders" were arriving from the north, well-dressed men in long silk gowns, with plenty of silver at their disposal.

Soon these mysterious "Traders" began to appear in the Tepo's district. The usual Boxer placards were posted in the villages. These, by the Tepo's order, were promptly torn down and the Boxer agents roughly handled and driven out. But in the next district—and it was here that the mission buildings and chapel were situated—the people were mostly Puntis, and the mischief of the Boxer agents began to work.

Then crowds began to insult and threaten the congregations as they left the chapel. The missionaries at once applied to the acting Viceroy for protection. This was readily promised. Unfortunately, though, it didn't come.

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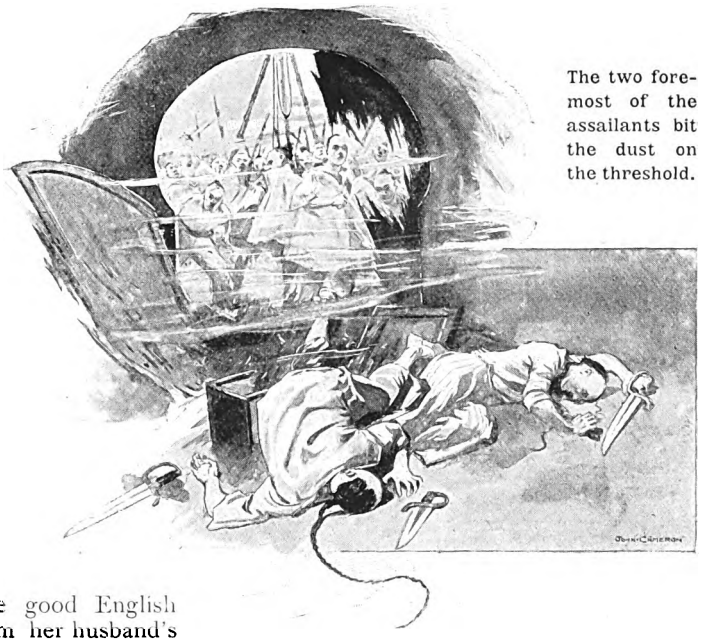

The two foremost of the assailants bit the dust on the threshold.

With matters at this pass the Tepo urged his daughter to stop away from the Mission till quieter times. But the young girl had inherited her mother's high courage and would not give up her church and her Christian friends. The mother, pleased at her daughter's spirit, sided with her, and announced her intention of accompanying her to the chapel on the following Sunday.

Thus Sunday morning saw her and her daughter borne in chairs by eight stout Hakka coolies on their way to the chapel in the Punti stone village. Possibly she trusted to her reputation as a sorcerer, but more probably to the good English revolver she had taken from her husband's room, and to the long spears fastened alongside the chair-poles.

An hour's journey brought them to a plain stone building where the great bell was yet ringing for service; this, and the stone cross over the door being the only indications of the sacred character of the place.

The She-Fiend took a seat beside her daughter, and sat silent and subdued while the service proceeded. It was the first time she had seen "the Christian Joss-house" where her daughter was to be married. She seemed strangely fascinated by a carved representation of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, and many whispered that a miracle was about to be wrought—that the She-Fiend's conversion was being accomplished.

Be that as it may, she was unusually quiet and thoughtful that fatal Sabbath morning.

Just as the officiating priest was bestowing the final benediction a distant murmur was borne to the worshippers' ears. Each kneeling Christian started, and a very different light flashed into the She-Fiend's eyes. Gradually as the sounds drew nearer the murmur swelled into an uproar, the uproar into a pandemonium of yells and curses.

"*Tah fan kwai!*" (Kill the foreigner.)

The priest ran from the altar towards the door to interpose himself between the approaching mob and his terrified flock, but before he was half way down the aisle the She-Fiend, revolver in hand, sprang to the porch and called to her spearmen.

"Quick," she said turning to the missionary and the sisters, "take you the women and the old men and go out by the door behind the bamboos. Run between the thickets to the shore. There are my husband's stone junks. Steer them to our village and ask for help. Quick!"

The priest, an elderly man, and the sisters, finding it useless to remonstrate, followed the congregation in the stampede for the stone junks. But the She-Fiend's daughter broke away from the sisters and rushed back to her mother's side, nor could she be induced to leave her. Meanwhile the handful of Hakkas had made fast the doors and were piling up a barricade composed of the chapel furniture, while four or five of her own clansmen, members of the congregation who had remained behind, armed themselves with iron bars, axes and heavy ironwood poles from the Chapel tool-house.

By the time the howling mob, now nearly 3000 strong, had reached the chapel door they found it immovable, while the bell began to swing wildly backwards and forwards, giving an alarm which the wind would carry far and wide.

The Boxer agents, who were now openly directing matters, sent men to the beach for spars to use as supports. Others uprooted a heavy tombstone from the neighbouring graveyard and hauled it to the spot

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Immediately a score of hands had secured ropes to the huge mass, as it hung between the spars, and swung it high in air. No doors, however strong, could withstand this, and the chapel door, caught by the gravestone at the rebound, crashed inwards.

The Boxer leaders sprang forward against the barricade of chairs and benches.

"Crack, crack," went the She-Fiend's revolver from behind the woodwork, and the two foremost of the assailants bit the dust on the threshold.

The mob hesitated and hung back. What they had been promised was the pillage of the Mission, after the slaughter of women, children, and old men in the chapel. They had not bargained for the She-Fiend and her dozen spearmen behind the barricade. The chapel bell too still swayed madly to and fro, and the greater part of the mob, fearing interference, began to abandon the attack and make for the adjacent mission-house.

But the Boxers and their hired assassins—scum of opium dens and Cantonese prisons—these were made of sterner stuff, and with shouts of "Kill the Water-Devil Woman!" made another attempt to rush the barricade.

Again the She-Fiend's revolver spat forth its venomous fire, and two more of her assailants were laid low. Another of the Boxer leaders, who had escaped the revolver and managed to force his way through part of the barricade, had his sword wrenched from his hand and driven through his body by the "Water-Devil Woman," an expert in the use of that weapon.

Yet another attempt to tear down the barricade meeting with a similar result, even these desperadoes held back for a space until cries of "Foh!" from the looters of the mission house drew their attention to that quarter. In a minute the mission house, with its wooden verandahs and Venetian shutters, was in flames. The Boxers by the chapel were not slow to take the idea, and the returning mob were ordered to bring rafters and beams from the burning building, and pile them with bundles of grass saturated with oil in front of the chapel doors.

Again the She-Fiend's revolver added to the bodies by the barricade, but this time in vain, for, the flames catching the porch first, spread to the barricade, which was soon ablaze. When the smoke became thick enough to conceal their movements, the She-Fiend ordered her men to open the small back door of the chapel, and to rush the path leading to the sea.

The command was obeyed, and the She-Fiend and her daughter, encircled by their clansmen, dashed down the alley between the bamboo thickets, the Hakkas' spears making short work of such of the mob as happened to be on that side of the building.

But the Boxer ringleaders from the front of the chapel had soon grasped the situation, and in a very short time were close behind the little band. Then the Tepo's clansmen made their last stand while their master's wife and daughter fled onwards to the beach.

For a time they used their long spears to such purpose that they kept their assailants at bay, but gradually some of the latter forced a way between the dense bamboo stems, and getting through took the Hakkas in the rear and stabbed them in the back.

As the last of her faithful clansmen went down the She-Fiend and her daughter had reached one of the half dozen of the Tepo's 'sampans' and were dragging in the anchor. Forty or fifty of the mob, however, led by the three remaining Boxer agents, were soon close behind the She-Fiend as she pushed the small craft off and springing in hoisted the sail.

But the wind just then fell light, and though the chapel bell still clanged out its discordant warning—never ceasing to do so indeed until the faithful wretch who pulled the rope had had the flesh hacked from his legs by the swords of his assailants on the roof—it was now too late for the Tepo's help to be of any use, and the She-Fiend realised that her last hour, and worse still that of her innocent young daughter, had come.

Already with yells of triumph the Boxers had scrambled into the other small boats, and were propelling them rapidly towards the two women. The She-Fiend embraced her daughter, then disengaging herself, shot her only child dead, and fastening the body to the iron anchor gently lowered it by the severed rope into the clear blue water. She raised the last loaded chamber to her own temple, but an exasperating insult from the Boxer leader as he sprang into her boat changed her intention, and in an instant the Boxer's body leapt into the air and then fell with a dull thud on the deck, with the She-Fiend's last bullet in his brain.

This gave a momentary check to those behind him, an interval used by the She-Fiend to taunt them with the tortures her husband would inflict upon them when they fell into his power.

"See," she cried, pointing along the coast, "the Tepo's boats."

And still pointing to the help that had

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come at last, but too late, the She-Fiend fell into the sea, a dozen weapons buried in her body.

* * * *

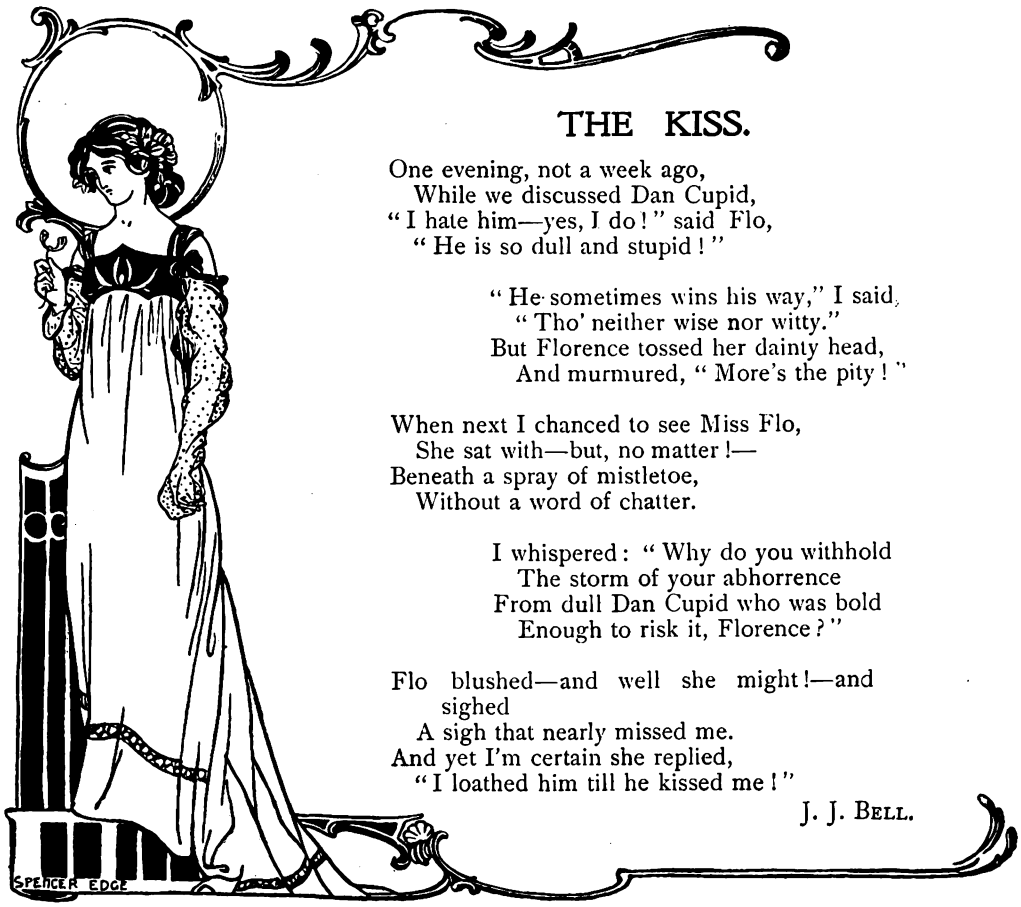
The She-Fiend's body was never found. The awestruck boat-people declared that in the great storm that swept the bay that night the huge form of the Sea-Demon was seen, and that he had claimed her as his prey.

However that may be, the She-Fiend's career had ended in the bloodshed and horror with which it had commenced.

Nor could all the tortures inflicted by the Tepo upon her murderers console the grief-stricken man for his loss.

But the memory of the She-Fiend will ever live in the hearts of the members of the Christian congregation that at such a terrible cost she had saved from the devilish atrocities of a Boxer mob!

There will be many memories of a similar nature, too, treasured by our own countrymen and countrywomen, members of those other Christian congregations at Peking, where the Legation guards and the civilian defenders could never have held out till relief came but for the gallant part played in the defence by the thousands of Chinese converts who held the Cathedral and the Palace, and whose patient labour had constructed the earthworks and the greater part of the defences of the Legations. The She-Fiend's quick insight had very soon noted the good results in her adopted country of the Missionaries' labours —else her daughter had not set foot in either chapel or mission. Thereby the ex-leader of Pirates showed a juster perception of the trend of affairs than the great political leaders of the greatest of Asiatic Powers, who hamper those efforts in every possible way.



THE KISS.

One evening, not a week ago,
While we discussed Dan Cupid,
"I hate him—yes, I do!" said Flo,
"He is so dull and stupid!"

"He sometimes wins his way," I said,
"Tho' neither wise nor witty."
But Florence tossed her dainty head,
And murmured, "More's the pity!"

When next I chanced to see Miss Flo,
She sat with—but, no matter!—
Beneath a spray of mistletoe,
Without a word of chatter.

I whispered: "Why do you withhold
The storm of your abhorrence
From dull Dan Cupid who was bold
Enough to risk it, Florence?"

Flo blushed—and well she might!—and sighed
A sigh that nearly missed me.
And yet I'm certain she replied,
"I loathed him till he kissed me!"

J. J. Bell.

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THE LITTLE PARLIAMENTS OF ENGLAND

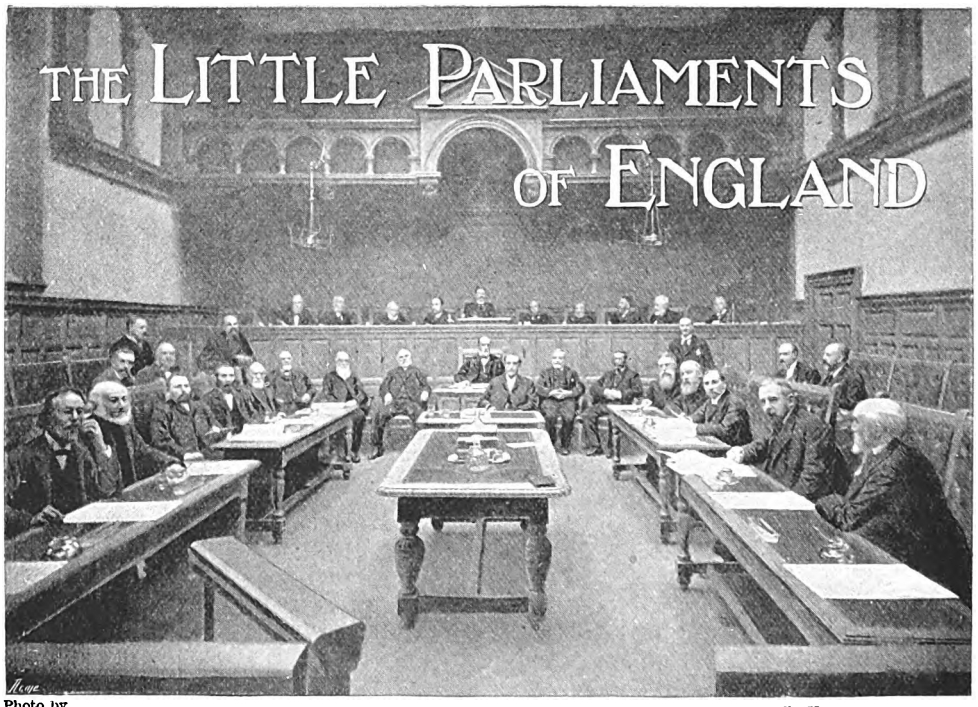


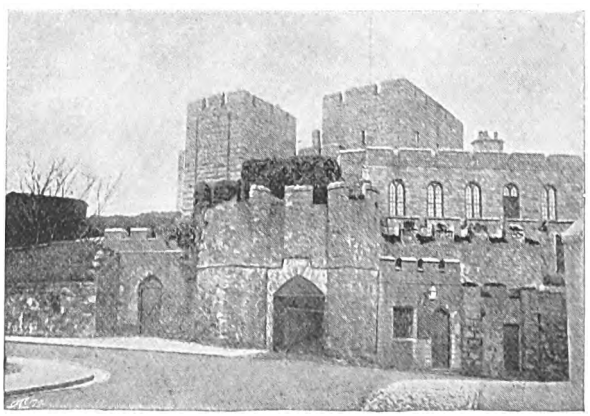
Photo by W. H. Warburton, Douglas.

The House of Keys in session.

By H. C. Davidson & J. M. Lainé.

Scotland has lost all desire for an independent government, and Ireland—rightly or wrongly, who shall say?—is refused the "home-rule" she so persistently craves. This we all know; but how many of us are aware that three of the British islands are self-ruling, with Parliaments of their own and separate codes of law—the Isle of Man, Guernsey, and Jersey?

The origin of the House of Keys is lost in the dim ages of antiquity. Its very name has been the subject of endless discussion. The most probable derivation is from *kiare-as-feed* (four-and-twenty, the number of its members), though some hold that it is connected with the word *keise* (chosen). In the year 1422, shortly after the Stanleys became kings of Man, the insular statutes were for the first time recorded in writing, and they contain the statement that under the name of *taxiaxi*, or hostages, there were twenty-four Keys in the days of King Orry, a famous Norse chieftain who conquered and settled in the island in the tenth century. In early times, however, they seem to have had less to do with making the law than with administering it, a function which they continued to discharge until a comparatively recent date.



From a Photo.

Castle Rushen, the first meeting place of the House of Keys.

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So long as the Keys were a judicial body, they had little or no control over the finances. In fact, when the island was sold to the Crown by the Duke of Athole it was administered by the Home Secretary, who defrayed the expenses out of the revenue, and handed over the balance to the English Exchequer.

Photo by Champion-Bradshaw.

In 1706 the House of Keys moved to this building. When it was evacuated, and the House commenced to hold its sessions in the present Government offices, the above premises were taken by Dumbell's Bank, the failure of which has been talked of so much lately.

This arrangement, however, did not long continue, and with the change came the natural demand that the Keys should be elected by the people. That they were so elected originally is probable; but for centuries they had exercised this privilege themselves, nominating for each vacancy two men, from whom the Lord made the final choice. If he thought fit he could veto both, for the decree ran: "Without the Lord's will none of the Keys to be." It was in the year 1866 that the Keys first became a representative body.

Formerly they met in Castle Rushen—in the room which is still used as a court-house—but apparently the place was not always the same.

The space between the castle gates once held three stone seats—for the Governor and the two Deemsters—and there, in 1430, Henry Byron, the Lieutenant-Governor, held "a court of all the Commons." In 1706 the Keys migrated to the lower floor of a building opposite the castle, now used as a bank, and at a later date they purchased the whole of it. Since then they have moved to Douglas, and now occupy a chamber in the Government offices, at the corner of Finch Road and Prospect Hill.

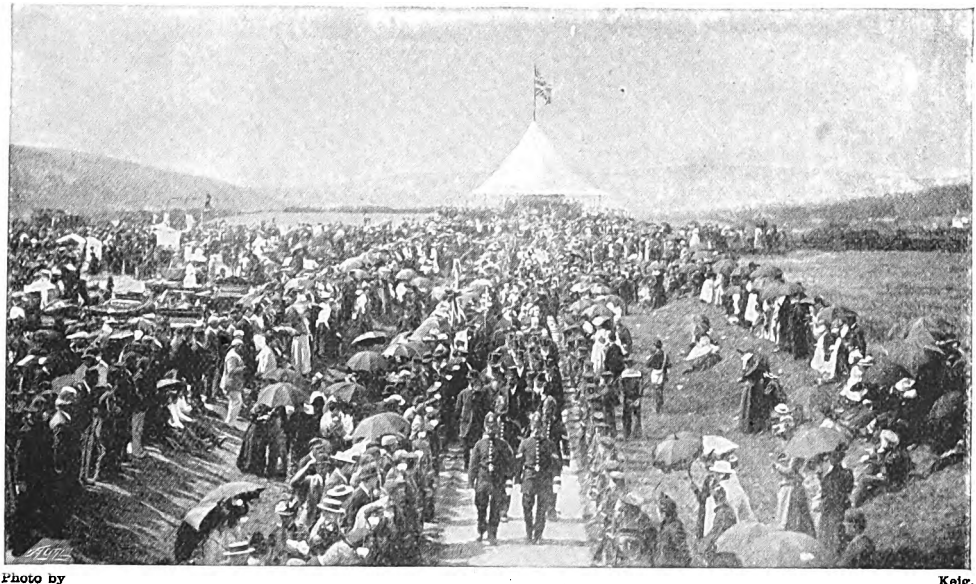

Photo by Keig.

The procession from Tynwald Hill to the Church of St. John, in the chancel of which the House discusses questions that may need settlement.

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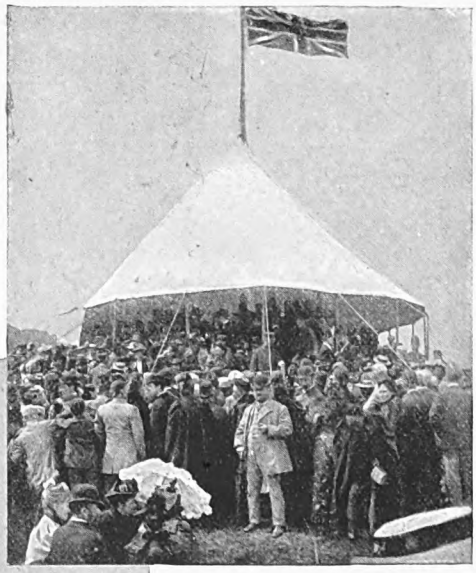

The proclamation of the new laws on Tynwald Hill.

Photos by Keig.

The officials, Keys, and clergy leaving Tynwald Hill after the reading of the laws.

When they meet they get to work without any formality. The Speaker takes the chair, and the business of the day is at once commenced. There are no parties, though, of course, there are differences of opinion. As in the case of the English Parliament, there is an upper chamber, called the Council, and consisting of the Governor, who presides, the Bishop, the two Deemsters, the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Archdeacon, the Receiver-General, and the Vicar-General. Bills may be introduced in either branch, and when any difference arises it is settled by means of a conference.

To become law, a bill must be signed by both, and for this purpose it must bear the signatures of at least thirteen members of the Keys. It is then forwarded to the Home Office, and if the report on it is favourable, it is ratified by His Majesty and afterwards promulgated from Tynwald Hill.

This is the quaint ceremony which so many visitors to the island have witnessed. The hill, it should be mentioned, is merely a small mound in the centre of a green at St. John's. The earth of which it is composed is said to have been brought from the seventeen different parishes, and is arranged in four tiers to represent the four estates. The manner in which the ceremony should be conducted was decided as long ago as 1417.

It was declared that the Lord—now represented by the Lieutenant-Governor—"shall come thither in your Royal array, as a King ought to do, by the prerogatives and royalties of the land of Man, and upon the hill of Tynwald sit in a chair, covered with a Royal cloath and quishions, and your visage unto the East, and your sword before you, holden with the point upward, your Barons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed men and your Deemsters before you sitting . . . . and the Commons to stand without the hill, and your Deemsters shall make call in your Coroner of Glenfaba, and he shall call in all the coroners of Man, and their yardes (wands of office) in

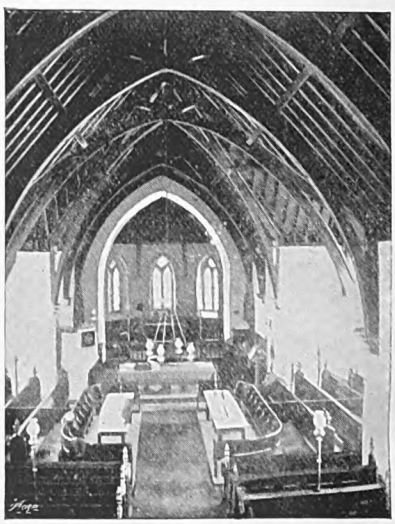

Photo by Keig.

The chancel of St. John's Church, where knotty questions are discussed by the Keys and Deemsters.

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Photo by Champion-Bradshaw & Sons.

The present House of Keys.

their hands, with their weapons upon them, either sword or axe. Then the chief coroner—that is, the Coroner of Glenfaba—shall make a fence, upon pain of life or lymne, that no man make any disturbance or stir in the time of Tynwald, or any murmer, or rising in the King's presence, upon pain of hanging and drawing."

The ceremony to-day is very much the same as it used to be centuries ago, the chief difference being in the surroundings, for instead of a gathering of Manxmen anxious to hear the new laws, there is now a great assemblage of holiday makers, the green being covered with booths and vehicles of every kind.

The laws, however, are no longer read out in their entirety. In these days of newspapers there is no need. The senior Deemster contents himself with reading in English and Manx the titles of the Bills, and as soon as that is finished, the Officials, Keys, and clergy march in procession to the church of St. John's, where the members of both branches of the legislature, taking their seats in the chancel, proceed to discuss any questions that may be awaiting settlement. So far as the general public are concerned, this is the end of the matter.

The peculiarities, or, perhaps, we should rather say, the distinctive characteristics of the Channel Islands, are not particularly in evidence in their legislative assemblies.

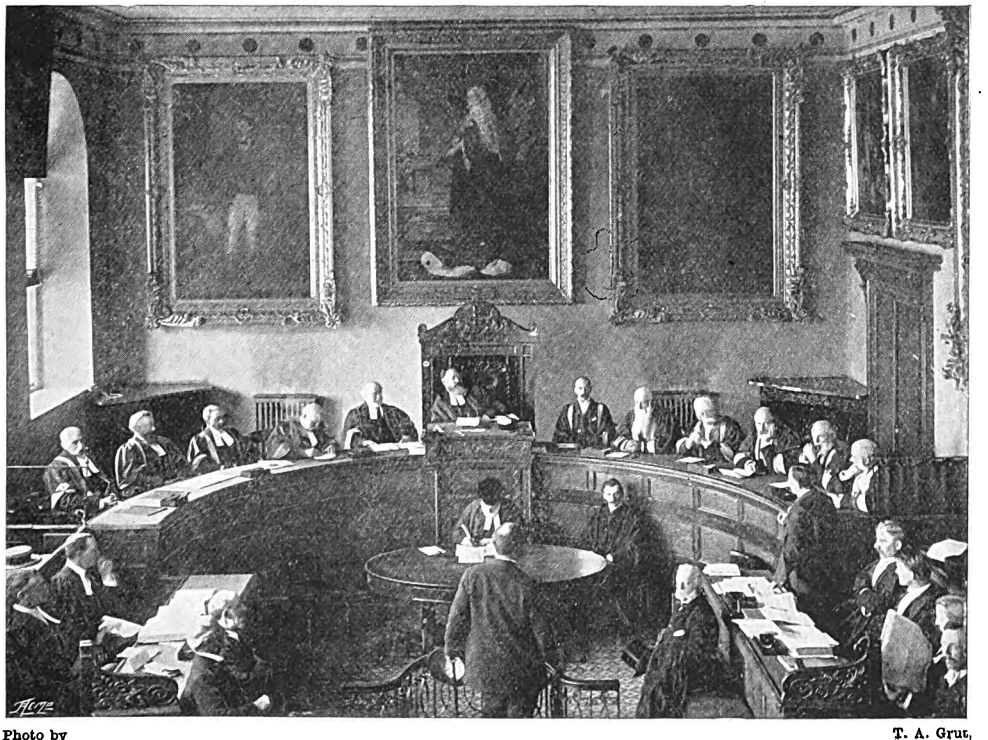

Photo by T. A. Grut,

The Royal Court of Guernsey in session.

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Photo by Russell & Sons.

The Bailiff, Sir Godfrey Carey, and the Jurats of Guernsey in their robes of office.

Ancient Norman customs still in force, such as the invocation by anyone who conceives himself to be wronged of the name of Rolls, the first Duke of Normandy—*La Clameur de Haro*, as it is called—are part of the judicial, rather than of the legislative, system. "The States," as the legislative assemblies of Guernsey and Jersey are called, are historically interesting on account of their origin, dimly traceable to remote Norman times, their development and their struggles with a rival body—the Royal Court—a body which in Jersey has been shorn of its legislative authority, but which, in Guernsey, at certain special sessions called "Chief Pleas," still claims and exercises the greater part of the administrative and legislative power within the island. And at the present day these island legislatures still have an interest of their own as quaint survivals of Norman times—old-world forms of an almost oligarchical government.

What, perhaps, would chiefly strike an English visitor who happened to be present for the first time at a meeting of one of these assemblies—at all events in Guernsey—would be the plurality of languages used—French (certainly not of the most grammatical or idiomatic kind), English, and occasionally a strange jargon in which he might detect a sprinkling of French words, and which he would, on inquiry, be told was the local *patois*, still spoken (though much less extensively than formerly) in the rural parts of the island, a debased and corrupted dialect of old Norman

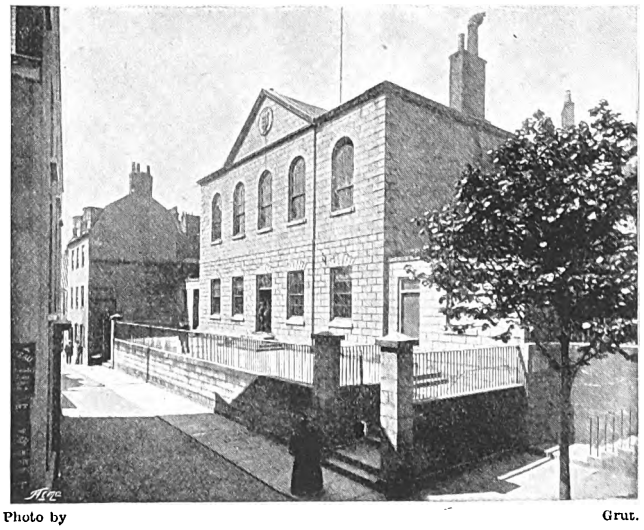

Photo by Grut.

The Royal Court, Guernsey.

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Photo by Tynan Bros.

Mr. J. Balleine,

"Denonciateur" of Jersey, with the mace presented by Charles II. in recognition of the loyalty of the islanders to the Throne during the Commonwealth.

French. He would find something to attract his attention in the robes of the President and the gentlemen seated on his right, and, if the meeting happened to be a meeting of the electoral branch of the States, he might also find something to excite his curiosity in the outward presentments of some of the more aged electors from the outlying parts of the island, in the cut of their coats, the shape of their hats, and the bulkiness of their umbrellas.

He might, perhaps, feel some surprise at seeing so many clergymen present as members of the assembly, and at finding that all members remained sitting when delivering their observations, but he would, let us hope, not be unreasonably astonished at the conduct of the undecided member who, though unable to make up his mind on a certain question, yet boldly remained in his place, and opened declared, "I do not vote," instead of doing what an English Member of Parliament would do in similar circumstances—walk out of the House before a division.

In the building, or in the plain oblong room, arranged as a Court, in which the assemblies of the States are held, our hypothetical English visitor would not find much to admire; and, if he had also visited Jersey, he would be fully justified in drawing comparisons, unfavourable to Guernsey, between the Court House in the latter island and the States House in the former.

As at present constituted, the States of Guernsey consist of two branches—one legislative, and the other electoral—the former being called the States of Deliberation (*les Etats de Délibération*) and the latter the States of Election (*les Etats d'Election*). The States of Deliberation are composed as follows: A. The Crown Nominees, namely (1) the Lieutenant-Governor, whose consent to the holding of every

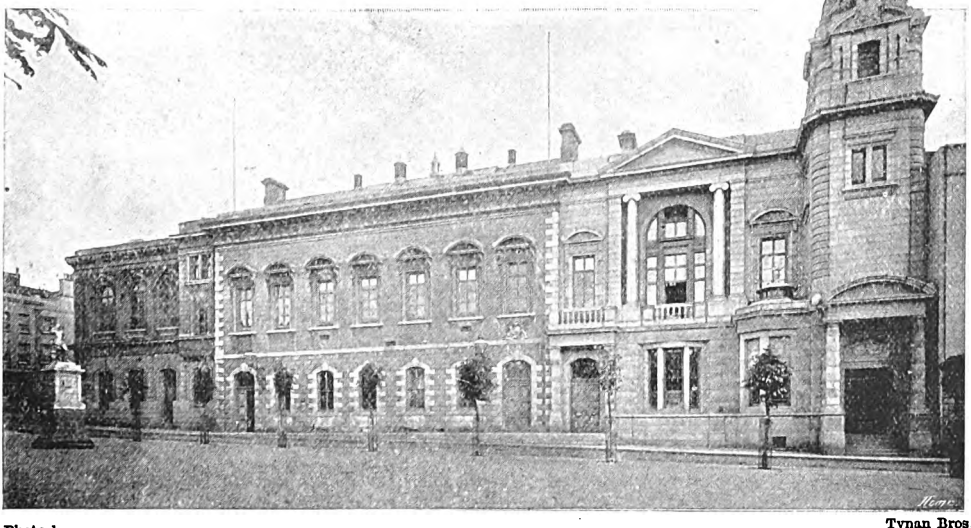

Photo by Tynan Bros.

The Jersey States House is on the left of this building, the Royal Court in the centre, the Public Library Records and offices on the right.

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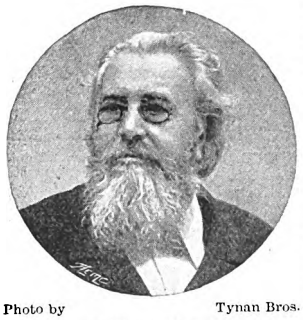


Photo by Tynan Bros.

Mr. Philippe Baudains,
The Mayor of St. Heliers.

meeting must be obtained; (2) the Bailiff, who presides; (3) the Procurator-General or Senior Law Officer; and (4) the Comptroller or Junior Law Officer. B. The Royal Court, consisting of twelve "Jurats" or Magistrates elected for life by the States of Election as mentioned below: C. The Rectors of eight of the parishes, appointed for life, and holding their seats *ex officio*: D. Fifteen "douzeniers"—six from the parish of St. Peter Port, and one from each of the nine remaining parishes (these "douzeniers" are members of permanent parish councils called "douzaines." They are elected for a term of six years by the ratepayers of each parish, *i.e.*, such of the inhabitants as own property of the value of £200 and upwards. The "douzeniers" who attend each States meeting are chosen by their colleagues without any reference to the electorate): and E. Nine Deputies elected for a term of years by the ratepayers of the whole island.

Of these members, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Comptroller have a right to speak, but no right to vote. The Bailiff has a casting vote, but no other. It will thus be seen that the States of Deliberation consist of forty-six voting members, of whom nine only can be said in any

Mr. Hilgrove Turner,
His Majesty's Attorney-General for Jersey.

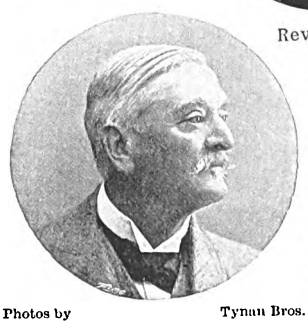
Mr. E. Le Sueur,
Greffier of Jersey.

Mr. H. E. Le Vavasseur dit Durell,
Solicitor-General of Jersey.

Rev. C. W. Balleine,
Chaplain of the States of Jersey.

real sense to represent the people; and it is only about two years ago that the small measure of reform, which secured their admission to the States, was passed. The States of Election consist of the Bailiff, twelve Jurats, the Rectors of the ten parishes, the Procurator-General, the whole body of "douzeniers," 180 in number, and twenty parochial officers called "Constables" (two for each of the ten parishes), who are elected by the ratepayers for three years. This body thus consists of 224 members, and almost its only functions are to elect Jurats and Sheriffs when vacancies occur. It has, however, the power to levy a general tax of a very limited amount without the approval of any higher authority.

The purely legislative powers of the States—apart from their general powers of administration—are limited. They may, as already stated, levy a general tax to a very small amount, and approve, with or without alteration, or reject draft laws submitted to them by the Court of Chief Pleas, which is held three times a year. But all legislation of a permanent nature, and all taxation, if it exceeds the limit, must be confirmed by the



Photos by Tynan Bros.

Mr. E. C. Malet de Carteret,
Lieut.-Bailiff and Seigneur of St. Ouen.

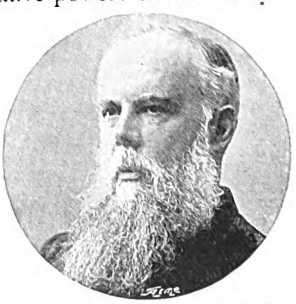


Photo by Tynan Bros.

The Very Rev. G. O. Balleine,
Dean of Jersey.

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King in Council before it has the force of law.

There are no fixed times for the meeting of the States. The States of Election are convened only when the election of a Jurat or Sheriff is necessary; and the States of Deliberation when there are legislative or financial measures to be laid before them.

The States of Jersey differ in some respects from the States of Guernsey. There are no separate States of Election in Jersey, where the Jurats are elected (as they formerly were in Guernsey) by the whole body of ratepayers. Down to 1831 the voting in each parish took place at the porch of the parish church after Divine service on Sundays.

The composition, too, of the States is not quite the same in the two islands. In Jersey, instead of eight rectors, there are twelve (there being twelve parishes in that island); instead of fifteen "douzeniers" there are twelve "constables;" and instead of nine deputies elected by all the ratepayers of the island, there are fourteen.

The islands have from time to time been granted exceptional privileges and immunities by Royal Charter. They have also been the recipients of Royal gifts. Amongst the most interesting of these is the large silver-gilt mace presented to the Bailiff and Jurats of Jersey by Charles II. on his restoration to the throne, in appreciation of the island's fidelity to his father and himself. This mace is always before the Court at its sittings, and is borne before it on solemn occasions by the Dénonciateur or Under-Sheriff.

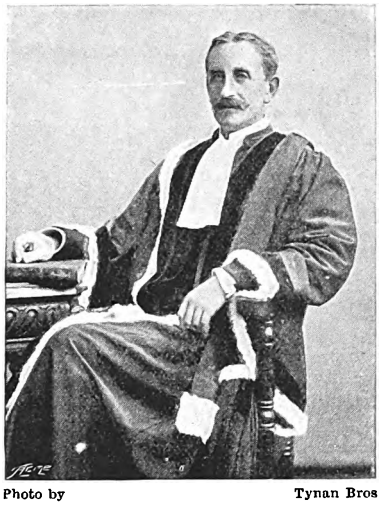

Photo by Tynan Bros

Mr. W. H. Venables-Vernon,
Bailiff of Jersey.

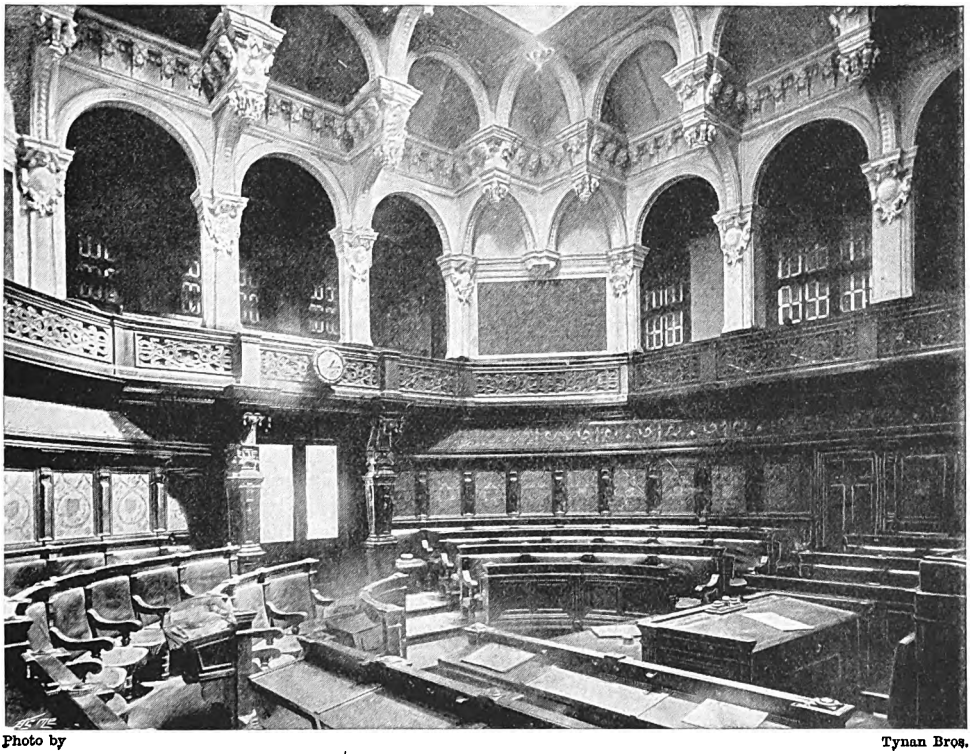

Photo by Tynan Bros.

Interior view of the Jersey States Room.

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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

Being the Third of a Series of Stories entitled "LONDON MYSTERIES."

By

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN *who explains each mystery to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST *whilst at lunch at an A.B.C.*
MR. HAZELDENE (*shipping agent*).
MRS. HAZELDENE (*his wife, found dead on the Underground Railway*).
FRANK ERRINGTON (*suspected of her murder*).
MR. ANDREW CAMPBELL } (*Witnesses before the Magistrates at Bow Street*).
MR. JAMES VERNER }

I.

"WILL you be good enough to give me a description of the man who sat next to you just now, while you were having your cup of coffee and scone?" said the man in the corner to me that day.

He had been sitting in his accustomed place when I came into the A B C shop, but had made no remark all the time that I was partaking of my modest luncheon. I was just in the act of thinking how rude he was not to have said "Good morning," when his abrupt remark caused me to look up.

"Do you know at all if he was tall or short, dark or fair?" he insisted, seemingly not the least disconcerted by my somewhat rude survey of his eccentric personality. "Can you tell me at all what he was like?"

"Of course I can," I rejoined impatiently, "but I don't see that my description of one of the customers of an A B C shop can have the slightest importance."

He was silent for a minute, while his nervous fingers fumbled about in his capacious pockets in search of the inevitable piece of string. When he had found this necessary "adjunct to thought," he viewed me again through his half-closed lids, and added maliciously:

"But supposing it were of paramount importance that you should give an accurate description of a man who sat next to you for half-an-hour to-day, how would you proceed?"

"I should say that he was of medium height——"

"Five foot eight, nine, or ten?" he interrupted quietly.

"How can one tell to an inch or

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two?" I rejoined crossly. "He was between colours."

"What's that?" he inquired blandly.

"Neither fair nor dark—his nose——"

"Well, what was his nose like? Will you sketch it?"

"I am not an artist. His nose was fairly straight—his eyes——"

"Were neither dark nor light—his hair had the same striking peculiarity—he was neither short nor tall—his nose was neither aquiline nor snub——" he recapitulated sarcastically.

"No," I retorted; "he was just ordinary-looking."

"Would you know him again—say to-morrow, and among a number of other men who were 'neither tall nor short, dark nor fair, aquiline nor snub-nosed,' etc?"

"I don't know—I might—he was certainly not striking enough to be specially remembered."

"Exactly," he said, while he leant forward excitedly, for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box let loose. "Precisely; and you are a novelist—call yourself one, at least—and it should be part of your business to notice and describe people. I don't mean only the wonderful personage with the clear Saxon features, the fine blue eyes, the noble brow and classic face, but the ordinary person—the person who represents ninety out of every hundred of his own kind — the average Englishman, say, of the middle classes, who is neither very tall nor very short, who wears a moustache which is neither fair nor dark, but which masks his mouth, and a top hat which hides the shape of his head and brow, a man, in fact, who dresses like hundreds of his fellow creatures, moves like them, speaks like them, has no peculiarity.

"Try to describe *him*, to recognise him, say a week hence, among his other eighty-nine doubles; worse still, to swear his life away, if he happened to be implicated in some crime, wherein *your* recognition of him would place the halter round his neck.

"Try that, I say, and having utterly failed you will more readily understand how one of the greatest scoundrels unhung is still at large, and why the mystery on the Underground Railway was never cleared up.

"I think it was the only time in my life that I was seriously tempted to give the police the benefit of my own views upon the matter. You see, though I admire the brute for his cleverness, I did not see that his being unpunished could possibly benefit anyone.

"The Central London Railway had just

His nervous fingers fumbled about in his capacious pockets.

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been opened a few days, and the old Underground was being deserted for the time being for the sake of the novelty of the other line. Anyway, when that particular train steamed into Aldgate at about 4 p.m. on June 18th last, the first class carriages were all but empty.

"The guard marched up and down the platform looking into all the carriages to see if any one had left a halfpenny evening paper behind for him, and opening the door of one of the first class compartments, he noticed a lady sitting in the further corner, with her head turned away towards the window evidently oblivious of the fact that on this line, Aldgate is the terminal station.

"'Where are you for, lady?' he said.

"The lady did not move, and the guard stepped into the carriage, thinking that perhaps the lady was asleep. He touched her arm lightly and looked into her face. In his own poetic language he was 'struck all of a 'eap.' In the glassy eyes, the ashen colour of the cheeks, the rigidity of the head, there was the unmistakable look of death.

"Hastily the guard, having carefully locked the carriage door, summoned a couple of porters, and sent one of them off to the police-station, and the other in search of the station-master.

"Fortunately at this time of day the up platform is not very crowded, all the traffic tending westward in the afternoon. It was only when an inspector and two police constables, accompanied by a detective in plain clothes and a medical officer, appeared upon the scene, and stood round a first class railway compartment, that a few idlers realised that something unusual had occurred, and crowded round, eager and curious.

"Thus it was that the later editions of the evening papers, under the sensational heading, 'Mysterious Suicide on the Underground Railway,' had already an account of the extraordinary event. The medical officer had very soon come to the decision that the guard had not been mistaken, and that life was indeed extinct.

"The lady was young, and must have been very pretty, before the look of fright and horror had so terribly distorted her features. She was very elegantly dressed, and the more frivolous papers were able to give their feminine readers a detailed account of the unfortunate woman's gown, her shoes, hat, and gloves.

"It appears that one of the latter, the one on the right hand, was partly off, leaving the thumb and wrist bare. That hand held a small satchel, which the police opened, with a view to the possible identification of the deceased, but which was found to contain only a little loose silver, some smelling salts, and a small empty bottle which was handed over to the medical officer for purposes of analysis.

"It was the presence of that small bottle which had caused the report to circulate freely that the mysterious case on the underground railway was one of suicide. Certain it was that neither about the lady's person, nor in the appearance of the railway carriage, was there the slightest sign of struggle or even of resistance. Only the look in the poor woman's eyes spoke of sudden terror, of the rapid vision of an unexpected and violent death, which probably only lasted an infinitesimal fraction of a second, but which had left its indelible mark upon the face, otherwise so placid and so still."

II.

"The body of the deceased was conveyed to the mortuary. So far, of course, not a soul had been able to identify her, or to throw the slightest light upon the mystery which hung around her death.

"Against that, quite a crowd of idlers—genuinely interested or not—obtained admission to view the body, on the pretext of having lost or mislaid a relative or a friend. At about 8.30 p.m. a young man, very well dressed, drove up to the station in a hansom, and sent in his card to the superintendent. It was Mr. Hazeldene, shipping agent, of 11, Crown Lane, E.C., and No. 19, Addison Row, Kensington.

"The young man looked in a pitiable state of mental distress; his hand clutched nervously a copy of the *St. James's Gazette*, which contained the fatal news. He said very little to the superintendent except that a person who was very dear to him had not returned home that evening.

"He had not felt really anxious until half-an-hour ago, when suddenly he thought of looking at his paper. The description of the deceased lady, though vague, had terribly alarmed him. He had jumped into a hansom, and now begged permission to view the body, in order that his worst fears might be allayed.

"You know what followed, of course," continued the man in the corner, "the grief of the young man was truly pitiable. In the woman lying there in a public mortuary before him, Mr. Hazeldene had recognised his wife.

"I am waxing melodramatic," said the man

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in the corner who looked up at me with a mild and gentle smile, while his nervous fingers vainly endeavoured to add another knot on the scrappy bit of string with which he was continually playing, "and I fear that your story will savour this time of the penny novelette, but you must admit, and no doubt you remember, that it was an intensely pathetic and truly dramatic moment.

"The unfortunate young husband of the deceased lady was not much worried with questions that night. As a matter of fact he was not in a fit condition to make any coherent statement. It was at the coroner's inquest on the following day, that certain facts came to light, which for the time being seemed to clear up the mystery surrounding Mrs. Hazeldene's death, only to plunge that same mystery, later on, into denser gloom than before.

The first witness at the inquest was, of course, Mr. Hazeldene himself. I think everyone's sympathy went out to the young man, as he stood before the coroner and tried to throw what light he could upon the mystery. He was well dressed as he had been the day before, but he looked terribly ill and worried, and no doubt the fact that he had not shaved gave his face a careworn and neglected air.

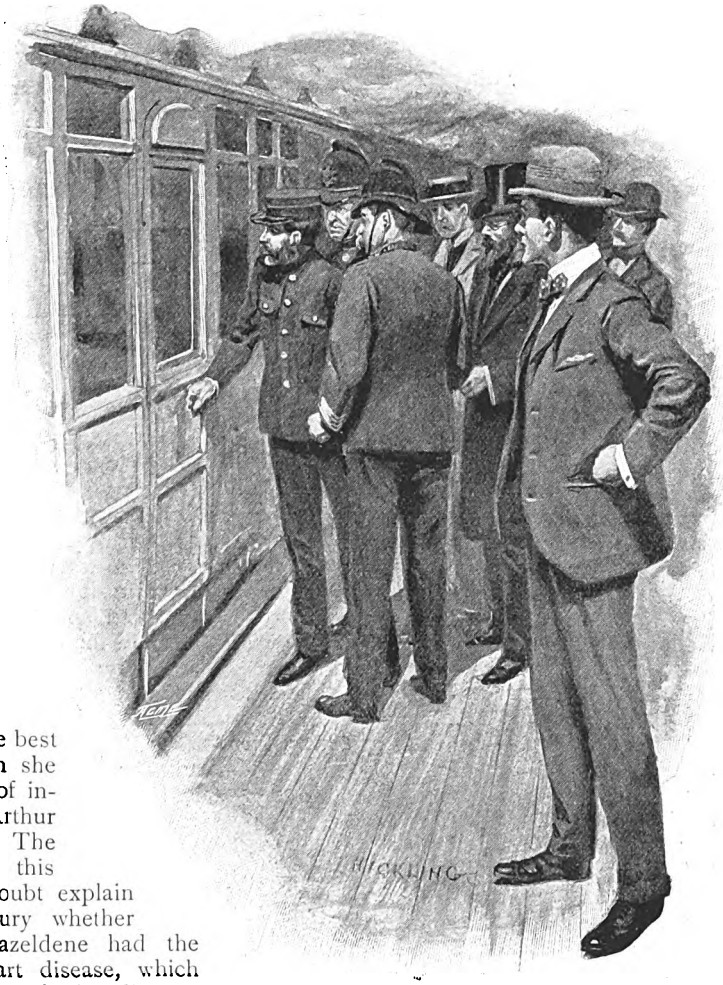
It appears that he and the deceased had been married some six years or so, and that they had always been happy in their married life. They had no children. Mrs. Hazeldene seemed to enjoy the best of health till lately, when she had had a slight attack of influenza, in which Dr. Arthur Jones had attended her. The doctor was present at this moment and would no doubt explain to the coroner and the jury whether he thought that Mrs. Hazeldene had the slightest tendency to heart disease, which might have had a sudden and fatal ending.

"The coroner was, of course, very considerate to the bereaved husband. He tried by circumlocution to get at the point he wanted, namely, Mrs. Hazeldene's mental condition lately. Mr. Hazeldene seemed loth to talk about this. No doubt he had been warned as to the existence of the small bottle found in his wife's satchel.

"'It certainly did seem to me at times,' he at last reluctantly admitted, 'that my wife did not seem quite herself. She used to be very gay and bright, and lately, I often saw her in the evening sitting, as if brooding over some matters, which evidently she did not care to communicate to me.'

"Still the coroner insisted, and suggested the small bottle.

"'I know, I know,' replied the young man with a short, heavy sigh. 'You mean—the



"A few idlers realised that something unusual had occurred, and crowded round, eager and curious."

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question of suicide—I cannot understand it at all—it seems so sudden and so terrible—she certainly had seemed listless and troubled lately—but only at times—and yesterday morning, when I went to business, she appeared quite herself again, and I suggested that we should go to the opera in the evening. She was delighted, I know, and told me she would do some shopping, and pay a few calls in the afternoon.'

"'Do you know at all where she intended to go when she got into the Underground Railway?'

"'Well, not with certainty. You see she may have meant to get out at Baker Street, and go down to Bond Street to do her shopping. Then again, she sometimes goes to a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, in which case, she would take a ticket to Aldersgate Street; but I cannot say.'

"'Now, Mr. Hazeldene,' said the coroner at last very kindly, 'will you try to tell me if there was anything in Mrs. Hazeldene's life which you know of, and which might in some measure explain the cause of the distressed state of mind, which you yourself had noticed? Did there exist any financial difficulty which might have preyed upon Mrs. Hazeldene's mind; was there any friend—to whose intercourse with Mrs. Hazeldene—you—er—at any time took exception to. In fact,' added the coroner, as if thankful that he had got over an unpleasant moment, 'can you give me the slightest indication which would tend to confirm the suspicion that the unfortunate lady, in a moment of mental anxiety or derangement, may have wished to take her own life.'

"There was silence in the court for a few moments. Mr. Hazeldene seemed to everyone there present to be labouring under some terrible moral doubt. He looked very pale and wretched, and twice attempted to speak, before he at last said in scarcely audible tones.

"'No; there were no financial difficulties of any sort. My wife had an independent fortune of her own—she had no extravagant tastes——'

"'Nor any friend you at any time objected to?' insisted the coroner.

"'Nor any friend, I—at any time objected to,' stammered the unfortunate young man, evidently speaking with an effort.

"I was present at the inquest," resumed the man in the corner, after he had drunk a glass of milk, and ordered another, "and I can assure you that the most obtuse person there plainly realised that Mr. Hazeldene was telling a lie. It was pretty plain to the meanest intelligence that the unfortunate lady had not fallen into a state of morbid dejection for nothing, and that perhaps there existed a third person who could throw more light on her strange and sudden death than the unhappy, bereaved young widower.

"That the death was more mysterious even than it had at first appeared, became very soon apparent. You read the case at the time, no doubt, and must remember the excitement in the public mind caused by the evidence of the two doctors. Dr. Arthur Jones, the lady's usual medical man, who had not attended her in a last very slight illness, but who had seen her in a professional capacity fairly recently, declared most emphatically that Mrs. Hazeldene suffered from no organic complaint which could possibly have been the cause of sudden death. Moreover, he had assisted Mr. Andrew Thornton, the district medical officer, in making a post-mortem examination, and together they had come to the conclusion that death was due to the action of prussic acid, which had caused instantaneous failure of the heart, but how the drug had been administered neither he nor his colleague were at present able to state.

"'Do I understand, then, Dr. Jones, that the deceased died, poisoned with prussic acid?'

"'Such is my opinion,' replied the doctor.'

"'Did the bottle found in her satchel contain prussic acid?'

"'It had contained some at one time, certainly.'

"'In your opinion, then, the lady caused her own death by taking a dose of that drug?'

"'Pardon me, I never suggested such a thing; the lady died poisoned by the drug, but how the drug was administered we cannot say. By injection of some sort, certainly. The drug certainly was not swallowed; there was not a vestige of it in the stomach.

"'Yes,' added the doctor in reply to another question from the coroner, 'death had probably followed the injection in this case almost immediately; say within a couple of minutes, or perhaps three. It was quite possible, that the body would not have more than one quick and sudden convulsion, perhaps not that; death in such cases is absolutely sudden and crushing.'

"I don't think that at the time anyone in the room realised how important the doctor's statement was, a statement which, by the way,

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was confirmed in all its details by the district medical officer, who had conducted the post-mortem. Mrs. Hazeldene had died suddenly from an injection of prussic acid, administered no one knew how or when. She had been travelling in a first class railway carriage, in a busy time of the day. That young and elegant woman must have had singular nerve and coolness to go through the process of a self-inflicted injection of a deadly poison in the presence of perhaps two or three other persons.

"Mind you, when I say that no one there realised the importance of the doctor's statement at that moment, I am wrong; there were three persons, who fully understood at once the gravity of the situation, and the astounding development which the case was beginning to assume.

"Of course, I should have put myself out of the question," added my strange interlocutor, with that inimitable self-conceit peculiar to himself. "I guessed then and there in a moment where the police were going wrong, and where they would go on going wrong until the mysterious death on the Underground Railway had sunk into oblivion, together with the other cases which they mismanage from time to time.

"I said there were three persons who understood the gravity of the two doctors' statements—the other two were, firstly, the detective who had originally examined the railway carriage, a young man of energy and plenty of misguided intelligence, the other was Mr. Hazeldene.

"At this point the interesting element of the whole story was first introduced into the proceedings, and this was done through the humble channel of Emma Funnel, Mrs. Hazeldene's maid, who, as far as was known then, was the last person who had seen the unfortunate lady alive and had spoken to her.

"'Mrs. Hazeldene lunched at home,' explained Emma, who was shy, and spoke almost in a whisper, 'she seemed well and cheerful. She went out at about half-past three, and told me she was going to Spence's in St. Paul's Churchyard, to try on her new tailor-made gown. Mrs. Hazeldene had meant to go there in the morning, but was prevented as Mr. Errington called.'

"'Mr. Errington?' asked the coroner casually. 'Who is Mr. Errington?'

"But this, Emma found difficult to explain. 'Mr. Errington was—Mr. Errington, that's all.'

"'Mr. Errington was a friend of the family. He lived in a flat in the Albert Mansions. He very often came to Addison Crescent, and generally stayed late.'

"Pressed still further with questions, Emma at last stated that latterly Mrs. Hazeldene had been to the theatre several times with Mr. Errington, and that on those nights the master looked very gloomy, and was very cross.

"Recalled, the young widower was strangely reticent. He gave forth his answers very grudgingly, and the coroner was evidently absolutely satisfied with himself at the marvellous way in which, after a quarter of an hour of firm yet very kind questionings, he had elicited from the witness what information he wanted.

"Mr. Errington was a friend of his wife. He was a gentleman of means, and seemed to have a great deal of time at his command. He himself did not particularly care about Mr. Errington, but he certainly had never made any observations to his wife on the subject.

"'But who is Mr. Errington?' repeated the coroner once more. 'What does he do? What is his business or profession?'

"'He has no business or profession.'

"'What is his occupation, then?'

"'He has no special occupation. He has ample private means. But he has a great and very absorbing hobby.'

"'What is that?'

"'He spends all his time in chemical experiments, and is, I believe, as an amateur, a very distinguished toxicologist.'"

III.

"Did you ever see Mr. Errington, the gentleman so closely connected with the mysterious death on the Underground Railway?" asked the man in the corner as he placed one or two of his little snap-shot photos before me. "There he is, to the very life. Fairly good-looking, a pleasant face enough, but ordinary, absolutely ordinary.

"It was this absence of any peculiarity which very nearly, but not quite, placed the halter round Mr. Errington's neck. But I am going too fast, and you will lose the thread.

"The public, of course, never heard how it actually came about that Mr. Errington, the wealthy bachelor of Albert Mansions, of the Grosvenor, and other young dandies' clubs, one fine day found himself before the magistrates at Bow Street, charged with being concerned in the death of Mary Beatrice Hazeldene, late of No. 19, Addison Row.

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"I can assure you both press and public were literally flabbergasted. You see Mr. Errington was a well-known and very popular member of a certain smart section of London society. He was a constant visitor at the opera, the racecourse, the Park, and the Carlton, he had a great many friends, and there was consequently quite a large attendance at the police court that morning.

"What had transpired was this:

"After the very scrappy bits of evidence which came to light at the inquest, two gentlemen bethought themselves that perhaps they had some duty to perform towards the State and the public generally. Accordingly they had come forward in order to offer to throw what light they could upon the mysterious affair on the Underground Railway.

"The police naturally felt that their information, such as it was, came rather late in the day, but as it proved of paramount importance, and the two gentlemen, moreover, were of undoubtedly good position in the world, they were thankful for what they could get, and acted accordingly; they accordingly brought Mr. Errington up before the Magistrate on a charge of murder.

"The accused looked pale and worried when I first caught sight of him in the Court that day, which was not to be wondered at, considering the terrible position in which he found himself.

"He had been arrested at Marseilles, where he was preparing to start for Colombo.

"I don't think he realised how terrible his position really was, until later in the proceedings when all the evidence relating to the arrest had been heard, and Emma Funnel had repeated her statement as to Mr. Errington's call at 19, Addison Row in the morning, and Mrs. Hazeldene starting off for St. Paul's Churchyard at 3.30 in the afternoon.

"Mr. Hazeldene had nothing to add to the statements he had made at the coroner's inquest. He had last seen his wife alive on the morning of the fatal day. She had seemed very well and cheerful. I think everyone present understood that he was trying to say as little as possible that could in any way couple his deceased wife's name with that of the accused.

"And yet, from the servant's evidence, it undoubtedly leaked out that Mrs. Hazeldene, who was young, pretty, and evidently fond of admiration, had once or twice annoyed her husband by somewhat open, yet perfectly innocent, flirtations with Mr. Errington.

"I think everyone was most agreeably impressed by the widower's moderate and dignified attitude. You will see his photo there, among this bundle. That is just how he appeared in court. In deep black, of course, but without any sign of ostentation in his mourning. He had allowed his beard to grow lately, and wore it closely cut in a point. After his evidence, the sensation of the day occurred. A tall dark-haired man, with the word "city" written metaphorically all over him, had kissed the book, and was waiting to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"He gave his name as Andrew Campbell, head of the firm of Campbell & Co., brokers, of Throgmorton Street.

"In the afternoon of June 18th Mr. Campbell, travelling on the Underground Railway, had noticed a very pretty woman in the same carriage as himself. She had asked him if she was in the right train for Aldersgate. Mr. Campbell replied in the affirmative, and then buried himself in the Stock Exchange quotations of his evening paper. At Gower Street, a gentleman in a tweed suit and bowler hat got into the carriage, and took a seat opposite the lady.

"She seemed very much astonished at seeing him, but Mr. Andrew Campbell did not recollect the exact words she said.

"The two talked to one another a good deal, and certainly the lady appeared animated and cheerful. Witness took no notice of them; he was very much engrossed in some calculations, and finally got out at Farringdon Street. He noticed that the man in the tweed suit also got out close behind him, having shaken hands with the lady, and said in a pleasant way: '*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' Mr. Campbell did not hear the lady's reply, and soon lost sight of the man in the crowd.

"Everyone was on tenter-hooks, and eagerly waiting for the palpitating moment when witness would describe and identify the man who last had seen and spoken to the unfortunate woman, within five minutes probably of her strange and unaccountable death. Personally, I knew what was coming before the Scotch stockbroker spoke. I could have jotted down the graphic and life-like description he would give of a probable murderer. It would have fitted equally well the man who sat and had luncheon at this table just now; it would certainly have described five out of every ten young Englishmen you know.

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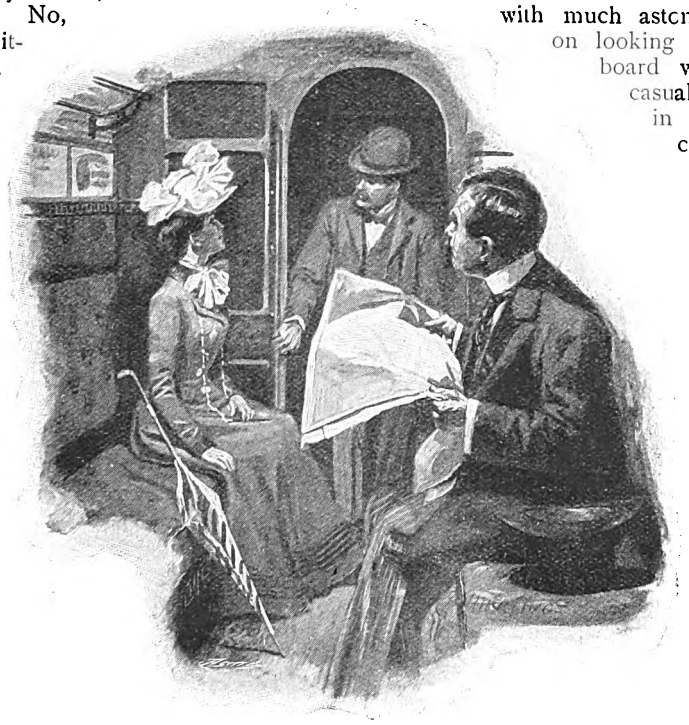
"The individual was of medium height, he wore a moustache which was not very fair nor yet very dark, his hair was between colours. He wore a bowler hat, and a tweed suit, and—and—that was all—Mr. Campbell might perhaps know him again, but then again, he might not—he was not paying much attention—the gentleman was sitting on the same side of the carriage as himself—and he had his hat on all the time. He himself was busy with his newspaper—yes—he might know him again—but he really could not say—

"Mr. Andrew Campbell's evidence was not worth very much, you will say. No, it was not in itself, and would not have justified any arrest were it not for the additional statements made by Mr. James Verner, manager of Messrs. Rodney & Co., colour printers.

"Mr. Verner is a personal friend of Mr. Andrew Campbell, and it appears that at Farringdon Street, where he was waiting for his train, he saw Mr. Campbell get out of a first-class railway carriage. Mr. Verner spoke to him for a second, and then, just as the train was moving off, he stepped into the same compartment which had just been vacated by the stock-broker, and the man in the tweed suit. He vaguely recollects a lady sitting in the opposite corner to his own with her face turned away from him, apparently asleep, but he paid no special attention to her. He was like nearly all business men when they are travelling—engrossed in his paper. Presently a special quotation interested him; he wished to make a note of it, took out a pencil from his waistcoat pocket, and seeing a clean piece of paste-board on the floor, he picked it up, and scribbled on it the memoranda he wished to keep. He then slipped the card into his pocket-book.

"'It was only two or three days later,' added Mr. Verner in the midst of breathless silence, 'that I had occasion to refer to these same notes again. In the meanwhile the papers had been full of the mysterious death on the Underground Railway, and the names of those connected with it were pretty familiar to me. It was, therefore, with much astonishment, that on looking at the paste-board which I had casually picked up in the railway carriage I saw the name on it 'Frank Errington.'



"At Gower Street, a gentleman in a tweed suit and a bowler hat got into the carriage."

"There was no doubt that the sensation in Court was almost unprecedented. Never since the days of the Fenchurch Street mystery, and the trial of Smethurst had I seen so much excitement. Mind you, I was not excited—I knew by now every detail of that crime as if I had committed it myself. In fact, I could not have done it better, although I have been a student of crime for many years now. Many people there—his friends, mostly—believed that Errington was doomed. I think he thought so too, for I could see that his face was terribly white, and he now and then passed his tongue over his lips, as if they were parched.

"You see he was in the awful dilemma—a perfectly natural one, by the way—of being absolutely incapable of *proving* an *alibi*,

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The crime—if crime there was—had been committed three weeks ago. A man about town like Mr. Frank Errington might remember that he spent certain hours of a special afternoon at his club, or in the Park, but it is very doubtful in nine cases out of ten if he can find a friend who could positively swear as to having seen him there. No! no! Mr. Errington was in a tight corner and he knew it. You see, there were—besides the evidence—two or three circumstances which did not improve matters for him. His hobby in the direction of toxicology, to begin with. The police had found in his room every description of poisonous substances, including prussic acid.

"Then, again, that journey to Marseilles, the start for Colombo, was, though perfectly innocent, a very unfortunate one. Mr. Errington had gone on an aimless voyage, but the public thought that he had fled terrified at his own crime. Sir Arthur Inglewood, however, here again displayed his marvellous skill on behalf of his client by the masterly way in which he literally turned all the witnesses for the Crown inside out.

"Having first got Mr. Andrew Campbell to state positively that in the accused he certainly did *not* recognise the man in the tweed suit, the eminent lawyer, after twenty minutes' cross-examination, had so completely upset the stockbroker's equanimity that it is very likely he would not have recognised his own office boy.

"But through all his flurry and all his annoyance Mr. Andrew Campbell remained very sure of one thing; namely, that the lady was alive and cheerful, and talking pleasantly with the man in the tweed suit up to the moment when the latter, having shaken hands with her, left her with a pleasant '*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' He had heard neither scream nor struggle, and in his opinion, if the individual in the tweed suit had administered a dose of poison to his companion, it must have been with her own knowledge and free will; and the lady in the train most emphatically neither looked nor spoke like a woman prepared for a sudden and violent death.

"Mr. James Verner, against that, swore equally positively that he had stood in full view of the carriage door, from the moment that Mr. Campbell got out until he himself stepped into the compartment, that there was no one else in that carriage between Farringdon Street and Aldgate, and that the lady, to the best of his belief, had made no movement during the whole of that journey.

IV.

"No; Frank Errington was *not* committed for trial on the capital charge," said the man in the corner with one of his sardonic smiles, "thanks to the cleverness of Sir Arthur Inglewood, his lawyer. He absolutely denied his identity with the man in the tweed suit, and swore he had not seen Mrs. Hazeldene since eleven o'clock in the morning of that fatal day. There was no *proof* that he had; moreover, according to Mr. Campbell's opinion, the man in the tweed suit was in all probability not the murderer. Common sense would not admit that a woman could have a deadly poison injected into her without her knowledge, while chatting pleasantly to her murderer.

"Mr. Errington lives abroad now. He is about to marry. I don't think any of his real friends for a moment believed that he committed the dastardly crime. The police think they know better. They do know this much, that it could not have been a case of suicide, that if the man who undoubtedly travelled with Mrs. Hazeldene on that fatal afternoon had no crime upon his conscience he would long ago have come forward and thrown what light he could upon the mystery.

"As to who that man was, the police in their blindness have not the faintest doubt. Under the unshakable belief that Errington is guilty they have spent the last few months in unceasing labour to try and find further and strong proofs of his guilt. But they won't find them, because there are none. There are no positive proofs against the actual murderer, for he was one of those clever blackguards who think of everything, foresee every eventuality, who know human nature well, and can foretell exactly what evidence will be brought against them, and act accordingly.

"This blackguard from the first kept the figure, the personality, of Frank Errington before his mind. Frank Errington was the dust which the scoundrel threw metaphorically in the eyes of the police, and you must admit that he succeeded in blinding them,—to the extent even of making them entirely forget the one simple little sentence, overheard by Mr. Andrew Campbell, and which was, of course, the clue to the whole thing—the only slip the cunning rogue made—'*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' Mrs. Hazeldene was going that night to the opera with her husband——

"You are astonished?" he added with a shrug of the shoulders, "you do not see the tragedy yet, as I have seen it before me all along. The frivolous young wife, the

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flirtation with the friend?—all a blind, all pretence. I took the trouble which the police should have taken immediately, of finding out something about the finances of the Hazeldene *ménage*. Money is in nine cases out of ten the keynote to a crime. I found that the will of Mary Beatrice Hazeldene had been proved by the husband, her sole executor, the estate being sworn at £15,000. I found out, moreover, that Mr. Edward Sholto Hazeldene was a poor shipper's clerk when he married the daughter of a wealthy builder in Kensington—and then I made note of the fact that the disconsolate widower had allowed his beard to grow since the death of his wife.

"There's no doubt that he was a clever rogue," added the strange creature leaning excitedly over the table, and peering into my face. "Do you know how that deadly poison was injected into the poor woman's system. By the simplest of all means, one known to every scoundrel in Southern Europe. A ring—yes! a ring, which has a tiny hollow needle capable of holding a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to have killed two persons instead of one. The man in the tweed suit shook hands with his fair companion—probably she hardly felt the prick, not sufficiently in any case to make her utter a scream. And, mind you, the scoundrel had every facility, through his friendship with Mr. Errington, of procuring what poison he required, not to mention his friend's visiting card. We cannot gauge how many months ago he began to try and copy Frank Errington in his style of dress, the cut of his moustache, his general appearance, making the change probably so gradual, that no one in his own *entourage* would notice it. He selected for his model a man his own height and build, with the same coloured hair."

"Seeing a clean piece of paste-board on the floor, he picked it up."

"But there was the terrible risk of being identified by his fellow-traveller in the Underground," I suggested.

"Yes, there certainly was that risk; he chose to take it, and he was wise. He reckoned that several days would in any case elapse before that person, who, by the way, was a business man absorbed in his newspaper, would actually see him again. The great secret of successful crime is to study human nature," added the man in the corner, as he began looking for his hat and coat. "Edward Hazeldene knew it well."

"But the ring?" I said.

"He may have bought that when he was on his honeymoon," he suggested with a grim chuckle, "the tragedy was not planned in a week; it may have taken years to mature. But you will own that there goes a frightful scoundrel unhung. I have left you his photograph as he was a year ago, and as he is now. You will see he has shaved his beard again, but also his moustache. I fancy he is a friend now of Mr. Andrew Campbell."

He left me wondering. I don't know what I did believe; his whole story sounded so far-fetched and strange. Was he really giving me the results of continued thought, or was he experimenting as to exactly how far the credulity of a lady novelist could go?

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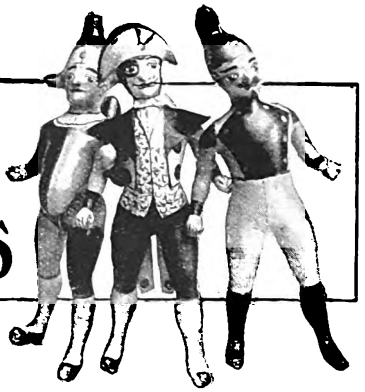
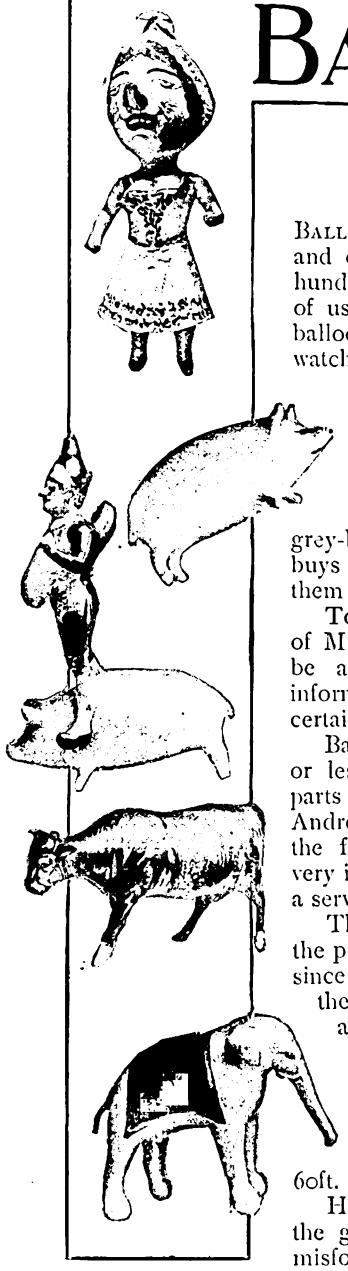
TOY BALLOONS



By A. Anderson.



Toy balloons in the form of animals and human beings. By filling them with hydrogen they can be made to float about in the air.

Balloons always seem to have a peculiar fascination for all sorts and conditions of men, even in these days of motor cars and one-hundred-and-twenty-miles-an-hour express trains; and although most of us have seen a good many balloon ascents in our lives, if a balloon happens to pass overhead, we turn our gaze skyward and watch it out of sight with unabated wonder.

This interest makes itself evident, too, at a very early age. Even an inarticulate infant if he sees a street-hawker with a bundle of gaily-coloured toy balloons, will stretch out his arms and ask for one in the only way he understands, that is, with a loud scream. The interest does not die out like so many childish interests; it often retains its full power even in the grey-bearded septuagenarian who, almost in his second childhood, buys toy balloons for his great-grandchildren, and enjoys knocking them about almost as much as the children themselves do.

To those who are interested in balloons, a visit to the workshops of M. Lachambre, the well-known Paris balloon manufacturer, would be an experience which would combine amusement with much information about balloons and the methods of their manufacture, certainly not known to them before.

Balloons of all shapes and sizes, all makes and all designs, more or less advanced towards completion, are to be seen in different parts of the factory. It was here that the balloon of the ill-fated Andrée expedition first saw the light, and M. Lachambre is quite in the foremost rank of aeronautic architects. His profession is a very important one, and its vital concern and interest will continue till a serviceable flying ship is invented.

The interest in balloons is not on the whole unnatural, for the problem of flight is one that man has been trying to solve ever since he became civilised. His first idea was naturally to imitate the flying apparatus with which Nature has provided birds. Only a few years ago, a crank who had no small faith in the power of wings, resolved to put his theory to the test. He reasoned, however, that it must certainly be harder to fly up than down. Therefore he would fly down off some elevated position first and fly up again afterwards. Accordingly he fastened on a pair of wings and ascended to the top of a building some 60ft. or 70ft. high and jumped into space.

His pleasure in the fact that he accomplished the journey to the ground in record time was to some extent discounted by a misfortune which he sustained at the finish in the shape of a broken neck.

Many other aeronautic ideas, some ludicrous, some ingenious, and almost all impossible, have been suggested at different times, but hitherto they have all proved failures—all, that is, except those which

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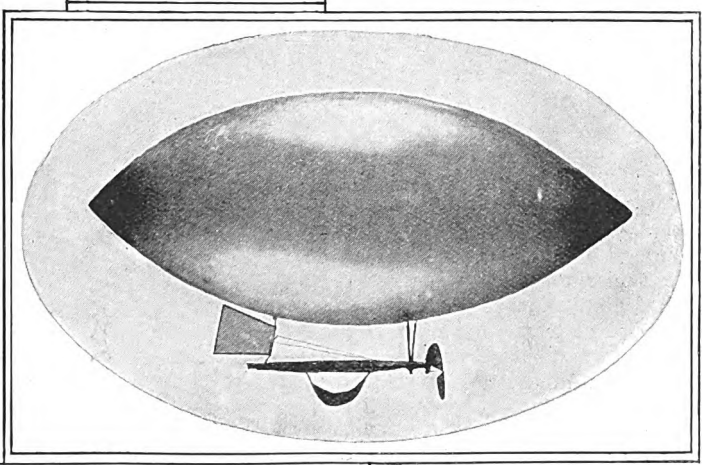
had the balloon as the power by which flight was to be initiated. Since the early days of balloons, when they were sent up by means of hot air, many improvements have been introduced which have rendered aerial navigation much easier.

And this has been the same, to a large extent, with the toy balloon. The old, coloured spheres that were sold in the streets by the rag and bone men of the last generation for "a ha'penny each or an old bottle," as their cry used to be, have vanished; and we have a far superior article made of indiarubber, which resembles its prototype in many ways, and punctures a great deal more easily. Fill this latter with hydrogen, and it no longer rolls inertly on the floor, but soars serenely to the ceiling.

Nowadays, one often sees elaborate models of real balloons fitted up with silk cases, cars and ropes; they are the toys for the children of a more scientific, a more advanced generation. Perhaps, after all, the older and simpler article gave just as much pleasure to its possessors. But there is yet another sort of toy balloon. If it were better known, its potentialities for amusing would be realised; as it is, however, it wastes most of its sweetness on the desert air and hides its light under a bushel.

The balloons weigh practically nothing, in fact, it is often necessary to hold them down. Here one of the workers in the factory is seen holding up a full-sized man without any exertion.

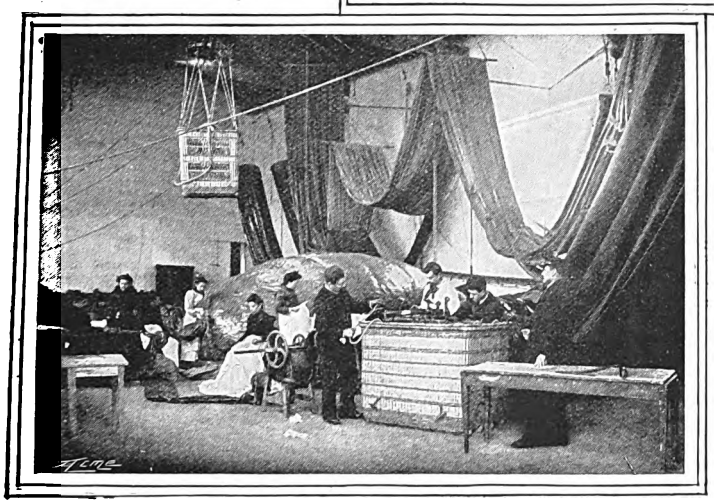
In the workshops of M. Lachambre certain rooms are given up entirely to this particular branch of the balloon industry, and a visit to the place where the finished products are kept would be quite an uncanny experience for anyone who had not been previously initiated into the mysteries.



A model of a cigar-shaped balloon, which can be steered by its rudder and moved by means of its propeller.

For, once inside the door, one seems to be in another world, where the law of gravitation is reversed and where people can dance on air without the unpleasant consequences usually associated with that operation.

On entering the room, we see a motley crowd of men and beasts knocking



A real balloon as stored when not in use.

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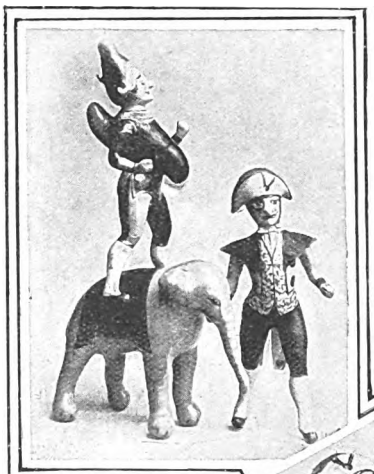
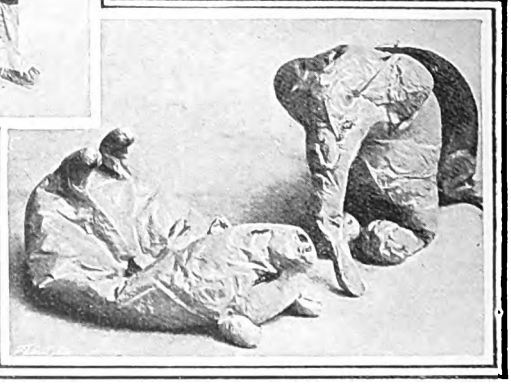


Balloon models of clowns and an elephant fully inflated.

Not much "gas" left in these gentlemen.

A collapsed cow.

Undaunted, in spite of deflation.



An elephant and a pig in a state of collapse.

their heads against the ceiling in the most unorthodox and seemingly impossible way.

About the room a few other figures are lying, looking dejected and emaciated beside their well-proportioned comrades. The dolorous expressions on their flabby countenances almost move one to tears—the tears, that is to say, that follow a fit of laughter of the severer sort.

For real tears there is no need, for two reasons: firstly, a little air—or rather hydrogen—is all that is needed to send the recumbent figures bouncing up to the roof; and secondly, none of the figures need any pity, for, as everyone has already guessed, they are only a new form of toy balloons. Human beings are to be seen in various costumes, and all sorts of animals, from elephants, horses, cows and sheep to cats and dogs.

Probably a full description of the method by which these strange figures are made would not be of very great interest; therefore we will only explain it very briefly.

A model is first made of the same size and shape as the projected balloon. Plaster casts are taken of this in several sections, and from these casts a cardboard model is built up, being, of course, exactly the same shape as the first model.

Over this the membranes which are used to make the balloons are stretched with overlapping edges, only a small hole being left. After the edges of the membranes have been carefully welded together, and when the membranes themselves have taken permanently the shape of the model, the cardboard model is taken out from inside through the hole in small pieces. When this ticklish operation is finished, a valve is fitted into the hole and the balloon is inflated. It is then ready to be handed over to the painter who gives it its proper colourings.

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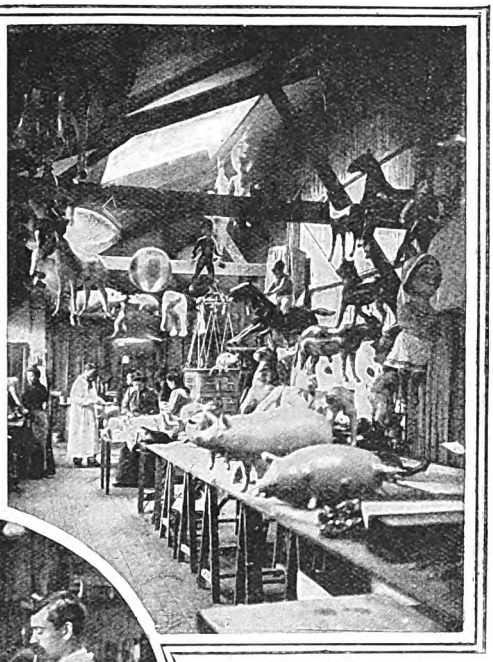
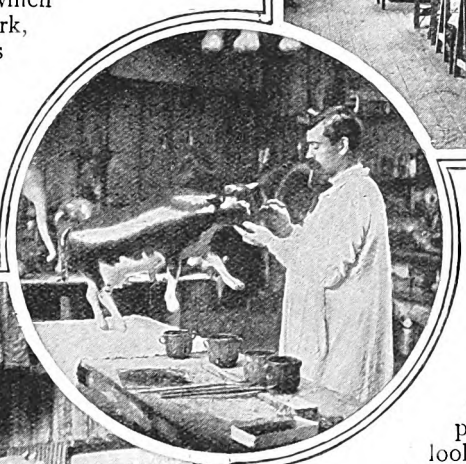
After one balloon has been manufactured any number of balloons can be made of the same pattern by using the first as a model. It is deflated and drawn through the hole when the outer balloon is ready to be removed.

The painter has no small part to play in the successful production of these strange toys. He must furnish a life-like expression, and must also paint on at least some of the clothes when the balloons are to take the form of human beings. It lies with him, also, to give to each animal its natural colouring, and to see that cows do not masquerade as horses and *vice-versa*.

Besides these, M. Lachambre has various working models of real balloons. Of one he is particularly proud; it is cigar-shaped, and in still air can be steered like a boat by means of its rudder. It has a propeller which is worked by clockwork, and the balloon carries ballast in the shape of shot or tintacks.



A workshop where the law of gravitation can be reversed. The figures in the air are filled with hydrogen, those on the ground with ordinary air.



The painter at work on a cow.

Inflating a balloon.

The toy balloon lends itself very effectually to caricature. Probably people can be made to look more hopelessly ridiculous by this class of effigy than by any other of the resources of art.

Not long ago, it will be remembered, there was selling in the streets of London an elongated air bladder in two sections, to represent head and body, of an individual who was unpopular at the time with a large section of the public.

No likeness to the person satirised in this clumsy attempt was aimed at. The satire consisted of inflating the image to a size of importance, the air being allowed to gradually escape after bursting point had been approached as nearly as safety would allow.

Then the figure would shrink and shrink, until it crumpled up into a flaccid heap, sending forth a last dismal wail with its final breath. It was hoped that the public exertions of the original would have a parallel result. But such an offensive use of the toy balloon ought not to be encouraged,

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THE SHEIK OF RAGABIEH

By David Beddoe.

Few men ever started on a career with higher aims or nobler ambitions than my old master, Ismail, viceroy of Egypt, a fact which many, perhaps, who dwell only upon the melancholy close to his erratic and brilliant career, would find it hard to believe. But I who knew him well, better than most men, speak but of things that I know, and I say that before the bond holders of Europe had him in their clutches, and that arch bloodsucker at Constantinople, with his leech cry of "Give, Give," had soured his temper, Ismail was of generous mind and lofty ambition.

I could tell many stories to illustrate the truth of what I am affirming, but that of the Sheik of Ragabieh, possessing as it does, some of the more striking incidents, will suffice.

It chanced that one day whilst engaged in an inquiry that had occupied me for some time, clad, as my custom was, in native gallibeah and turban, I turned into a café in the low quarter, running off the Bab el Khalk, and, sitting at the entrance, scanned lazily the passers-by as I smoked my chibouque.

At a table near by sat a young native; countryman was written in large characters all over him, and I regarded him closely, for in the faint peculiar odour which now and again came wafting towards me with his tobacco smoke, I spelled haschish. His eyes, too, had that bright excited look which haschish in its earlier stages gives, and he puffed away at it like one accustomed to its use.

He looked across at me once or twice, and there was something attractive in his unusually intelligent countenance, which now, however, seemed downcast and miserable.

It had ever been my custom to enter as much as possible into the lives of the people amongst whom I lived, and never to neglect an opportunity for conversation, for in my work, upon slight things often turned great events, and the talk of the bazaars to-day was often realised in the deeds of to-morrow.

So presently I leaned forward and murmured softly: "A stick to the aged, haschish to the unhappy."

He looked up; "A stick to the aged, haschish——

"Here, what do you know of me?" he exclaimed uneasily.

I looked up. "Haschish for him who has lost wife or money."

He stared open eyed. "What art thou? Dost thou belong to the Rowhanee, who can read even the thoughts in a man's bosom?"

"One need not be Rowhanee to read an open page; thou hast fled to the haschish as to a new friend. Thou wilt exchange new dreams for old dreams."

"Ay, and I have dreamed dreams which have needed no haschish to gild them," he replied half abstractedly. "But now they are gone, gone like a dhurra crop when the Nile banks give, curses on the man who took them away, curses, may his father's lot be cast with the Evil One," and he half rose to his feet, his eyes glittering wildly, as much from his excitement as from the fumes of the haschish.

"Allah will surely exact judgment on the

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evil-doer, for what saith the Koran: 'The wicked shall be known by their marks, and they shall be taken by the forelocks and the feet and shall be cast into hell.'"

"May Allah make me his instrument, then, when that day cometh," he exclaimed fervently. "Ha! Ha! the tax-gatherer comes, and he cries 'give, give, in the name of the Effendina, give,' and we give, a quarter, then a half, but they cry for more. We refuse, then the kourbash comes, our feet are flayed, and our backs are ribbed with wales like a ploughed field, then in our pain we give all, even to the last ear of wheat or of dhurra. Curse them; they suck the very vitals out of us. They are thieves all, and Ali el Scoondra, I care not who hears me, is the worst of the lot. May Allah blacken his face."

Now I myself had heard much concerning this Ali el Scoondra, the Sheik el Beled of Ragabieh, and what I had heard was not of any good, but I replied: "Gently friend, gently, what has this man done that thou should'st curse him so? Perhaps thou art but mistaken in him; perchance he is a godly man, and thou hast erred in thy judgment concerning him."

"*He* a godly man. Ay, he goes to the Mosque, 'tis true, and he prays the loudest—by the Prophet, but he'll have need of many prayers to balance his sins. What has he done? Ask any fellah of the village of Ragabieh, and he'll point to the stripes on his back, his empty granary, and the poverty of his house.

"Look at me, O stranger, whose father was owner of 100 feddans of land, good land and well watered. Two years ago he died leaving all to me his only son, so that I was a rich man in Ragabieh, and look at me now, landless, homeless, in this city of Cairo, smoking haschish to drown my sorrow—ay, and more than that: not only did he take the land so that I had to work as a hired man, but he picked me out for the Corvée to labour at the great canal which the Effendina is making under the Frenchman at Suez, and he hath turned my mother, who is aged, from beneath her roof, so that she scarce knoweth where to get sustenance. Only last week did I come to this accursed city to look for work so that I might support my mother who is stricken in years, and now all that I had is gone, and, having no work, I have come here to get haschish, which, even as thou hast said, is as a support to the unhappy, like a stick to the aged."

"Can'st thou prove thy words?" I asked. "Or is it a story, haschish grown?"

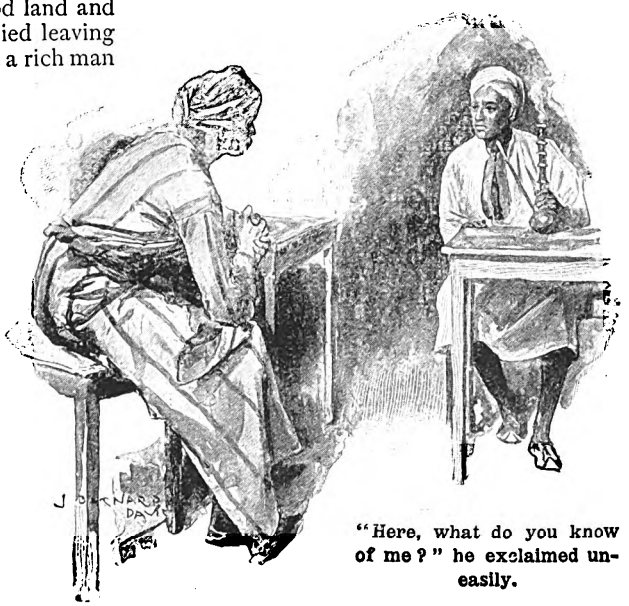
"Prove it? Ay, 'tis common knowledge in Ragabieh," he replied; "if men would but speak; but," he added despairingly, "they dare not, they fear, for Ali el Scoondra has his fingers round their throats, and who would hearken to the poor, who would stand by the poor against the rich, even against Ali el Scoondra, Sheik el Beled of Ragabieh?"

"There is the Effendina," I suggested. "The Effendina."

He laughed scornfully: "What does he care for the property or life of a fellah? The Effendina. Ha, ha, thou must be a fool to suggest it. No, there is no one, save perhaps one whom I have heard whispers of in the mud huts at night. A Frank, concerning whose doings I have heard strange things here in Cairo, though no man that I know of has ever seen him."

"And thou sayest that thou dost want some work?" I asked.

"Ay, dost thou know of any? I would labour like an ox for half his wage, and fetch and carry like a beast of burden, if only I could gain money so that I might make a home for my mother who is afflicted with years. In the village of Ragabieh I passed for a learned man, inasmuch as I can read the Koran and write a little; but alas! that which passes for much in Ragabieh is but



"Here, what do you know of me?" he exclaimed uneasily.

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as nothing here in Cairo where even the children know more than I."

"What, canst read and write?" I exclaimed in surprise, for it was a rare accomplishment in the villages.

"Ay, even so," he replied modestly; 'my father wished it, and I was an apt pupil."

"Well, give me thy name, for perchance I know of something which will suit thee, though the work be hard and the pay but two piastres a day."

He rose, and, grasping my hand, would gratefully have kissed it, had I but let him.

"My name is Abdullah Aziz," he replied, "and I care not who knows it, for I have done no man ill, and would have made it a name to be respected and loved for fair dealing in Ragabieh as was my father's before me, had Ali el Scoondra allowed."

"Good," I replied, "then meet me here, Abdullah, on the third day from now at the same hour, and perchance it will be well for thee."

"I will be here, O Effendi, at the moment thou hast mentioned."

"So be it then," I replied. "Peace be with you," and I rose and arranging my gallibeah, departed.

It was on the following morning that whilst in attendance upon Ismail in his garden, at Kasr el Nil, I took the opportunity of broaching the subject of Ali el Scoondra, Sheik of Ragabieh.

"What now, Mustapha," he laughed, turning quickly, "would'st thou have me get rid of my tax-gatherers? 'Tis hard enough for me to get money from the people now, but if I abolish the tax-gatherer, where then shall I get money for my schemes which, as thou knowest, are many?"

"Ay, I know them, Monseigneur, and when they are carried out the people will bless thee; but dost thou think that all that the fellaheen pay gets into thy coffers?"

"Tut," he replied carelessly, "I suppose they pilfer a little. 'Twas thus in my grandfather's time, and he was a man it were well not to deceive."

"Even so, but 'tis more than that, Monseigneur; they are ground down in places, for the Mudirs call for their share and say it is for the Effendina, then the Sheik adds his, for the Effendina wants it, and they grind the people down, and rob and deprive, all in the name of the Effendina."

"For them the money, Mustapha, for me the curses, eh? Truly, 'tis a good arrangement. But come," he asked musingly, "canst give me chapter and verse?"

"Ay, can I, Monseigneur, many chapters and many verses, but one will suffice," and I told him concerning the case of Abdullah Aziz, and Ali el Scoondra, the Sheik of Ragabieh.

He listened almost carelessly, flicking the ornamental border with his stick as we paced to and fro.

"By my faith," he exclaimed at last, with that curious sudden opening of his eyes, so peculiar to him, "if you but prove the matter to my satisfaction, Mustapha, this Ali el Scoondra shall gather no man's taxes again. What is the good of all my plans and schemes for the good of my people, which, as thou knowest, is near to my heart, if these vultures and thieves bring them all to naught? But stay," he exclaimed suddenly, "I have a mind to see this out myself. We will work it out together, eh, mon ami? we will go down together and inquire into it, you and I."

I attempted to dissuade him, but his mind was set, and with a parting, "Either together, Mustapha, or not at all," he made down a side path to his more private quarters.

I had rather that he had not come to this decision, for I knew well that if he but appeared on the scene the Sheik would have a hundred ready to swear any lies that he desired, and could bring influence to bear even upon Ismail himself, from high quarters; so, much perturbed, I set about making my plans with even more than my usual care.

To catch the Sheik el Beled in the perpetration of his extortion, was the thing to be desired. To catch him so that Ismail should behold the thing with his own eyes, was what I planned to effect, and at length, after much thought, I hit upon a scheme, though not without some misgiving.

On the third day I met Abdullah, and, giving it out to him that I was a somsar or house agent, found him some work to do, and I grew fond of him, for he was an intelligent fellow, far above the class to which he belonged, and every week that he received his money from me, he put half by and sent it secretly to his mother in Ragabieh village.

But one day, when my plans were ripe, I called him into my room, and, with a letter in my hand, somewhat sternly demanded how it had come about that he had told his people where he worked, "for knowest thou not, Abdullah, that if the Sheik el Beled knew that I sheltered thee, I might get into trouble, seeing that he is a great and powerful man, and I but a somsar, who labours for his living."

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"True, O Effendi, I deny it not, I throw myself on thy mercy. I told my mother, for I knew that she would be hungering after news of me, and I wished her to know where I laboured, so that if she needed aught, I could be found, though I know not how it has come to the Effendi's ears."

"See here, this came for thee. The man who brought it gave it to me, when, seeing him loitering, I demanded his business. Here, take it, and see that thou dost not do the like again."

He took it eagerly, and, tearing it open, scanned the scrawly Arabic characters. Then, looking up almost wildly, he exclaimed: "Effendi, my mother is ill, and in want of me. I must go."

"And how about the work which thou hast undertaken to do?"

"I will find a substitute, Effendi, if thou wilt but let me go," he pleaded.

"But art thou not afraid of the Sheik?"

"Effendi, I think not of him, my mother is ill and she wants me. If the Effendi but gives me leave, I will go."

"'Tis a far journey."

"I will accomplish it in two days. I shall get there by daybreak on the third day if I leave before sundown, by which time, if 'tis God's will, I shall have obtained a substitute for the work."

"So be it," I replied, "but never mind the substitute. Depart now and may God guide thee."

"Effendi, thou coverest thy servant with kindness, but I will return soon, and if Allah wills, I will bring my mother with me, though the parting from the village will be bitter," and raising my hand to his lips, he departed.

The following evening I left Cairo, and with me, in old garments, went Ismail, Viceroy of Egypt.

Early in the morning we arrived at Ragabieh, and there it was evident that something unusual was astir, so accosting an elderly native passing along, we inquired the meaning of the unusual bustle, it being, as we knew, not the market day.

He replied cautiously: "The Sheik, may God favour him, has this morning captured one who evaded the conscription for the Corvée. Verily, the Sheik is a wise man."

As we drew near to the outskirts of the crowd which had gathered before the Karakol, on a raised platform we saw a fat man dispensing Justice, the Justice of the Sheik of Ragabieh.

"Verily, the Sheik is a wise man."

We mingled unnoticed with the fringe of the crowd, where, near by, a woman moved restlessly to and fro, wringing her hands in deep sorrow, and one, as he glanced sympathetically towards her, whispered that she was the mother of Abdullah Aziz, who was that day to be tried for his sins, and whose punishment —may God strengthen him—would be heavy.

In front of the Sheik were three men who prostrated themselves to the earth before him, as if by their very abasement to mitigate their punishment.

"Hast thou brought the money thou dog?" demanded the Sheik, "the 500 piastres that I told thee to bring?"

"Oh, Sheik," replied one, "I have nothing. I have paid to the last faddah, I had a cow which ploughed for me, harvested for me, and thrashed the corn when ripe. Now I have no corn, for the taxes have taken it, and the

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cow, as thou knowest, has been taken from me and sold, and not a piastre have I received for it."

"Silence, I want not words but money, and that I will have, or thy feet shall pay the penalty."

He gave a sign and in a trice his feet were hauled up and the cutting kourbash came down with merciless blows upon his upturned soles, whilst he shrieked aloud for mercy.

"Here, take the screaming dog away, and I'll see the punishment is given after I have done."

The other two fared similarly; the same demand, the same tale of poverty and extortion, and again the cutting switch of the kourbash, to be completed later.

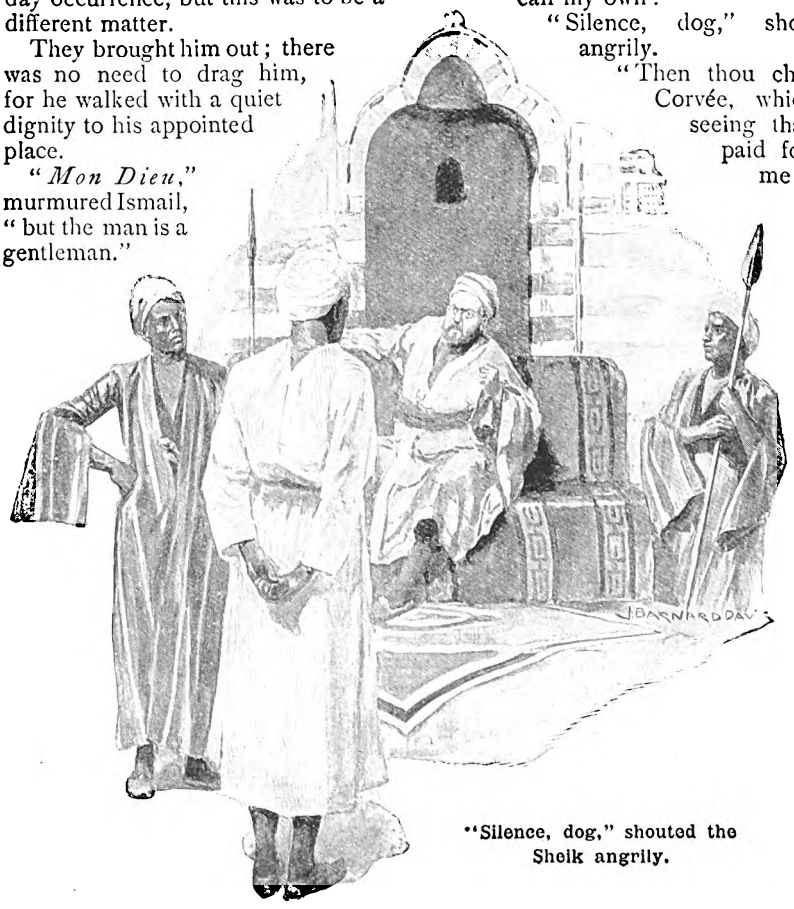
Then the Sheik with a triumphant smile, turning to the Zabit in charge of the shaweeshes, bade him bring forth Abdullah Aziz.

At the name a stir of expectation ran through the crowd.

The bastinadoing of fellaheen was an every day occurrence, but this was to be a different matter.

They brought him out; there was no need to drag him, for he walked with a quiet dignity to his appointed place.

"*Mon Dieu*," murmured Ismail, "but the man is a gentleman."



"Silence, dog," shouted the Sheik angrily.

"Dog, so thou thought'st to escape me, did'st thou," exclaimed the Sheik turning towards him, "thou would'st not pay the taxes, thou flouted'st me to my face, then when thou wast drawn for the Corvée, thou fled'st, but now, Allah be praised, the day of reckoning is come."

The old woman near by moaned, and her wailing broke out aloud, and at the sound, the prisoner's face for the first time quivered, but the harsh voice of the Sheik broke in: "Take the old hag away, and if she cries, give her the kourbash."

The prisoner turned: "It is not true what thou hast said; I have paid the taxes; the firdeh, the crop tax, the tax on the date trees, the hire of camels to take grain to the shoonah, all, even to the uttermost faddah as thou knowest. My father left me one hundred feddans of land, and where are they now? Have I been lazy or a spendthrift? Did I not labour night and day at the crops? Yet have I now so much as a keerat to call my own?"

"Silence, dog," shouted the Sheik angrily.

"Then thou chosest me for the Corvée, which was not just, seeing that my father had paid for a substitute for me but three years ago, which money was five times that for which the son of Hassan went, and thou and the Nazir didst share the profits, as all Ragabieh knows."

"By Allah, but that was good," murmured Ismail.

But the Sheik sprang to his feet, beside himself with rage. "Insolent dog, I'll have thee flayed alive for that. Here strip him and cut him with the kourbash, five hundred lashes."

They seized him roughly,

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and flinging him to the ground, prepared to carry out this appalling sentence.

But Ismail who had been getting more and more restless, his eyes well opened as was his wont when deeply stirred, suddenly moved forward and without a word began to elbow his way through the crowd.

A commotion arose.

"Who dares make a noise here?" shouted the Sheik angrily. "Be silent, dogs, or 'twill be the worse for you."

But regardless of the hands stretched out to seize him, Ismail made his way to the daïs, up which, to the amazement of all, in his old gallibeah, he slowly walked.

"Dost thou dare," shouted the Sheik, turning towards the intruder, his face livid with rage, "dost thou dare, thou—"

"Step down from this divan," exclaimed Ismail, and there was a note of command in his voice, the voice of a man accustomed to be obeyed.

'Dog, dost thou dare question thine Effendina?"

The Sheik glared. "Here, here," he exclaimed, calling to his men—

"Have I to order twice? Step down from this divan which thou hast disgraced."

"Who art thou?" asked the Sheik, a fear that he could not suppress coming into his rage-distorted features.

"Dog, dost thou dare question thine Effendina?"

A long stare, a blanching face, and down to the ground went the Sheik, bowing his head to the very dust.

"By Allah, but 'tis the Effendina himself," exclaimed the villagers in wonderment, as they prostrated themselves to the ground.

"Dog," exclaimed Ismail to the limp, abased figure of the man who so lately had had power of life and death in Ragabieh village, "is it thus thou givest justice to my people? You rob, and oppress, and scourge, then say it is the Effendina's will; thou shalt know the Effendina's will to-day as thou hast never known it before. Thou wert his mouthpiece in Ragabieh, thou shalt speak to them as thou hast never done before. An object lesson I will make of thee that shall not be forgotten in Ragabieh village when its babes are old men."

Then turning to the Zabit in charge of the shaweeshes, he exclaimed: "Here, take him away and let him have in the sight of all, the 500 lashes he has ordered for Abdullah, the son of Mahomed."

I laid my hand on his arm.

"Be silent, Mustapha," he said, "I will have my way. Then take him away and hang him high on the acacia tree yonder in front of his own house, that all may behold, and let him hang till sunset."

"And thou, Abdullah," he exclaimed turning, "I like you much; Sheik el Beled of the village of Ragabieh thou shalt be."

The young man raised his hand to his head, "May God lead me in the right path," he murmured.

"Come," said Ismail, and stepping down, he walked away without so much as a glance at the abject figure of the man who but a few minutes before had been the greatest in the village of Ragabieh.

Abdullah, the son of Mahomed, was staring at me. "May Allah preserve thee, O my master," he whispered reverently. "I know thee now, thou art no somsar, thou art the Frank."

I laid my finger to my lip and I knew he understood. There was no need to wait to see the sentence carried out, the Effendina had spoken; ere an hour, Ali el Scoondra, Sheik of Ragabieh, would be hanging before his own door; and as we passed down through the awe-struck people, a wave as of a great deliverance seemed to have come over them, and their prayers were loud and fervent.

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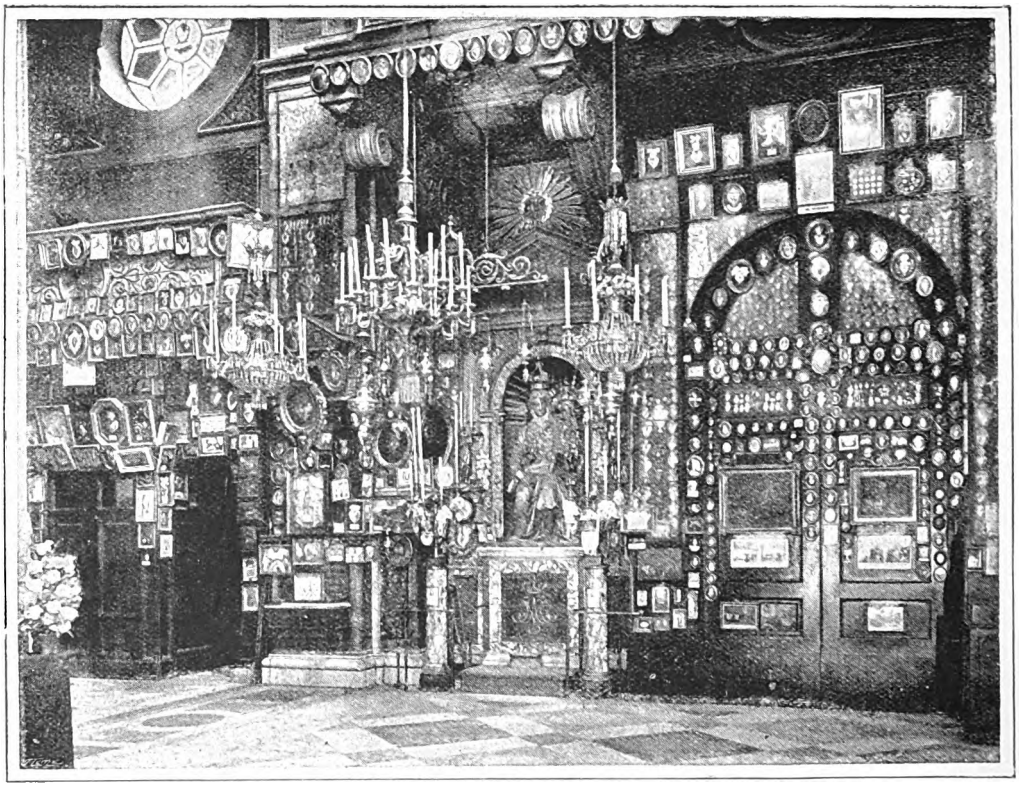

The shrine of the Madonna of Sant' Agostino, Rome, showing the extraordinary collection of votive offerings that cover the west wall of the church.

MIRACULOUS IMAGES.

By Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

In the early days of Christianity the Fathers of the Church sternly refused to allow images, or even pictures, in places of worship. This severity began to be relaxed in the third and fourth centuries, for those who were anxious to spread the Faith imagined that such things as appealed to the senses should be encouraged. But about the eighth century a determined stand was made against the veneration of images by a Byzantine emperor. For many years there were great divisions between the churches of the East and the West, until at last the West triumphed, and the cult of images became universal. At the Council of Trent the Church of Rome decreed that in future statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints might be set up in places of worship, and due honour paid to the sacred personages they represented, by kissing the feet of the statues.

Soon some of the images acquired a special reputation. Suppliants imploring favours found their prayers heard, and if the prayer were offered up before the statue of Our Lady or some saint, that statue would speedily be counted miracle-working, and the sick, halt, maimed, and blind crowded to the shrine.

The first photograph shows the shrine of the famous Madonna of Sant' Agostino in Rome, one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable. As you enter the church your eye is attracted by a glow of light on the western wall cast by the innumerable silver lamps and candles which burn always before the statue of the Virgin. The entire wall of the church is covered with votive offerings of every kind, and even

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round the circular windows silver hearts of all sizes, inclosed in triangular glass frames, fill up the corners. All over the church, too, these silver hearts may be counted in their thousands, and seem to fill up every available space.

Some of the gifts are very curious. There are silver eyes from those who have recovered their sight, legs from the lame, ears from the deaf, and many thankful mothers make touching little offerings of their babies' tiny garments, which, like all the other things, are neatly framed. There are, of course, the usual quaint pictures depicting marvellous escapes from fire, water, horse or railway accidents, and great bouquets of artificial flowers.

As for the statue itself, unlike most miraculous images, which seem to combine sanctity with extreme ugliness, it is really a very fine piece of sculpture. Unluckily there is little opportunity of seeing all its beauties for it is laden with every kind of ornament, and gold chains, necklaces, and rosaries cover it as seaweed covers a rock. Both the Virgin and Child have immense gold crowns studded with gems. The Madonna wears a diamond star in the middle of her forehead, great hanging earrings, and more strings of pearls round her neck than any advertisement dreamed of by the richest Diamond Company. Her fingers, moreover, are crowded to the very tip with the costliest rings, and numbers of others are attached to her arms and body.

The Madonna of Sant' Agostino covered with every kind of jewellery. The pearls alone are worth a king's ransom.

The Virgen de la Vega, Patroness of the city of Salamanca.

As to the figure of the Infant Saviour, it is rendered absolutely shapeless by the mass of jewellery heaped upon it. The image of the Madonna has a silver foot, and Pope Pius VII. proclaimed an indulgence of two hundred days to all who should kiss the foot and repeat an Ave. Sant' Agostino has been called the Salvation Hall of the Roman Church on account of the wild, unrestrained enthusiasm of the devotees for the image. There are always crowds before the shrine, chiefly women, who frequently prostrate themselves and touch the ground with their foreheads.

Then there is another ancient image which is kept on the high altar of the Church of San Esteban at Salamanca. It is called the Virgen de la Vega, and is in the old Byzantine style. The head and hands are of bronze, and the great staring eyes give it a weird, uncanny look. It wears a curious old crown, and the whole of the body is studded with precious stones. For many centuries this image has been revered by Salamanca; it is considered inexpressibly holy, and in 1618 was acclaimed patroness of the city.

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Still more famous and even more extraordinary in appearance is the great Black Virgin of the Atocha in Madrid. Such, however, is the splendour of her robes and the glitter of her golden, sun-like halo that the tiny face of the Virgin can scarcely be seen. This Virgin has her own court chamberlains and attendants. The Queen of Spain is first Lady-in-Waiting. The wardrobe is very extensive. Sometimes she dresses as a widow, but on days of great festivals her costumes are marvellously incrusted with gold and jewels. According to a custom since time immemorial, the Queens of Spain present their wedding dresses to the Atocha. The ex-Queen Isabella offered the dress she wore in 1858, when she was stabbed. The Atocha is brought as a doctor to Royal bedsides as a last recourse when all other aid is useless.

The Queen and Court attend a service once a week in her chapel, which is the pilgrimage Church of the Court. The Atocha is the patroness of Madrid, and in old times before the King of Spain set out on a journey or undertook any new enterprise, he would pay a visit to her chapel and pray for success. He used to drive thither in great pomp and ceremony, his coach drawn by eight horses, whilst regiments of guards lined each side of the way from the palace to the chapel. Many of the Spanish images have property of their own, such as the Virgin of Elche, who possesses not only the finest palm groves in the place, but also houses, which are marked with her initial and crown.

The Black Virgin of the Atocha in Madrid. The Queen of Spain is first Lady-in-Waiting to this Virgin, who has her own Court.

The most famous image of the Infant Christ is the Bambino of Rome, also famed for its powers of healing. Unlike the Atocha, it does not limit its practice to the Court, but is ready to visit the humblest of patients. Often those for whom there can be no hope implore the Franciscan monks, in whose charge it is, to bring the Santissimo Bambino to their bedside to cheer their last moments. It has a delightfully chubby round face, with, however, an indescribable air of dignity It is said that far back in the dark ages a pilgrim at Jerusalem carved the statue and Saint Luke painted it. The colours are amazingly fresh, and the Bambino's cheeks are as rosy as if they had been painted but yesterday. The jewels with which it is covered are magnificent. Some few years ago the crown was presented, and a grand ceremony took place, entitled the Coronation of the Bambino. The Cid's roughly-hewn crucifix is known as the Christ of Battles. Whenever the great Spanish captain went into battle he carried it at his saddle bow, and to its aid and miraculous powers he attributed his almost invariable success against the Moors. It is made of gilt brass, and is of Byzantine workmanship. On the head of Our Lord is a curiously shaped diadem instead of the crown of thorns. This crucifix was

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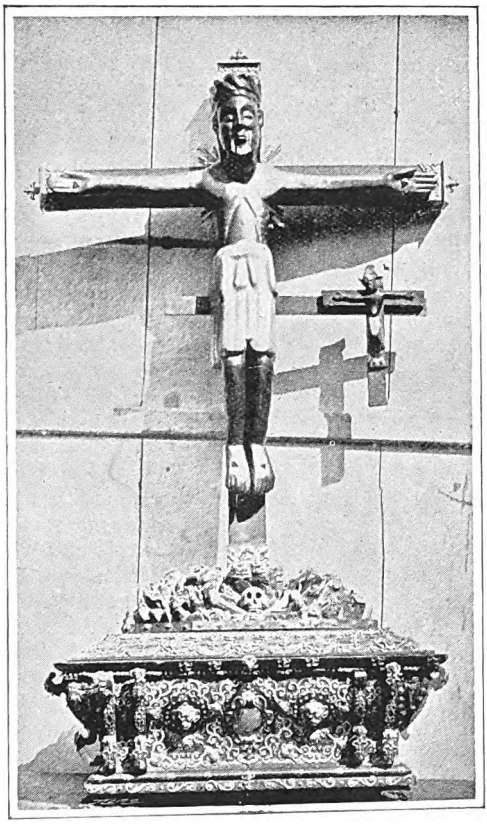
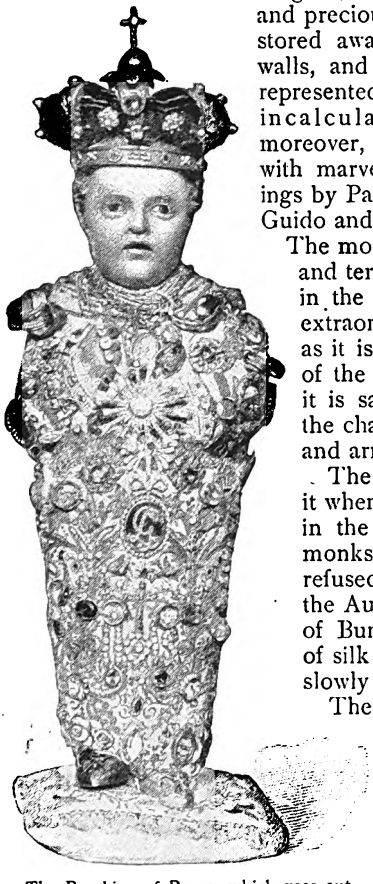
given by Ruy Diaz to the Bishop Geronimo, his firm friend and ally, and is preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Salamanca, where the smaller one, which the Cid used to wear beneath his armour, may also be seen.

In mediæval days the holiest of all shrines to which the faithful thronged, was Loreto. For five hundred years Our Lady of Loreto has been the lodestar toward which the eyes of every pilgrim have been turned. Her statue, carved by Saint Luke in wood of Lebanon, stands in a niche within the Holy House, and before it great silver lamps burn continually. This Santa Casa is said to be the Virgin's own house, wafted across the sea from Palestine and guided by angels' hands to Loreto.

It consists of but one room, the exterior of which is encased in magnificent marbles. The chapel of the treasure is a wonderful place. The offerings of the faithful for five centuries, in gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones are stored away within its walls, and the wealth represented is almost incalculable. It is, moreover, decorated with marvellous paintings by Paul Veronese, Guido and Raphael.



The crucifix of the Cid, Spain's national hero.

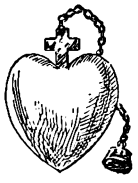


The Bambino of Rome, which goes out to visit patients, and is called the little doctor.

The most harrowing and terrible crucifix in the world is the extraordinary Santa Cristo of Burgos, the "Christ of the eggs" as it is sometimes called, owing to the three great eggs at the foot of the cross. This image is famed all over Spain for the miracles it is said to have wrought, and the priests who have charge of the chapel constantly declare that they have seen it move its head and arms.

The legend says that a merchant returning from Flanders found it when sailing alone in the Bay of Biscay. It was first preserved in the Augustine Monastery and was so much coveted by other monks that twice it was stolen. Each time, however, the image refused to stay in its new home and found its way back unaided to the Augustines. Now the Cristo hangs in a chapel in the Cathedral of Burgos. In former days it was concealed behind three curtains of silk covered with gold and pearl embroideries, which would open slowly and solemnly to the sound of bells on great ceremonies.

The weariness and deathlike appearance of the figure are unutterable. To give an additional touch of realism, the wooden body is covered with human skin, which in the course of centuries has become all cracked and scarred. For a long time this was disbelieved, but a French writer obtained permission to examine the figure closely and confirmed the truth of it. He noticed, too, that on the



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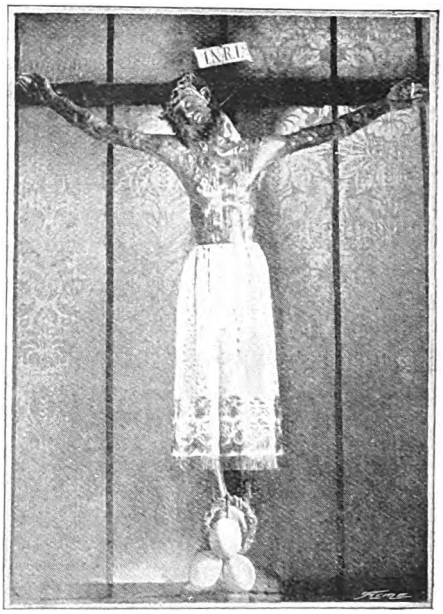
hands and feet the nails are attached to the skin. The head is made of wood, but the hair and beard are real. The people of Burgos say that the hair has not ceased to grow, and moreover declare that the image sweats every Friday. The priests have the greatest objection to the Cristo being photographed and the accompanying picture was only taken with the utmost difficulty.

The last illustration represents the fisherman's Virgin, the miraculous image of Arcachon. To her all the fishermen and oyster-girls of the coast offer up their prayers for well-filled nets and deliverance from tempests. Her chapel does not gleam with jewels and silver lamps, like that of the Atocha or the Bambino. It is a dark, low-roofed little offshoot of a village church, but the fisher folk of Arcachon would not exchange it for any in the world. In some eyes the Madonna may be merely an insipid, ordinary-looking doll, clad in white muslin, with silver hearts both great and small stitched down the front of her dress, but to them she means a very real deliverance from all the dangers of the deep.

Our Lady of Loreto, said to have been carved by Saint Luke in wood of Lebanon.



The Santo Cristo of Burgos. The body is covered with human skin, and the hair and beard are of human hair.

Round the chapel are all sorts of quaint offerings. There are lifebuoys, with inscriptions telling how the giver was saved in answer to his prayers, and how he brought the buoy from the other side of the world to present to Our Lady of Arcachon. There are models of boats, fragments of ships, and here and there an oar with a message telling how, when in peril of death, a sailor called on Mary, Star of the Sea, and clutched the oar which kept him afloat till help came.

The Madonna of Arcachon, the fisherman's Virgin.

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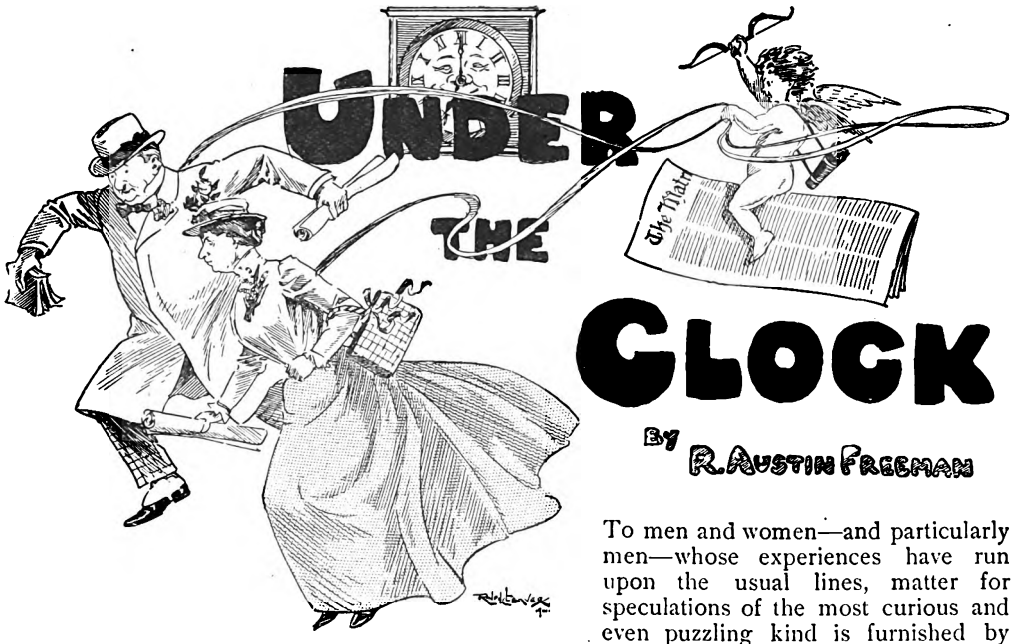

By R. Austin Freeman

To men and women—and particularly men—whose experiences have run upon the usual lines, matter for speculations of the most curious and even puzzling kind is furnished by those periodical publications whose self-imposed function is the promotion of matrimonial engagements. The majority of men, indeed, so far from experiencing any difficulty in attaining to the state of matrimony, have found themselves surrounded by opportunities lavishly in excess of the requirements of any but a dweller in Salt Lake City. To such the perusal of the said publications is a source of wonder, and the occasion of dim surmises that perhaps there exist, unseen and unsuspected, certain human blank cartridges, damp squibs, and unexploded crackers, which, too late, have begun to smoulder and splutter in obscure corners, and yearn for a little belated pyrotechnic display of their own.

To this effect were the meditations of young Dr. Porter, who, with the ink hardly dry upon his new diploma, was taking charge of a suburban practice, while its owner snuffed the sea-breezes on the poppy-sprinkled cliffs of Cromer; for he had just entered the trim sitting-room of Mr. Adolphus Caddle, and had observed upon the breakfast table a copy of the *Matrimonial Bellringer.*

"Well, and how are we to-day, Mr. Caddle?" asked the doctor cheerily, and in his most professional manner. "Picking up a bit, I hope."

"Well, doctor," replied the patient with a complaining wriggle, "I am afraid I can't give a very good account of myself. Ah! my dear sir, we have to pay for our indiscretions."

"We have, indeed," assented the doctor heartily, as he thought of the breach of promise action that loomed faintly but ominously on his own horizon.

"Free living has never agreed with me," pursued Mr. Caddle. "My digestive organs rebel against heavy and luxurious feeding."

Dr. Porter looked at his patient; at his thin pale hair, his faded blue eyes, and his large face, with its complexion as of a boiled custard, on which—as the art-critics would say—a convincing note of colour was struck by a gaily-tinted pimple; and he agreed that the *rôle* of a riotous liver was unsuitable.

"And," continued Mr. Caddle, "I may as well confess that I have exceeded; that I was yesterday so indiscreet as to indulge in a—er—in fact, in a bun. It was a currant bun with a shiny outside—a most unsafe article of food—and although I carefully scraped off the shiny exterior, and endeavoured to pick out the currants, one of them eluded my vigilance, and I inadvertently swallowed it, and if you will believe me, sir, I can feel that currant at this very moment—here——' and the sufferer laid his hand upon his dicky (from behind which there peeped the corner of a flannel chest-protector).

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"Dear, dear! Mr. Caddle," said Dr. Porter, miraculously preserving an unmoved countenance, "we must be more careful. We must not fritter away our health, as so many do, on the pleasures of the table. By the way, how does the new medicine agree with you?"

Mr. Caddle smacked his lips. "I am glad you reminded me of that," he said. "How can I thank you sufficiently for that admirable mixture? There is the advantage of being attended by a young man, fresh from the schools, and primed with all the latest triumphs of medical science. Dear old Dr. Bamber has never prescribed anything that has given me such instant relief. Allow me again to thank you."

"Oh! not at all, but I am glad it suits you," said Dr. Porter, guiltily conscious that he had filled up the bottle by means of a wooden tap from a huge stone jar in the surgery, labelled *Mistura Sacchari Usti Comp.* Then, by way of changing the subject, he remarked:

"I see, Mr. Caddle, that you have been reading the *Matrimonial Bellringer*. What is your opinion of these matrimonial papers? Do you think that any marriages are really brought about by their agency?"

"There is no doubt of it," replied Mr. Caddle in a tone of conviction. "To my certain knowledge there are hundreds of happy and united couples who owe their present blessedness entirely to this very journal," and he tapped the *Bellringer* solemnly with his pudgy fingers.

"It is not every one, of course," continued Mr. Caddle, "who requires such extraneous aids to the attainment of his happiness. Many persons seem to be capable of managing these affairs perfectly well without any assistance whatever."

"Certainly," agreed Dr. Porter, reflecting, as his thoughts reverted to his late landlady's daughter and the impending suit, on the superfluousness of the *Bellringer* in his own case.

"But," pursued Mr. Caddle, "there are others who are not so fortunately constituted; who like—ah, well—like myself, for instance, in the presence of the fair sex, experience a feeling of—er—what shall I say?—of diffidence—shyness—awkwardness, perhaps, and who, therefore, are glad to be able to make the first advances under cover of—er—of entrenchments, as it were."

"Excellent!" commented Dr. Porter. "Excellent! and so I understand that you are really looking out for a matrimonial investment yourself?"

"Well," said Mr. Caddle with a bashful wriggle in his elbow chair, "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, seeing how friendly we have been together. A man must have someone to whom he can impart a little secret now and again." He arose with a faint blush and, unlocking a small cupboard, drew from it a pile of back numbers of the *Bellringer*.

"Here," he said opening a well-worn copy some three months old, "is the advertisement that first attracted my attention—this one marked with the blue pencil. Perhaps you would like to read it."

Dr. Porter leaned over the paper and read out the marked paragraph.

CHERRY PIE, graceful, plump, *petite*, with lustrous brown eyes and wavy chestnut hair, would like to meet with an eligible bachelor or widower of independent means (age no object) with a view to matrimony. C. P. is amiable, affectionate, and domesticated, is an expert Berlin wool-worker and plays with great skill and feeling upon the glass harmonicon.—Address, *Cherry Pie*, Box No. 220613.

"There," said Mr. Caddle, "I think that sounds rather alluring, doesn't it? The colour, you know, appeals to me, being a fair man. 'Lustrous brown eyes,' eh! 'Brown eye, cherry pie.' He! he! What do you think of it, doctor?"

"Oh, very nice, indeed," commenced Dr. Porter huskily. "By the way, what a remarkable engraving that is," and darting across the room he flattened his nose against the work of art in question (regardless of good old Sir Joshua's admonition that 'pictures are not intended to be smelled') while his back, presented to Mr. Caddle, heaved tremulously as though he were shaken by some strong emotion.

"Yes," pursued the unconscious Caddle, "I was taken with that description directly I saw it, so I ventured to send a little reply—a very cautious and discreet one, I am sure you will admit. Here it is, if you would just run your eye over it."

Dr. Porter, returning reluctantly from the engraving, took up the paper and read:

ADOLPHUS, a bachelor of middle age, with an independent income of £500 per annum, fair, plump, amiable, and domesticated, has seen Cherry Pie's advertisement, and thinking that he might prove suitable to her requirements, would like further details as to age, etc.—Address Box No. 312403.

"What do you think of *that?*" inquired Mr. Caddle triumphantly. "Pretty discreet and cautious, I think, don't you?"

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"Most diplomatic," responded the doctor.

"Well, since then we've corresponded a good deal—in the same way, of course—no letters—no, no—no letters; but I needn't trouble you with all the details. I'll just come to the matter in hand, on which I should like to have your opinion. You see, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to get a peep at the lady, so that I may know if she is all that my imagination has painted her. So to that end I have devised a little scheme—a very neat little scheme, I think—but you shall judge for yourself. Read that."

Dr. Porter read out another blue-pencilled advertisement:

CHERRY PIE will be pleased to afford Adolphus an opportunity of seeing her in any public place (as a railway station, for example), the place and time to be fixed by him. In order that he may recognise her without difficulty she will wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one red and one white, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat and a grey skirt. She will carry on her left arm a small basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up.

"Now," said Mr. Caddle, taking a sheet of writing-paper from the cupboard, "this is my reply:"

ADOLPHUS will be happy to meet C. P. on Saturday, April 1st, at Victoria Station, just under the clock. He will wear a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, a light covert coat, white spats and patent boots. He will carry in his left hand a roll of white paper, and in his right hand a copy of "Bradshaw's Guide," and will wear in his buttonhole a small bunch of pink geraniums. He will arrive at 7 p.m. precisely.

As Dr. Porter put down the paper Mr. Caddle smiled nervously. "How do you think it goes?" he asked.

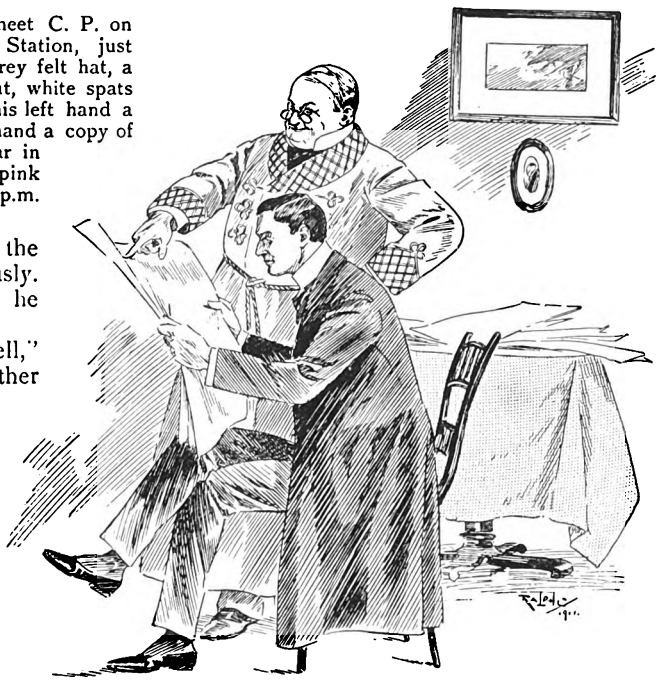
"Merrily as a wedding-bell," replied the doctor, smiling rather more broadly in return. "But, by Jove! is your clock right? I must be off or I shall never get my round finished to-day," and with a hasty adieu he darted down the stairs and was gone.

As the long hand of the clock in Victoria Station crept on to the third minute before the hour of seven on the evening of Saturday, April 1st, there emerged on to the platform from the main entrance a short, stout gentleman, in whose demeanour there were evident signs of great nervous excitement and trepidation. It was Mr. Caddle; and true to his promise he wore a light covert coat, a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, white spats and patent boots. In his left hand was a voluminous roll of white paper, while in his right was a yellow-covered Bradshaw, and the button-hole of his coat was gay with a bunch of pink geraniums. There was no mistaking Mr. Caddle.

With a quick agitated step he hopped out on to the platform and looked about; then heaved a deep sigh of relief. She had not come yet.

Mr. Caddle walked slowly across the platform and taking up a position directly under the clock began to examine with a great show of attention one of the time-tables on the wall, drawing his finger down the columns of names and figures, which were as intelligible to him just then as the hieroglyphics on the outside of a tea-chest.

He had stood there about a minute when he gave a sudden start and a thrill of terror ran through his little body, for out of the tail of his eye he had seen a lady emerge from



Dr. Porter leaned over the paper, and read out the marked paragraph.

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a side entry and stand looking up the platform.

"'Tis she," exclaimed Mr. Caddle—"and yet—" Yes, there was the pink blouse, the straw hat, in which nestled the roses of York and Lancaster, there were the lilies-of-the-valley, and the grey skirt, and the little basket with the blue ribbons, and there was the *Gentlewoman* rolled up in her right hand. Yes! it was she—and yet—"and yet," muttered Mr. Caddle, "she said distinctly 'plump and *petite*'" whereas the newcomer was undeniably a tall, gaunt woman, and was moreover as dark as a Spanish gipsy.

"It's very strange," said Mr. Caddle as he regarded the lady out of the corner of his eye and quaked like an ill-made blanc-mange upon a rickety table. "I really don't quite understand it."

At this moment the apparition suddenly vanished, apparently into the booking-office, leaving Mr. Caddle to his cogitations.

"She certainly said plump and *petite*," he mused. "Why, she seemed quite tall and—and—Ha!" The charmer had re-appeared. Yes! there she was, straw hat, roses, pink blouse, basket, *Gentlewoman*—there could be no mistake—but—

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "It must have been an optical illusion. I could have sworn she was tall and dark, and thin. But she isn't, that's certain." She certainly was not. Plump and *petite*, if you like—or short and fat, to be more literal, and with the straw hat perched upon an immense mop of light yellow hair.

"It's hardly what I should call chestnut hair," said Mr. Caddle regarding the mop doubtfully, "yet I am sure she said chestnut—but perhaps she was thinking of the inside of the nut." Even as he gazed at her, this luminary underwent a second eclipse, disappearing again into the booking-office, while Mr. Caddle was left staring uneasily at the time-table, his still-extended finger jigging up and down in his agitation like the indicator of a steam gauge.

"My eyes must have deceived me," he reflected; "clearly they have deceived me. It was the distance, no doubt. I suppose I had better stroll along that way and have a look at her a little nearer."

He stepped back to move away, and as the heel of his patent boot encountered something soft, he became aware that he had set it upon somebody's toe.

The owner of the toe furnished verbal information to the same effect.

"Oh! I *beg* your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "I am *so* sorry. I hope I haven't—ah!—o-ho!"

As he turned Mr. Caddle found himself confronted by a gentleman—there was nothing very surprising in that. But his hat! it was of grey felt! his coat was a light covert coat; he wore a green silk necktie; a bunch of pink geraniums was in his button-hole and he carried in one hand a roll of white paper and in the other a copy of Bradshaw.

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Caddle as he turned hastily away, "what a very surprising coincidence! and how very inconvenient!"

He walked quickly across the station towards the side entrance and was just abreast of the booking-office when there stepped briskly out of the doorway a gentleman whose appearance filled the unfortunate Caddle with confusion and dismay; for he was attired in a light covert coat, a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, white spats and patent boots; wore a bunch of pink geraniums in his button-hole and carried a roll of white paper and a copy of Bradshaw in his hands.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Mr. Caddle, "I seem to have made a most unfortunate choice in my get up; why, instead of being a unique and remarkable figure, I seem to be dressed exactly like everybody else."

His meditations on this subject were at this point cut short by the sudden emergence from the booking-office of a large, massive, blonde lady, followed at a few paces distance by another lady who, on the contrary, was dark, spare, and diminutive. Dissimilar, however, as the two women were in some respects, they both wore straw hats with roses, pink blouses, with lilies-of-the-valley, grey skirts, and they both carried in one hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman*, and on the other arm a basket tied with blue ribbons.

In the bewilderment and dismay which this meeting produced, Mr. Caddle hurried towards the side exit in order that, in its comparative obscurity and seclusion, he might reflect upon these remarkable occurrences. But as he stepped into the entry, among the passengers who were thronging towards the platform he distinguished at least half-a-dozen persons of both sexes whose exterior presented the now too familiar characteristics.

From the shelter of the entry the bewildered Caddle looked out on to the platform at the Adolphuses and Cherry Pies with increasing

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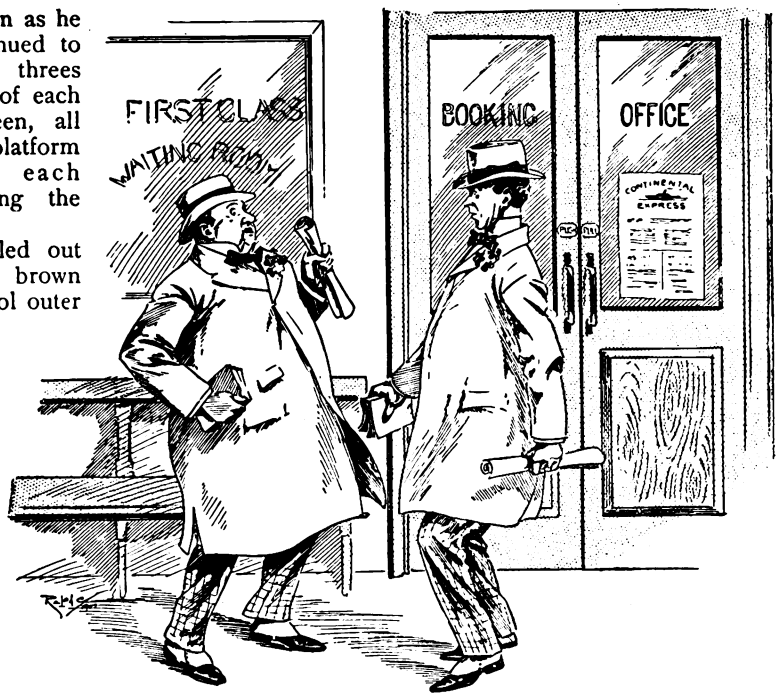
amazement; for even as he watched they continued to arrive in twos and threes until fully a score of each sex were to be seen, all perambulating the platform sentry-wise, and each anxiously scrutinising the others.

Mr. Caddle strolled out of the station in a brown study, that in the cool outer air he might duly consider this astounding phenomenon. And as he meditated upon it a light suddenly broke upon his mind and illuminated its dense obscurity.

"Of course," he exclaimed, "I see how it is. Our advertisements have been read by others, and envious impostors have come here personating me in the hope of snatching the prize from my grasp. Ah! but there are the women! why, yes! they too have seen the advertisements and have come to try and capture the desirable Adophus." Here Mr. Caddle smiled complacently and tried to get a view of his reflection in the window of a cab that was drawn up outside the station.



"Oh! I *beg* your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "I am *so* sorry. I hope I haven't—ah!—o-ho!"

Comforted and encouraged by the conclusion at which he had arrived he resolved to make a final effort to single out the beauteous, the amiable and domesticated Cherry Pie from the crowd of impostors, and to this end retraced his steps and re-entered the station.

During his absence the throng had materially increased and the number of persons parading under the clock in the regulation costume certainly made his task a somewhat difficult one.

"I will be wary," said Mr. Caddle, "wary and watchful."

To give more effect to his wariness he approached the bookstall and began turning over the leaves of some magazines, but he had barely taken up his position when a lanky rawboned woman of fifty, with shoulders like a Burgundy bottle, and attired in the fatal garb edged up alongside, and bestowed upon him a leer that froze the very marrow in his bones. With a gasp of horror he sidled away to the right, but the lady, edging along rapidly, craned her neck towards him and whispered hoarsely in his ear:—

"*Be virtuous and you will be happy!*"

At this the amazed and appalled Caddle backed away with such ill-considered haste that he came plump into the arms of a female behind him.

"Awfully sorry!" he gurgled, whisking round like a teetotum to find himself confronted by a buxom elderly woman in the everlasting uniform. "Awfully sorry! afraid I —er——"

"Not at all," said the lady, smiling benevolently, "by no means—a—*be virtuous and you will be*——"

But Mr. Caddle was off like a startled rabbit and plunging into the throng, strode up the platform.

Suddenly he felt a hand gently laid upon his arm, and turning abruptly beheld a small comely woman with soft wavy hair who was regarding him with a pair of sparkling roguish eyes of the clearest brown that he had ever seen.

"At last," he ejaculated. "This must be

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"Be virtuous, and you will be happy."

really she—ah—did you—er—wish to speak to me?"

"If you please," replied the charmer shyly.

"Shall we walk about as we converse?" suggested Caddle.

"Perhaps it *would* be better."

They walked on side by side for a few paces, Mr. Caddle stealing now and again a timid but complacent glance at his fair companion.

Presently he remarked, bending his head down towards her—he had not to bend far—"You were going to say something to me?"

"Yes, but let me whisper it."

Mr. Caddle inclined his ear towards her and received into it a soft murmur:

"*Be virtuous, and you will be happy!*"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Caddle in a state of positive stupefaction. "Am I going mad or is the place bewitched?"

He broke away from his companion, and betaking himself to the shelter of the main entry, mopped his face with his handkerchief while he endeavoured to frame some rational explanation of these strange portents. His mind, however, was quite incapable of being brought to a focus on the subject, and his attention wandered fitfully from one subject to another until it was presently attracted by a group of three persons who stood not far from him and seemed to be furtively observing him. The group consisted of two elderly ladies and a little bird-like old gentleman, and as Caddle was uneasily preparing to move away, the latter separated himself from his companions and advanced smiling and raising his hat.

"Can you very kindly inform me," he began in bland and persuasive accents, "what is the name of this institution?" He waved his arm around vaguely as he spoke.

"This," replied Caddle, gazing round the crowded interior, "is Victoria Station."

"I know, I know," said the old gentleman, "but I was referring to these ladies and gentlemen who are attired in this very becoming uniform."

"I know no more than yourself who they are," returned Caddle huffily, and retired further up the entry.

After a while he cautiously emerged from his retreat and surveyed the scene before him.

To his reeling senses the entire station appeared to be filled with a surging multitude of men and women attired in the uniform of the *Bellringer's* advertisement, and all restlessly wandering to and fro and peering into one another's faces. And even in his bewildered state he could not help noticing one very odd feature in their behaviour, which was that now and again one of the ladies would approach one of the gentlemen and eagerly whisper something in his ear, upon which the gentleman would hurriedly make off with an appearance of discomfiture and alarm.

Even as he stared blankly, like one newly awakened, at this astonishing spectacle, he became aware of a red-faced, dark-haired

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woman who was bearing down on him with an evident purpose; whereupon, dropping the roll of paper and flinging away the "Bradshaw," he incontinently fled down the passage and in a few moments was speeding westward in a swift hansom.

Scarcely had Mr. Caddle made his escape from the station when the door of the luggage-office was cautiously opened and a head was thrust forth, to be shortly followed by the remainder of the person to whom it belonged. This person, who was in fact none other than Dr. Porter, stood at the door of the office gazing up the platform with twitching lips, holding one hand to his side as though suffering from some internal pain, while with the other hand he wiped his eyes at intervals.

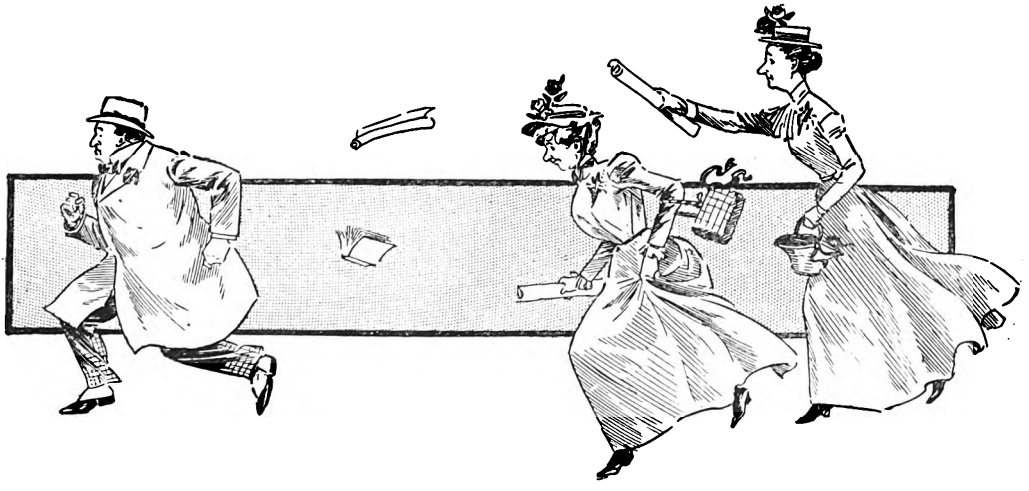
He had stood thus a minute or more when one of the uniformed ladies sidled up to him with a bashful simper and began to mumble in a low voice. For a few moments he gazed at the woman in silence; then cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, dived down the entry, and vanished into the night.

The events of that evening have always remained to Mr. Caddle a source of unmixed wonder and a matter for much profound cogitation.

Perhaps had he witnessed Dr. Porter's proceedings on that occasion, some glimmer of light might have been shed on the mystery; while a pretty complete understanding of its causes would have been obtained if his attention had happened to be directed to two advertisements which appeared on March 29th in the *Daily Advertiser* and the *London Chronicle* respectively, the substance of which, for the reader's enlightenment, we reproduce.

I. A lady who picked up at the corner of Villiers Street a gentleman's gold repeater with gold chain attached on March 24th, is desirous of returning it to its owner. For this purpose she proposes to be at Victoria Station on 1st April at 7 p.m. immediately under the clock. To facilitate mutual recognition she will wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one red and one white, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat, and a grey skirt. She will carry on her left arm a small basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up. She suggests that the owner might wear a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, a light covert coat, white spats and patent boots. He might carry in his left hand a roll of white paper and in his right a copy of Bradshaw's Guide and in his button-hole a bunch of pink geraniums. On recognising advertiser he is to approach slowly and exclaim in a low voice "*Beware the Ides of March.*"

II. A gentleman who found on a seat on the Victoria Embankment on March 25th a lady's purse containing six five-pound notes and four pounds in gold, is anxious to restore it to its owner. To this end he will attend at Victoria Station on April 1st at 7 p.m. when he will take up his position just under the clock. He may be recognised by the circumstance that he will wear a grey felt hat, a light covert coat, a green necktie, patent boots and white spats. He will carry in his left hand a roll of white paper and in his right a copy of "Bradshaw's Guide" and will wear in his button-hole a bunch of pink geraniums. He suggests that recognition would be more easy if the owner of the purse would wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one white and one red, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat, and a grey skirt, and would carry on her left arm a basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up. On recognising advertiser she should approach slowly and exclaim in a low voice, "*Be virtuous and you will be happy!*"



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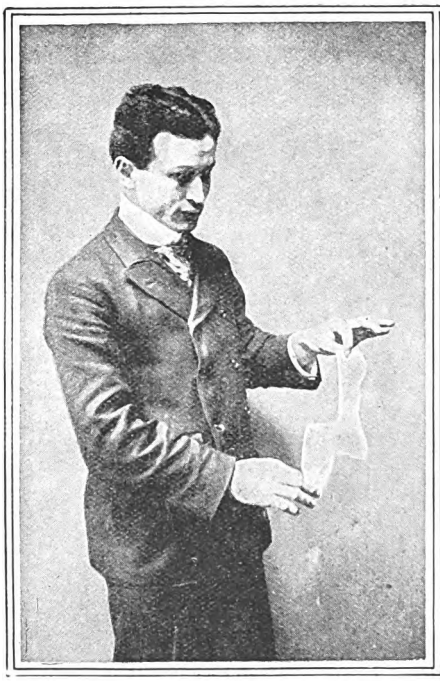
The Wizard Exposed.

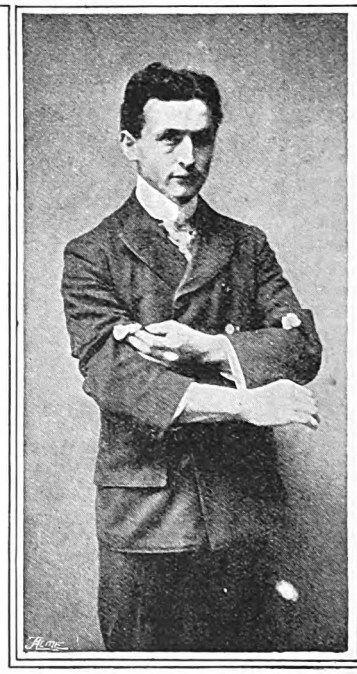
The Great Illusionist Houdini Shows how some of his Simpler Tricks are Done.

By H. L. Adam.

Illustrated with Photographs.



These two photographs illustrate the trick in which a piece of paper is torn up and then apparently produced again intact.



The explanation is that there are two pieces of paper. When the first piece has been torn up, it is hidden in one sleeve, while the other piece is extracted from the other sleeve where it has been previously hidden.

We live in an enlightened age—an age in which to see is not to believe. It is the age of the youthful cynic, "old" at thirty. At one time—not very long ago—we live at such a rapid rate—the gentleman who, with deft hands and capacious mouth, appeared to pass an orange in a flash through his mouth and out at the heel of his boot, was looked upon with awe, and regarded as a power in the land.

Not so now; we only tolerate him, "for the sake of the little ones." Quite a lot of people fondly and proudly imagine that they know exactly how most of his tricks are done, but in order not to spoil the game they do not make this knowledge public property.

One of the funniest explanations of a conjurer's dexterity I ever heard was that where the palming of a playing card was attributed to the aid of a *false skin* on the hand! And the individual who volunteered the opinion was most dogmatic in laying it down, and would allow of no contradiction.

In the present article I propose to lay bare the secrets of several successful tricks and illusions, which have stood the test of time, and have taken in many credulous audiences. For so doing I expect to receive the execrations of a certain interested section of the community, who appear to imagine that a simple written explanation of a trick is synonymous with enabling the humblest of His Majesty's subjects to perform it with facility. Well, let the most astute try the simplest of them, and may I be present to witness the attempt.

As I am not myself a conjurer, let me explain at once that my information I obtained from Mr. Houdini, who in fact first "took me in," and then "showed me round"—in other words, supplemented each trick with an explanation. These explanations I now present to you, in narrative and picture.

Mr. Houdini is now well known as the "Handcuff King," but before he went into handcuffs he was a skilful conjurer in America, and the explanations here given may be relied upon as being thoroughly genuine.

A trick that requires no apparatus, but considerable dexterity in digital manipulation is

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the following: It is to tear a piece of paper into small fragments, and then restore it again. Probably a great many of my readers have seen this performed by one or more of our professional conjurers.

A piece of paper is taken in the fingers, and very deliberately and completely torn up, screwed up and palmed. It then again mysteriously reappears between the fingers, intact. There are really *two* pieces of paper, one rolled up and concealed in a fold of the performer's coat-sleeve. After the conjurer has torn up one piece, and made it disappear, he crosses his arms, and in the usual manner, proceeds to pull up his sleeves to prove that nothing is concealed beneath them. In so doing he simultaneously removes the paper that is intact from one sleeve, and conceals the torn paper in the folds of the other.

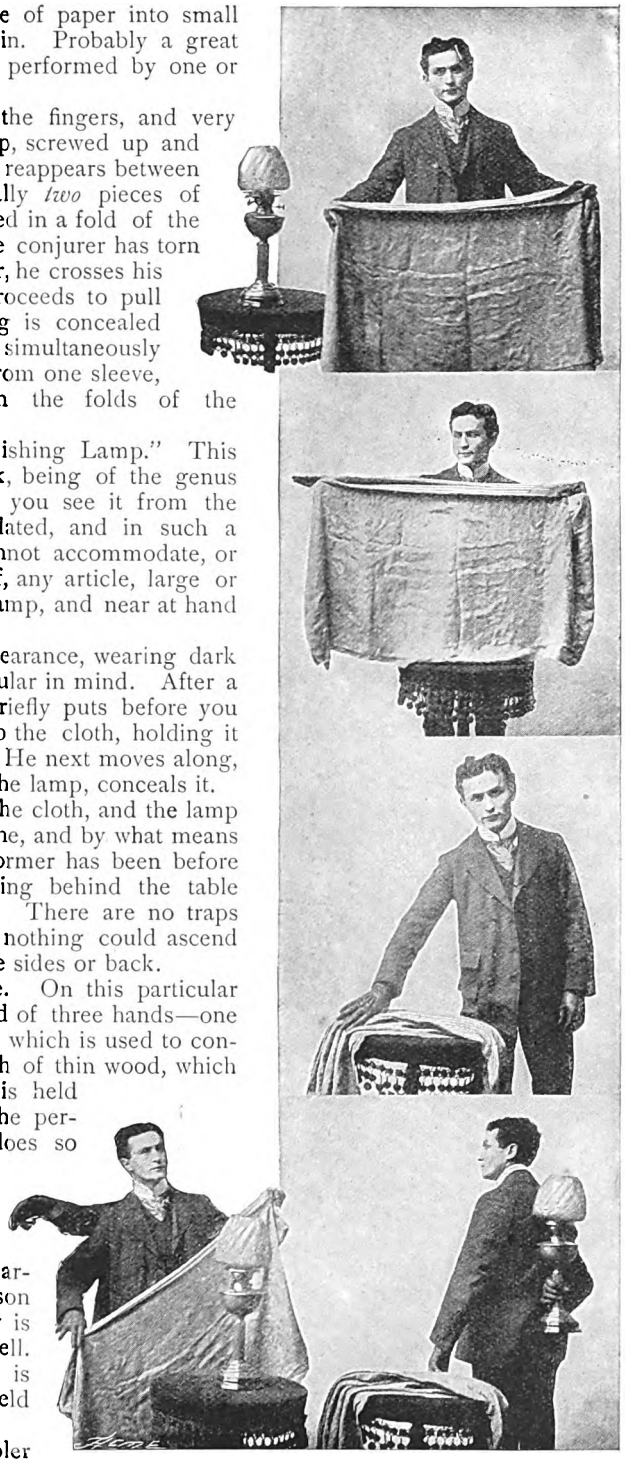
Second on the list is the "Vanishing Lamp." This is a very clever and effective trick, being of the genus "Vanishing Lady." This is how you see it from the front: A small wooden table, isolated, and in such a position that it is quite clear it cannot accommodate, or contribute to the disappearance of, any article, large or small. On this is a rather heavy lamp, and near at hand is a fancy table cloth.

The performer makes his appearance, wearing dark kid gloves. Please bear this particular in mind. After a preliminary speech, in which he briefly puts before you what he proposes to do, he takes up the cloth, holding it at both ends and at arm's length. He next moves along, and, bringing the cloth in front of the lamp, conceals it.

After a brief pause, he lowers the cloth, and the lamp has disappeared! Where has it gone, and by what means has it been removed? The performer has been before your eyes the whole time, standing behind the table holding the cloth up at both ends. There are no traps and the table is quite bare below; nothing could ascend without being seen, nor leave by the sides or back.

The explanation is very simple. On this particular occasion the performer is possessed of three hands—one of which is a *dummy*. The cloth which is used to conceal the lamp is fitted with a length of thin wood, which makes one edge of it—that which is held above the lamp—rigid. When the performer picks up the cloth, he does so with his genuine left hand, and his dummy right, thus leaving his genuine right—which is concealed beneath his coat—at liberty. The mechanism of the dummy is so arranged that the arm works in unison with the left, and when the latter is raised it raises the dummy as well. Directly the lamp is concealed, it is removed by the right arm and held behind the back.

A very effective, but much simpler trick is that where water is turned to wine, and back again to water. This,



The Vanishing Lamp. One of the arms that holds the tablecloth is a dummy. The second real arm removes the lamp from the table and conceals it behind the back.

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Mr. Houdini informed me, was one of his favourite tricks in America, and one which never failed to elicit plenty of enthusiastic

How water is turned into wine. The jug and the four glasses apparently contain nothing but water.

applause. The hearts of the audience always seemed to warm to him at this. He used to introduce the trick in a rather interesting form, preceding it with a hypothetical narrative.

In certain parts of America there are what are called "prohibited towns," where intoxicating fluids are not allowed to be sold. Thus the performer would relate how while a certain caterer in one of those towns was entertaining some friends on the quiet, and serving them with wine, he received an unexpected visit from the inspectors, and how, while the latter were knocking at the door, the caterer dexterously transformed the wine to water.

This is the trick. On a table are four glass tumblers, and one glass jug. The former are all full of plain water, having no trace or suspicion of being in any way adulterated. From the jug the four tumblers have apparently been filled. Then, says the performer, we will vary the monotony of things by having wine in two of the tumblers, and he proceeds to empty back into the jug the contents of two of the glasses. Immediately the water in the jug becomes dark, and is passed out again into the two glasses. Finally the Professor prefers all water, and by emptying the contents of all the tumblers into the jug, the water becomes clear again.

Yet when two glasses are poured back into the jug the water becomes red, and the two glasses can be filled with a liquid that looks like wine.

It is very mystifying to all except, probably, the man with a knowledge of chemicals. Therein lies the explanation. Although the water has the appearance of being unadulterated, it has been previously "doctored," as have also some of the glasses. Into the jug is introduced a pinch of tannic acid; into two of the glasses one drop of tincture of iron, and into a third a pinch of oxalic acid. The iron coming in contact with the tannic acid turns the water dark, and the oxalic acid turns it clear again. The performer should be careful to keep the glass containing the oxalic acid till the last.

Very neat is the "Handkerchief and Card" trick. The performer takes a pack of cards and invites a member of his audience to select a card, carefully noting its denomination, and then return it to the pack. The latter is then folded in a silk handkerchief, and the performer, holding the corners of it, gently shakes out the chosen card. The card appears to come *through* the handkerchief.

When the selected card is returned to the pack, it is promptly palmed, and instead of being inside the handkerchief, is lying flat against the outside, and kept in position by the peculiar folding of the handkerchief. By shaking the latter the card is gradually released and works slowly down till it falls to the floor. Of course, everything depends, in the first place, on the palming.

Here all the water has been turned to wine. This trick is accomplished by a few drops of various chemicals being previously mixed with the water. A full explanation is found in the article.

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Another "conversion" trick is that of turning bran into sugar. There is little or no palming needed for this, success depending largely upon manipulation of apparatus.

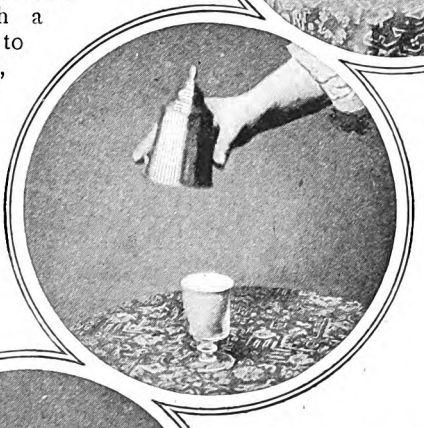
Into a box of bran the performer plunges a glass tumbler, filling it with the substance. After placing the glass on the table, he covers it with a brass extinguisher. He then removes the latter, and in the glass is sugar instead of bran.

The deception lies in the fact that the glass was not filled with bran at all, but contained a metal contrivance, made to exactly fit the glass, and on the outside of which is an adhesive layer of bran—a trick extensively adopted in dressing shop windows. The dummy bran, so to speak, is concealed in the box, which really contains sugar, and is thrust into the glass. When the brass extinguisher is placed over the glass it grips the top of the dummy bran, which comes away with it, leaving the sugar in the glass.

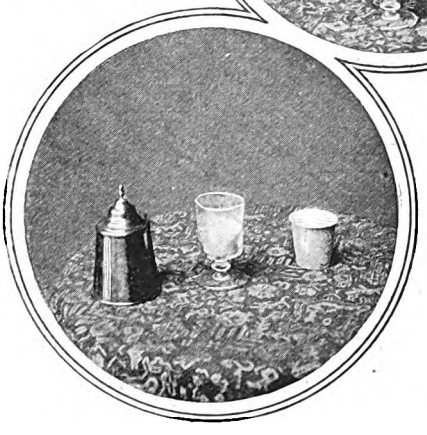
Of hat tricks there seems to be no end. Almost every conceivable small article has at some time or other been passed through a hat without injury to it. It is, however, somewhat dangerous for amateurs to attempt this kind of trick, where borrowed property plays an important part. I knew a young gentleman who essayed to make an omelet in a hat belonging to another man, and did actually succeed, thereby incurring the unrestrained wrath of the owner of the article.

How bran is turned into sugar. Into the glass is thrust a metal case covered with bran.

The glass is filled with sugar from a box supposed to contain bran.



The "extinguisher" is then placed over the glass.



The "extinguisher" grips the top of the metal case, and when lifted, lifts that off also, exposing the glass full of sugar.

I will now show how easily a large die may be passed through one hat to another, without injury to either. One hat is placed above another, rim to rim. The performer, standing behind them, holds a large die in one hand, and a magic wand in the other. With the latter he taps the side of the die, which sounds solid. He then places the die on the top hat, and covers it with a hollow cardboard arrangement, which just fits over it, utters a few unintelligible magic words, lifts the extinguisher, and the die is gone. Raising the top hat, the die is seen to be in the lower one.

This trick is very puzzling, and will baffle the reasoning powers of any number of people who seek for an elaborate solution, from the very simplicity of its nature. The extinguisher contains a second hollow die, minus one side, which fits flush inside. When this is placed over the genuine die, the performer removes the whole apparatus for a few seconds, while he makes a show of minutely

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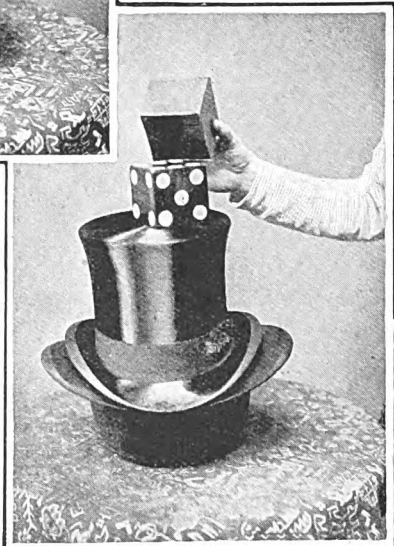
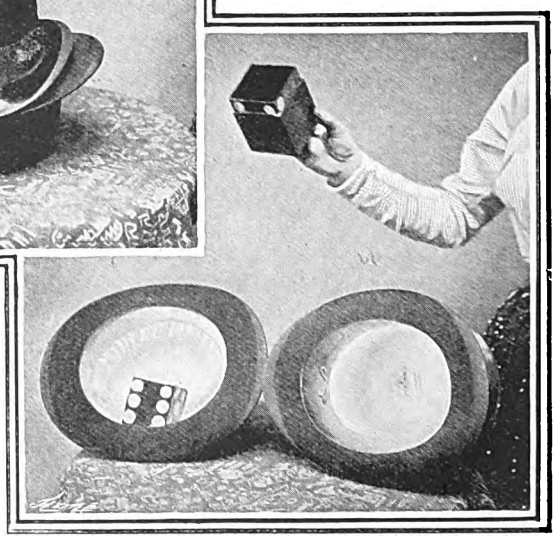
How a solid die can be passed through one hat into another. The die is first placed on the top hat.



It is then covered with an "extinguisher," which contains a hollow die.



The whole apparatus is removed from the hat for a second, and by sleight of hand the die is transferred to the lower hat. The hollow die is mistaken by the spectators for the original solid one, which is then shown by the conjuror in the lower hat.

quarters you can perceive the mechanism. The portable pips fit flush with those printed on the card, and are connected by means of a very fine line, no thicker than the string of a violin bow. At a short distance this line is quite invisible. At the top, or the side—according to the change to be made—is a small metal lever, which, when the card is held in the hand, is hidden by a finger—the finger which works the change. Thus the conjurer displays, say, the five of spades, and requests his audience to note carefully the value of the card in his hand. He then gives it a flourish, and again displays it, when two additional pips have appeared. Another flourish, and the pips are five again. And so on, increasing or decreasing the value at will. Very mystifying, but, oh, so simple!

And now I wonder how many Maskelynes, Devants, Le Roys, and Houdinis will result from the publication of this article? I desire to express my thanks to Messrs. G. Ornum & Co., Duke Street, Charing Cross, for

explaining where it is proposed the die should be found. In so doing he slightly raises the top hat, at the same time palming the genuine die and depositing it in the lower hat. He then apparently returns the die to the top of the hat, and in order to convince you that it is still there he slightly raises the cover displaying a portion of, not as you suppose the solid die, but the hollow dummy inside. He then closes down the cover again, and the rest is simple. He shows the die in the hat, the empty interior of the cover, completing the deception.

Some very good tricks are performed with specially manufactured playing-cards, which are furnished with moveable pips. By this means the face value of a card can be altered by the imperceptible movement of a single finger. You may convert a ten of spades into an eight, a five into a seven.

These cards are very skilfully made, and it is only by looking at them at very close

their kindness in lending apparatus for the illustration of this article.

I have no doubt that very many will try their hands at these tricks; but I venture to prophesy that few will have the patience to practise them sufficiently to make it really worth while to watch their performances.

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Photo by J. H. Biddell.

These six bullocks were struck dead by one flash of lightning while taking shelter under a tree during a thunderstorm.

WHEN CLOUDS COLLIDE.

By W. J. S. Lockyer.

No one in this country can profess entire ignorance on the subject of thunderstorms. Nevertheless, it is true that in spite of the various scientific explanations of their origin which many people have read, and a few have even professed to understand, a certain amount of mystery still surrounds the subject. For the knowledge of the man in the street (who is generally a very unscientific person) is chiefly confined to the results rather than the causes of a thunderstorm.

At the same time, most people have a more or less coherent idea as to the origin of a thunderstorm and the nature of lightning. It is with the latter subject that this article is more particularly concerned, though we will make it our honest endeavour to combine as much interesting information with as little science as possible

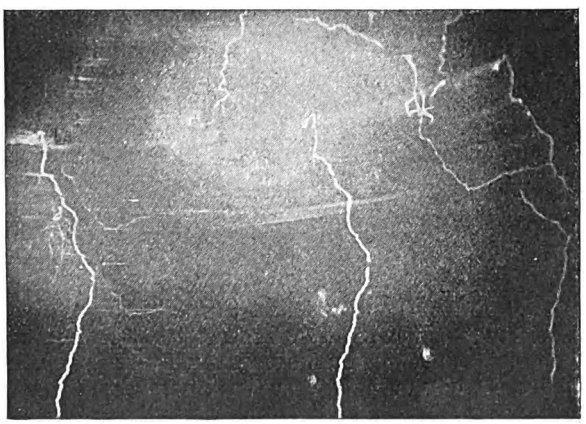

Photo by Dr. H. H. Hoffert.

A triple flash of lightning, taken with a moving camera to make each flash appear distinct from the others.

The chief reason why lightning has always been more or less of a difficulty to those who desired to study it, is the extreme rapidity with which a flash comes and goes. It has been estimated that most flashes only last

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Photo by R. L. Bartlett.

Some of the boots of five children who were struck by lightning while in church.

for the thousandth part of a second, and that the longest flashes probably do not last more than half a second.

Nevertheless, in spite of this difficulty, there are many facts about lightning which, though not generally known, could be investigated by anyone who took the trouble to watch carefully the flashes during a couple of thunderstorms.

Lightning appears in no fewer than six distinct forms, some of which cannot at first be easily distinguished from others to which they are closely allied.

The first variety might almost be described as the elementary form of lightning. It is known as "stream" lightning, and it pursues an almost direct course, and only in rare cases breaks into what are technically known as ramifications.

The next variety, sinuous lightning, differs in two ways from the first; its course is very wavy in outline, and it sometimes has ramifications, though these are, as a rule, small and not numerous.

"Ramified" lightning, on the other hand, as its name implies, has many of these branches; it is perhaps the most frequent of all the forms, especially when the storm is severe and immediately overhead.

The fourth type is known variously, as "meandering," "summer," and "sheet" lightning, and is very often seen in a succession of feeble discharges on a summer evening.

The last two varieties are the rarest; in "beaded" or "chapletted" lightning, the flash is broken up all along its length into small pieces. "Ribbon" lightning has a very broad flash, the edges of which are often more luminous than the centre

Beside these varieties of lightning there is also another form which electricity takes in a thunderstorm. It is known as "globular" or "thunderbolt" lightning, and was for a long time regarded as a sort of electrical sea-serpent, which was heard of, but never seen. But a good many appearances have been chronicled during the last few years, so that it seems certain that it is an authentic, if somewhat rare, phenomenon.

This "globular" lightning takes the form of a ball of fire of varying size. It moves quite slowly and can easily be followed in its motions by the eye. This peculiarity is illustrated by the following story told by an inhabitant of Leith. He relates that while taking his dinner one stormy day, he heard an extremely loud thunderclap, and at the same time the chimney-board fell and a globe of fire, as large as a cocoanut, entered the room and hovered around, a short distance from the floor. It suddenly swerved upwards, and by means of a cavity above the mantelpiece entered the flue. A few seconds later there was a loud explosion, and the part of the chimney projecting above

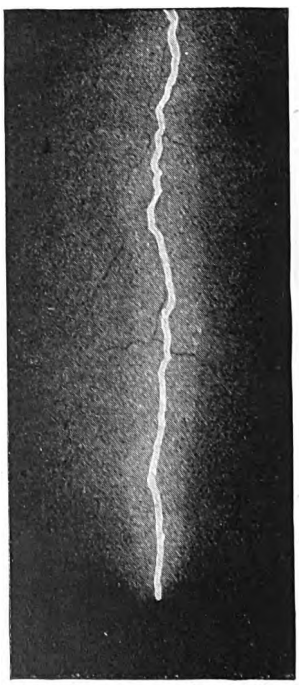

Photo by Mr. McAdie.

A flash of stream lightning with dark ramifications.

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the roof was scattered in all directions.

As was remarked before, the greatest difficulty to be overcome in studying lightning flashes is due to the small time that a flash lasts. In addition to this, the light is so dazzling that the retina of the human eye cannot accurately record what takes place.

This difficulty has been overcome, however, by the use of the camera. For though the eye may be dazzled, the camera inexorably records what takes place before it. It might be thought that photographing lightning would be a matter requiring great skill on the part of the manipulator of the camera.

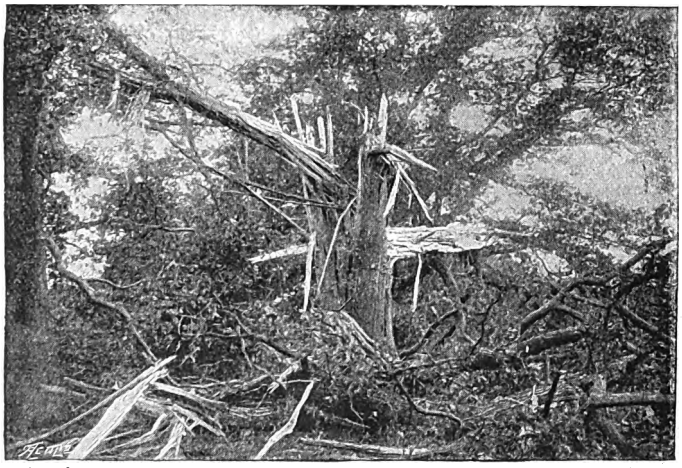

Photo by Frith & Co.

An oak tree shattered by lightning.

By day, this would be so to a great extent, for then an instantaneous shutter would have to be used. But at night with a little care, after one or two trials, excellent results would probably be obtained by anyone with a knowledge of photography. All that is necessary is to choose some sheltered position when a thunderstorm is commencing, and focus the camera on some fairly distant object in the direction from which the lightning flashes appear most frequently. The plate can then be exposed till a flash comes, or if it be desired to obtain several flashes on the same plate, it can be left exposed till the required number have appeared.

That this method can be successfully employed, the photographs of lightning flashes which we reproduce in these pages afford abundant evidence.

A remarkable fact about lightning is the so-called dark flash, which is often seen by the eye immediately after the bright flash. But even more remarkable is the fact that this dark flash is also recorded by the sensitised plates of the camera. In the same way, if a photograph be taken of an ordinary electric spark, a corresponding dark image is also recorded.

In the case of the eye, it seems fairly obvious that it is produced by the dazzling brightness of the first flash. With the camera it is not so easy to explain the cause of the appearance, for the camera certainly does not often mislead us. Probably it is due to some peculiarity which the sensitised plate of the camera possesses in common with the retina of the human eye: an explanation which, though vague, seems the best that can be suggested.

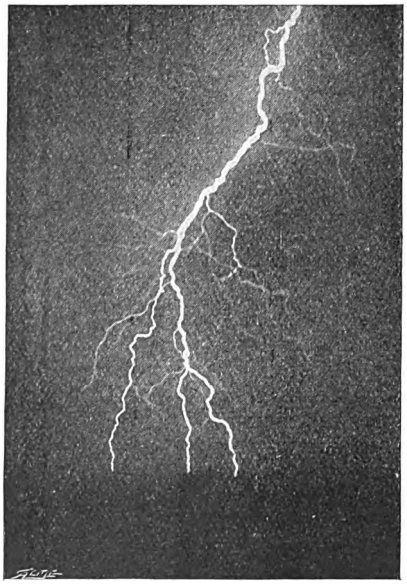

Photo by M. E. Forestier.

Ramified lightning as photographed at Paris. The commonest form of lightning when the storm is severe and nearly overhead.

The last of the six types of lightning—the ribbon type—is perhaps the rarest of all, but sometimes when two or three flashes of stream or sinuous lightning follow very closely on one another, this multiple flash (as it is then called) can easily be mistaken for a single flash of the ribbon type.

Here, again, the aid of the camera is indispensable. But in order that the difference between a "ribbon" flash and a multiple flash may be clearly shown, it is necessary that the camera

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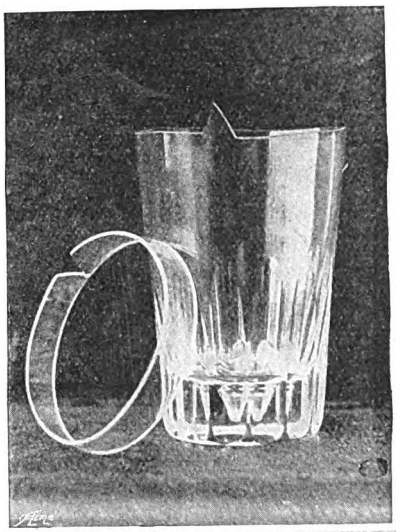

Photo by A. Dixon.

Strange freak of a lightning flash. The glass was cut round as if by a diamond, leaving a single jagged point.

Since the introduction of wire fencing, lightning has played great havoc among cattle. Not infrequently we see several cows lying along a fence; and if the fence be struck by lightning, probably every one is killed. A case is on record in Scotland where no fewer than eighteen cows were killed at once in this manner. On another occasion, six bullocks had taken shelter under a tree during a thunderstorm; they were struck by lightning and all killed, though the tree was not even touched.

Trees, too, form a great attraction for lightning, some sorts being especially susceptible to its attentions. The oak, for instance, is probably more often struck than any other sort of tree, and often the results are very strange, the tree being sometimes almost knocked into splinters.

It is a curious fact that a dead tree is hardly, if ever, struck by lightning. An explanation which has been suggested, and is at least possible is the following: A tree, when living, is full of sap, and it is this sap which causes the damage, the action of the lightning being to convert it very quickly into vapour. The idea is that the expansion is so rapid that there is an explosion, which strips off the bark and generally wrecks

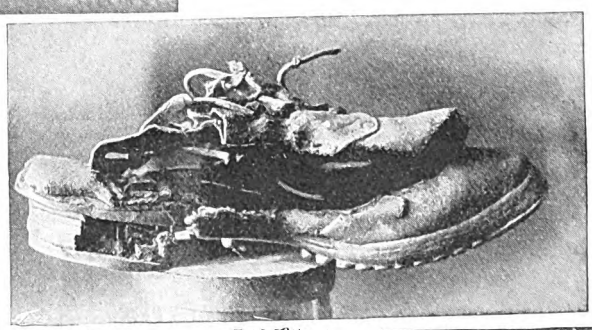

Photo by Fred Kitto.

Boot belonging to a man who was killed by lightning. His other boot was uninjured.

should be kept in constant motion. The result of this is that if the flash be of the "ribbon" type, the photograph would be practically instantaneous; if, on the other hand, there were several flashes, however little time might elapse between them, the camera would have had time to move slightly, and the flashes would accordingly appear on different parts of the plate.

To obtain a photograph of this description much patience is often needed, as a multiple flash might not come within the range of the camera for a very long time. We reproduce on page 257 a remarkably successful photograph obtained in this way in which the separate flashes appear very distinctly. To obtain it, the camera was kept constantly swinging by a mechanical arrangement.

Besides, lightning itself as a subject for the camera, very curious pictures can often be obtained of objects struck by lightning, as will be seen from the photographs we reproduce.

One of these is a boot belonging to a man named Hutchings, of Chagford, Dartmoor. The large nails are supposed to have acted as a conductor, and such was the force of the shock that the heavy boot was found forty-five feet away from the body of the unfortunate man.

Photo by Rev. G. Bastoul.

Stream lightning. This form of lightning has ramifications very rarely.

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the tree. In the case of a dead tree, besides the fact that the attraction would be less than in the case of a living tree, there would be no sap, and the electricity would simply be conducted to the earth down the tree. This may or may not be the correct solution of the puzzle; at any rate, it is a possible one.

Amongst the many extraordinary effects of lightning, has been alleged its power to imprint the likeness of one object upon another. People who have been struck are said to have had the exact pictures of trees limned by the lightning upon their bodies. Such alleged instances are, however, regarded as exaggerations by scientific men.

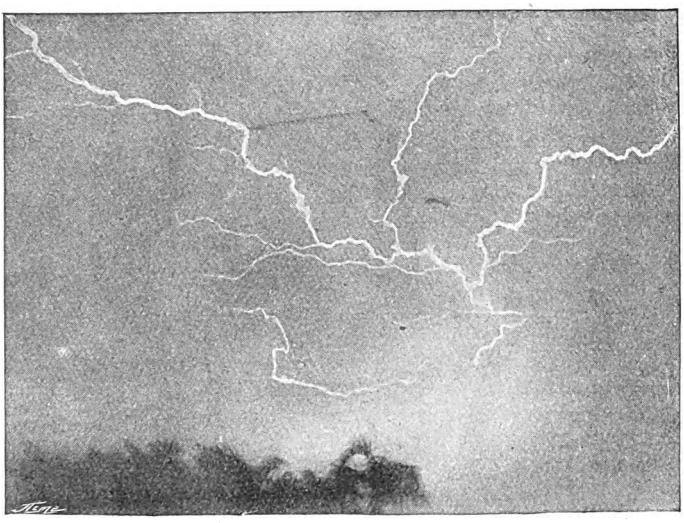

Photo by W. T. D. Jacob.

Meandering lightning, photographed at Madras. This form of lightning seems to wander about as if uncertain which direction to take.

There is, however, a well-authenticated case of a boy who was marked in a curious manner. He complained of a burning sensation in the arms, and it was found that the left arm from the elbow to the shoulder had arborescent markings like the fronds of a fern or of a yew-tree. In the course of some hours the markings faded away. It is, however, unwarrantable to suppose that this incident furnishes any evidence of the photographic action of lightning, though, like much else connected with the subject, it is not easy of explanation. The only thing that can be said is that sometimes the current manifests itself in ramified markings.

Lightning, like the proverbial ill-wind, sometimes brings good. One of the pinnacles of Totnes Church in falling made a huge rent in the masonry, exposing to view a chest of valuable documents which had been hidden for centuries.

Of miraculous escapes in the midst of devastation there are numerous instances. In 1899, a house at St. Mabyn's, Cornwall, was struck, and not a single room escaped injury of some kind. Yet no one in the house was hurt. In this case the inmates were fortunate in being out of the line of least resistance and greatest attraction, and so escaped.

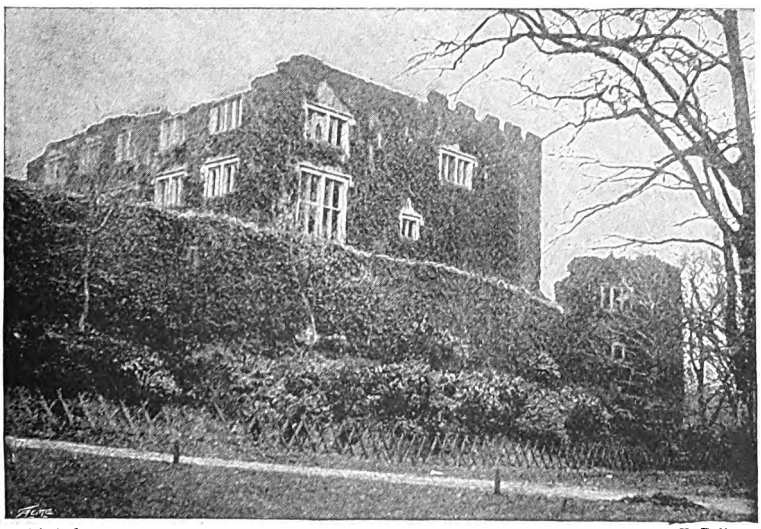

Photo by F. Ball.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, destroyed by lightning.

One would naturally suppose that the fact of a bicycle being struck meant certain death or injury to the rider. Yet it was not until the cyclist came to

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clean his machine a day or two after the storm, that he found the metal of the handle-bar and near hub had been fused.

During divine service at Atcham Church, near Shrewsbury, lightning struck the church tower. The building being filled by a large congregation, something like a panic ensued. A deafening peal of thunder and a loud crash mingled with the screams of women and children. A wild rush was made for the door. It was ascertained that several children belonging to the choir were seriously injured. One in particular, Emma Cain, suffered terribly. Her eyesight was injured, and one side of her face and neck badly scorched. Her foot was also burned. Five damaged boots belonging to the children are still kept as a memento of this dreadful affair, which happened in 1879.

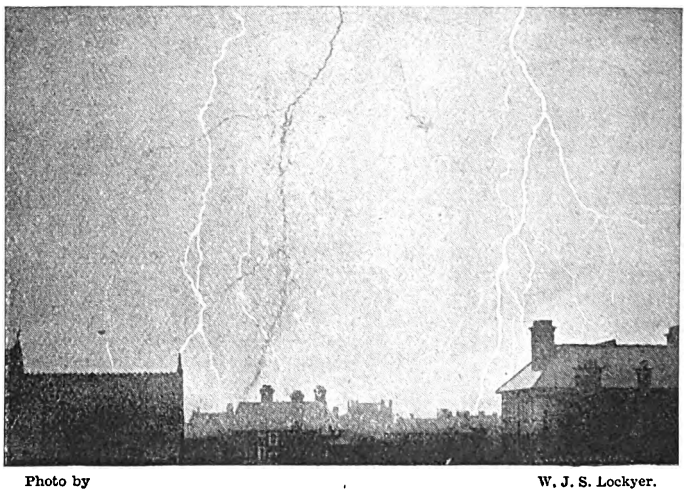

Photo by W. J. S. Lockyer.

Dark and bright flashes. The dark flash or image is a phenomenon observed by the camera as well as by the human eye.

In case of lightning discharges taking place between a cloud and the earth, solid matter of a non-conducting nature which lies in the way suffers considerable damage. In the case of living beings the shock frequently causes death.

Thus under certain conditions people walking in the open are in danger, but naturally the degree of risk is not comparable to what is involved by being near to a conductor.

Yet people unthinkingly take refuge under trees. It is an unsafe thing to do, as witness the large number of victims who thought otherwise. And yet there may be safety in numbers even with regard to trees. If you should happen to be in a wood during a storm, avoid the high trees; they are most likely to act as conductors, taking the lightning away from the low tree under which you are standing.

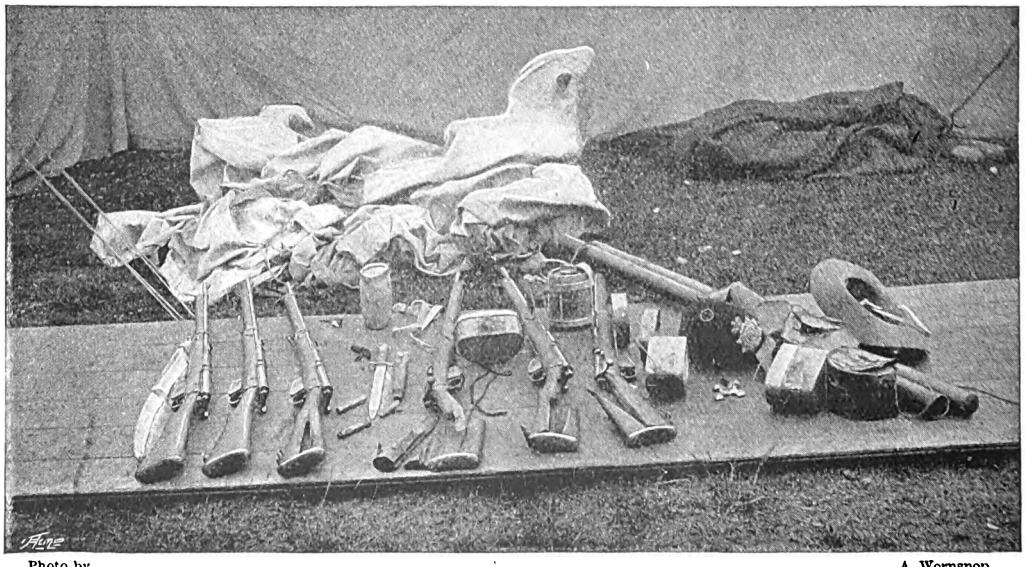

Photo by A. Wornsnop.

Rifles and accoutrements damaged by lightning

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Notes from the Diary of an Old Man of Ten

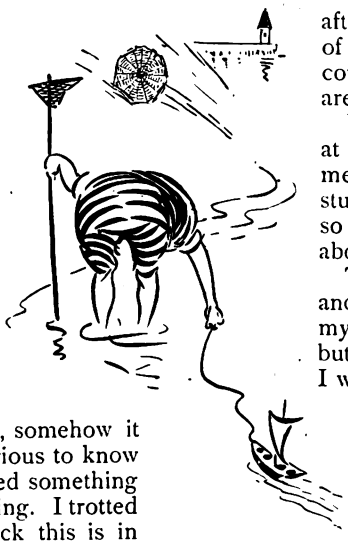
Written and Illustrated by Hilda Cowham.

First Letter.

Dear Jack,

I told you I was going to spend my holidays at Littlehampton. Well, we have been here three weeks, and it's not a bad sort of place at all—heaps of nice girls and boats, and bathing tents and things.

I have had a grand time; I was out sailing my boat one day, when I noticed not far up the beach, a large Japanese umbrella covered with all sorts of little birds and butterflies. Well, you know, Jack, old man, somehow it attracted me, and I was very curious to know what was underneath it. It looked something so funny from where I was standing. I trotted up, and there was, oh (now Jack this is in confidence, twiggey-vous), the funniest (I thought her funny then, I don't now) little creature sitting there that I've ever seen, not exactly pretty, but rather like Polly Swivers (you know, the one that you were rather mashed on last half), only without the plaits.



She was swinging to and fro nursing something that looked like a doll; a rotten looking thing, made of cloth, with a cloth face, the sort of thing you dream about after you've had an overdose of tuck. I wonder how she could put up with it! Girls are funny, eh, old man?

Well, to continue—I looked at her hard, but she never gave me a glance, her eyes were stuck on the precious thing, so I walked off and forgot all about her.

The next day I was paddling, and a crab had just laid hold of my toe, when who should pass but my lady of the umbrella. I wasn't best pleased; but who would be with a crab gnawing one's foot off? She looked at me this time and laughed, so I had to put my best face on, I can tell you, for the crab was enjoying my foot. I called out to her, "Would you like to take him off?" but she only laughed again, and said she didn't want to spoil her pretty shoes.

Rather a bit of conceit wasn't it? After bearing it as long as I could, I summoned up what courage I had left and pulled the beastly thing off. It did smart I can tell you, and I could only just hobble to the shore.

She was very kind, asked me if I was very much hurt and all

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that, told me I might as a great favour carry her doll a little way (imagine it), if it would comfort me.

I politely refused, and after putting on my shoes, we strolled along the beach.

On further acquaintance, I thought she was really not bad looking, in spite of the missing plaits (I'm rather off plaits, don't you know).

She kept on asking if my foot was all right, and promised she would bring me some stuff for it, if it got worse.

I wish she wasn't so fond of that silly old doll, though; you should have seen her, hugging and squeezing it. It made me feel quite jealous, and at last I did a dreadful thing.

I snatched it from her; snatched it, old man, and threw it as far as I could into the sea. I can hardly believe I dared do it, now. You should have seen her face, it was almost purple, but only for an instant. I thought it was all over with me, and then she smiled and said that she could easily make another. Oh! I did feel sold, and I confess rather ashamed of myself. I said I was sorry, but she said it didn't matter, she had lost heaps that way, which was a big fib, as she doesn't look a bit of a flirt.

I believe I'm getting rather mashed on her, and I'm really serious this time. I honestly *hate* plaits now, and although I don't love dolls, still they can be endured.

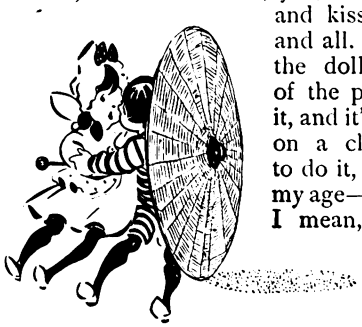
Next day she appeared with a new doll, uglier, if possible, than the first, but she herself looked fine in a pink bonnet and a blue silk dress.

She has brown eyes—or green, I'm not sure which. I'm tired of blue. Don't scoff, old man—I know they've all had blue before, but, as I said just now, I'm going to be serious this time.

By the way, I haven't told you her name. Well, she's called after an old aunt, so she tells me. Jane's not a very pretty name I admit, but it grows on one. Imagine to yourself, a girl with a Japanese umbrella, big brown eyes (I'm sure they can't be green), and a big sash, and Jane isn't such a bad name after all. I can tell you we've had some sprees together, I've met her every day now for three weeks, and I'm as keen as ever, and it's rather a test to a chap's affections to be with a girl for all that length of time, especially as she always will insist on having that rotten old rag doll with her. I may add, it's her only drawback, only I daren't say anything about it to her, as I was so rude about the first one.

You don't know how it has changed me. Why you wouldn't know me now—no slang (except in letters), no cigarettes (except in bed), my cash all goes in chocolates. Girls have a refining influence on a chap; you ought to try them, old fellow—they're not so bad, and it's no end of a spree. I'll tell you what happened one day, as you're an old chum.

We were sitting behind a bathing tent, as usual, when all of a sudden I turned round and put my arms round dear Janie (that's my pet name), and kissed her, yes, actually hugged and kissed her, doll and all. I must say the doll took some of the poetry out of it, and it's rather hard on a chap to have to do it, especially at my age—hug the doll, I mean, but it was bliss, doll and all, I can assure you. Of course, she turned very red after this, and was, or pretended to be, very cross, and she made a great deal of trouble over it, but she was pacified at last, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight.



Three days after that we were engaged, and as I was rather hard up (chocolates are so expensive), it being near the end of the month, I made a ring out of plaited grass.

I should like you to see how devoted we are to one another. I'm going to get Triggs minor (he's staying down here) to take a snapshot of us, and I'll send you one.

I'm afraid I shall have to shut up now, old man, I'm very busy arranging things, as we're off together at the end of the week.

I kiss her every day now.

With love from your happy chum,

DICK.

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Second Letter.

DEAR JACK,

It is just three days since I wrote to you, and I'm rather worried —things aren't turning out as smoothly as I could wish.

I told you I was going to get Triggs minor to take our photos; he did that all right. The silly little ass didn't split, but as he was developing the plate, his sister, you know, the one that squints, saw it and spotted me at once; she thought it awfully funny, laughed at it, yes, laughed. Fancy having your private affairs laughed at by the public. Of course, Triggs minor came down in an awful state and said it was all over the shop. His silly donkey of a sister had blabbed, thinking it an awful joke, no doubt, but the worst is to come. I was sticking some hair I'd cut off on to Janie's doll, to make "real eyebrows" for it (you have to do that sort of thing when you are engaged; it doesn't hurt you, you know) —when there came a summons from the Pater. Wished to see me, so down I goes; Pater and Mater were both there with the photo. I expect by this time it's all over the place. I hope *she* won't see it, that would be the last straw.

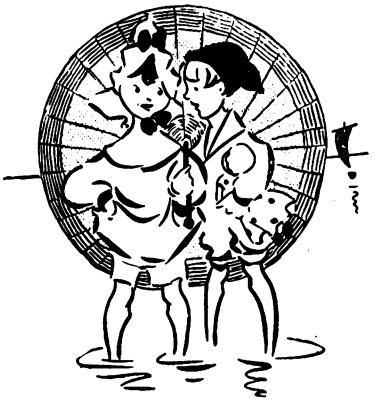
They both, Pater and Mater I mean, talked a lot about foolishness, as though I didn't know it, and about being very young and childish—young and childish, to me, if you please—me! just on the verge of matrimony; and then, oh horrors, they followed me upstairs, and there lay the rag doll, with her heap of eyebrows, for I'd cut off a good deal of my hair, beside her.

Well, when the Pater saw it he laughed, in fact, he roared, and said it was "too funny"—as though he hadn't done the same thing himself, when he was engaged. Everybody does, don't they?

Oh! I am so miserable, I can't tell Janie; I am sure she'd give me up if she knew, but I'm going to get her away as soon as possible.

From your worried

DICK.



Third Letter.

DEAR JACK,

Worse than ever; Janie has heard about it.

We met as usual behind the bathing tent, and after the preliminaries were over (you know what I mean), she pulled out of her pocket—the photo. I'm sick of the sight of it now. She said it had been sent to her from London. It's surprising how a thing like that travels. It'll be framed in the form-room next half, I expect.

It seems that sister of Triggs sneaked one, she fancied it so much, and sent it to her cousin, who recognised Janie as her schoolfellow —and there you are. I got this out of Triggs minor, and (would you believe it old man?) I've been *four* days trying to explain the matter to Janie, but somehow I can't get a word in, still I'm as fond of her as ever—fonder if anything.

From your still more worried DICK.

Fourth Letter.

DEAR JACK,

All is over, girls are fools, my allowance has come, but too late.

I don't know how to tell you, but Jane (I can never call her Janie again) has played me false. *She was paddling yesterday afternoon arm in arm with Triggs minor.* Wait till I get him back next half. The worst of it is though, that he has the plate of that photo. Of course, I wrote for an explanation, but she wrote back to say that there was none; she was tired of me. I had not acted honourably; honourably, old man, after all I've been through. Oh! they're a thankless lot.

I shall be glad to be home; I never want to see her face again, and as to that doll—ugh! After all, old chap, I can't stand a girl without plaits.

From your mercifully delivered DICK.

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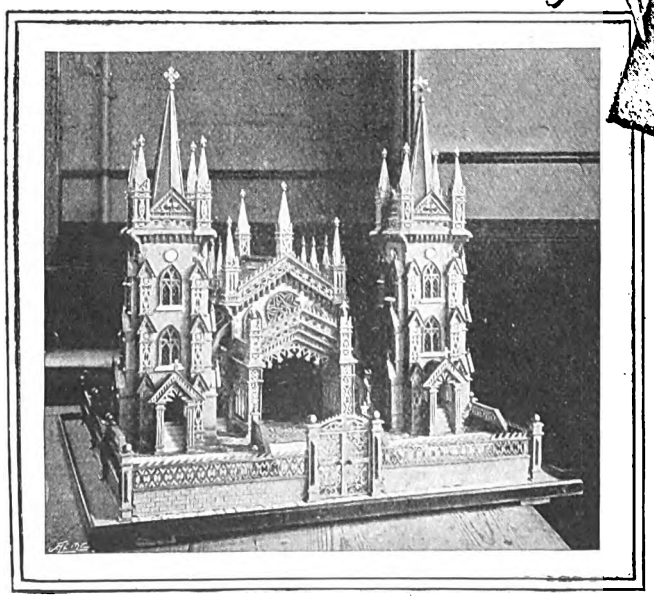
A Workhouse Genius

George Egan, who built the miniature cathedral.

A workhouse infirmary is not by any means the place where one would go when in search of a genius, or even a person with a tendency in that direction. There is an exception to every rule, and the one in this case is George Egan, who was recently for some time an inmate of St. Luke's Infirmary, at the Union in Shepherdess Walk, City Road. Being lamed by an accident, he was laid up for a long time, and will probably never be quite well again; consequently he had to enter the Union Infirmary, and here he employed his spare moments in designing and constructing a miniature cathedral.

The cleverness of the design in this work is very great, and all the more so when it is remembered that it was never put on paper, but only existed in the brain of the worker till he actually constructed it. The construction, too, is no less to be admired for its neatness and exactness. Here, too, Egan had disadvantages to contend with. He never used a plumb line to insure perpendicular walls; his tools were of the simplest—a knife-blade, with an improvised handle of rag, a broken rule, a pair of blunt scissors, and a paint brush.

The only tools Egan used — a knife-blade with a handle of rag, a broken rule, a pair of scissors, and a paint-brush.



This cathedral, which is twenty inches high, was built almost entirely of doctors' cards.

Nor were his materials much more elaborate. Doctors' diet cards form the only substitute for bricks; glue supplies the mortar; marbles and pills—the latter probably contributed by some unwilling victim of a doctor's prescription—will scarcely be recognised in their new *rôle* of ornaments for pinnacles and pillars; paint, a few odd bits of wood, and coloured tissue paper complete the list, which, it will be admitted, is sufficiently meagre.

The model we show on this page stands twenty inches high, and its base is a square of thirty-two inches. It took eleven months to make, and, in spite of the deficiencies already described in tools and materials, good workmanship has triumphed even over these, and made the finished cathedral quite a work of art in its own small way.

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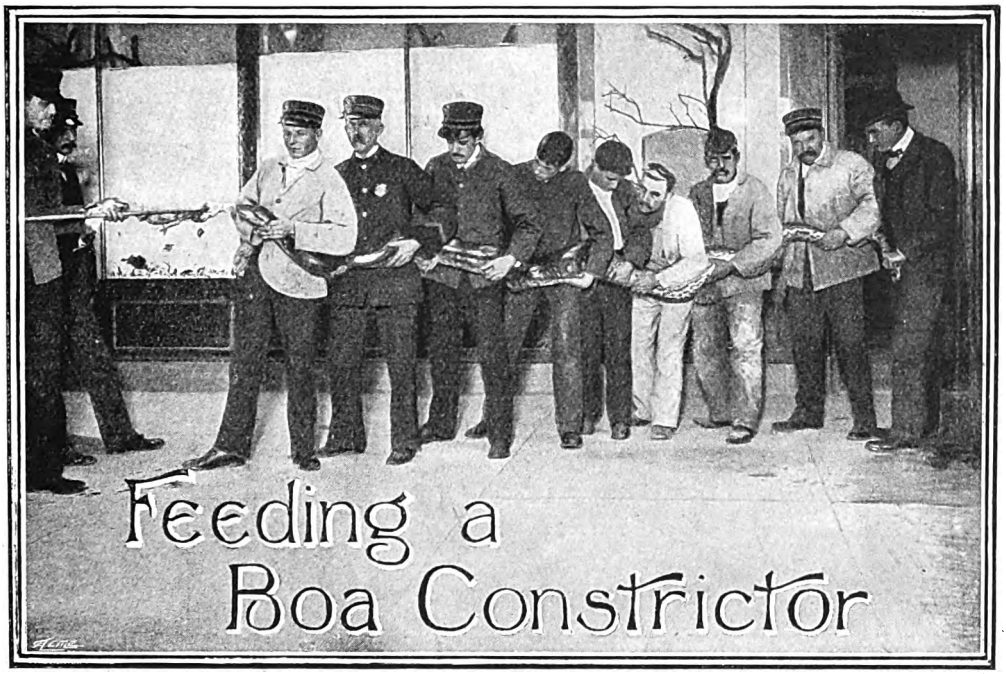

Feeding a Boa Constrictor

The boa's jaws are about to be forced open in order to receive the food it refuses to eat of its own accord.

By H. Irving Hancock.

There are three boa-constrictors in the Bronx Park Zoo, New York, the smallest of them being 23ft. 6in. long. While the two smaller ones have been taught to eat, the largest—a recent addition—has displayed an obstinate antipathy to food. It is characteristic of these reptiles, when first imprisoned, to attempt suicide through starvation. It, therefore, became necessary to bully the great serpent into eating.

To the Chief Keeper, Mr. Snyder, were intrusted the details of the task. He ordered four rabbits to be killed and prepared for the feast. Then, accompanied by two attendants, he entered the den of the reptiles. In the cage were three compartments walled off by tin, and in each of them lay one of the boas.

The chief threw a blanket over the head of the victim. In the same motion he seized the head, and pulled it through the tin-walled compartment. One of the attendants next gained a hold of the brute's neck, drawing out a few more inches. At this point came the hardest work of all. While the creature writhed the remainder of her sinuous body, two keepers darted into the cage, seized the writhing folds, regardless of the danger of being caught and crushed, and aided the first captors in passing the angry monster out through the little entrance to the compartment, and, past that, towards the door of the cage.

Even now the work was but just begun. Bracing themselves against the side of the cage, holding the cold, slimy length away from them, yet clutching with the strength of drowning men, the keepers gradually worked the reptile from one side of the den to the other.

The reserve keeper arrived upon the scene. He held a pole, to which were fastened, loosely, the carcases of four freshly-killed rabbits. With a quick, severe pressure upon the jaws, Mr. Snyder forced the snake's mouth open. Without loss of a second's time the body of the first rabbit was passed down her throat.

Now the second rabbit was down. Then in went the third rabbit, to be soon followed by the fourth.

In feverish haste the journey back to the cage was begun. It was quick work, the task of not more than a few moments, to force the length of the boa in through the door. Just as the head was going in a hose pipe was forced down her throat. A *douche* of warm water was poured down after the rabbits,

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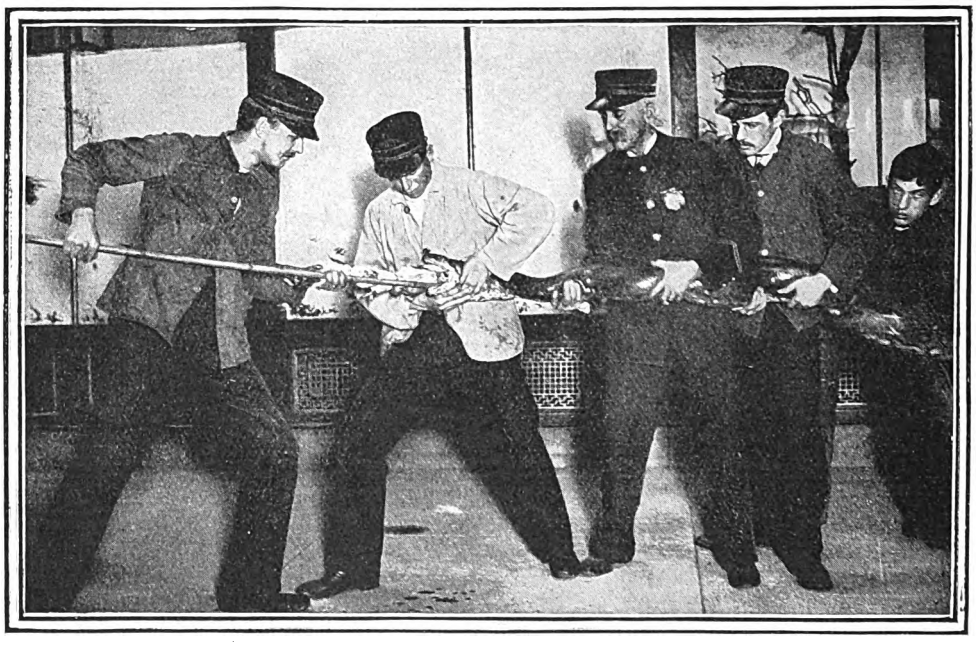
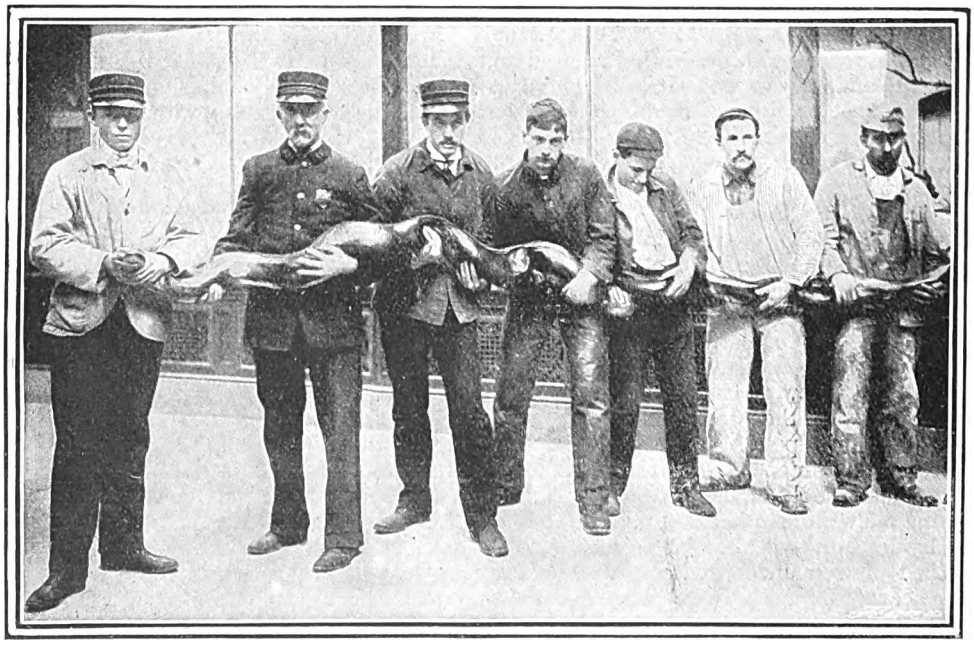


Ramming the food down the creature's throat.

washing the food "home," and preventing any attempt at ejectment. For half-an-hour the creature thrashed against the glass door of her cage. By degrees she quieted down. And at last, with a premonition of the drowse of days that must soon overtake her, she crawled behind the tin wall, stretched out her length and began to doze.



The operation has been completed, but a firm hold has to be kept on the boa's jaws to prevent it ejecting the food.

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How Mr. Bromley M.P. Lost His Seat

By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

Mr. Japheth Bromley—by the way, he always signed his name "J. Bromley," and lamented what he termed his parents' lack of taste in nomenclature—was ill at ease, and he sought consolation and advice from honourable friends in the smoke-room of the House.

He represented the Sternley Division, where both parties took their politics in earnest, and it had been pointed out to the worthy representative that his name was all too frequently absent from the published division lists.

His opponents denounced him as a mere trifler, unable to appreciate the honour or the solemn responsibility of representing the Sternley Division. And all his friends could say was that if he did not vote he was always paired—a poor and unconvincing reply in a community where men grubbed through the division lists as eagerly as if those lists contained winning numbers in a lottery. He received private reproaches from friends which upset him far more than the thunders of the hostile paper—*The Sternley Patriot*—in which he was accused once a week of showing a levity from which Nero in his worst days would have shrunk.

Now it happened that Mr. Bromley, a tall, gaunt, clean-shaven, prematurely bald gentleman, had never been guilty of levity in his life. The occasions on which he had been absent were of no importance, and he had always been careful to "pair." The suggestion made by the journalistic thunderer already alluded to, that the honourable gentleman was leading a gay and almost riotous life in what was termed "the vast and insidious metropolis," was ludicrously incorrect, for when away from the House he was nearly always to be found in his bachelor's flat, examining through his costly and superb microscope insects, microbes, and plants, and jotting down the results of his investigations for some scientific journal. It was a feeling that he must give less time to those pursuits, and more to the House, which to some extent caused his uneasiness.

But this was not all. He had been persuaded to become the Patron of a Fancy Dress Ball, and had promised to attend it, because the money raised would be devoted to a worthy charity which appealed very strongly to his sympathies. And now that the date was drawing near he was in quite a panic as to a suitable costume.

He privately examined pictures in the illustrated papers showing the costumes worn at similar entertainments, and the more he looked at them the further he seemed from coming to a decision as to his own. And so it came to pass that he turned to his smoke-room counsellors at the House for advice, nor did he ask in vain.

"Go as a microbe," said one.

"What's the matter with a Parliamentary parasite?" asked another.

Mr. Bromley listened to the various suggestions of his friends, and then announced that he was determined to wear some costume that was not very eccentric in appearance, that it must be comfortable, and above all that it must include a wig.

"Ah," said one irrepressible friend, "you think a man can go in for festivity in earnest without going into it bald-headed," nor did Mr. Bromley deny that such was his view.

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In the end the hon. member acted as many men do in such circumstances, that is to say, he arrayed himself in a costume which in no way suggested his real character. Being a grave and studious man he transformed himself into a cavalier of the Restoration Period, with long flowing wig, gay satin clothes, silk stockings, plenty of lace, shoes with famous buckles, and, of course, a sword. The various articles were merely hired, and the tradesman who provided them told Mr. Bromley (who had surrendered himself absolutely), that when the night arrived it would be necessary to have his face "touched up, as it were."

"How do you mean?" asked the member for Sternley, hoping that the terrible editor of the *Patriot* would never hear of these proceedings.

"Well, you see, my dear sir," replied the expert, "a little colour must be introduced into the cheek and the eyebrows must be emphasised—we must look gay, and even somewhat arch. Everyone does it on such occasions. I have manipulated all sorts of faces before to-day."

"Well, well," answered resigned Bromley, "it is all in aid of a most deserving charity, and nothing but such a consciousness would reconcile me to proceedings which are almost undignified, not to say indecorous."

It turned out that owing to that unexpected prolongation of what is known as a full-dress debate in the House, the night of the ball, instead of being, as had at first been expected, a quiet night, witnessed the close of the great debate, followed by a momentous division. Mr. Bromley ascertained from the Whip of his party that the twelve o'clock rule was to be suspended and that the division would not be taken before one o'clock, but the hon. member was urged to return to the House not later than half-past twelve.

The ball was to be held in the Hall of one of the City Companies, and Mr. Bromley calculated that if he arrived soon after the opening hour, eight o'clock, he could stop until eleven, could then drive to his chambers close to the House by half-past eleven, and thus have three-quarters of an hour to remove his finery and resume the less picturesque garb of every-day life. He would then be able to keep his promise to his Whip.

He left the House soon after question time on the eventful evening, and spent a long and anxious period in his chambers with his costumier. Everything was ready and he was arrayed with the utmost care, each detail being attended to scrupulously, including of course what was described as the "manipulation of countenance." Mr. Bromley was almost startled to see what a festive and almost rakish appearance the skilful operator had imparted to a face which in an ordinary way was of the style of beauty known as "lantern jawed." But while he was startled, the expert was delighted.

"You should, if possible, my dear sir, infuse into your bearing and gait just the suspicion of a swagger, something approaching the style of a roystering blade."

"I will try," promised the poor man in a tone of sepulchral solemnity which contrasted strangely with the artificial dare-devilry on his face. And so with something like a benediction from the enthusiastic expert, Mr. Japheth Bromley, M.P., concealing as much of his finery as was possible under his top-coat, entered a cab and set out on an expedition which was destined to prove memorable.

He noted with satisfaction that the drive from his rooms to the scene of festivities was done easily in half-an-hour; and after stalking about the hall in a manner that would have broken the heart of his costumier, because of the absence of anything approaching a swagger, or even a strut, he at length began to feel at home. There were some members of learned societies, and as some of them were dancing, Mr. Bromley, in spite of his sword, joined in what has been called "the light fantastic," though in his case the performance was more fantastic than light. And so the time soon slipped away until the hon. member discovered with something like panic that a quarter past eleven had arrived.

He hurried to the cloak room, and there the first of a series of unexpected delays took place. The arrangements were bad, the crush was great and by the time he had secured his coat half-past eleven was chiming. Still the division would not be taken until one o'clock, he reflected, so that he had an hour and a half in which to save the situation.

But the next trouble was that he could not procure a cab, for while he had been inside sleet had come down, and the freezing wind had rendered the city streets as slippery as glass.

After an anxious time, he at length captured a hansom, but it was of little use as the horse skated about, and the driver declined to risk anything quicker than a

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walk. "Go to the Mansion House Station," shouted the agitated senator, and was forthwith taken there at a pace which would be regarded as ostentatiously slow even in a funeral.

Of course he just missed a train, and felt inclined to dance with rage when the gate was slammed in his face, and he was left to be gazed at by a little crowd of the curious, who commented with freedom upon his wig and his stockings and shoes.

The situation was now serious, though not desperate, for he caught a train a few minutes after twelve, and with ordinary luck hoped to reach Westminster Bridge about twenty minutes past midnight. Three minutes would be enough to run to his rooms, and he muttered savagely: "I can kick these ridiculous things off in a quarter of an hour, and get to the House before one after all."

But apparently the stars were fighting in their courses against poor Mr. Bromley that night, for when the train was half-way between the Mansion House and Blackfriars it suddenly stopped after two or three ominous jerks. Heads were pushed from every window, questions were shouted, chaffing offers to get out and push were made, and the guard at last came along saying that the engine had broken down, but in a few minutes they would be off again.

The hissing steam, and the more trying din of an impromptu concert started by careless revellers in the carriage next to Mr. Bromley's, increased his nervous irritability. The precious minutes were slipping away, and at last, after twenty minutes' delay, the officials confessed the truth—the engine was hopelessly stuck, with a broken axle and the two front wheels off the metals.

Mr. Bromley groaned aloud. An inspector informed the passengers that they were close to Blackfriars, and would be allowed to walk through the tunnel, keeping close to the wall. Most of the crowd were very merry at such an unusual experience, they whistled and sang and laughed aloud—but the "gay cavalier" marched along with an expression of ghastly gloom that was really startling.

He might well feel anxious for it was more than half-past twelve when he emerged into Blackfriars Station. Up the stairs he tore, calling wildly for a hansom. He was determined to be in the division, though he knew that all chance of changing his clothes had gone.

But he resolved to pocket his wig, to button up his top-coat—a black one fortunately—and to keep behind the crowd at the bar of the House. Then he could slip into the division lobby surrounded by other members, and at once having voted, he would escape. A cab was at last discovered, and the road down the Embankment was, of

He spent a long and anxious period in his chambers with his costumier.

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course, not so slippery as the polished City streets.

All the way the grim cavalier kept his eye anxiously fixed on Big Ben, and the light above it: Never before had the Embankment seemed so long; never before had the good member known so dilatory a steed. It was almost one o'clock when he jumped out at the Clock Tower entrance and ran down the steps.

"Division," roared a policeman, and then as he saw a wild be-wigged figure, wearing light silk stockings and buckled shoes, and grasping a sword, rush towards the House, the stalwart constable stood across the path. "It's all right," panted the badgered member, "I'm Bromley, member for Sternley, you know," and he was allowed to pass. "Well, I'm blowed," was the only comment, an utterly inadequate and commonplace comment, of which the constable was capable.

By this time Mr. Bromley was dashing across the members' lobby, having rammed his luxuriant wig into his coat pocket. He just managed to dodge through the doors leading to the House as the Serjeant-at-arms was closing them, and the grave official was quite as much startled as the policeman outside.

Mr. Bromley had done it, however, he had saved himself, he had kept his promise, in two minutes he would be in the privacy of the division lobby where he could explain matters to his friends, and forthwith adjourn. But this, like other "best laid schemes," was destined to "gang agley," for instead of being able to hide himself in the crowd of members standing at the bar, they stood away from him in surprise, and thus he became painfully prominent.

Others looking down the House and catching sight of the strange object, began to laugh and to shout "Hear, hear," and "Order" in spite of the fact that the Speaker was standing and putting the question for the second time. The strangers in the gallery could not see what was causing the commotion, but alas! the reporters at the other end of the House had an excellent view and so had the ladies who sit above the press representatives. Mr. Bromley thus experienced a brief but fierce publicity similar to that of the stray dog on the Derby race-course. He hurriedly joined the crowd of members entering the division lobby at the lower end of the House, and thanked Heaven when he heard the door locked behind him. Members crowded round the hon. gentleman with questions, with chaff, with congratulations, while the victim tried to explain that he had solemnly promised to vote, and that his only chance, owing to a series of mishaps, was to come just as he was. He was patted on the back, and there were cries of "Bravo," till one member remarked "Well, we're glad to see you, and all the more glad because we had a notion you would vote the other way."

It then flashed upon the unhappy man that in his excitement and confusion he had hurried into the wrong lobby! All his efforts were thrown away, and even worse, for while his absence would have given offence, voting against his own side in a strictly party division would be regarded as much more serious. But there was no way out of the trouble, and experienced members told him that though he could offer an explanation afterwards to the Speaker, the vote recorded must stand.

"Well," said Mr. Bromley, speaking with obvious sincerity, "nothing but an overwhelming conviction that I owe a public explanation to my constituents at the earliest possible moment would induce me to re-enter the House in this garb, but duty must not be shirked because it is unpleasant."

Those around him, and especially the younger members, agreed that there is nothing like doing one's duty, and so after voting, the good member, sustained by an approving conscience, stolidly returned to the House and chose one of the least conspicuous seats. The chief Whip of his party glared at him as only a Whip can glare at a man who has gone wrong in a party division.

The numbers were announced by the victorious teller, they were handed to and repeated by the Speaker, there was the usual cheering, and then it was perceived that Mr. Bromley, whose usually grave face still bore the signs of having been touched up, was addressing the chair. His reception was tremendous and his little explanation that owing to inadvertence he had gone into what he conceived to be the wrong lobby, was hailed with shouts of "No, no," from his new friends and loud cheers from his own side.

When, however, he continued: "I wish to add that my appearance here in an unusual costume must not be regarded as showing a want of respect to this honourable House, or to you, Sir, the fact being that it is all because an unfortunate break-down—" a tempest of delighted cheers and laughter drowned the rest of the sentence. The

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Speaker gave his ruling in cold official tones:

"I have allowed the hon. member to offer his explanation, but I have no power, nor has anyone else, to alter a vote which has been given and duly recorded."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Bromley was sitting alone in his own room. He gazed for some minutes thoughtfully into the fire, and then, rising suddenly, he wrote three letters, one to the Chancellor of the Exchequer applying for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and the others to the Whip of his party, and his agent in Sternley, acquainting them with what he had done

He became painfully prominent.

The morning papers gave next day some account of the strange scene, but the reports were meagre. At nearly two o'clock in the morning the sketch writers have little time and less space at their disposal. But by the time the evening papers appeared, the tale had been written up at length, with the wildest exaggerations and distortions, while the merry caricaturists had pictures showing the member for Sternley as a knight in armour, as a clown, as Oliver Cromwell pointing to the "bauble," as a pirate King, and in quite half-a-dozen other characters. The London letter-writers made fine play with him, while the poets sang his adventures in all sorts of metre.

The Sternley Patriot rose to the occasion, and that week it issued a special supplement containing all the more highly coloured accounts, and reproducing the caricatures. It was noticed, too, that though the editor began his leading article with the usual formula—"Words fail us"—words by no means did fail him. On the contrary most of his words were very strong, and some of them extraordinarily long, and for the first time in his life he "turned the column." Nor had Mr. Bromley's own side a word to say in his favour, for he had voted against their dearest and most cherished views. As to the ex-member himself, he sought and found consolation in his microscope, and was often heard to remark "microbes are more interesting than most members of Parliament, and are more estimable than any constituents."

The wisdom or unwisdom of Mr. Bromley's sudden retirement from public life was more than once discussed by his old friends in the smoke-room. Everyone was sorry to lose him, but not a few maintained that he was not fitted for Parliamentary life, and would never have made a mark at St. Stephens. Others declared that had it not been for his sensitiveness he would have come to the front. At length his firm friend, Sir John Smithson, concluded the whole matter by saying: "Bromley would have never done for either front bench, for he had acquired the fatal habit of keeping his promises." And the others agreed that it was so.

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Popular Songs of the Past

By Mary Fermor.

It may be safely asserted that the success of a comic song depends upon the singer. The music is seldom more than a tuneful—sometimes even irritating—jingle, and the words, for the most part, fall flat when read in cold blood, or sung by any but a born humourist. This is probably the reason why the perusal of old comic songs makes us think our grandfathers were easily amused.

The "Champagne Charlie Polka" was adapted from the well-known song of that name, composed and sung by George Leybourne, a music-hall star of thirty years ago, then announced as "The Lion Comic."

Champagne Charlie gives himself away as a roystering, bibulous creature of erratic habits, whose idea of happiness seems to have been "a noise all night, in bed all day, and swimming in Champagne."

The original Champagne Charlie.

"Joseph Baxter," the hero of the once popular song, "Not for Joseph."

He scorned all other wines, and made a rule of "Never letting others pay however long the shot." His only quarrel with life was, that he "Ne'er could get a wife," and in the lady's version of the song, sung by Miss Louie Sherrington, we get the reason:—

> Although he liked me pretty well,
> He better loved champagne.

"Not for Joseph," is the work of the versatile Mr. Arthur Lloyd, who was widely known, in the early seventies, throughout the United Kingdom for his "Two Hours Genuine Fun."

Joseph Baxter, the hero of this song, is a young man who has bought his experience and means to profit by the bargain. He says:—

> I once was green as green could be.
> I suffered for it, though!
> Now, if they try it on with me,
> I tell them, "Not for Joe!"

"Jim Crow" was one of early nigger songs introduced from the "other side" by Dan Rice, an American singer, and it seems to have found general favour with our

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The cover design of "Jim Crow," the celebrated American nigger song.

Cover design of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," composed and sung by Sam Cowell.

comedians. Mr. Ben Webster, the celebrated actor-manager, is accredited with having been the first to sing it in public. Our modern favourite, Mr. J. L. Toole, mentions an actor named Dunn as the famous Jim Crow of his boyish days, whom he included in the "Imitations," with which he began his successful career.

"The Ratcatcher's Daughter," which first appeared under the title of "The Pathetic Love of the Maid of Westminster," was composed and sung by Sam Cowell, the reputed father of the music-halls. His public career lasted from 1840 to about 1860, and this song was first produced by him in Edinburgh, probably in 1852. Toole sang it there four years later when he took his own benefit as Caleb Scrummade in Jonathan Bradford.

The "Lardy-dardy swell" in Jason's popular ditty, "Lardy-dardy-do."

It is a lachrymose ditty of an inconsequent but devoted couple who hawked sprats and "lily-vite sand" respectively as a means of living. The lady is thus described:—

Ven she cried "sprats" in Vestminster.
Oh, sich a loud, sveet voice, sir,
You could hear her all up Parliament Street
And as far as Charing Cross, sir!

Her nerves do not

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seem to have been as strong as her voice, and she found a watery grave in "the dirty Thames" on the eve of her wedding day, whereupon her disconsolate lover showed his grief and constancy by cutting "his throat vith a sq'vare of glass, and stabbed his donkey arter."

"Lardy Dardy Do" is a gentleman of deceptive appearance who, however, takes his audience into his confidence as to his impecuniosity. He cultivates the air of a Dundreary swell with whiskers, after the pattern of Sothern's great impersonation. The composer of "Lardy Dardy Do" was Harry Rickards, a contemporary of Arthur Lloyd's, announced as "The greatest Comic Singer in the World." About eight years later than the production of the above-named song, at the time of the Zulu war, Arthur Lloyd brought out "Captain La-di-da-di-doo," the words and spirit of which fall in remarkably well with the present popular ditties:—

I'm Captain La-di-da-di-doo
Who for his Queen and Country
All her enemies would slew.
A British soldier with a foe
Would fight till all was blue,
And there's no exception, boys,
In Captain La-di-da-di-doo.
Our soldiers in their uniforms are splendid men to view,
But it's not alone the look, for we know what they can do.
I think we should be proud of them, I do, indeed, don't you?
And their officers, of course, including Captain La-di-da-di-doo.

In "Paul-y Toole-y Technic" we get the delightful combination of the two famous comedians, Paul Bedford and Toole, who produced this impromptu sketch at one of the Crystal Palace fêtes in aid of the Dramatic College at Woking.

The words of "The Perfect Cure" seem to have sunk into insignificance beside the marvellous feat of agility and endurance with which they were accompanied. James Hurst Stead, described as "a slim, inexhaustible man," appeared nightly at Weston's Music Hall in Holborn, where some fifteen hundred people watched him dance the "Cure." He was dressed like a French circus clown with a tall conical hat, and jumped up and down over a thousand times a night to a height of three feet from the stage, and breathed as easily at the end of the performance as he did at the beginning, often taking a long walk when he left the hall. He continued to do this for more than a year in London alone. The music was composed by John Blewitt for a song called "The Monkey and the Nuts," and was bought by Purdy the publisher for two guineas. After it was set to

James Hurst Stead as "The Perfect Cure."

Bedford and Toole in "Paul-y-toole-y-technic."
(From a photograph by Southwell Bros., Baker Street.)

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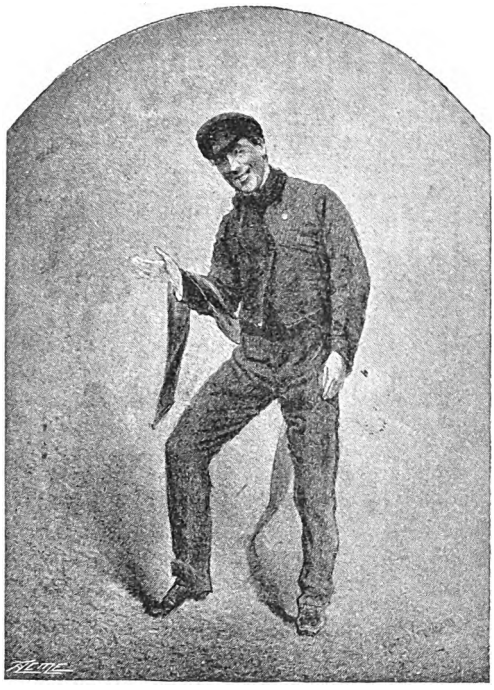

"Shan't I be glad when Sally comes home."

Stead's words, Mr. Purdy is said to have made two thousand pounds out of the transaction. Stead himself realised a considerable fortune, but was unlucky enough to lose it through a bank failure. He lived to the age of sixty, and died after a long illness in 1886.

"Shan't I be Glad when Sally Comes Home" was written by the well-known composer and singer, F. W. Egerton, who was a contemporary of George Leybourne. The loving, longing swain represented in the picture is a model of constancy and forebearance. He tells us that Sally is "an angel divine," and then relates the very unangelic fact that—

She had trouble to keep her hands still,
Through which she got six months upon the treadmill.

The memory of her charms, as "a feminine fair," for he "much admired her carroty hair," had kept her lover's devotion alive, and her shop-lifting propensities had quenched neither her love nor his hope, for he sings with joyful confidence:

From gaol to church we'll quickly go
When they let her out in the morning;
And when charming Sally becomes my dear wife
We'll soon put an end to all trouble and strife,
And happily leading a good, honest life,
We'll set an example and warning.

"The Country Fair" bears the name of the distinguished actor, Mr. Frederick Robson, who was for some years at the Grecian, won golden opinions in Dublin, and subsequently became one of the attractions at the Olympic.

He gave this sketch song at the Strand on the occasion of a farewell benefit to Mr. James Rogers, who was leaving for America, October 3rd, 1857.

These are but a few of the rhymes and tuneful airs that provoked the laughter of a past generation. They describe or caricature foibles and fancies that have been succeeded by frailties and fashions no less ludicrous to the wit who has the gift of turning them to account. They have had their day—a short and a merry one, perhaps—they have passed with the men and women that called them into being, and we are singing our own songs, enjoying our smart sayings and up-to-date jokes, with far less leisure for amusement and many more places in which to find it than was the case thirty or forty years ago. Like the huge majority of this class of song, they were absolutely devoid of literary or musical merit. They were written to hit off current events and passing fashions, and have long since faded from public remembrance. But though the humorous side of life changes and passes with the resistless stream of Time, who shall say that a good laugh is not a good thing.

"The Country Fair," sung by Mr. Robson.

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THE HUMBLING OF SEYMOUR-SMITH

By E. M. Bredin.

Kitty sat huddled into a corner of the sofa, with a deplorably wet handkerchief crushed over her eyes. She was sobbing with such anguish that she heard neither the opening of the door, nor a suppressed whistle of astonishment and dismay. A hand upon her shoulder made her look up at last, revealing a face of woe.

"My blessed little woman, what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom!" wailed Kitty. She exchanged the unsympathetic sofa-cushion for a masculine shoulder, and only wept the more.

"My dearest Kit, what has happened? Is—is anyone dead?"

Kitty shook her head.

"Kitty, darling, do tell me! It's cruel to keep me in suspense like this. Just one word, dear?"

"Th—th—the b—bazaar!" sobbed Kitty, and broke into a fresh flood of tears.

"The bazaar!" repeated Tom Leighton blankly.

"And—and Mr. Seymour-Smith!" Kitty wailed further.

"That little cad! What has he dared to do?" cried Tom vengefully. "If he has bothered you in any way, I—I'll kick him."

Refreshed by this energetic sympathy, Kitty sat up, and wiped her eyes.

"I really have been working very hard for the bazaar," she said quaveringly. "I'd taken no end of trouble over my stall, and—and it really looked quite nice. And this afternoon, when I was just finishing, he came in in a hurry, and said that Lady Dovedale had promised a lot of butter and dairy things, and—and they must have my stall, because it was in the coolest place; and he supposed I wouldn't mind moving."

"The brute!" muttered Tom.

"Of course, everything was upset," Kitty went on mournfully. "It took me hours to put it straight. And I'm poked away in a horrid little corner, where I can't see anything. I shan't sell a single thing; and I do think it's rather hard!"

"It's brutal!" Tom agreed fervently. "I'll see that your things sell all right, darling; but, as for Seymour-Smith, he deserves—I don't know what he doesn't deserve! I never could stand the little beast; I never believed in his Anti-Tobacco League, and all his other good works. Ever since Lady Dovedale took up this wretched bazaar of his, nobody without a title is good enough for him to speak to; and, now that he has got the Duchess to come down for the opening, he is neither to have nor to hold. I only wish I could see Lady Dovedale before to-morrow!"

"I don't know what good that would do," said Kitty.

"All the good in the world!" cried Tom, with a sudden twinkle in his blue eyes. "Say that I meet her on my way home to-night; she, of course, mentions the all-absorbing subject of the bazaar. I dilate upon your wrongs, and the iniquities of Seymour-Smith,

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Lady Dovedale indignantly repeats the tale to the Duchess; the Duchess, also justly indignant, snubs Seymour-Smith publicly when opening the bazaar to-morrow, makes a point of calling him Mr. Smith (which would cut him to the soul), and devotes herself to your stall. Moral: the villain is punished, and the virtuous and oppressed heroine suitably rewarded."

"Don't be absurd!" said Kitty, laughing.

"Absurd!" he cried melodramatically. "Is this your gratitude for my brilliant scheme? Katharine, farewell! Trust all to me. To-morrow shall see the wrong righted, and virtue triumphant!"

"Dear boy, how silly he is!" thought Kitty, as she ran to the window, and watched him close the gate after him with a flourish. Her faith and admiration were practically unbounded where he was concerned; but even she could not bring herself to believe in the feasibility of this last fantastic plan.

* * * * *

The weather, as well as "the county," smiled upon Mr. Seymour-Smith's open-air bazaar. The opening day was gloriously fine—a little too hot, indeed, for the patient crowd which stood waiting, in two long ranks, to see the Duchess arrive. The throng discussed alternately her and Mr. Seymour-Smith, who, visiting the field previously in all the heat and glory of his mayoral robes, had contrived to alienate his staunchest supporter by his tone of condescension.

"I had the greatest mind in the world to throw up my stall at the last moment," said one dignified matron hotly, after he had gone.

"He really has behaved shamefully," chimed in another. "Did you hear how he turned poor little Kitty Tarrant out of her stall at the last moment, to make room for something of Lady Dovedale's?"

"What a shame!" agreed a chorus. And Kitty, at the back of the crowd, felt not a little comforted by this general sympathy.

"Here she comes!" ran in an agitated whisper along the double line; and Kitty, standing on tiptoe, could see Mr. Seymour-Smith's round and heated face, solemn with the pride of his position, as he helped the Duchess down from his own brand-new carriage. He evidently felt himself the cynosure of every envious eye; but, truth to tell, no one thought about him, for the Duchess, who was a veritable daughter of the gods, dwarfed him in every sense.

A quick fire of comments ran along the lines as she passed between them—criticisms on her height, her hair, her complexion, which all received well-merited praise; for the Duchess was a very handsome young woman. Her dress met with some disapproval; but about her beauty there could be no two opinions.

Little Seymour-Smith, strutting at her side, looked smaller and commoner than ever, though obviously such an idea never entered his head. He swelled with pride and joy as he handed the Duchess up the platform steps, and began his speech of introduction. They were all grateful, he said, to her Grace for coming among them; he dilated on her Grace's kindness, and on the gratitude which all felt to her; he said that no thanks of theirs could ever sufficiently repay her Grace for her goodness in coming so far to be with them on that day.

In short, for a wearisome twenty minutes, he repeated himself and her title, until the waiting crowd became restless; while the Duchess listened, and smiled placidly at her bouquet. At length he called upon her Grace to open the bazaar; and the crowd applauded, and drew a simultaneous breath of relief, and prepared to hear the ducal speech with renewed interest.

The Duchess came a step forward; but she made no reference to Seymour-Smith or his speech. "Thank you," she said generally, in a high, distinct voice. "I am delighted to be here to-day. I have much pleasure in declaring the bazaar open."

Seymour-Smith's jaw fell. A Duchess could do no wrong in his eyes, but—well, he had certainly hoped for some reference to his labours for the good of the cause. The opinions of the crowd were divided. They had counted upon more of the Duchess and less of the mayor; but, on the other hand, an hour's waiting in that burning mid-summer sun had considerably lessened their enthusiasm.

The general verdict was, that the shortness of her speech was extremely sensible, and that Seymour-Smith was a long-winded fool. It was a pity that a Duchess should not have a prettier voice; but then it was remembered that she was an American, and even that defect was forgiven her.

The crowd melted rapidly away, headed by Seymour-Smith and the Duchess; and Kitty ran back to her distant stall, and prepared for a day of solitude. Could Tom really have carried out his mad plan?

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She closed her eyes and murmured faintly, "B. and S.!"

she wondered, laughing to herself. Certainly Seymour-Smith had been snubbed by the Duchess, and that publicly. Kitty laughed again at the remembrance, and only wished that Tom had been able to come over in time to witness his discomfiture.

Her stall was so far from the others, and so well hidden among the trees, that she had fully made up her mind to be passed over by almost everyone. It was therefore a surprise when, after a very short interval, her retreat was invaded by the last people she would have expected—the Duchess, fair, cool, and languid, and Seymour-Smith, burdened with her immense bouquet, and weighed down by his own voluminous robes.

"I don't think your Grace will find this part of the field interesting," he submitted humbly.

"It's cool, at any rate," said the Duchess, in her high-pitched voice. "If you don't think it interesting, why did you poke away a pretty stall here?"

She took possession of the only chair, turned her back on Seymour-Smith, and looked with interest at Kitty.

"Don't you find it rather dull here alone?" she inquired.

"A—a little," faltered Kitty, abashed by intercourse with a Duchess, and conscious that Seymour-Smith's eye was fixed upon her with a basilisk glare. He evidently felt that this was dangerous ground, for he broke in at this point.

"There are some other stalls which your Grace has not yet seen—"

"I've not seen this one, if you come to that," said the Duchess, rising. And again Seymour-Smith was left to fume unnoticed in the background, while she turned over Kitty's wares. The girl was almost sorry for him, as he stood alone, hot and mortified, trying vainly to attract the Duchess's attention.

"The sports will be beginning soon," he hazarded, for the third time.

"I feel a little faint," said the Duchess, sitting down suddenly. Mr. Seymour-Smith, only too happy to take the field again, was all anxious attention in a moment, rushing away for smelling-salts, water, and eau de Cologne, and waving away all intrusive people to a safe distance. But the Duchess would have none

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of his ministrations. She closed her eyes, and murmured faintly: "B. and S.!"

"I beg your pardon?" cried Mr. Seymour-Smith anxiously.

"I said B. and S.—Brandy and Soda," remarked the Duchess, in a firm voice.

"Anything—anything that your Grace can fancy, of course!" cried Mr. Seymour-Smith; whereat Kitty started, for the pompous little mayor was well-known to be a teetotaller. But what were the cherished principles of a life-time, in comparison with the whim of a Duchess? He departed at once, though with a rueful countenance, for he must run the gauntlet of the whole bazaar on his unlawful errand; and no criminal could have worn a more guilty face than his when he returned, successful, but conscience-stricken. The Duchess drank as one to the manner born, and sat up in her chair.

"Most reviving, Mr. Smith," she said languidly; and Seymour-Smith winced. "Now, if you could let me have a cigarette—"

"I—I don't smoke myself," said Seymour-Smith gasping. "But I have no doubt—"

"Someone else does, I daresay," said the Duchess. "Sorry to trouble you."

The President of the Anti-Tobacco League fled, and came back, carrying a cigarette-case as if it had been an infernal machine.

"Thanks!" said the Duchess, taking it from him. "Matches? You are really too thoughtful, Mr. Smith. Now, if you don't mind, you may go away."

"I—I beg your pardon?" gasped Seymour-Smith.

"You may go away," repeated the Duchess sweetly. "I don't think I have any further use for you, and I'm a little tired of your conversation. Also, I'm tired of being trotted round and shown off. I shall rest a little, and then go. Good-bye!"

Seymour-Smith's red face turned purple, and he made an inarticulate attempt to speak. Then, as the Duchess coolly turned her back on him and lighted her cigarette, he slunk away under the trees, with the expression of a whipped cur. Kitty could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes and ears; she was too sorry for her fallen enemy, to laugh. She stood staring after his retreating figure, until the Duchess tossed away her cigarette, and, leaning forward with one arm on the stall, said, in seductive masculine tones: "Well, darling! What price revenge?"

"*Tom!*" screamed Kitty; to which the Duchess only answered with silent laughter. But she put up her veil, and her eyes were undeniably the eyes of Tom Leighton.

"Oh, how could you? Oh, *do* go away at once!" implored Kitty frantically. "What *will* he say?"

"All right, I'm going," said the Duchess soothingly. "I shall be only too thankful to

"Oh, how could you? Oh, do go away at once," implored Kitty frantically.

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get rid of all these hot trappings." He took off his hat as he spoke, and ran his hand through his elaborate *coiffure*, which fell, a very palpable wig, on the stall before him. His own short curls showed so absurdly masculine above his smart silk blouse, that Kitty was wild with anxiety.

"Oh, do go, *do* go!" she besought, pushing him away. "Just suppose anyone should come!"

"I'm off," said the culprit, rising. "Don't cry, darling, for goodness' sake. It will be all right. Now I'm really gone!"

And he suited the action to the word, snatching up his borrowed plumes as he ran, and climbing the boundary fence with an agility rather impeded by his feminine skirts, while Kitty kept guard in an agony. The quondam Duchess had scarcely disappeared into a convenient clump of trees, when voices and rapid footsteps were heard, and two girls dashed into Kitty's secluded corner.

"Oh, isn't she here?" cried one of them.

"Who?" said Kitty, trembling, but defiant.

"The Duchess, of course," said the other girl. "I can't find her anywhere, and I don't believe she has bought a thing yet. I've been trying to sell this abominable object all over the place—" she shook out a gold-embroidered chair-back vindictively—"and everyone says it's absurdly dear. So it is! But the Duchess would buy it, I daresay, if I could only find her."

Another girl ran in, hot, flushed, and cross.

"*Does* anybody know where the Duchess is?" she demanded. "Something or other has put Mr. Seymour-Smith out, and he simply won't do anything for anybody. I don't believe he will be pacified, till he can get hold of her again.

"I know nothing whatever about her," declared the first girl. "I'm looking for her myself. Here's Mr. Parker—perhaps *he* can tell us. Mr. Parker, *have* you seen the Duchess?"

"No; but I've seen Seymour-Smith walking up and down in a remote corner, and swearing himself black in the face," said the new-comer. "What in the world has happened?"

"The Duchess seems to be lost," said one of the girls, beginning to laugh.

"I should have thought that Seymour-Smith would never have let her out of his sight," said the young man, laughing also. "What's this story about his being seen demanding whiskey-pegs at the refreshment stall?"

"What nonsense!" cried the girl with the chair-back.

"Fact, I assure you," said the young man. "Here's Dalton—*he'll* tell you. Dalton, didn't you hear Seymour-Smith asking for a peg?"

"B. and S.," groaned Mr. Dalton, subsiding helplessly on the grass, and dropping a huge satin cushion beside him. "I've been lugging this beastly thing round for the last hour, asking people to take shares in it for a raffle; and they all say that they wouldn't have it at a gift. Won't any Christian soul take pity on me? Would it be any good to ask the Duchess?"

"First catch your Duchess," said a new voice; and Tom Leighton came sauntering placidly in, cool, composed, and irreproachably clothed.

"Why, where *is* the Duchess?" asked the young man with the sofa-cushion.

"That's what everyone wants to know," said the girl with the chair-back. "Don't *you* know, Mr. Leighton?"

"Never set eyes on her in my life," said Tom coolly.

"I certainly heard that she was seen going this way," said Dalton gloomily. "Has she been here at all, Miss Tarrant?"

"She was here, but—but she's been gone some time," said Kitty.

"With Seymour-Smith?" was the general inquiry.

"No, by herself," said Kitty, looking determinedly away from Tom.

"Ah, that explains!" said the first girl, laughing again. "Well, we'd better go and look for her. She can't be very hard to find in a little place like this."

They drifted away, still laughing.

"May I leave this loathsome object here, Miss Tarrant?" inquired the gloomy Dalton, picking up his sofa-cushion by one corner.

"Oh, certainly—if you won't expect me to sell it for you!" said Kitty, smiling.

"Not much chance of that," said Dalton. "But, I say, you might show it to the Duchess, if she comes this way again, won't you?"

"My dear fellow, I'm convinced the Duchess would never dream of buying it," said Tom, bending over to look at it critically. "You might just as well offer it to *me!*"

"Oh, one can never tell!" said Dalton; and, as he too drifted away, Tom subsided into the Duchess' chair and laughed speechlessly.

"Oh, Tom, how *could* you do it?" wailed

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Kitty, relapsing into something very like tears.

"My darling child, the enemy was simply delivered into my hands!" gasped Tom, in the midst of his laughter. "I never hoped to carry it through so well, though. You see, after I got back last night, almost the first person I met was a messenger from the Towers, flying to the post-office with a telegram. As a matter of fact, I ran into him and knocked him over; and then, as I was cycling and he wasn't, and I was bound to pass the post-office, and he was pining to get back, I couldn't well do less than offer to send the telegram for him. Then he let out that Lady Dovedale and the Duchess were both down with influenza, and that this message was to Seymour-Smith, to say that they must give up the bazaar. It came upon me all at once that it would be cruel to let the poor little man be disappointed of his Duchess, if I could help it. So here I am!"

"What *will* he say?" mourned Kitty.

"I don't know or care," said Tom. "He deserved all he's got for treating you in the way he did. Look here, Kitty, own that I did it very well!"

Kitty tried in vain to frown. A vision of Seymour-Smith's triumphal entry came across her, and made her dimple into sudden laughter.

"It was very, very funny!" she owned. "But, oh Tom, it *was* horrid of you! And how did you manage it?"

"The voice was the hardest to keep up," Tom confessed. "As for the rest of it—well, of course the wig was easy enough to get, and I bought the thickest veil procurable for money; and I had no notion, till I tried, what a useful thing powder is! It was lucky for me that Bella was away, for I ransacked her room for clothes. I never before appreciated the blessing of having a sister as tall as myself!"

"How could I have dreamt of your doing such a thing!" Kitty protested, dimpling. And then she suddenly started and turned pale. "Oh, Tom!" she gasped.

Heavy footsteps were advancing upon them. As Tom turned in their direction, Mr. Seymour-Smith came panting through the trees, hot, cross, and disgusted with the world in general.

"Did you happen to notice which way the Duchess went, Miss Tarrant?" he inquired sharply.

"I—I—she went away some little time ago," stammered Kitty.

"I think you might have had the goodness to let me know when she went," said Seymour-Smith acidly. "It is not every day that her Grace condescends to come to us. We ought at least to contrive to show her proper attention."

"Politeness always pays," agreed Tom mildly.

Seymour-Smith turned his back on him, and went on to Kitty, with additional sharpness of tone.

"Really, Miss Tarrant, you don't seem to have been very busy here. When I asked you to take a stall, I hoped that you would make some effort for the good of the cause. I did not expect to find you simply amusing yourself.

"You might at least have taken the trouble to notice which way her Grace went," continued Seymour-Smith to Kitty, with increasing sharpness.

Tom, who had hitherto felt rather sorry for the little man for the snubbing he had got, now sank gracefully into the Duchess' chair.

"I feel a little faint," he observed; and then, closing his eyes, he murmured languidly "I said B. and S.—Brandy and Soda!"

Seymour-Smith started forward, purple of countenance.

"Now, if you don't mind," Tom went on, sitting up with a sweet smile, "you may go away. I don't think I have any further use for you, and I'm a little tired of your conversation."

"What—what do you mean by this impertinence?" roared Seymour-Smith.

"Also, I'm tired of being trotted round and shown off," Tom drawled. Then, reverting rapidly from the ducal falsetto to his natural voice: "You were really very kind to me, Mr. Seymour-Smith. I don't know when you have honoured me with so much attention. Please let me thank you—"

"You don't mean to say—to say—" stammered Seymour-Smith. Then, reading his answer all too clearly in Tom's mocking face, he sprang at him with a scream of rage. "You—you—you—!" he shrieked.

"No swearing before ladies, please," said Tom, holding him off in a firm grip.

"I'll have the law of you!" shouted Seymour-Smith. "You shall pay for this! You shall never be able to show your face here again!"

"*You* never will, if you don't hold your confounded tongue!" said Tom, losing his temper. "Look here, Seymour-Smith! The game's in my hands this time, as you will see for yourself if you take the trouble to think.

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You treated Miss Tarrant uncommonly badly yesterday, and you know it. If you will apologise to her, I'll undertake to hush the matter up; if you don't, I'll have you laughed out of the town."

"You can't hush it up," said Seymour-Smith sullenly.

"Oh, yes I can," said Tom coolly. "We three are the only ones in the secret, so far. The Duchess and Lady Dovedale are both down with influenza. If you will do as I tell you, and undertake to keep a civil tongue in your head for the future, I will see that the local paper says nothing about the opening of the bazaar; the reporter is a friend of mine, and he'll arrange for it to be crowded out, if I ask him to. Now, I'll give you five minutes to decide whether you will apologise to Miss Tarrant, or be a laughing-stock here for the rest of your natural life."

He held his watch in his hand, Seymour-Smith shuffled from foot to foot, and watched him with vindictive misery.

"Time!" said Tom. "Well, which is it to be?"

"I suppose you—you'll keep to your bargain, Mr. Leighton?" said Seymour-Smith sulkily.

"Do you think that I'm as big a cad as yourself, you miserable little hound?" roared Tom. "Haven't I given you my word that no one shall hear about this affair, as long as you behave yourself?"

Seymour-Smith shrank back.

"Oh, I—I'm sure I meant no offence!" he stammered nervously. "I'm very sorry if I have annoyed you—or Miss Tarrant either. I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Tarrant, for anything I may have done. Though really I don't know exactly—"

"Then get out!" said Tom mercilessly.

And Seymour-Smith got out. His head dropped, his pompous little figure seemed shrunken to half its size in the heavy mayoral robes, as he slunk dejectedly back to the outer regions of the bazaar.

"I'll give you five minutes to decide whether you will apologise to Miss Tarrant."

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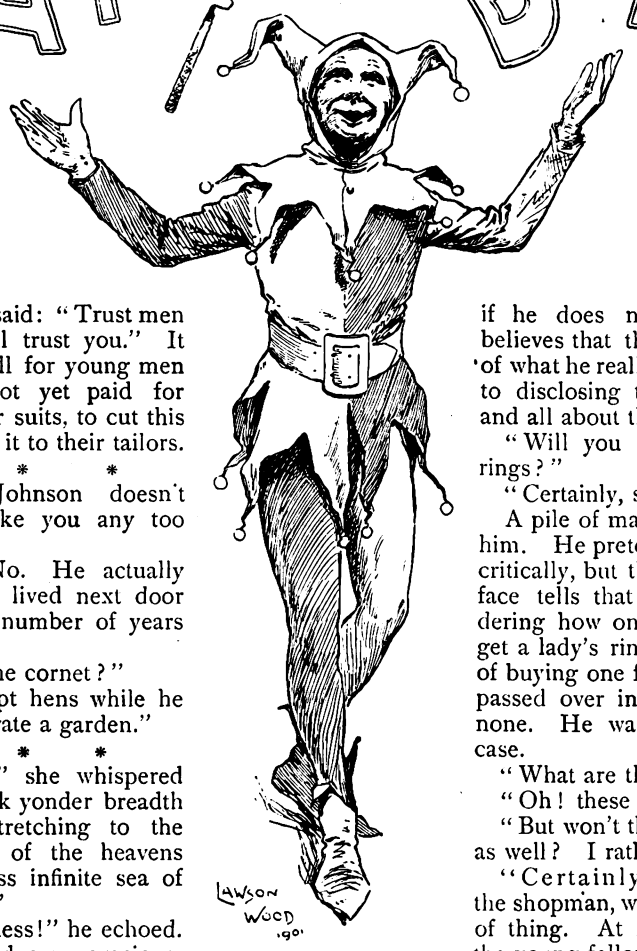
CAP AND BELLS



The Editor will be pleased to consider any original contributions to these pages.

EMERSON said: "Trust men and they will trust you." It might be well for young men who have not yet paid for their summer suits, to cut this out and send it to their tailors.

* * *

TOM: "Johnson doesn't appear to like you any too well."

JACK: "No. He actually hates me. I lived next door to him for a number of years and——"

"Played the cornet?"

"No; kept hens while he tried to cultivate a garden."

* * *

"GEORGE," she whispered softly, "mark yonder breadth of cloud, stretching to the utmost part of the heavens—a boundless infinite sea of nothingness."

"Nothingness!" he echoed. "Why, goodness gracious, Maria, there's a quart of rain in every square foot of that cloud."

* * * * *

MAGISTRATE (to tramp): "Take off your hat in court."

TRAMP: "What's the use of being ceremonious? We have both been here before, many a time."

* * * * *

FOR YOUNG MEN ONLY.

The most amusing thing is to watch a man buying an engagement ring for his sweetheart. He is modest. He feels as if the shopman will suspect that he is engaged if he does not take care. He believes that the faintest suggestion of what he really wants is tantamount to disclosing the name of the girl and all about their devotion.

"Will you let me look at some rings?"

"Certainly, sir."

A pile of male rings is laid before him. He pretends to examine them critically, but the expression on his face tells that he is quietly wondering how on earth he is going to get a lady's ring under the pretence of buying one for a man. They are passed over in review. He selects none. He walks over to another case.

"What are these?"

"Oh! these are ladies' rings."

"But won't they do for gentlemen as well? I rather like that pattern."

"Certainly," blandly answers the shopman, who is used to that sort of thing. At length the young fellow tries them on his finger. He never picks one that will go anywhere near the joint of his little finger. The impassive shopman leaves him unobserved in his trying on process. None seem to fit. At last, after a lot of thought and trouble, he selects one, has it wrapped up, pays his money, walks out of the shop, and if anybody were to follow him they'd find him measuring the purchase by a ring that sticks on the nail when he tries to get it on his finger.

He tries to get it on his finger.

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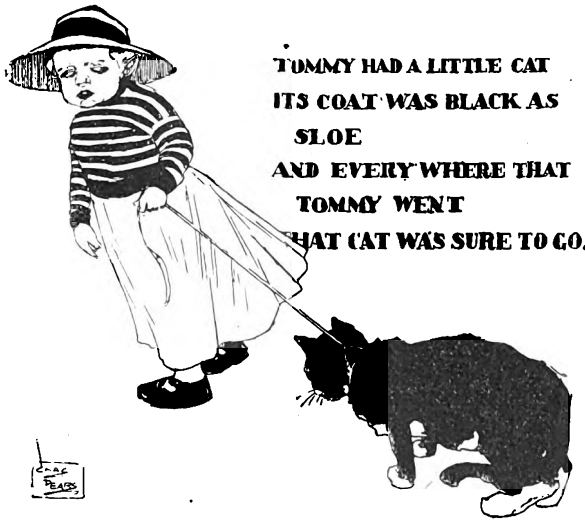

If delays are dangerous, the legal profession contains the pluckiest men in the world.

* * * * *

Lightning struck a hall where some of Wagner's music was being rendered, and the leader of the orchestra merely motioned to the man at the big drum to hit it more gently in the next movement.

* * * * *

Wife: "Good-bye, dear, take good care of yourself."

Husband: "Good-bye, and write me a curtain lecture once in a while, otherwise I may not be able to go to sleep."

* * * * *

The Result of Admiring Foreigners.

"My dear," said a society girl to her bosom friend, "I found a grey hair this morning, which I am sure must be the result of an adventure I had the other night at Mrs. Blank's party. If you will promise on your word of honour not to tell—"

"I promise."

"Well, I wanted a chicken croquette, and I asked a young man, whose face was familiar to me to bring me one. He did so promptly, and I began to converse with him. I thought he was rather bashful, and his reply to my first remark was simply: 'Yes, mees.' His accent made me safe in saying:

"'I think I met you the other night at the French Embassy?'

"'No, mees; I do not think so,' he replied. 'But we met on ozzer happy occasions.'

"By this time I was convinced that he was an attaché of one of the foreign embassies. I have a weakness for foreigners, you know; they do flirt so charmingly. So I giggled and said:

"'It is very nice of you to say that they were happy occasions.'

"'Ah, mademoiselle must know it,' he responded, with an air of ecstasy.

"'But you foreigners are so given to compliments that one hesitates to believe anything you say.'

"'Ah, mees,' he said sighing heavily, 'ze ladies of Britain are so varee beautiful.'

"Evidently he was not so bashful as I had imagined. In response to his gallant remark I ventured to inquire in what respect he considered that British women excelled as to loveliness.

"'In effery respect, mees,' he replied; 'particularly in ze beauty of—what you call it—ah, yes, their colours!

"I couldn't help giggling again at that, but I checked myself and corrected him, saying:

"'You must say complexions.'

"I permitted the amiable foreigner to relieve me of my empty plate, a courtesy which he thereupon proceeded to bestow also upon seven or eight other girls in my immediate neighbourhood, extending with the utmost coolness a line of plates all along one arm, from his finger-tips to his chin. Then, waving a napkin at me with his other hand, he said, as he turned away:

"'Is there anything else I can get you, mees?'

"Is there anything else I can get you, mees?"

"Within the last thirty seconds the situation had suddenly dawned upon me. I had been conversing with a waiter!"

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He tried to sing—the little thing
Continued still to roar;

He ceased to sing—the little thing
It only howled the more.

To dance, to dance, his only chance
To appease the fractious boy,

And now the dancer yells with pain,
The baby yells with joy!

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"Should I be justified in writing to a man who has never written to me?"

"Only on a very important business, dear."

"Well, this is an important business. I want to marry him."

* * * * *

Lord Noddles: "Aw, I say, Captain, what is that land we see ovah there?"

Captain: "That is Australia, my lord."

Lord Noddles: "Ye don't say so. I thought Australia was larger country than that."

* * * * *

A lieutenant fired at a rabbit, but missed it, and narrowly missed the major of the regiment, who was in front of him.

"I say, lieutenant," exclaimed the major, "are you shooting at rabbits, or for promotion?"

* * *

An Eminent Cannibal tells what it Tastes Like.

A correspondent in the United States from whom we receive occasional contributions forwards us the following:

At a coloured Methodist conference, in Washington, recently, a real cannibal made a speech.

"Allow me to introduce to the brethren Professor Solodor, a distinguished and highly educated cannibal," said a preacher to the presiding bishop.

The distinguished cannibal was a thin little man, copper-coloured, with an eager eye and a hungry look. He wore a little black skull cap, and a long black clerical coat, long scarlet stockings and canvas shoes.

"I'm a native of the Fiji Islands, gentlemen," said the distinguished stranger, "and I've eaten human flesh many a time," and the speaker smacked his lips. "Yes," continued he, "I was born a cannibal and

"I've eaten human flesh many a time."

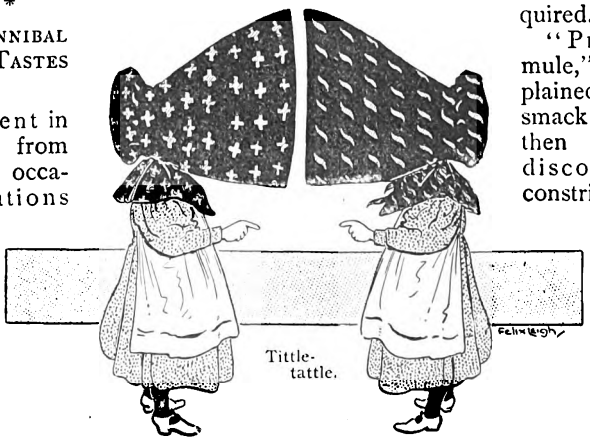
was accustomed to eat missionary. In my early days I lived principally on roast missionary and boiled rice, but I have been a missionary myself these thirty-five years."

Then the anxiety of the brethren relaxed, and they breathed and looked about them quite freely.

"What does human flesh taste like?" the bishop inquired.

"Pretty much like mule," the stranger explained, with a loud smack of the lips, and then he went on to discourse upon boa-constrictor and monkey.

"You can hardly tell the difference," said he, "between young monkey and squirrel, and boa-constrictor is very much like missionary."



Tittle-tattle.

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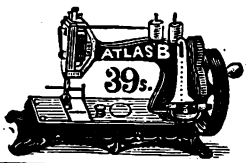

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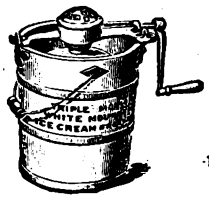

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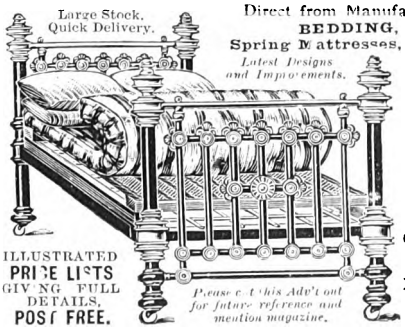

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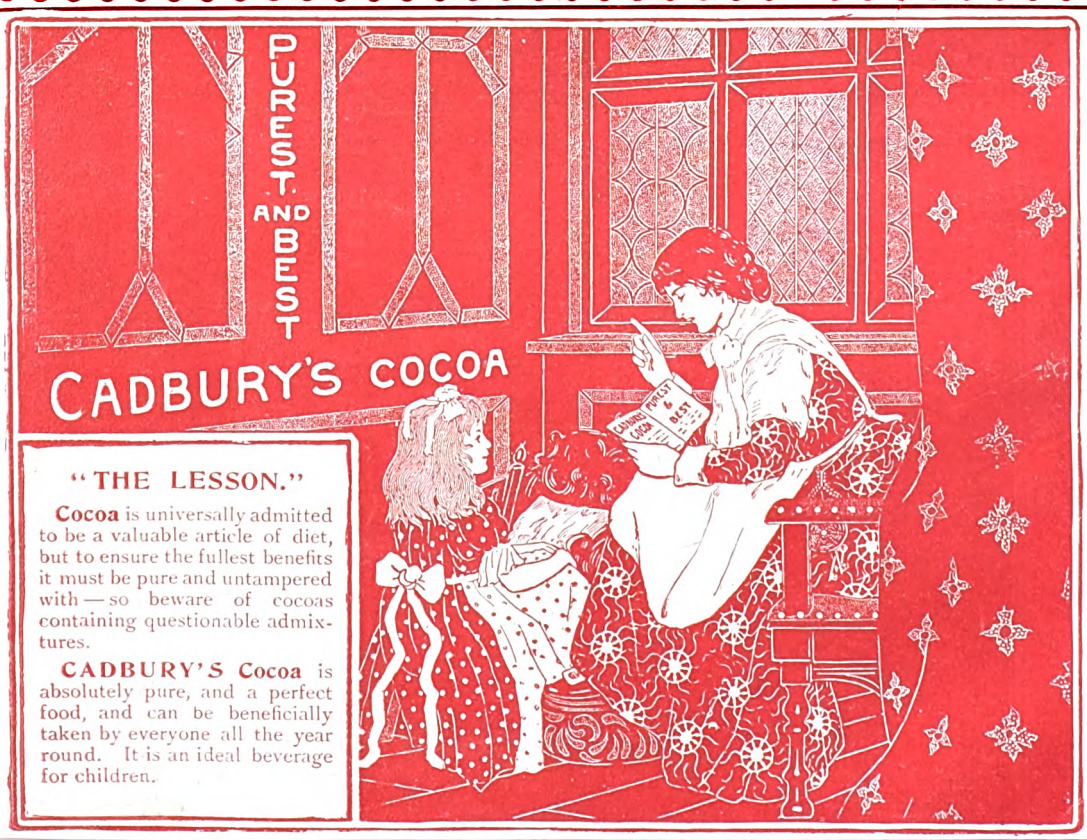
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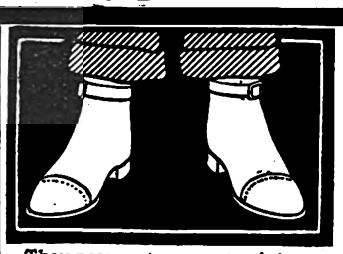

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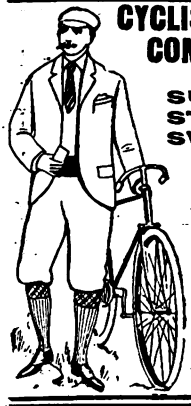

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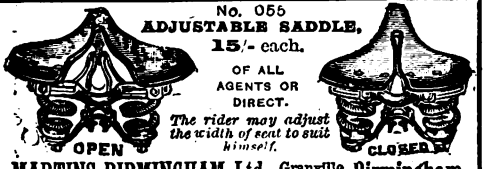

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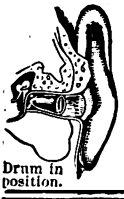

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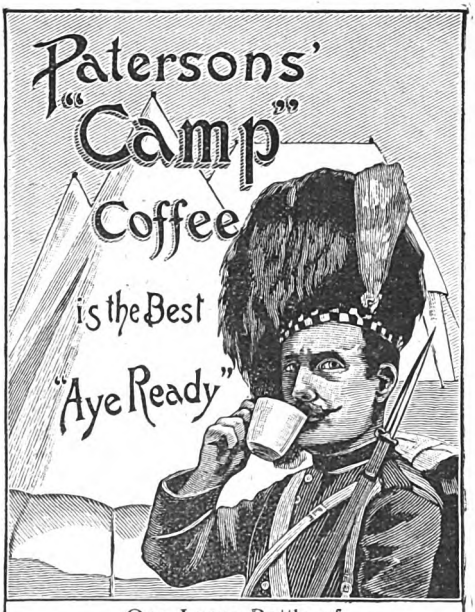

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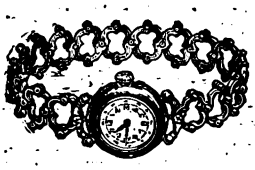

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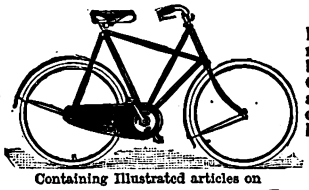

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INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City, and County Analyst.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

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The "PALMER" is the fastest.

The "PALMER" is the most resilient.

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ON PALMER HOLLOW RIM.

Ask your Agent what he thinks of it.
Ask the British Public. Ask your Neighbours.
Their replies will convince you.

Made under license from the North British Rubber Co., under Bartlett's Patent.

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OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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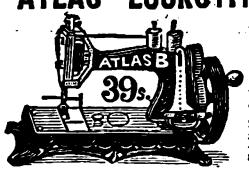

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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for **Asthma, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Shortness of Breath,** *BLOOD SPITTING, &c.?*

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 16 T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 and 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received—

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA (TWO YEARS' STANDING) CURED.

MRS. MASSON.
(From a photo.)

Before I underwent your treatment my health was far from being good. Chills often, also the feeling between my shoulders of cold which really no thick covering could give the desired warm feeling which I now possess. My chest got so weak that I began to stoop when walking. It has lost entirely that feeling, and I feel strong. When in bed I could not have my head but so high that it was no comfort to lie down, having a feeling of being suffocated. I can now lie right down into the pillows with perfect comfort. Life was hitherto a burden, now a pleasure. Can enjoy my food, do my work with great ease; scarcely troubled with those cold perspirations which, before my having your cure, were my daily company. No cold weather tries me now. Going up-hill was a trial. My breathing would be quite loud during summer. I have, with the children, taken delight in running up-hill. No furs now, health better than they. I feel, indeed, quite another creature. If anyone tried with Asthma won't try this real cure, I am indeed sorry for them.

Auldearn. Mrs. H. MASSON.
(Full address on application.)

The Director is prepared to pay

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CURABLE

IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT **THE METALLIC** & PLEASING APPEARANCE

VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

Walter-Obrecht's **Fixit Side Comb**

Patented in all the principal Countries.

Cannot fall out of the Hair.

By means of the moveable hooks the Combs can be fixed in the hair in such a way that they will keep their place and cannot fall out.

To be obtained of all hairdressers and kept in stock by the principal wholesale houses.

If any difficulty, apply to GEO. WM. KIDERLEN, 27, Milton Street, London, E.C. Agent for Wholesale only.

Recommended by the highest Medical and Dietetic Authorities.

TRY IT!

A powder containing all the nutriment of fresh prime white fish. Keeps for practically any length of time, even after being opened. Fresh fish always in the larder, as available for use at any moment as tea and coffee.

MARVIS?

Makes delicious soups, entrees, &c.

The most concentrated nourishment on earth.

A new luxury for the rich.
An economical daily food for the Million.

Tins, post free, 1/2
Write for FREE SAMPLE.

To be had from Chemists and Grocers.
If you have any difficulty in procuring it, write direct to
The PATENT FISH FOOD SYNDICATE, Ltd.,
London Office—7, EASTCHEAP, E.C.
Works—WICK, SCOTLAND.

A boon to Invalids, Children, and the Aged.

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"TATCHO"

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,"

said the eminent discoverer to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In 'Tatcho' I have discovered a remedy capable of working wonders."

"I COULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED,"

avers Major-General Keate, "that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time. 'Tatcho' is excellent and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life."

"TATCHO IS INVALUABLE,"

writes Princess Eugenie Cristoforos Palœlogue. "I would not be without it on any account."

"I USE ONLY TATCHO,"

says Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose hair is the envy of the feminine world.

"A *Daily Mail* representative sought out Mr. Sims at Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park.

"When I discovered the preparation I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims. "Look at my hair now. In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair restorer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the name of the George R. Sims Hair Restorer Company is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

The Company have therefore decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. The company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertising. To enable you to participate in this distribution, cut out the coupon under Mr. Geo. R. Sims' portrait, and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for **1/10**, in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large **4/6** trial bottle, post free.

This Coupon entitles the holder to one **4/6** *size Large Trial Bottle of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Renewer for* **1/10**, *post free.*

R. M., August, 1901.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

IT IS NOT A DYE, AND CONTAINS NO COLOURING MATTER OR ANY HARMFUL INGREDIENT.

"Tatcho" Offices, 94a, Great Queen St., Holborn, London, W.

"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the World, in Bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 5/-.

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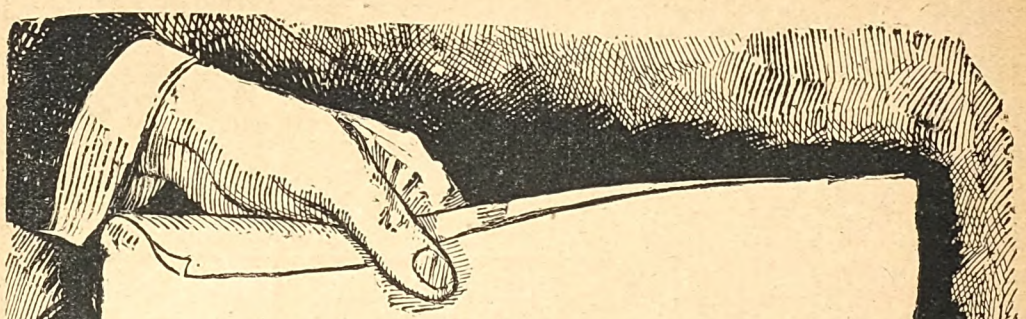

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**Hudson's will do more work
and in less time
than any other Soap—
with about half the usual labour.**

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A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, suited to the growing digestive powers.

YOUNG INFANTS thrive and sleep well, and are contented and happy, being saved from the disorders and digestive troubles common to those fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Milk Food No. 1. **Milk Food No. 2.** **Malted Food No. 3.**

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Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management FREE.

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L. C. FOAT.

The Letter shows what a hold Seccotine has taken on the public mind.

The Child thinks

SECCOTINE

STICKS EVERYTHING,

and those who have tried it think the same.

Seccotine will stick broken articles of China, Glass, Wood, and **even Iron.** Invaluable to the Fret-worker, Model-maker, Joiner, &c. **Send for FREE SAMPLE.**

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LOW *PRICES.*

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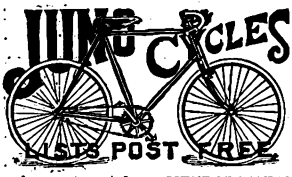

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The Very Best.
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Ask for the

'EXCELDA'

HANDKERCHIEF.

SOFT AND SILKY.
SUPERFINE QUALITY.

After Washing looks like New.

A NEW FABRIC.

Every Handkerchief bears a ticket stamped "EXCELDA."

Sold by Drapers and Outfitters.

HALL'S SANITARY WASHABLE DISTEMPER

(Patented).

A NEW SANITARY WATER PAINT.

HAS GREAT ADVANTAGES, some of which are as follows:

That it Sets Hard, Kills Vermin, and Disinfects.
That it is Washable in three weeks, does not Scale, and can be Painted or Varnished.
It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
It is equally suitable for outside as well as inside application.
It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
It is cheaper, cleaner, and more artistic than wall-paper.

It is sold by leading Chemists, Drysalters, and Ironmongers, and manufactured by

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co. Ltd., HULL,

from whom Samples, Shade Card, and other particulars can be obtained.

FOREIGN AGENTS WANTED.

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No holiday is perfect without a means of photographing interesting places and incidents. Kodak Cameras are light, compact, and eminently suited for all holiday-makers, ladies, cyclists, etc. Kodaks are mastered in a few minutes, and require no dark room for changing the films. Kodaks from 5s. to £7 7s., of all photographic dealers, or of KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; also at 96, Bold St., Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow.

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Smartest, FINE BOOTS.
Best Fitting, No. 343.
and Best Wearing Price
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TEST THEM FOR YOURSELF.

State size usually worn, or send shape of foot on paper, or old boot.
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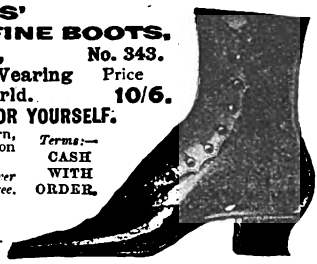
Terms:— CASH WITH ORDER.



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GREENLEES & SONS,
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ESTABLISHED 1858.

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Is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!
Purest of the Pure. Sold everywhere. A Large Sample Packet Post Free for 8 penny stamps.
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd.,
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Wholesale Dealers should Stock this Toffee; as it sells at sight.

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Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

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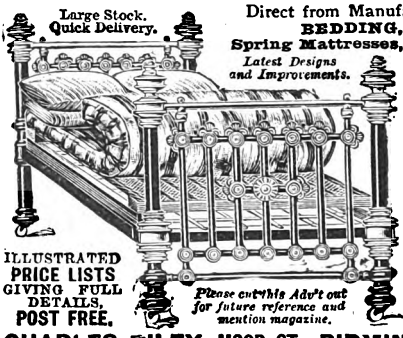
BEDDING, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c:
Latest Designs and Improvements.



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10 Years' Guarantee Given.
Established 1889.

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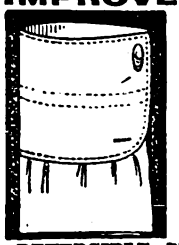
TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED) With Reversible Cuffs.



The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. Made in two qualities. In ordering please state size of collar.

The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**. Post free.

The "ADELPHI," made with wide, heavy dress front, one stud hole, and fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging caused by many wearers. Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ½ doz., **14/6**; ¼ doz., **28/6**. Post free.

REVERSIBLE PRINT SHIRTS.—For business wear. Short front, one stud hole. Open in front only. Sample Shirt, **3/6**; ½ doz., **10/3**; ¼ doz., **20/-**. Post free. Patterns on application.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our Best Four-fold Irish Linen Collars we will give One Sample Collar to every purchaser of our Improved Shirt. **Describe shape**, and depth, and size required. All collars are made to FIT our Improved shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.
Gentlemen should write for our No. 4 Booklet.

Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

BENGER'S FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

The LANCET says:
"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."
The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says:
"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

GOLD MEDAL awarded Health Exhibition, London.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1901.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by S. Nation.		
MISS MARIE STUDHOLME... ... ...

"A HIGH-CLASS SUITE THAT WILL LAST A LIFETIME."

DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

on the following terms :—

CASH £10. 10s. **CREDIT** **£1. 1s.** down, and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea; or **£1. 1s.** down, and 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

Our special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and 4 Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels, and large, long drawer underneath. Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones. Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, double row of Majolica tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel-rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout**, every article being well-polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS expressing delight with the excellent value given and the Firm's just method of business.

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PEMBROKE PLACE,
LIVERPOOL.

YOU CANNOT LOSE ANYTHING by sending for our Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Price Lists, etc. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** and as we undertake to refund full money for any goods you are not perfectly satisfied with **YOU MUST GAIN.**

ALWAYS A HEAD.

Yes, Sir!

5D. AN OUNCE (6/8 a lb.)
is what I PAY,

Tortoise-Shell Mixture

is what I SMOKE.

The Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever Produced.

To give more than **5d.** per ounce (6/8 a lb.) for pipe tobacco, no matter what brand it is sold under, or who sells it is pure folly. Money cannot buy a higher quality leaf than that used by the manufacturers of **Tortoise-Shell.**

BY ROYAL WARRANT.

Macfarlane, Lang & Co.'s Biscuits and Cakes.

GLASGOW and LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

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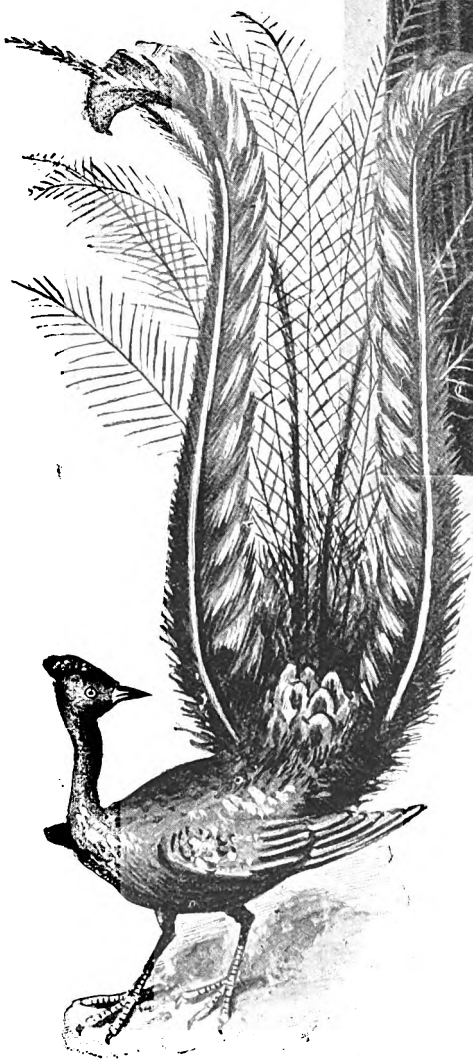

MARIE STUDHOLME.

Her beauty is undeniable; she says she is not clever, which is a little joke of hers (she is very fond of joking), and she smokes delicious Turkish cigarettes. "My recreations are Badminton, pul ing up weeds, and picking caterpillars (when they are not large) off the rose bushes." "And when they are large?" "I call for assistance." Of all things in the world she dislikes cockroaches most, and should you ask her whom she loves best, she will answer you quite simply – "My mother."

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Ye Rose Studio.

ALICE NIELSEN.

Her father was a Danish artist, who at the time of the American Civil War enlisted in the Federal service, and was so badly wounded at the battle of Autietam that he died shortly afterwards. The mother, an Irishwoman, had to support the family—three daughters and a son—on a wretched pension allowed by the government. It was very necessary that the children should work for themselves, and Alice, the youngest, was one of the first off her mother's hands. Beginning as a concert singer, she has gradually worked her way to the top of the tree, and now there is no *prima donna* of comic opera so popular as this bright and pretty girl.

RUBY FORBES.

A young actress lately remarked: "Ability doesn't count for much on the stage to-day. You must have relations willing to back you up." Then Miss Ruby Forbes should, indeed, be in luck's way: she has no fewer than three aunts in good positions on the stage. That, together with her beauty—the hair that flows over her shoulders is the rarest of all colours: pure gold—should bring her fame. She is very young and very ambitious.

Photo, Bassano.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

EVA KELLY AND ROSE KERKER.

To listen to these sweet little Americans while they tell you all about themselves—what would you give for such an experience? And you would hear much to interest and charm you. That England is a delightful place to live in—much, much nicer than the States. That one feels "kind of home-sick" all the same. That American men are ideal, and Englishmen so formal, "don't you know." That the river Thames is "just the loveliest place in the world." That the English musical conductors "haven't enough ginger"—and many other important little facts. And if you should ask these girls whether they smoke, they will shake their heads vehemently—"Of course not! It's not at all ladylike!"

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Photo, Lallie Charles.

JESSIE BATEMAN.

To look at her you would never say that she was an "old stager" in the literal sense of the expression. Yet supposing her to be twenty-five—and really she cannot possibly be more—she has been fifteen years delighting the public. Her first appearance was in the character of a fairy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and since then she has played in three continents. "I think the quaintest experience I ever had was in an out-of-the-way village in America. Our company was performing before a house which consisted of about a dozen farm-labourers. Stolidly they watched the play, and when the curtain went down on the final act, stuck obstinately to their seats. It dawned on us that they had not grasped the fact that the performance was over. So the stage-manager had to inform them each in turn. Silently they rose, silently they trudged out of the hall one by one. And Americans are usually so quick-witted!"

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

MADGE LESSING.

When a photographer displays a photograph of Miss Lessing in his window, you will find quite a host of people lifting admiring eyes to the sweet face of the charming American girl. We have, to be sure, many beautiful women on our stage; but the English actress lacks a certain piquant charm which only French and American women possess. And Miss Lessing is eminently American. She is a hard worker, and in her free time is ready for anything: golf, tennis, cycling, riding, and quiet hours with a book of Stevenson. "England," she says, "is very nice, but not so nice as America—not by a long way!"

MARGARET SAYRE. . .

She is Edna May's understudy, and ridiculously resembles that wonderful girl. "I am nothing but a simple, artless Kentucky girl, and Kentucky girls are reckoned slow." Oh, but we beg to differ: Kentucky girls may be artless, simple also, but not slow—if Miss Sayre is to be held as typical of the breed. Search England, but you'll not find a livelier talker. She has much to say about London and the Britishers. "The latter are so polite, especially cabmen (!) and policemen. But I don't like your waiters. They always take their own sweet time, and are real stingy—especially with ice, giving you little bits at a time as if they were precious stones." Miss Sayre is a wonderfully pretty blonde, and quite adorable when she smiles.

Photo, Bassano.

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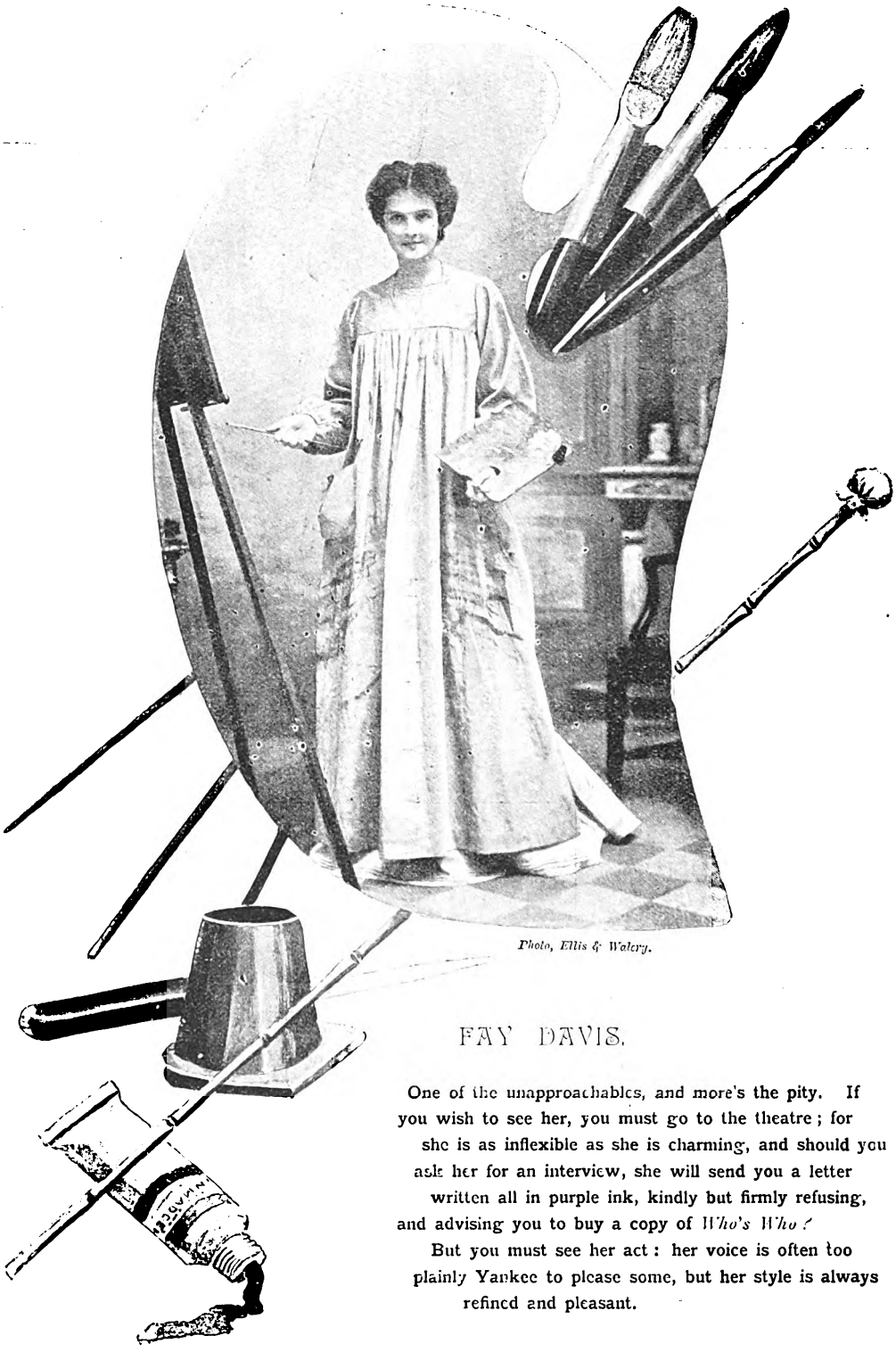

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

FAY DAVIS.

One of the unapproachables, and more's the pity. If you wish to see her, you must go to the theatre; for she is as inflexible as she is charming, and should you ask her for an interview, she will send you a letter written all in purple ink, kindly but firmly refusing, and advising you to buy a copy of *Who's Who?*

But you must see her act: her voice is often too plainly Yankee to please some, but her style is always refined and pleasant.

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Photo, Lafayette.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Would anyone, looking at this portrait, believe that Mrs. Langtry has a daughter eighteen or nineteen years old—the age when the famous beauty, herself a reckless tomboy, was the terror and delight of the Jersey society? She is, indeed, a woman whom time has forgotten! To-day she is a wonderful talker—the wittiest and most interesting *raconteur* in England. When on the stage she amply makes up with her beauty and presence for many deficiencies in dramatic training. And no woman is so regal in her expenditure where stage effects are concerned. Her theatre must have cost a fortune to decorate, and the dress in which she made her appearance in "The Diamond Necklace" (it is shown in the above portrait) is said to have cost hundreds.

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"Our Mr Baynes"

The Mining Expert

By P. Treherne.

For twenty years "Our Mr. Baynes" served the firm of Podbury & Musgrove at their palatial emporium in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road; for the last five years "our Mr. Baynes" walked the lower floors of this great establishment, clad in the black frock-coat of tradition, and directed visitors with a stately gesture to the department they were in search of.

He felt proud of his title "Our Mr. Baynes"; he had been promoted at a comparatively youthful age, having only just turned forty. In addition to these advantages he was an unmarried man, and, being of a thrifty disposition, had saved a very comfortable little sum of money.

His employers felt proud of him and Mr. Baynes felt proud of his employers, and realised that he was one of the pillars of the great warehouse. Everyone respected him, for he had a kind word for all the underlings, and some of the young ladies positively adored "Our Mr. Baynes"; whether it was his upright, military figure, or his glossy black side whiskers, and deferential expression, no one knew, but each individual young lady at Podbury & Musgrove's felt it an honour to be on "Good morning" terms with Mr. Baynes.

Not that he countenanced familiarity of any sort; he kept all in their places and criticised with a certain freedom the conduct of the young men behind the various counters.

Tradition says that "Our Mr. Baynes" always wore a frock-coat; it would be hard to imagine him in anything else. It was a rare occurrence for Mr. Baynes to take a holiday, but when he did, he invariably wore a frock-coat. The seaside, the country, and on one occasion an expedition to Boulogne by steamer, saw him attired in the garment of respectability, but he varied the head-gear when out of town by a straw hat, a yachting cap, or a bowler.

Though comparatively young in years, Mr. Baynes had serious thoughts of retiring very shortly from business, but before doing so he wished to double his capital. He was a man who never speculated even in a mild, one-horse sort of fashion. He had the greatest distrust of city advice; in fact the only man he believed in was a certain friend of his, Barker by name.

They started in life together and shared lodgings at Beckenham till Barker married. The latter had done pretty well in his business and always laughed at Baynes for taking up such a slow-going concern as Podbury & Musgrove.

"Baynes, my boy," he used to say, "if you'd been in the city you'd be splashing the oof about no end; slow and sure's all very fine, but it doesn't help you to float a good solid concern. Look at me, I'm a junior partner."

And "Our Mr. Baynes" used to smile at Barker; he knew there was no risk in his shop, and his salary had increased year by year. It was a proud moment for Mr. Baynes when he suddenly confided to his friend one day the amount of his savings. Barker simply stared at him and gave a long, subdued whistle.

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"And do you mean to tell me," said Barker, "that you've saved all this and let it lie idle!"

"No," replied Mr. Baynes, "most certainly not. I've invested it all in a home railway that brings in a sure two-and-a-half per cent."

"Well, you are a juggins, Baynes my lad. You call that invested? Why, with the amount you've saved you might laugh at Podbury & Musgrove and retire from active life altogether."

"I should like to," was the answer, "but I don't intend to risk anything."

"Why didn't you tell me this before," exclaimed Barker, "I could have put you on to no end of a good thing; in two years you would treble your capital and absolutely no risk; perhaps it's not too late now, only for goodness' sake sell out."

"You must tell me first about the concern," said Baynes.

"I'm one of the directors," announced Barker pompously, "so of course it's all right. The company is called 'The North Mango Island Exploration Company.' We bought the entire island from a certain Australian financier, Mr. Mendoza; the place is chock-full of gold, and though we've hardly started crushing, the £1 shares are worth £8, and you'll be lucky to get in at that price; besides gold, there's copper in huge quantities.

"We have acquired the railway, and the mining experts say that it will be the surprise of next year. The island is situated one thousand miles south of Sydney and forms part of a group. As you may imagine, transit is difficult; a steamer from Sydney visits the islands once in every month, but we are building a special steamer for shipment of ore. Works on the island are being rapidly carried forward; we issued our prospectuses a short time ago, and to-morrow there is a meeting, so if you think of buying any shares, you'd better attend. The engineer who has lately returned from Australia will speak."

"Have you any interest in the Company?" said Mr. Baynes.

"No," replied Barker; "of course I get a bit for being director, but, unfortunately, have no money to put in it personally."

Mr. Baynes reflected, and before wishing his friend good-night, said he would attend the meeting of the Company on the morrow. He didn't like the idea of putting all his savings into a gold mine; he felt that it was risky, however honest the directors might be. The next day Mr. Baynes turned up punctually at the meeting, having got leave from his employers.

He found a noisy crowd of shareholders and a few sharp-looking men sitting at a long table, with an important-looking person, evidently the chairman, who rose and, in an unctuous voice, announced that Mr. Henry Schwartzmann, the well-known mining engineer and expert, recently returned from Australia, would address the meeting. As the chairman sat down Mr. Baynes caught

"And do you mean to tell me," said Barker, "that you've saved all this and let it lie idle!"

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Barker's eye, where he sat among the directors, and nodded to him.

A keen Jewish-looking man wearing spectacles got up and began to address the meeting. His English was slightly broken, but he spoke at a great pace, occasionally referring to his watch.

Mr. Baynes gathered from his discourse that "The North Mango Island Exploration" would shortly become one of the wonders of the age; it was practically an inexhaustible mine, the possibilities were unparalleled; in Mr. Schwartzmann's opinion there never had been anything like it in the history of mining; he had examined every point of the island and prospected on all sides; at the present moment he could certify that there were several millions quite close to the surface; everywhere that he examined the island, traces of good solid ore were apparent, a vein of gold at least twelve feet thick, and two inches deep, ran under the entire island—and in places, copper appeared to abound.

Having spoken for three-quarters of an hour Mr. Schwartzmann sat down and gazed on his audience through his spectacles. There was a deafening cheer and some of the older shareholders shed tears and became like children.

"That's good enough, isn't it?" whispered Barker to "our Mr. Baynes," as they left the meeting together. "That chap Schwartzmann is the cleverest mining expert in the world. Now just you put your money into it; the shares will be up to I don't know what tomorrow, and then you'll be sorry."

Accordingly Mr. Baynes invested the greater portion of his savings in "The North Mango Island Exploration Company." He kept back a few hundreds on purpose. He managed to get in at 8, and the next day the shares went up to 9¼, which was the result of Mr. Schwartzmann's speech, the king of mining experts.

In spite of his fortunate start in the world of speculation, Mr. Baynes continued to feel rather nervous, and a great longing entered his soul to view this island on which his future depended. He never confided his apprehensions to Barker, but the wish to visit the island continued, and one day, to the intense surprise of the firm of Podbury & Musgrove, their Mr. Baynes asked leave to absent himself from the emporium for some considerable time. At first they were afraid that he intended leaving them altogether. What would happen to the autumn sales if Mr. Baynes left their business? It surprised them, as Mr. Baynes was renowned for taking shorter holidays than anyone in their employ. Podbury senior nearly shed tears, but at last they consented to his absenting himself for six calendar months, and they would find someone to fill his place.

Six weeks later "our Mr. Baynes" landed in Sydney attired in white duck trousers, a black frock-coat, and a yachting cap. The voyage out had been uneventful, but smooth fortunately enough. The day after his arrival Mr. Baynes made inquiries about the Mango Island connection, and found that the steamer started the next day. They told him at the office that the boat took a fortnight doing the distance, and that she visited the group known as The Desolation Islands, and returned again in a month's time.

Mr. Baynes did not look forward to staying a month at Mango Island, however prosperous it might be as a mining centre, but now that he had come all this distance he determined to go through with it. It struck him as odd that at the offices of the steamboat company, they knew so little about the North Mango Island in particular; they advised him to take provisions for a month, and that they had never heard of any good hotels.

The steamer was chiefly a cargo boat, and by far the most important island in the whole group was the one known as Desperation Island; they believed the latter had a small population of natives. Mr. Baynes then asked if they'd ever heard of "The North Mango Island Exploration Company." They had heard of the Company, and believed that some English capitalists had bought the island and were thinking of starting mining operations.

Mr. Baynes walked away from the office of the steamboat company pondering deeply. "*Were thinking of starting mining operations*" rang in his ears. He remembered what his friend Barker said: "Works are being rapidly carried forward." He felt more curious than ever to see this Monte Cristo island, this place of untold treasure, Mr. Henry Schwartzmann's Tom Tiddler's ground. It seemed evident that the company kept their operations very dark. During the afternoon Mr. Baynes visited the principal sights of Sydney and purchased provisions for his sojourn on the North Mango Island.

He went on board the steamer early the next morning and found it a rough and ramshackle affair, rather long and very narrow, with one dirty saloon which the Yankee skipper used as a bed-room, sitting-room,

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and dining-room, and to which the privileged first-class passengers were allowed to come from time to time.

The second-class accommodation was still more primitive, and Mr. Baynes shuddered as he peeped down the hatchway, from which a pestilential smell proceeded. The steward filled the place of cook, engineer, valet to the skipper, and general bottle-washer; after all she was only an ancient cargo boat, as they described her at the company's offices, and was quite good enough for the Desolation Islands.

Mr. Baynes found himself the only passenger on board. Every day he took his meals with the skipper and tried to draw him out about the North Mango Island.

"Stranger," inquired the skipper, "air you prospecting that locality? Of all the darned cussedest holes the North Mango Island is the cussedest. You're the first visitor, bar one, that island has had in the last ten years, during which time I've been galavanting around in this old second-hand tramp. Air you on the spy for a suitable convict settlement? 'Cause if so, Mango Island's the locality right through."

"Air you on the spy for a suitable convict settlement?"

"Who was the visitor?" inquired Mr. Baynes anxiously.

"Waal, as far as I reklect, it was Mr. B. Mendoza, of Sydney; he bought it up on spec."

From what the skipper said it was evident that Mr. Henry Schwartzmann, the king of mining experts, had never visited the island, and that his speech had been a magnificent and praiseworthy imaginative effort.

The skipper knew very little about Mr. B. Mendoza, of Sydney; he remembered that for some time past Mendoza had been endeavouring to get Mango Island off his hands. It appeared that he had visited the place three years previously; there was a small street of deserted huts, and no harbour; that was all that Mr. Baynes could discover from the skipper who, becoming eloquent, stigmatised the island as a "Harbourless, thankless, plague spot; a mid-ocean excrescence."

One morning while Mr. Baynes was sleeping peacefully in his bunk, the skipper put his head in at the door, gave him a shake, and said: "Your health resort is in sight; see here, stranger, tumble out." Mr. Baynes tumbled out quickly and followed the skipper on deck. Far away on the horizon he saw a tiny grey speck outlined against the dawn.

"That's North Mango Island, that blob there," said the skipper pointing towards it. "There are six islands, and the closest to Mango is Desperation Island, forty miles distant; you ain't exactly overlooked by anyone."

The steamer went grunting and swinging through the swell, and by the time she dropped anchor off the island, the sun had risen. The anchorage being bad, owing to the innumerable reefs that ran out on all sides, she brought up a considerable distance from the island. A boat was lowered, Mr. Baynes said good-bye to the skipper, and his provision hampers and luggage being safely stowed in the boat, they put off for shore. After three-quarters of an hour steady pulling, they landed Mr. Baynes on the stony beach with his hampers and portmanteau beside him.

He looked round, not a soul was in sight; in spite of the brilliant sunshine North Mango Island appeared to Mr. Baynes the most dismal spot he'd ever clapped eyes on. He gazed longingly after the boat as it

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was pulled away towards the steamer. As far as he could see there was not one tree on the island.

Presently he walked a short distance back from the shore to some rising ground standing some way back, and noticed what appeared to be some broken-down palings. Mr. Baynes walked anxiously towards them and discovered the ruined huts that the Yankee skipper had spoken of.

One of them still boasted a roof and might afford protection from the sun, so by degrees he dragged his belongings to the shelter of the hut.

With remarkable foresight the caterers at Sydney had provided several cases of soda water, which was fortunate, as on inspection of the island, which appeared to be two miles long and half a mile broad, Mr. Baynes found there was not even a pool.

The only vegetation consisted of some rank coarse grass—the place was simply a barren rock of a dull grey colour. He remembered Mr. Schwartzmann described the island as being "several miles in length, with an abundant supply of water, beautifully wooded, and undulating hills, valuable as a building estate, rich in value above ground and below."

Now Mr. Baynes would have to spend a month on a flat, hideous, barren rock, without another soul on it, the only signs of life being some pestilential gnats. How they would laugh at Podbury & Musgrove's to see their stately Mr. Baynes in this woeful plight. He groaned when he thought of the long days and nights before him; he spent his time examining every inch of this hideous spot; nowhere could he discover any trace of intended mining operations. Even supposing they were to find gold and copper, the shallow shelving beach, the impassable reefs, would counteract any attempt at shipment. At the end of three weeks Mr. Baynes had made a complete inspection of the property owned by the company calling itself "The North Mango Island Exploration."

Every day the sun burnt fiercely down on the rock, and Mr. Baynes, already tanned by his sea-voyage, became almost black. He let his beard grow, but he never left off wearing a frock-coat. In spite of the gnats and intense heat, the nights were cool, and Mr Baynes felt quite fit and well at the end of the month. He was opening his last soda-water bottle for lunch when he perceived the smoke of a steamer out at sea, and he knew the Yankee skipper had not forgotten him.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that he left the hut and the empty hampers and the intolerable island. He had found out all he wanted to know. The skipper examined him with a broad grin as he stepped on board, and ejaculated: "Waal, I calculate you've not wanted your dress togs over much during the last month."

A fortnight later they entered Sydney harbour; then Mr. Baynes rushed off on landing and cabled to his brokers to sell all his shares in "The North Mango Island Exploration Company," and in three days he was on his way back to England.

On arriving in London he saw to his intense relief that the North Mango Island shares were at $16\frac{1}{4}$; he chuckled to himself; he had not done so badly after all.

There was a meeting announced to take place the Monday after Mr. Baynes' arrival, and he determined to attend it and surprise the shareholders and directors with his experience. He carefully avoided going to Podbury & Musgrove's till after the meeting; he likewise kept out of Barker's way.

As he entered the room of the hotel where the meeting was held, he came face to face with his friend, but the latter never recognised him. Mr. Baynes took a seat at the table and waited for the chairman to open operations.

The chairman rose and in a few well-selected words congratulated the directors and the shareholders on the wonderful prospects of their company; he anticipated a considerable dividend; owing to Mr. Schwartzmann's excellent account of the island the shares had risen steadily in value. The chairman bowed and sat down; then Mr. Baynes felt his chance had come. He bent forward to the chairman and inquired if he might venture on a few remarks concerning the property. The board agreed to this, wondering what the bronzed and bearded gentleman had to say.

Mr. Baynes proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I wish to say a few words to you on the subject of the North Mango Island (cheers). I have just returned from its beautiful woods, its abundant supply of water, the undulating hills spoken of by that eminent mining engineer Mr. Schwartzmann (loud and prolonged cheering). I stayed one month on the island, and on landing in Sydney I cabled the brokers to sell my shares in 'The North Mango Island Exploration Company' (sensation). I should like the shareholders to understand that the island is a fraud, a rocky swindle. No '*works have been rapidly carried forward*' (commotion among the

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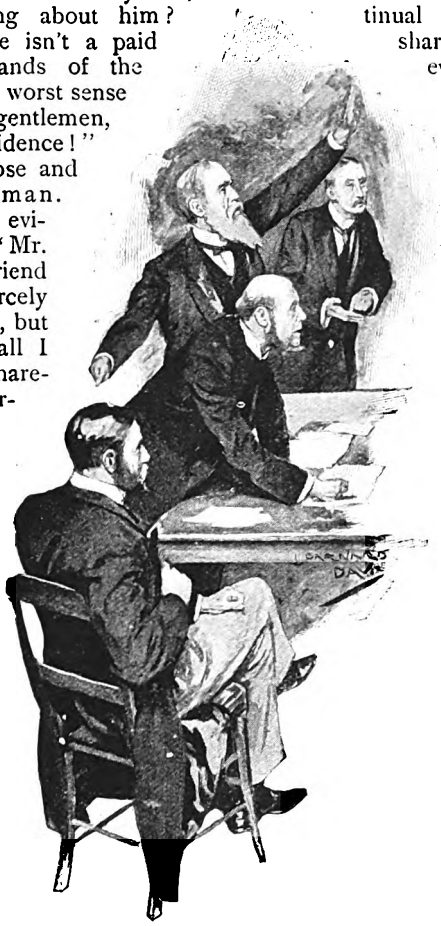
shareholders). Mr. Schwartzmann has never visited the place (groans). I wish to open the eyes of the board to this gigantic imposture before it is too late." Mr. Baynes sat down amid the wild uproar—three directors tried to speak at once, the chairman shouted till he grew black in the face. The roar of the angry shareholders resembled the lion-house at the Zoo before feeding time. At last the chairman made himself heard. "Why believe this man?" he yelled, "who knows anything about him? How do you know he isn't a paid instrument in the hands of the wreckers, a bear in the worst sense of the word? Why, gentlemen, you must hear fresh evidence!"

Here Mr. Barker arose and interrupted the chairman. "You shall have fresh evidence!" he shouted, "Mr. Baynes is a personal friend of mine, though I scarcely recognised him at first, but he has done us all—all I say, to the smallest shareholder—the greatest service. He risked his savings, the savings of a lifetime, gentlemen, in this concern, and now he comes and offers a timely warning."

Then Mr. Baynes became the subject of a demonstration; he was asked so many questions at once that he felt dazed. The shareholders surrounded him on all sides, and quite forgot about the chairman and directors; they stared him in the face, and threatened him with their fists.



Three directors tried to speak at once.

An elderly, careworn shareholder shouted in his ear: "Do you mean to tell me there's no gold? Do you mean to tell me the shares aren't worth sixpence? I bought a lot last week on the strength of a well-founded rumour."

Mr. Baynes smiled faintly, and another shareholder screamed: "I'm rather deaf, I couldn't hear all you said, would you mind telling me if you consider there is any chance of——" at this point he was elbowed out of the way, and a violent-looking individual seized Mr. Baynes by the arm: "I call this simply monstrous," he blustered, "the directors ought to be ashamed of themselves; I intend to lay this case before the Stock Exchange! I don't intend to be swindled in this way. What do we pay the directors for? And as for that Schwartzmann, he ought to be doing time."

It was impossible to answer the continual stream of questions; the shareholders required to know everything connected with the island, many of them imploring Mr. Baynes to tell them what to do.

He replied to all "Sell," and there was a tumultuous rush on the part of the shareholders to sell their shares.

"Our Mr. Baynes" and his friend walked away from the meeting together. "You're a Sherlock Holmes," said Barker, "what a slump there will be!"

"I'm afraid some of 'em will lose a bit," was the reply.

"You must have done pretty well yourself," pursued Barker.

"Not so badly, considering that I'm a novice at speculation."

"Now you'll be able to try another flutter," said his friend.

Mr. Baynes shook his head. "No thanks," he responded, "the Mango Island Company has been a lesson to me—the man who speculates without knowing what he's doing, deserves to lose. I shall return to Home Railways and look about for some snug little villa."

"You might become a director," suggested Barker.

"I think it's about time for lunch," replied 'Our Mr. Baynes,' "and I will tell you all about my travels."

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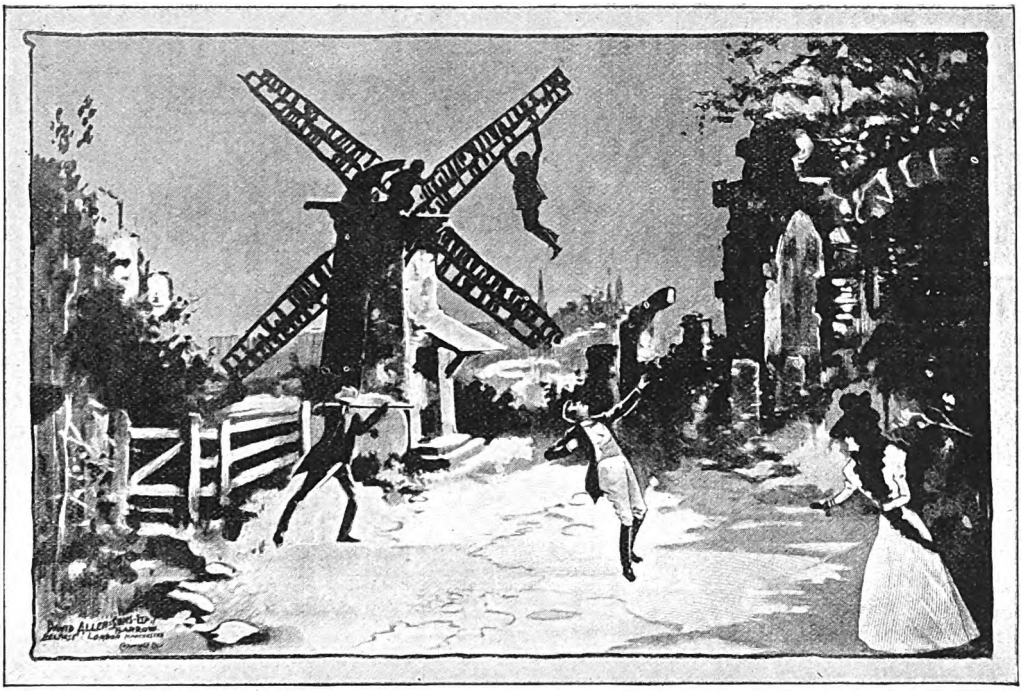

A poster depicting a scene in "The Gipsy Earl." The hero is seen escaping from an assassin on the sail of a windmill.

POSTERS THAT FILL THEATRES.

Some "Star" Scenes in Modern Melodrama.

By H. L. Adam.

Not many years ago—I well remember it—picture-posters in connection with theatrical entertainments were of the crudest possible description; that is, where there were posters at all. The public had never had anything better, so the public took what was offered them. But a good time was coming, a time when our various street hoardings would be transformed into veritable art galleries. Even sensation may be served up artistically.

Bad printed posters would nowadays do considerable harm to a theatrical enterprise. It matters not so much what the subject-matter of a poster may be, provided the finished production catches the attention.

And talking of subject-matter brings me to the particular point of this article.

Nearly every drama that is written to-day with a view to subsequent possible touring in the provinces—and there are very few which are not written with that attendant consideration—must be well supplied with what I have ventured to dub "star" scenes. These are scenes in which some novel and striking situation is presented, and which will form the subject of a thrilling poster. The latter may be partly delusive, and not fully realised in the theatre, but that is quite a detail. The picture will draw like a magnet.

It struck me that a representative group of these pictures, which figure so largely on our various hoardings, would make a most interesting collection. I consulted Mr. Allen at Harrow on the subject, and begged him to afford me his assistance. This he readily agreed to, and together we plunged into his pictorial archives, and came out again the richer by some fifteen fine specimens. I present them to you just as

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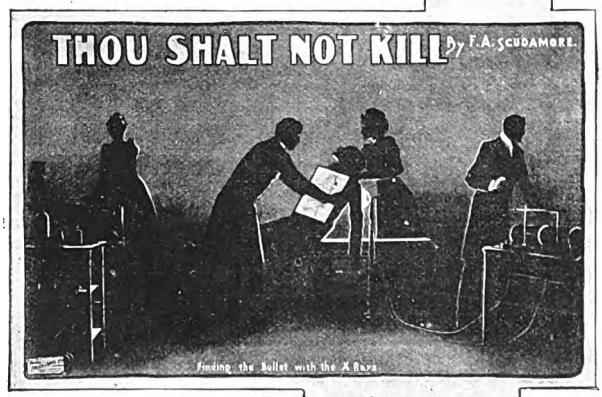
they are, and trust that as we run through them together, you will be able to derive some amusement from them.

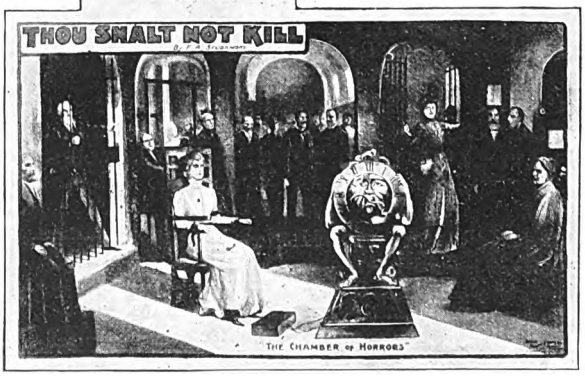
To cause the hero to escape on a sail of a windmill, while one of the wicked individuals is being shot in mistake, is just the sort of thing that patrons of the drama—Adelphi drama—dearly love. Add the glamour of moonlight and twinkling stars and such a scene is irresistible. This happened in "The Gipsy Earl."

There is a drama which has been on the road for some considerable time, which contains several very striking scenes. The play is called "Thou Shalt Not Kill." We will take three scenes from it, each a subject for a poster, and each a "star" scene in itself.

The unfortunate man on the table is about to be dissected alive if he refuses to divulge the secret of a missing will.



The X-rays on the stage.



The clock in the middle is also an infernal machine, which is to blow to pieces the heroine, strapped to the chair, at a certain hour. The figures round are all waxworks.

The first is the "Chamber of Horrors" in a waxwork show. All around are waxen effigies of deceased celebrities of more or less shady reputation. In the centre is a hideous, dwarfish figure in the form of a large clock-dial. This is really an infernal machine, with a wire connection to a plentiful deposit of dynamite. There is also a high-backed chair, with straps, and more wire connections. You have, of course, already guessed that this chair is for the reception of the inoffensive heroine. Somehow she is lured into the weird chamber by the female villain of the piece, between whom and the heroine there is no love lost. Into the fatal chair the latter is strapped, hand and foot; the wires are connected up, and the infernal machine set going. To add to the victim's uneasiness, the female villain places the key of the chamber in her lap, with a particularly diabolical chuckle; then with the comforting assurance that in a few minutes the unhappy woman will be blown into molecules, clangs to the iron gate and takes her departure. Tick, tick, goes the infernal machine, telling off the fatal seconds. You hold your breath, and, if timid, plug your ears. Tick, tick, continues the hideous dwarfish figure. Every moment is laden with dread anxiety,

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every moment promises to be the last for the unfortunate lady. Then—ah! yes, salvation is at hand. An unthought-of individual effects an entrance in the rear and at the psychological moment clears off with the heroine to

An unpleasant position for a bride. She has been placed in this coffin and conveyed to a vault.

a safe distance. The machine blows up and wrecks the chamber, your anxiety being lost in the *débris*. The whole thing savours of Edgar Allan Poe.

Another scene in this piece is far more interesting, and takes the form of an experiment with the X-rays. All lights are lowered, and this most remarkable discovery of modern times is requisitioned to localise a bullet in a man's body, and, incidentally, to procure evidence against some person or persons concerned. At theatres where this play appears, exhibitions of the X-rays are given, independent of the performance in the drama, free invitations being distributed throughout the neighbourhood. That is good—from an educational point of view.

The third scene in "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is most extreme in its sensationalism, being laid in the unsavoury precincts of a dissecting-room. Here a man is made to deliver himself of certain testimony under threat of, and actual attempt at, dissection during life. Nurses, doctors, implements, drugs, &c., are all present. There is in this scene sufficient to satisfy the most voracious of the morbid-minded.

To place a drugged bride, in her festive garments, within a coffin, and then convey her to a vault where she subsequently has a rude awakening, is more brutal than ingenious. This happens in "Dangerous Women."

To place the hero or heroine—or both—in a position of the direst peril has been since time immemorial the chief delights of dramatists. In a recent play which attracted crowds night after night, the great scene shows the heroine, who has been trapped in a burning building, effecting her escape in a very novel manner. She has obtained access to the telegraph wires which run over the tops of the houses, and with the aid of a scarf, gets away on one of them. I should like to meet that lady, and to

The heroine escapes from a burning house by means of the telegraph wires.

Rescue from a burning house. The hero swings himself up to the window by means of a chain and rescues the heroine.

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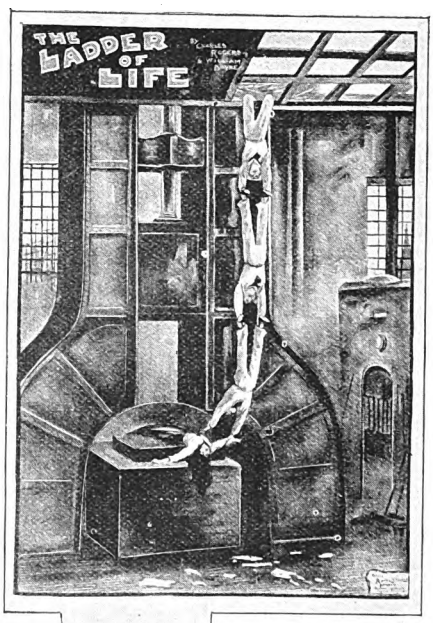
shake her by the hand. The name of the piece in which the scene occurs is "The Worst Woman in London."

Another scene of complicated perils and hair-breadth escapes is depicted in "Midst London's Millions." A house by the Thames is on fire, and the heroine is inside. There is a crane near, with a hanging chain. Happy circumstance! The hero appears, climbs on to the chain, and by a series of gymnastic swayings backwards and forwards (the hero is always a gymnast) succeeds in reaching the window at which his *fiancée* is appealing for help. He fixes her on to the chain, and they both swing back into safety. In the meantime there are various alarums and excursions in progress inside the house, which is also shown. Several men have every prospect of being cremated, and no doubt they deserve it.



A novel but effectual method of rescuing the heroine, who in this case is placed under a steam hammer.

A submarine scene. The hero is having a fight with a monster while the heroine escapes.

To place a woman under a huge steam-hammer in order to remove her is unquestionably effectual, or at least would be so if the hammer were allowed to descend. The lady was placed under the hammer in "The Ladder of Life." But that is not all. Did the lady die, or was she rescued? Quite so. And therein comes the real point of this most striking scene. The steam-hammer is situated in an apartment which contains a furnace, and is fitted with a glass roof. The unhappy girl, in direst peril, lies helpless across the iron block, and the hammer is descending. Surely nothing on earth can save her! No, but somebody through the glass roof can. A pane is broken, and three men appear. Almost as quick as thought they descend, one over the other, till they form themselves into a human ladder, the last one being enabled to drag the heroine from beneath the pulverising hammer. Then you breathe freely once more.

One of the most difficult things to represent on the stage with any degree of realism, is a submarine scene. But one was presented not long ago which would be hard to beat. The heroine, by means of some subtle villainy, has found her

The hero lies entranced in the magician's laboratory, at the mercy of the villain, while the heroine struggles for her life with the magician himself.

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way, unaccompanied, to the under-currents of the ocean. There happens to be in the neighbourhood a raiding shark, looking for loot. The heroine is in direst peril. But just in the very nick of time there descends to her aid another woman, bent on rescue, and closely followed by a diver (probably the hero in one of his disguises) with a long knife. While the heroine is being snatched from the jaws of death and from the shark by her female friend and a life-belt, the diver does gallant battle with the great fish, and finally kills it. This is one of the latest designed sensation scenes, and occurred in a piece called "The War Correspondent."

Here is a poster that suggests the revival of the Inquisition. When "shut up" the Iron Maiden in the niche is harmless enough ——

Two thrilling scenes are depicted in "The King of Terrors," one on the battlements of a mediæval castle, the other in a magician's laboratory.

Of torture-chamber scenes there are plenty. Turn, for instance, to "The Iron Maiden." We know this lady well, having all read of her in novels. With an exterior of demure innocence, she is full of the most pointed remarks. On the stage she stands in a niche of the torture-chamber, quiet and constrained. She affects no particular fashion, being dressed quite dowdily. The hapless heroine has, as usual, been lured into a trap by the unscrupulous villain. She is in direst peril. The villain vows that unless she, the heroine, reveals where she has put the will, or something equally important, she will be embraced by

—— but when open, most people would object to a close embrace.

A timely rescue by the police.

the still figure in the niche. But the heroine is an iron maiden also, and she defies her persecutor. Thereupon the latter gives the signal, and the maiden throws wide her arms. Then you perceive that she is fully equipped with uncomfortable looking daggers, and you instantly realise that her embrace would be the reverse of affectionate. The heroine is on the point of undergoing this trying ordeal, when somebody interferes in the nick of time.

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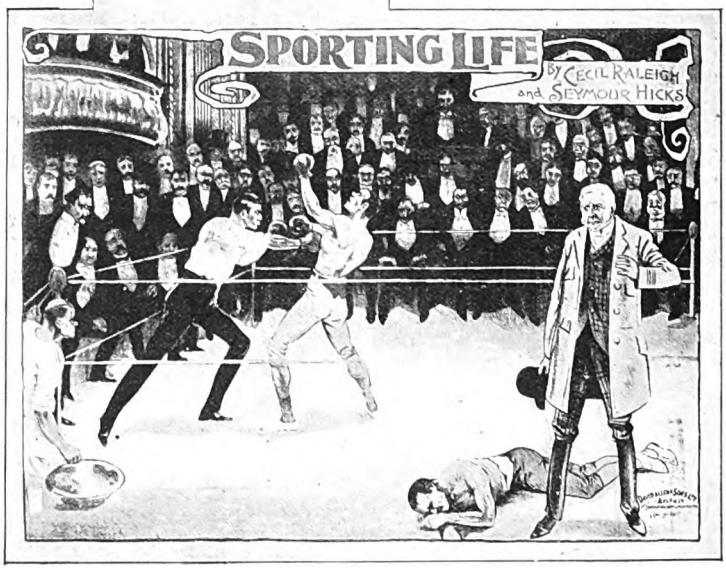
A gallant rescue by the hero. This poster drew crowds to see the play.

The suspension of a small golden-haired girl by a rope, in a low garret, and the timely arrival of the police, is one of the attractions of "A London Arab."

Once more we turn to incendiarism, and a brave rescue. This one occurred in "The Crystal Globe." In order to get rid of the heroine, who, as usual, has not knowingly injured anybody, some malicious person or persons have deliberately set fire to the house wherein she is quietly sleeping. The heroine is in direst peril. She appears at an upper window, with flowing hair and in night habiliments. "Help! help!" she cries. "Will no one help?" Several try, and fail. The hero tries, and succeeds. Firemen arrive, and spread out a blanket, into which the hero jumps, with the heroine in his arms. This is distinctly a feat—quite an acrobatic performance, and not devoid of danger. It is not an easy matter to jump from a height with a woman in your arms; that is, to jump safely. My congratulations to the gentleman who succeeded in doing this.

In "Sporting Life" there is a grand scene at the National Sporting Club, during the progress of one of the expositions of boxing which are so frequent at that institution. The hero is in the act of fighting his own cause with his fists, having taken the place of his man, who, for sinister motives, has been drugged. He is seen administering the *coup de grâce*, otherwise the knock-out blow, to his repulsive-looking adversary.



Here we have the hero taking the place of his "man," who has been drugged. He is just administering the knock-out blow.

The strain after realism in our dramas of to-day is most intense. A few years ago people were perfectly contented with the crudest stuff imaginable, so long as it contained enough excitement to thrill them for a few hours. But to-day we hold the mirror to nature with a vengeance. Everything in life—good, bad, or indifferent; coarse or refined; attractive or repulsive; elevating or degrading, must be duplicated on the stage.

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THE THEFT AT THE ENGLISH PROVIDENT BANK

Being the Fourth of the Series of

"LONDON MYSTERIES."

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in a corner seat of the A. B. C. shop who tells the tale to*
The Lady Journalist.
Mr. Lewis Ireland (*manager of the Engl'sh Provident Bank in Oxford Street*).
Mrs. Ireland (*his wife*).
Robert Ireland (*their son*).
James Fairbairn (*night-watchman at the bank*).

I.

"That question of motive is a very difficult and complicated one at times," said the man in the corner, leisurely pulling off a huge pair of flaming dog-skin gloves from his meagre fingers. "I have known experienced criminal investigators declare, as an infallible axiom, that to find the person interested in the committal of the crime is to find the criminal.

"Well, that may be so in most cases, but my experience has proved to me that there is one factor in this world of ours which is the main-spring of human actions, and that factor is human passions. For good or evil passions rule this poor humanity of ours. Remember, there are the women! French detectives, who are acknowledged masters in their craft, never proceed till after they have discovered the feminine element in a crime; whether in theft, murder, or fraud, according to their theory, there is always a woman.

"Perhaps the reason why the Phillimore Terrace robbery was never brought home to its perpetrators, is because there was no woman in any way connected with it, and I am quite sure, on the other hand, that the reason why the thief at the English Provident Bank is still unpunished is because a clever woman has escaped the eyes of our police force."

He had spoken at great length and very dictatorially. I would never have ventured to contradict him, knowing by now that whenever he was irritable he was invariably rude, and I had the worst of it.

"When I am old," he resumed, "and have nothing more to do, I think I shall take professionally to the police force; they have much to learn."

Could anything be more ludicrous than the self-satisfaction, the abnormal conceit of this remark, made by that shrivelled piece of mankind, in a nervous, hesitating tone of voice? I made no comment, but drew from my pocket a beautiful piece of string, and knowing his custom of knotting such an article while unravelling his mysteries, handed it across the table to him. I positively think he blushed.

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"As an adjunct to thought," I said, moved by a conciliatory spirit.

He looked at the invaluable toy which I had tantalisingly placed close to his hand: then he forced himself to look all round the coffee room: at me, at the waitresses, at the piles of pallid buns upon the counter. But I could see that involuntarily his mild blue eyes wandered back lovingly to the long piece of string, on which, I feel sure, his playful imagination saw already a series of knots which would be equally tantalising to tie and to untie.

"Tell me about the theft at the English Provident Bank," I suggested condescendingly.

He looked at me, as if I had proposed some mysterious complicity in an unheard-of crime. Finally his lean fingers sought the end of the piece of string, and drew it towards him. His face brightened up in a moment, and I guessed he was about to start on his favourite occupation.

"There was an element of tragedy in that particular robbery," he began, after a few moments of beatified knotting, "altogether different to that connected with most crimes; a tragedy, which, as far as I am concerned, would seal my lips for ever, and forbid them to utter a word, which might lead the police on the right track."

"Your lips," I suggested sarcastically, "are, as far as I can see, usually sealed before our long-suffering, incompetent police and——"

"And you should be the last to grumble at this," he quietly interrupted, "for you have spent some very pleasant half hours already, listening to what you have termed my 'cock and bull' stories. You know the English Provident Bank, of course, in Oxford Street; there were plenty of sketches of it at the time in the illustrated papers. Here is a photo of the outside. I took it myself some time ago, and only wished I had been cheeky or lucky enough to get a snapshot of the interior. But you see that the office has a separate entrance from the rest of the house, which was, and still is, as is usual in such cases, inhabited by the manager and his family.

"Mr. Ireland was the manager then; it was less than two years ago. He lived over the bank, with his wife and family, consisting of a son, who was clerk in the business, and two or three younger children. The house is really smaller than it looks on this photo, for it has no depth, and only one set of rooms on each floor looking out into the street, the back of the house being nothing but the staircase. Mr. Ireland and his family, therefore, occupied the whole of it.

"As for the business premises, they were, and, in fact, are, of the usual pattern: an office with its rows of desks, clerks, and cashiers, and beyond, through a glass door, the manager's private room, with the ponderous safe, and desk, and so on.

"The private room has a door into the hall of the house, so that the manager is not obliged to go out into the street in order to go to business. There are no living rooms on the ground floor, and the house has no basement.

"I am obliged to put all these architectural details before you, though they may sound rather dry and uninteresting, but they are really necessary in order to make my argument clear.

"At night, of course, the bank premises are barred and bolted against the street, and as an additional precaution there is always a night watchman in the office. As I mentioned before, there is only a glass door between the office and the manager's private room. This, of course, accounted for the fact that the night watchman heard all that he did hear, on that memorable night, and so helped further to entangle the thread of that impenetrable mystery.

"Mr. Ireland as a rule went into his office every morning a little before ten o'clock, but on that particular morning for some reason which he never could or would explain, he went down before having his breakfast at about nine o'clock. Mrs. Ireland stated subsequently that, not hearing him return, she sent the servant down to tell the master that breakfast was getting cold. The girl's shrieks were the first intimation that something alarming had occurred.

"Mrs. Ireland hastened downstairs. On reaching the hall she found the door of her husband's room open, and it was from there that the girl's shrieks proceeded.

"'The master, mum—the poor master—he is dead, mum—I am sure he is dead!'—accompanied by vigorous thumps against the glass partition, and not very measured language on the part of the watchman from the outer office, such as—'Why don't you open the door instead of making that row?'

"Mrs. Ireland is not the sort of woman who, under any circumstances, would lose her presence of mind. I think she proved that throughout the many trying circumstances connected with the investigation of the case. She gave only one glance

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at the room and realised the situation. On the armchair, with head thrown back and eyes closed, lay Mr. Ireland, apparently in a dead faint; some terrible shock must have very suddenly shattered his nervous system, and rendered him prostrate for the moment. What that shock had been it was pretty easy to guess.

"On the armchair, with head thrown back and eyes closed, lay Mr. Ireland."

"The door of the safe was wide open, and Mr. Ireland had evidently tottered and fainted before some awful fact which the open safe had revealed to him; he had caught himself against a chair which lay on the floor, and then finally sunk, unconscious, into the armchair.

"All this, which takes some time to describe," continued the man in the corner, "took, remember, only a second to pass like a flash through Mrs. Ireland's mind; she quickly turned the key of the glass door, which was on the inside, and with the help of James Fairbairn, the watchman, she carried her husband upstairs to his room, and immediately sent both for the police and for a doctor.

"As Mrs. Ireland had anticipated, her husband had received a severe mental shock which had completely prostrated him. The doctor prescribed absolute quiet, and forbade all worrying questions for the present. The patient was not a young man; the shock had been very severe—it was a case, a very slight one, of cerebral congestion—and Mr. Ireland's reason, if not his life, might be gravely jeopardised by any attempt to recall before his enfeebled mind the circumstances which had preceded his collapse.

"The police therefore could proceed but slowly in their investigations. The detective who had charge of the case was necessarily handicapped, whilst one of the chief actors concerned in the drama was unable to help him in his work.

"To begin with, the robber or robbers had obviously not found their way into the manager's inner room, through the bank premises. James Fairbairn had been on the watch all night, with the electric light full on, and obviously no one could have crossed the outer office or forced the heavily barred doors without his knowledge.

"There remained the other access to the room, that is, the one through the hall of the house. The hall door it appears was always barred and bolted by Mr. Ireland himself when he came home, whether from the theatre or his club. It was a duty he never allowed any one to perform but himself. During his annual holiday, with his wife and family, his son, who usually had the sub-manager to stay with him on those occasions, did the bolting and barring—but with the distinct understanding that this should be done by ten o'clock at night.

"As I have already explained to you, there is only a glass partition between the general office and the manager's private room, and, according to James Fairbairn's account, this was naturally always left wide open so that he, during his night watch, would of necessity hear the faintest sound. As a rule there was no light left in the manager's room, and the other door—that leading into the hall—was

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bolted from the inside by James Fairbairn the moment he had satisfied himself that the premises were safe, and had begun his night-watch. An electric bell in both the offices communicated with Mr. Ireland's bedroom and that of his son, Mr. Robert Ireland, and there was a telephone installed to the nearest district messenger's office, with an understood signal which meant 'Police.'

"At nine o'clock in the morning it was the night watchman's duty, as soon as the first cashier had arrived, to dust and tidy the manager's room, and to undo the bolts; after that he was free to go home to his breakfast and rest.

"You will see, of course, that James Fairbairn's position in the English Provident is one of great responsibility and trust; but then in every bank and business house there are men who hold similar positions. They are always men of well-known and tried characters, often old soldiers with good conduct records behind them. James Fairbairn is a fine, powerful Scotchman; he had been night watchman to the English Provident Bank for fifteen years, and was then not more than forty-three or forty-four years old. He is an ex-guardsman, and stands six feet three inches in his socks.

"It was his evidence, of course, which was of such paramount importance, and which somehow or other managed, in spite of the utmost care exercised by the police, to become public property, and to cause the wildest excitement in banking and business circles.

"James Fairbairn stated that at eight o'clock in the evening of March 25th, having bolted and barred all the shutters and the door of the back premises, he was about to lock the manager's door as usual, when Mr. Ireland called to him from the floor above telling him to leave that door open, as he might want to go into the office again for a minute when he came home at eleven o'clock. James Fairbairn asked if he should leave the light on, but Mr. Ireland said: 'No, turn it out. I can switch it on, if I want it.'

"The night watchman at the English Provident Bank has permission to smoke, he also is allowed a nice fire, and a tray consisting of a plate of substantial sandwiches and one glass of ale, which he can take when he likes. James Fairbairn settled himself in front of the fire, lit his pipe, took out his newspaper, and began to read. He thought he had heard the street door open and shut at about a quarter to ten; he supposed that it was Mr. Ireland going out to his club, but at ten minutes to ten o'clock the watchman heard the door of the manager's room open, and some one enter, immediately closing the glass partition door and turning the key.

"He naturally concluded it was Mr. Ireland himself.

"From where he sat he could not see into the room, but he noticed that the electric light had not been switched on, and that the manager seemingly had no light but an occasional match.

"'For the minute,' continued James Fairbairn, 'a thought did just cross my mind that something might perhaps be wrong, and I put my newspaper aside and went to the other end of the room towards the glass partition. The manager's room was still quite dark, and I could not clearly see into it, but the door into the hall was open, and there was, of course, a light through there. I had got quite close to the partition, when I saw Mrs. Ireland standing in the doorway, and heard her saying in a very astonished tone of voice: 'Why, Lewis, I thought you had gone to your club ages ago. What in the world are you doing here in the dark?'

"'Lewis is Mr. Ireland's christian name,' was James Fairbairn's further statement. 'I did not hear the manager's reply, but quite satisfied now that nothing was wrong, I went back to my pipe and my newspaper. Almost directly afterwards I heard the manager leave his room, cross the hall and go out by the street door. It was only after he had gone that I recollected that he must have forgotten to unlock the glass partition and that I could not therefore bolt the door into the hall the same as usual, and I suppose that is how those confounded thieves got the better of me.'

"While the manager of the English Provident Bank lay in such a precarious condition of health, it was impossible to arrive at any definite knowledge as to what the thief had actually made away with. The chief cashier, however, estimated the loss at about £5000 in gold and notes of the bank money—that was, of course, on the assumption that Mr. Ireland had no private money or valuables of his own in the safe."

II.

"By the time the public had been able to think over James Fairbairn's evidence, a certain disquietude and unrest had begun to make itself felt both in the bank itself, and among those of our detective force who had charge of the case. The newspapers spoke of the matter with very obvious caution, and

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warned all their readers to await the further development of this sad case.

"Mind you, at this point public sympathy was much stirred in favour of the poor man who lay ill, perhaps dying, and yet whom, strangely enough, suspicion had already slightly touched.

"Suspicion is a strong word, perhaps, to use at this point in the story. No one suspected anybody at present. James Fairbairn had told his story, and had vowed that some thief with false keys must have sneaked through the house into the inner office.

"Public excitement, you will remember, lost nothing by waiting. Hardly had we all had time to wonder over the night watchman's singular evidence, and, pending further and fuller details, to check our growing sympathy for the man who was ill, than the sensational side of this mysterious case culminated in one extraordinary, absolutely unexpected fact. Mrs. Ireland, after a twenty-four hours' untiring watch beside her husband's sick bed, had at last been approached by the detective, and been asked to reply to a few simple questions, and thus help to throw some light on the mystery which had caused Mr. Ireland's illness and her own consequent anxiety.

"She professed herself quite ready to reply to any questions put to her, and she literally astounded both inspector and detective, when she firmly and emphatically declared that James Fairbairn must have been dreaming or asleep when he thought he saw her in the doorway at ten o'clock that night, and fancied he heard her voice.

"She may or may not have been down in the hall at that particular hour, for she usually ran down herself to see if the last post had brought any letters, but most certainly she had neither seen nor spoken to Mr. Ireland at that hour, for Mr. Ireland had gone out an hour before, she herself having seen him to the front door. Never for a moment did she swerve from this extraordinary statement. She spoke to James Fairbairn in the presence of the detective, and told him he *must* absolutely have been mistaken, that she had *not* seen Mr. Ireland, and that she had *not* spoken to him.

"One other person was questioned by the police, and that was Mr. Robert Ireland, the manager's eldest son. It was presumed that he would know something of his father's affairs; the idea having now taken firm hold of the detective's mind that perhaps grave financial difficulties had tempted the unfortunate manager to appropriate some of the firm's money.

"Mr. Robert Ireland, however, could not say very much. His father did not confide in him to the extent of telling him all his private affairs, but money never seemed scarce at home certainly, and Mr. Ireland had, to his son's knowledge, not a single extravagant habit. He himself had been dining out with a friend on that memorable evening, and had gone on with him to the Oxford Music Hall. He met his father on the doorstep of the bank at about 11.30 p.m. and they went in together. There

"The watchman heard the door of the manager's room open."

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"She spoke to James Fairbairn in the presence of the detective."

bairn; there was no occasion to do that; to begin with he was a great heavy Scotchman with obviously no powers of invention, such as Mrs. Ireland's strange assertion credited him with; moreover, the theft of the bank notes could not have been of the slightest use to him.

"But, remember, there was the hitch; without it the public mind would already have condemned the sick man upstairs, without hope of rehabilitation. This fact struck everyone.

"Granting that Mr. Ireland had gone into his office at ten minutes to ten o'clock at night for the purpose of extracting £5000 worth of notes and gold from the bank safe, whilst giving the theft the appearance of a night burglary; granting that he was disturbed in his nefarious project by his wife, who, failing to persuade him to make restitution, took his side boldly, and very clumsily attempted to rescue

certainly was nothing remarkable about Mr. Ireland then, his son averred; he appeared in no way excited, and bade his son goodnight quite cheerfully.

"There was the extraordinary, the remarkable hitch," continued the man in the corner, waxing more and more excited every moment. "The public—who are at times very dense—saw it clearly nevertheless: of course, every one at once jumped to the natural conclusion that Mrs. Ireland was telling a lie—a noble lie, a self-sacrificing lie, a lie endowed with all the virtues if you like, but still a lie.

"She was trying to save her husband, and was going the wrong way to work. James Fairbairn, after all, could not have dreamt quite all that he declared he had seen and heard. No one suspected James Fairbairn out of his difficult position—why should he, at nine o'clock the following morning, fall in a dead faint and get cerebral congestion at sight of a defalcation he knew had occurred? One might simulate a fainting fit, but no one can assume a high temperature and a congestion, which the most ordinary practitioner who happened to be called in, would soon see were non-existent.

"Mr. Ireland, according to James Fairbairn's evidence, must have gone out soon after the theft, come in again with his son an hour and a half later, talked to him, gone quietly to bed, and waited for nine hours before he fell ill at sight of his own crime. It was not logical, you will admit. Unfortunately, the poor man himself was unable to give any explanation of the night's tragic adventures,

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"He was still very weak, and though under strong suspicion, he was left by the doctor's orders in absolute ignorance of the heavy charges which were gradually accumulating against him. He had made many anxious inquiries from all those who had access to his bedside, as to the result of the investigation, and the probable speedy capture of the burglars, but every one had strict orders to inform him merely that the police so far had no clue of any kind.

"You will admit, as everyone did, that there was something very pathetic about the unfortunate man's position, so helpless to defend himself, if defence there was, against so much overwhelming evidence. That is why I think public sympathy remained with him. Still, it was terrible to think of his wife presumably knowing him to be guilty, and anxiously waiting whilst dreading the moment when restored to health he would have to face the doubts, the suspicions, probably the open accusations, which were fast rising up around him."

III.

"It was close on six weeks before the doctor at last allowed his patient to attend to the grave business which had prostrated him for so long.

"In the meantime, among the many people who directly or indirectly were made to suffer in this mysterious affair, no one, I think, was more pitied, and more genuinely sympathised with than Robert Ireland, the manager's eldest son.

"You remember that he had been clerk in the bank? Well, naturally, the moment suspicion began to fasten on his father his position in the business became untenable. I think everyone was very kind to him. Mr. Sutherland French who was made acting manager 'during Mr. Lewis Ireland's regrettable absence,' did everything in his power to show his goodwill and sympathy to the young man, but I don't think that he or anyone else was much astonished when, after Mrs. Ireland's extraordinary attitude in the case had become public property, he quietly intimated to the acting manager that he had determined to sever his connection with the bank.

"The best of recommendations was, of course, placed at his disposal, and it was finally understood, that as soon as his father was completely restored to health and would no longer require his presence in London, he would try to obtain employment somewhere abroad. He spoke of the new volunteer corps organised for the military policing of the new colonies, and, truth to tell, no one could blame him that he should wish to leave far behind him all London banking connections. The son's attitude certainly did not tend to ameliorate the father's position. It was pretty evident that his own family had ceased to hope in the poor manager's innocence.

"And yet he was absolutely innocent. You must remember how that fact was clearly demonstrated as soon as the poor man was able to say a word for himself. And he said it to some purpose, too.

"Mr. Ireland was, and is, very fond of music. On the evening in question, while sitting in his club, he saw in one of the daily papers the announcement of a peculiarly attractive programme at the Queen's Hall concert. He was not dressed, but nevertheless felt an irresistible desire to hear one or two of these attractive musical items, and he strolled down to the Hall. Now, this sort of alibi is usually very difficult to prove, but Dame Fortune, oddly enough, favoured Mr. Ireland on this occasion, probably to compensate him for the hard knocks she had been dealing him pretty freely of late.

"It appears that there was some difficulty about his seat, which was sold to him at the box office, and which he, nevertheless, found wrongfully occupied by a determined lady, who refused to move. The management had to be appealed to; the attendants also remembered not only the incident but also the face and appearance of the gentleman who was the innocent cause of the altercation.

"As soon as Mr. Ireland could speak for himself he mentioned the incident, and the persons who had been witness to it. He was identified by them, to the amazement, it must be confessed, of police and public alike, who had comfortably decided that no one *could* be guilty save the manager of the Provident Bank himself. Moreover, Mr. Ireland was a fairly wealthy man, with a good balance at the Union Bank, and plenty of private means, the result of years of provident living.

"He had but to prove that if he really had been in need of an immediate £5000—which was all the amount extracted from the bank safe that night—he had plenty of securities on which he could, at an hour's notice, have raised twice that sum. His life insurances had been fully paid up; he had not a debt which a £5 note could not have easily covered.

"On the fatal night he certainly did remember asking the watchman not to bolt the door to his office, as he thought he might have

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one or two letters to write when he came home, but later on he had forgotten all about this. After the concert he met his son in Oxford Street, just outside the house, and thought no more about the office, the door of which was shut, and presented no unusual appearance.

"Mr. Ireland absolutely denied having been in his office, at the hour, when James Fairbairn positively asserted he heard Mrs. Ireland say in an astonished tone of voice: 'Why, Lewis, what in the world are you doing here?' It became pretty clear therefore that James Fairbairn's view of the manager's wife had been a mere vision.

"Mr. Ireland gave up his position as manager of the English Provident: both he and his wife felt no doubt that on the whole, perhaps, there had been too much talk, too much scandal connected with their name, to be altogether advantageous to the bank. Moreover, Mr. Ireland's health was not so good as it had been. He has a pretty house now at Sittingbourne and amuses himself during his leisure hours with amateur horticulture, and I, who alone in London besides the persons directly connected with this mysterious affair, know the true solution of the enigma—often wonder how much of it is known to the ex-manager of the English Provident Bank."

The man in the corner had been silent for some time. I, in my presumption, had made up my mind, at the commencement of his tale, to listen attentively to every point of the evidence in connection with the case which he recapitulated before me, and follow the point, to try and arrive at a conclusion of my own, and overwhelm the antediluvian scarecrow with my sagacity.

I said nothing, for I had arrived at no conclusion; the case puzzled everyone, and had amazed the public in its various stages, from the moment when opinion began to cast doubt on Mr. Ireland's honesty, to that when his integrity was proved beyond a doubt. One or two people had suspected Mrs. Ireland to have been the actual thief, but that idea had soon to be abandoned.

Mrs. Ireland had all the money she wanted; the theft occurred two years ago, and not a single bank-note was ever traced to her pocket; moreover, she must have had an accomplice, since some one else was in the manager's room that night; and if that someone else was her accomplice why did she risk betraying him by speaking loudly in the presence of James Fairbairn, when it would have been so much simpler to turn out the light and plunge the hall into darkness?

"You are altogether on the wrong track," sounded a sharp voice in direct answer to my thoughts—"altogether wrong. If you want to acquire my method of induction, and improve your reasoning power, you must follow my system. First think of the one absolutely undisputed, positive fact. You must have a starting point, and not go wandering about in the realms of suppositions."

"But there are no positive facts," I said irritably.

"You don't say so?" he said quietly, "do you not call it a positive fact that the bank safe was robbed of £5000 on the evening of March 25th before 11.30 p.m."

"Yes, that is all, which is positive and——"

"Do you not call it a positive fact," he interrupted quietly, "that the lock of the safe not being picked, it must have been opened by its own key?"

"I know that," I rejoined crossly, "and that is why everyone agreed that James Fairbairn could not possibly——"

"And do you not call it a positive fact, then, that James Fairbairn could not possibly etc., etc., seeing that the glass partition door was locked from the inside; Mrs. Ireland herself let James Fairbairn into her husband's office when she saw him lying fainting before the open safe. Of course that was a positive fact, and so was the one that proved to any thinking mind that if that safe was opened with a key, it could only have been done by a person having access to that key."

"But the man in the office——" I suggested.

"Exactly! the man in the office. Enumerate his points, if you please," said the funny creature, marking each point with one of his favourite knots. "He was a man who might that night have had access to the key of the safe, unsuspected by the manager or even his wife, and a man for whom Mrs. Ireland was willing to tell a downright lie. Are there many men for whom a woman of the better middle class, and an English woman, would be ready to perjure herself? Surely not! She might do it for her husband. The public thought she had. It never struck them that she might have done it for her son!"

"Her son!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! she was a clever woman," he ejaculated enthusiastically, "one with courage and presence of mind, which I don't think I have ever seen equalled. She runs down stairs before going to bed in order to see whether the last post has brought any letters.

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She sees the door of her husband's office ajar, she pushes it open, and there, by the sudden flash of a hastily struck match she realises in a moment that a thief stands before the open safe, and in that thief she has already recognised her son. At that very moment she hears the watchman's step approaching the partition. There is no time to warn her son; she does not know the glass door is locked; James Fairbairn may switch on the electric light and see the young man in the very act of robbing his employers' safe.

"One thing alone can reassure the watchman. One person alone had the right to be there at that hour of the night, and without hesitation she pronounces her husband's name.

"Mind you, I firmly believe that at the time the poor woman only wished to gain time, that she had every hope that her son had not yet had the opportunity to lay so heavy a guilt upon his conscience.

"What passed between mother and son we shall never know, but this much we do know that the young villain made off with his booty, and trusted that his mother would never betray him. Poor woman! what a night of it she must have spent; but she was clever and far-seeing. She knew that her husband's character could not suffer through her action. Accordingly, she took the only course open to her to save her son even from his father's wrath, and boldly denied James Fairbairn's statement.

"Of course she was fully aware that her husband could easily clear himself, and the worst that could be said of him was that she had thought him guilty and had tried to save him. She trusted to the future to clear her of any charge of complicity in the theft.

"A clever woman, wasn't she?"

"By now everyone has forgotten most of the circumstances; the police are still watching the career of James Fairbairn, and Mrs. Ireland's expenditure. As you know, not a single note, so far, has been traced to her. Against that, one or two of the notes have found their way back to England. No one realises how easy it is to cash English bank-notes at the smaller *agents de change* abroad. The *changeurs* are only too glad to get them; what do they care where they come from as long as they are genuine? And a week or two later *M. le Changeur* could not swear who tendered him any one particular note.

"You see young Robert Ireland went abroad; he will come back some day having made a fortune. There's his photo. And this is his mother—a clever woman, wasn't she?"

And before I had time to reply, he was gone. I never saw anyone move across a room so quickly. But he always left an interesting trail behind; a piece of string knotted from end to end and a few photos.

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EYES

And What They Tell You.

By Livingstone Black.

Queen Victoria

The King

Queen Alexandra

Duke of York

Duchess of York

It was said of the Great Napoleon by one who knew him—Talleyrand, I believe—that he owed a vast debt of gratitude to his eyes, it being largely due to them that he attained his unrivalled position. Now this remark of Talleyrand is really not so fanciful as it appears. The eyes and the mouth are the only features which betray a man's individuality—the eyes, especially—and all who knew Napoleon agree that he was nothing very extraordinary to look at, except for his eyes—they were altogether extraordinary, which, after all, is but another way of saying that they were the only outward feature which betrayed his tremendous personality. No one could resist those eyes; they changed deadly foes into faithful servants; they bent the strongest wills and cowed the boldest natures; it was largely due to them, as Talleyrand remarked, that Napoleon became ruler of half Europe.

So much for Napoleon. The other day I was talking to Professor Cross, the well-known phrenologist, and this subject of eyes cropped up. Though not strictly within his peculiar province, he had a great deal to say about them generally, and then briefly touched on individual cases, showing how the characteristics of various well-known living men and women might be observed by examining their eyes.

"Why, look at animals," he said. "Cows and dogs, and all kinds of deer, have eyes that in every way reflect the gentleness of their natures. On the other hand, cruelty, cunning and ferocity are observable in the eyes of tigers, hawks, serpents, and other

Prince Edward

The Kaiser

Lord Salisbury

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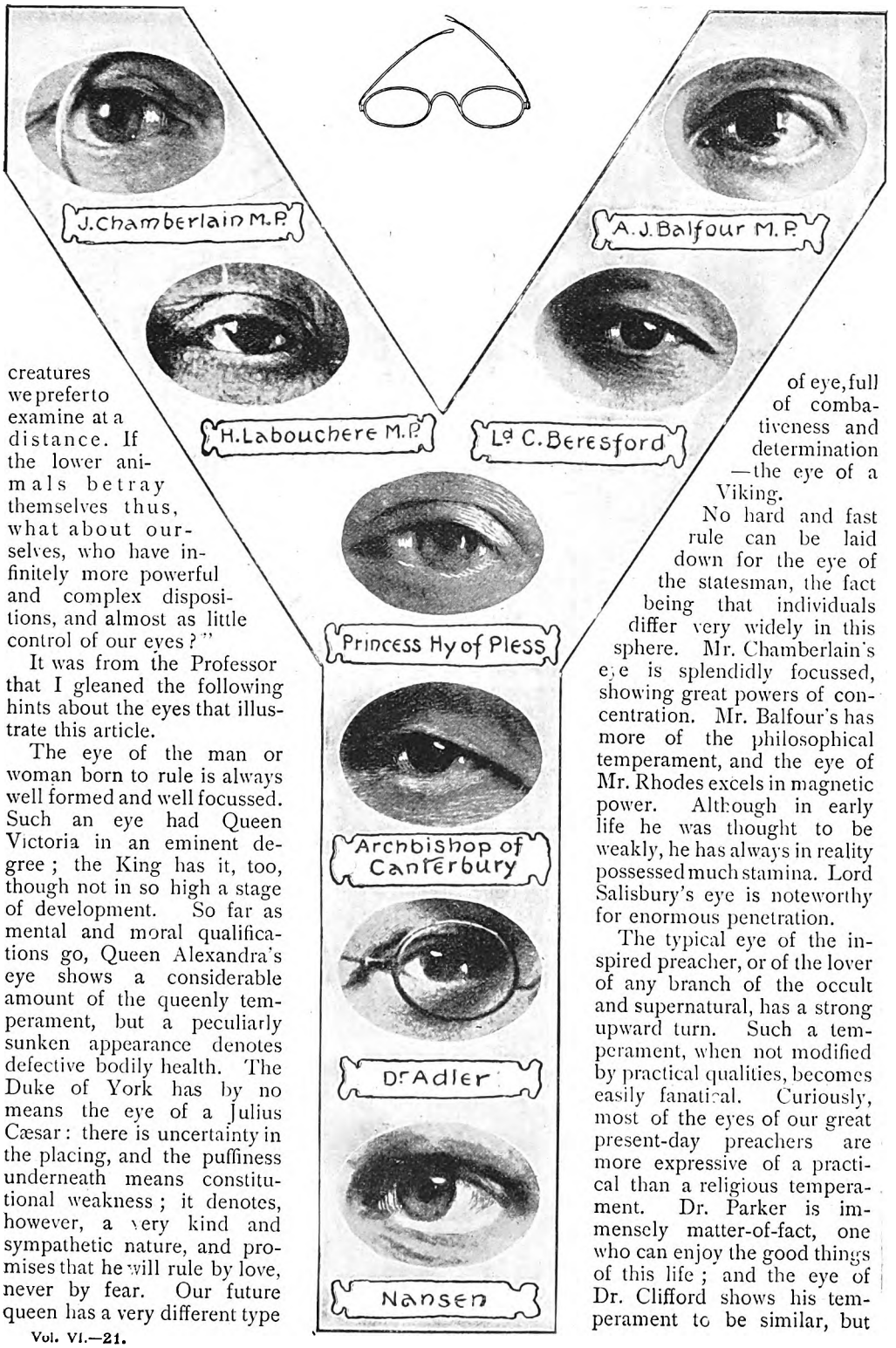

creatures we prefer to examine at a distance. If the lower animals betray themselves thus, what about ourselves, who have infinitely more powerful and complex dispositions, and almost as little control of our eyes?"

It was from the Professor that I gleaned the following hints about the eyes that illustrate this article.

The eye of the man or woman born to rule is always well formed and well focussed. Such an eye had Queen Victoria in an eminent degree; the King has it, too, though not in so high a stage of development. So far as mental and moral qualifications go, Queen Alexandra's eye shows a considerable amount of the queenly temperament, but a peculiarly sunken appearance denotes defective bodily health. The Duke of York has by no means the eye of a Julius Cæsar: there is uncertainty in the placing, and the puffiness underneath means constitutional weakness; it denotes, however, a very kind and sympathetic nature, and promises that he will rule by love, never by fear. Our future queen has a very different type of eye, full of combativeness and determination—the eye of a Viking.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down for the eye of the statesman, the fact being that individuals differ very widely in this sphere. Mr. Chamberlain's eye is splendidly focussed, showing great powers of concentration. Mr. Balfour's has more of the philosophical temperament, and the eye of Mr. Rhodes excels in magnetic power. Although in early life he was thought to be weakly, he has always in reality possessed much stamina. Lord Salisbury's eye is noteworthy for enormous penetration.

The typical eye of the inspired preacher, or of the lover of any branch of the occult and supernatural, has a strong upward turn. Such a temperament, when not modified by practical qualities, becomes easily fanatical. Curiously, most of the eyes of our great present-day preachers are more expressive of a practical than a religious temperament. Dr. Parker is immensely matter-of-fact, one who can enjoy the good things of this life; and the eye of Dr. Clifford shows his temperament to be similar, but

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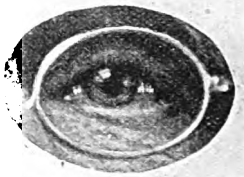
Dr. Parker

Alfred Austin


Dr Clifford

Mrs H. Ward

Dr Jameson

Cecil Rhodes

Mark Twain

Sir T. Lipton

with a more scientific turn. The Archbishop of Canterbury is very lawyer-like, and would have made a splendid business manager.

Mr. Alfred Austin has not a poetical eye, but rather one indicative of a plain, matter-of-fact temperament; compare it with the full orb of Shakespeare, and it will be found quite different in type as well as in degree. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's eye shows similar traits.

While it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule by which the artistic temperament may be detected by the eye, there will always be some leading traits common to people who have this nature. Wonderful capacity for detail, and the keenest powers of observation are plainly apparent in the eye of Sir Henry Irving; all this may be gathered from the regularity of the formation. The artistic impulse is shown by the upward turn of the ball beneath the upper lid. Mr. Geo. Alexander's is a splendid instance of the artistic eye, full of emotion and sympathy, and deep love of the mystical, but with less practicability than Sir Henry's. The eye of Mr. W. S. Penley is very typical of himself. It is almost boyish in its light-hearted mirthfulness—the very opposite to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's, tired, dull, and heavy-lidded, as it is, showing delicacy of constitution, allied to great imaginative power. Miss Ellen Terry has an eye the style of Sir Henry's—calm and steadfast, an index of reasoning power, the eye of an actress with a lawyer's temperament.

We know how wonderfully some people can keep their feelings from appearing on their faces, and especially in their eyes. The general character shows itself—we are quite powerless to prevent that; but emotion such as fear, doubt, bewilderment, anger, joy,

Mrs Patrick Campbell

Rudyard Kipling

Lena Ashwell

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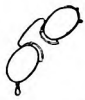

Ellen Terry

Edna May

Hy Irving

falsehoods. But let them be on their guard against exaggeration. I know a young lady who is neither a detective nor a diplomatist, but a very apt student in the art of deception. She, however, never deceives me; I have only to watch her eyes to know whether she is telling me the truth or not. If she happen to be telling the truth—an occasional occurrence—her eyes may be looking into mine or may not, in either case they are absolutely normal in expression. If, on the other hand, she should be fibbing, she looks fixedly at me with very wide-open eyes full of clear and child-like innocence. And the foolish girl never by any chance alters these tactics—nor could she, I wager, however hard she tried. They have become part of her nature.

Maud Jeffreys

Beerbohm Tree

and so forth, though as a general rule so immediately observable in the face, and especially in the eyes, some people have a wonderful knack of hiding—a knack which is either inborn or the result of long practice. For instance, we all of us unhappily know men and women who can tell the most flagrant untruths with wide, candid eyes that look straight into yours; and if, by any chance, you show your incredulity, those eyes narrow or flush with resentment—another sham expression, for the only emotion a person can possibly feel at being thus "found out" is embarassment, not unmixed, let us hope, with shame. Diplomatists and detectives may be excused if they study the art of deception and learn to make their eyes tell

Mabel Love

Evelyn Millard

W. S Penley

Geo Alexander

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By F. Hamel.

Author of "In a Japanese Tea-room," etc.

The curtain was rung down upon the play and upon all my hopes at one and the same time. I had always been warned that to propose at the theatre was a foolish thing to do. When it came to the touch, however, I found it was out of my power to make a choice. The seats in the stalls are really placed infernally close together, and that was the cause of my undoing. I had been altogether overpowered by the temptation of leaning my elbow on the partitioning arm between Marjorie's chair and my own, and of bending slightly over, so as to catch a ravishing glimpse of one dainty ear, encircled by the most wilful little brown curls, and a neck which seemed positively waiting to be caressed.

What made my case worse was that the play happened to end tragically. Of course, I did not grow aware of this from what happened on the stage. The whole of that last act appeared to me nothing but a blur of murmuring figures, vanishing in the wrong direction, just when I expected to see them plainly and hear them speak distinctly. But I knew the play was tragic, and I believe the hero was undergoing lurid death-struggles, when a tear welled up on Marjorie's eyelashes, to roll over on to her cheek, which caused me to lose the very last shred of self-possession I had been hanging on to, as one might clasp even a bunch of nettles grimly to save oneself from falling into a muddy ditch.

Bah! It was a desperate plunge I made at that moment.

I gave a last wild glance around at the sea of staring faces, which seemed so near and so possessed of ears to hear what is not intended for their delectation, and then I said gasping:

"Marjorie, I have loved you for such a long time. Will you be my wife?"

She must have heard my words quite distinctly, but she never even moved. Her whole attention was riveted on the play, and she kept her eyes fixed on the man dying on the stage.

At that moment I would have given my whole fortune—no inconsiderable offering—to have changed places with him.

Was anyone behind giving a snigger? I looked round angrily. The rows of faces appeared imperturbable enough. All eyes were intent upon the actors.

I had gone too far now to cover a retreat gracefully.

I put my arm right across the back of Marjorie's chair, almost embracing her, and I verily believe my moustache touched her cheek.

"I asked you to marry me," I persisted. The words sounded quite fierce. I did not mean them to be so, and I had partly clenched my teeth, believing this expedient might deaden the distinctness of my voice.

"I heard," she whispered, taking her eyes for a moment from the stage and turning towards me. "I heard—but he isn't dead yet —*Can't you wait?*"

The calm question—with its note of unconscious satire—caused my over-heated

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blood to pass boiling point. Wait! The very thing I had been striving with every fibre of my strength to do, and found impossible. My self-control being already lost I could not answer calmly. Remaining at high tension, I pressed her to answer me immediately and took less care to lower my tones. Someone behind had certainly caught scent of what was going on. This time the snigger was quite audible. Marjorie heard it and blushed vividly.

"Please don't make yourself ridiculous, Jack," she murmured.

Now because that was exactly what I had already done, her words stung me hotly.

"I thought you cared," I broke out in a huff. "I suppose I was mistaken. I don't believe you mean to marry me after all."

"No! Most assuredly I do. not," she answered, roused to anger by the tone I had taken, and just then the curtain went down.

I suppose in due course the lights were also turned up, but I really did not notice. When one is plunged suddenly into Erebus, outside illumination goes for very little.

It happened that it was a first-night performance and that the play had been very well received. There were a thousand cries of "Author, author!" My one desire being to get away from the place to breathe, this delay caused me no little discomfort. I was stifled by the thought of remaining in close proximity to the only woman whom I had placed in a position to give me a rebuff. I begged her to excuse my immediate departure.

"Certainly," she agreed to my request. "I shall be quite safe with Kate and Alfred. Good-bye!"

Her brother Alfred was occupying the seat beyond hers, and his wife, Kate, the next to that. I observed that they were watching in eager expectation for the appearance of the author. It was easy for me to slip away without attracting their attention. Doubtless Marjorie would explain to them that I felt indisposed, and had offered my excuses for an early departure. I worked out these thoughts as I emerged into the refreshing outer air.

So I had made a bigger fool of myself than usual, I reflected bitterly. I had felt so sure of Marjorie. We were made for each other. I knew it. I had long learnt to call her wife in my inmost thoughts, and just because I had put the question to her at the wrong moment, the castle I had been building had come down shattered, as if it had never been possessed of more consistency than an edifice of cards. She was not one to change her mind, either.

"Cards!" The word gave me a new idea. I would go and have a night's gambling. Anything would be preferable to this smarting loss of self-respect. Marjorie had often said it was folly to spend the night at cards. So it was. But what did it matter now what Marjorie said.

I actually began to feel annoyed that I had missed the better portion of the acting. No woman was worth giving up enjoyment for, and it really had seemed a good play. Not one of the uncomfortable moral sort, and yet with plenty of plot. Never mind, I should be able to see the criticism in the morning papers, and learn who the author was. Clever fellow that author must be! I felt quite sorry now that I had missed hearing him speak. It struck me suddenly that perhaps he hadn't finished, and that after all there was no reason why I should not slip back into the theatre. I could easily avoid meeting my friends, and under no circumstances would I allow Marjorie to catch sight of me, though I sighed as I thought of those seductive little curls.

The author had only just commenced his speech. He thanked the audience gracefully for their approval. It was his ideal, he said, to raise the standard of the English stage. This remark was received with uproarious

"I asked you to marry me," I persisted.

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enthusiasm. The populace always appears anxious to have the standard of its plays improved, yet flocks so eagerly to those which lower it. I stood at the entrance to the stalls, meditating upon this point, when I felt a soft touch on my arm.

I started round suddenly. For one mad moment I mistook the girl who was standing close to me for Marjorie. A similarity in the colour of her long cloak and the wrap she wore partially covering her features sufficed for this absurdity.

"Dearest one," I murmured impressively, and then discovered my error at once, for she drew back a little horrified.

"Oh, I must apologise," I continued confusedly. "I took you at the moment for —for a very good friend of mine." In my heart I cursed the weakness which made it possible for me to still think of addressing by that term a woman who had treated me so cruelly.

Apparently something in my repentant words, or in my appearance, renewed the lady's confidence, for she continued:

"Oh, you are engaged to be married. That makes it all the more suitable."

"It isn't suitable at all. I wonder you did not take me for married at once," I remarked bitterly.

"Not while you say 'dearest' like that," she continued, opening wide her eyes of childlike innocence. "I'm married myself, you see. I know."

"You're married!" I was led into a rudeness. She positively did not look more than sixteen. "Why, you are only a child."

"I'm married for all that, and I have lost my husband. That is just what is the matter." She looked suddenly lugubrious.

"Lost your husband. Then you are a widow?" I was trying my best to be sympathetic, though all the time my heart was beating, "Marjorie, Marjorie."

"I see you are stupid as well. Perhaps that is fortunate."

"Not for me," I pleaded. "But what makes you so perceptive?"

"I told you my husband was lost, and you drew absurd conclusions. He only went out for a smoke."

"Towards the end of the act. He must have missed the best part of the play." My words were spoken with authority. As if I knew!

"At the beginning of the act," she persisted. "Not at the end."

"Ah! A long smoke. Pity he missed the play." It was the one string on which I felt justified to harp.

"He has missed me—which is worse. I don't know why he never came back. Where can he be now?"

I refrained from making any suggestions.

"What shall I do? I don't know where to look for him."

"You must go home—and wait for him there." My idea seemed a brilliant one.

She pondered thoughtfully. "If the matter were as simple as that I should hardly have troubled you."

"Of course not," I put in politely.

"There are two difficulties in the way," she said at last, ignoring my reply.

"Please trust me. Perhaps I can solve them."

She smiled gratefully.

"One is, I am frightened of being alone. We only arrived in London to-day and I have never been here before."

"Your fear on that score can easily be removed. If you will permit me——"

"You haven't heard the second difficulty," she said, interrupting my offers of service.

"It is——?"

"That I haven't a notion of the address of the place at which we are staying."

"Whew!" I whistled. "That sounds awkward. We must have another look round for your husband."

By this time the people had begun to crowd out of the theatre. She took my arm and I fought against the stream, thinking it well to have another look inside, before we took the lesser chance of searching through the volatile crowd without.

As ill-luck would have it we came face to face with Kate and Alfred. I had made no provision against such a contingency.

"Hullo, Jack!" cried the latter. "Glad you've enjoyed yourself. Excellent play, isn't it?"

"Very good indeed. Most refreshing," I replied, gulping down something that seemed as bad as a five-barred gate for my voice to jump over. At all events Marjorie had not made the excuse that I was indisposed.

Kate eyed my companion gravely. I made up my mind to face the situation boldly.

"I wondered why you left us," continued Alfred cheerily. And then in a low tone: "You sly dog!" Brothers are proverbially obtuse.

"I was really most distressed to do so, but Mrs. Willis was put in my charge by her husband—er—Dr. Willis—an old friend. He was called away before the end. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Willis, Kate."

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The ladies bowed.

The ladies bowed. I admired my companion. She was a brick not to give me away.

"Where is your sister, Alfred?" I continued, not without an effort. So far I could lie boldly like a trooper. But with her truthful eyes upon me, I feared the Dr. Willis fiction might fall through.

"She met some friends and went away with them just before the end of the speech. You see she lives N.W. and we live S.E. It makes a difficult combination, as you may imagine."

I pleaded remembrance, but refrained from stating that, earlier in the evening, I had looked upon it as a most delightful "combination."

"She ran off in a hurry at the last without saying 'good-night,'" continued Alfred, looking me straight in the face as if he believed me quite incapable of doing likewise. "As I imagine it, an old flame of hers was of the party. Two can play at your game," he added in an undertone.

I would have knocked him down gladly for either remark, but there was no time to lose. I drew my companion closer to my side, and, with hurried farewells, turned to scan the people still remaining in the theatre. She assured me her husband was not amongst them.

"What is your name?" I inquired as I hurried her into the street.

"Oh, Mrs. Willis—will do as well as any other." She laughed.

The crowd had almost dispersed by this

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time, but there were still a few cabs and carriages lining the road.

Mrs. Willis gazed around her blankly. Then she suddenly pointed to a hansom a short way down the line with a little cry of surprise.

"Ah! There is my husband," she said, "and with a lady!"

I glanced quickly at the vehicle indicated, and caught a distinct glimpse of the woman leaning forward, her face touched by the betraying gleam from an adjacent gas-lamp. There was no possibility of doubt. The woman was Marjorie. I was so taken aback by this discovery that I failed to notice her companion.

"Your husband — in that hansom? Are you positive?" I gasped. Alfred's remark about an old flame passed through my mind. Was it for this that his wife had suffered neglect?

"Yes, yes. It was he. I saw him perfectly distinctly."

It was more than I had done, but the hansom had turned out of the row so quickly. We should have to follow them in another cab.

It appeared simple enough, and I was fortunate in hailing another almost immediately, not of course before the one we wished to shadow was out of sight.

I outlined a probable route to end at the address where Marjorie lived, and told the man to drive rapidly.

Marjorie had just put aside her wraps, and was seated contentedly discussing a large bowl of bread and milk.

There was one chance, but it was a good one. We might overtake Dr. Willis at Marjorie's house, provided he accompanied her home and she had asked him in.

"Ah!" moaned my companion. "You don't think he would—would put his arm round her—or—or kiss her?" The last words came in a terrified whisper.

"Kiss her? I should rather hope not," I replied, so indignantly that she shrank from my side. What a picture she had called to my mind, to which of course she possessed no clue.

Every other minute of that distressful journey, my companion inquired whether I could discern the other hansom. She had no knowledge of any plan, save the shadowing of her husband.

"Are you sure they came this way?" she asked anxiously, as we entered more deserted streets. "We can't spend the night in a hansom, you know."

I reassured her, as we pulled up at the door of Marjorie's house. I was thankful to see it was not entirely in darkness. Requesting Mrs. Willis to remain where she was, I sprang out and touched the bell.

"Is Miss Wayland in yet?" I inquired of the man, Spencer, who answered it.

"Just come in, sir. This way, sir," said he.

I thanked my stars that I was well known enough at the house to be shown into the drawing-room without a formal announcement.

Marjorie had just put aside her wraps and was seated contentedly discussing a large bowl of bread and milk.

She looked up as I entered — almost as though she had expected me.

"Dr. Willis?" I gasped. "Where is Dr. Willis? His wife is waiting for him."

"Dr. Willis? Who is that, Jack? And where do you say his wife is waiting?"

"Outside in a hansom. Of course you don't know that name. I mean the man who brought you home. We followed you as quickly as we could."

"Indeed! Saw us together? The man who brought me home? Not Dr. Willis? How confused your remarks are." Then seeing me redden at the remembrance of how confused they had been earlier in the evening, she hastened to continue. "Why,

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I did not want Alfred and Kate to come all the way round and so I asked the Claridges to put me in a hansom and came alone—as you had gone."

She uttered the last words in a reproachful tone which made my heart beat rapidly, but this was not the hour to make show of unruly sentiment.

"Well, it is very awkward," I continued with a somewhat sulky air. "Here am I with this woman on my hands."

"A woman on your hands must be rather trying after—after I was so unkind to you this evening. Who is she?"

"That is just what I don't know, and she has forgotten where she lives and has lost her husband."

The ludicrousness of my position seemed to strike us both. We faced each other and joined in a merry fit of laughter.

It was the one thing calculated to disperse the shadow which earlier in the evening had cast darkness upon our mutual affection. I recognised that here lay my opportunity. If only Marjorie were willing to listen to me now. How boldly I would expatiate on all the love I felt for her! But I had based this reckoning on means which were no longer at my disposal. For some reason, that for the life of me I was unable to explain, the words which earlier had forced their way from my lips unrestrained and unrestrainable refused to find utterance. I was struck dumb and helpless just at the moment when I felt her eyes upon me and realised that she was waiting for me to say all she had refused to hear before. As I had cursed my previous impetuosity, I now cursed doubly this tongue-tied hesitation.

I grew red, I stammered, I even swore beneath my breath, and was making up my mind that the best of all courses open to me was a determined retreat, made with such dignity as might still remain at my command, when she herself came to my deliverance.

"Won't you let me ask you to forgive me?" she whispered, tremulously.

The spell I was under snapped.

"Marjorie!" I ejaculated fervidly, and then I pleaded with her.

"Jack!" she responded presently, giving me her hand and allowing me to cover it with kisses. "But you are forgetting Mrs. Willis."

"Hang Mrs. Willis!" replied I with more force than politeness. "If her husband ran off with you, I've every right to run off with his wife."

"But he didn't," she said, frowning.

"Neither did I. She ran off with me. I shall have to take her to an hotel and we must advertise to-morrow."

Just then Spencer came in with a loud cough—we had not heard him knock—to inform me that he had happened to notice my hansom drive away. He thought he heard me order the man to wait.

"So I did," said I. "And the lady——?"

I hurried into the hall and down the steps, but Mrs. Willis had disappeared without leaving a sign.

Not altogether though. We found she had squeezed a little folded note under the doorway. It was pencilled and barely legible. Marjorie and I quarrelled amiably about the contents, but as far as I could make them out they ran something like this:

"When a woman is determined to repair a man's stupid blunder she sometimes has very little choice of tools. I refused the man I should have married because he proposed to me at the wrong moment—and he never—" but that was all we could read except the P.S. "If you don't mind being overheard, choose stalls."

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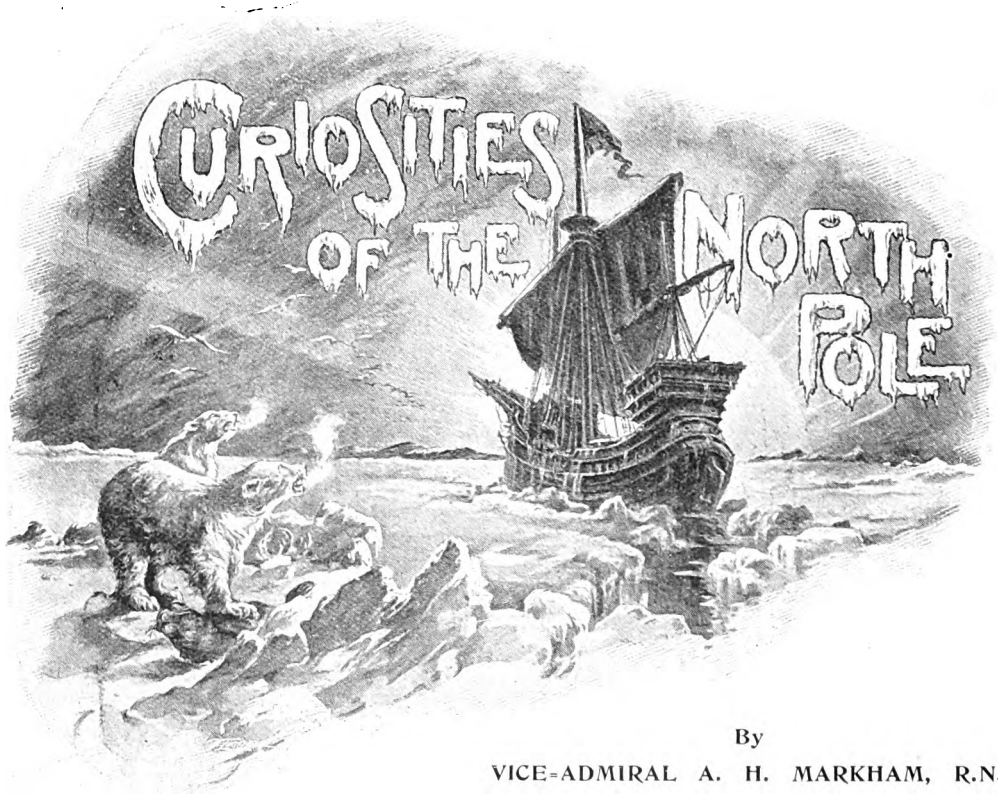

By

VICE-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, R.N.

THAT the North Pole will be reached I have not the slightest doubt, and I am also inclined to think it will be reached before many years have elapsed; but whether the successful explorer will be carried thither by a drifting ship, by travelling over the ice, by an aerial vessel, or by submarine locomotion, I shall not venture to predict. Perhaps some other method more simple and more certain than any of these may be designed in the space of a few years.

The idea of discovering the North Pole is not a modern one; attempts to reach it have been more or less persistent ever since the ninth century, when King Alfred of England sent an expedition northward under the command of a wealthy nobleman of Heligoland, named Othar, with the object of discovering distant lands and adding new realms to the crown of England.

The account of this expedition is brief and somewhat vague, but from what exists we are informed that "Othar advanced further to the north than any mortal had done before." That, in itself, is not a very startling announcement, considering the limited knowledge of geography in those days, but when, further on, it is gravely stated that "he rounded the point of the globe beyond which it again sinks to the south," it would appear that the North Pole, if this account is to be relied on, was actually reached more than a thousand years ago!

The details of Othar's voyage, however, must be received with considerable caution. His expedition probably reached the south-east coast of Greenland, and even, perhaps, sailed as far as Spitzbergen, which is alluded to in the narrative as an island "far beyond the countries inhabited by men," but this, it may be observed, is also a description that would apply equally well to Iceland. On the return of Othar to England, he was most favourably received by King Alfred, who subsequently employed him on a voyage to the Baltic.

It is not my intention to enumerate and describe other Polar expeditions; my real purpose is to touch briefly on the singular conditions that will be found to exist at the Pole,

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We all know that the term "North Pole" is the conventional name given to an imaginary spot situated at the northern axis of our terrestrial sphere. What we shall find there it is difficult to say. At one time I was under the impression, and it was also the view held by many eminent Arctic authorities, that an archipelago of many islands would probably be found to exist, extending from Franz Josef Land and Greenland across the Pole towards the northern coasts of America and Siberia; or, perhaps, as the diurnal rotation of the earth has caused all our continents to be formed along meridians, rather than in an equatorial direction, a continent, like Greenland, might have been found to extend right across the Pole. This conjecture has, however, been effectually set aside by the recent wonderful voyage of Dr. Nansen, who saw no land of any description to the northward of Franz Josef Land.

It is therefore probable that a large frozen sea, studded perhaps with a few islands, will be found by the venturesome explorer who first succeeds in reaching the Pole. Many singularities and peculiarities connected with it will very forcibly be brought to his notice when he gets there.

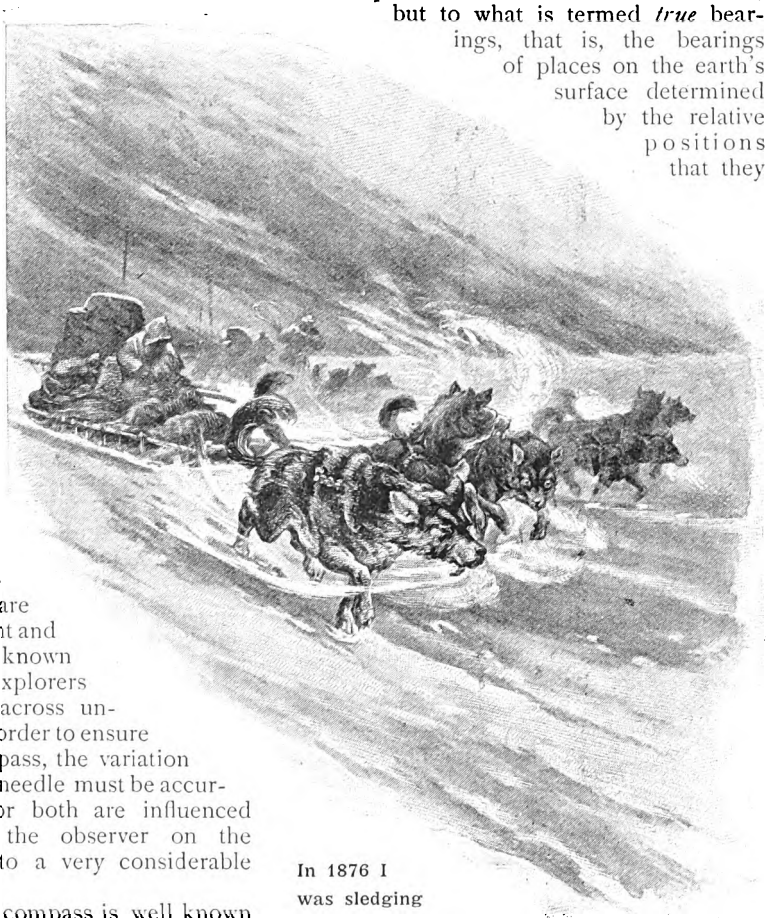
My readers are, in all probability, acquainted with the use and the value of the mariner's compass. With it sailors are able to navigate distant and comparatively little known seas, and by its aid explorers can make their way across unknown lands. But in order to ensure the value of the compass, the variation and inclination of the needle must be accurately determined, for both are influenced by the position of the observer on the earth's surface, and to a very considerable degree.

The needle of the compass is well known to be governed by the powerful magnetic influence that attracts it in the direction of the North Magnetic Pole. The north point of the needle will always point towards the magnetic Pole.

Now, as the terrestrial Pole is situated some twelve hundred miles to the true north of the magnetic Pole, it follows that on passing the magnetic Pole and continuing towards the terrestial Pole, a southerly course by compass will necessarily have to be followed, because the north point of the needle will be attracted towards the magnetic Pole, which will be to the true south of the observer.

When in 1876 I was sledging over the frozen sea in my endeavour to reach the North Pole, and therefore travelling in a due north direction, I was actually steering *by compass* E.S.E., the variation of the compass in that locality varying from 98deg. to 102deg. westerly.

It is not, however, to bearings by *compass* that I desire to call attention, but to what is termed *true* bearings, that is, the bearings of places on the earth's surface determined by the relative positions that they



In 1876 I was sledging **over the frozen sea.**

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On October 13th the sun disappeared at noon below the southern horizon, and from that date until March 13th we never saw it again.

occupy with reference to the terrestrial Poles.

If our explorer has succeeded in reaching the North Pole, he will be able to assert, as Othar did, and without fear of contradiction, that he has "rounded the point of the globe beyond which it again sinks to the south"—in other words, that he has reached a position where nothing could be to the north of him.

For instance, should Herr Andrée ever have succeeded in reaching the North Pole in his plucky and adventurous balloon voyage, he would have experienced no difficulty in returning to the south, for the simple reason that he could not have been blown further north, for every wind *must* be a fair wind, *i.e.*, it will blow him south. Obviously, the North Pole differs from any other place in the northern hemisphere, inasmuch as it cannot possibly have any place situated to the north, to the east, or to the west of it.

Another peculiarity consequent on the unique position of the Pole is that there is *no time* there! Let me explain why I am theoretically correct in making such a startling announcement.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude, starting from the equator, converge towards, and meet at the Pole. They know, too, that longitude signifies time, and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about seven o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter-past three in the afternoon in New York.

Now, as the meridian of London extends to the North Pole, it necessarily ensues that when it is noon in the English capital it must also be noon at the North Pole. In a similar manner, when it is noon at Boston, or in San Francisco or at Pekin, or any other place situated in the northern hemisphere, it follows that it must also be noon at the Pole, because all the meridians of those places unite at the North Pole; therefore it is noon all day long at the Pole.

Thus there is an entire absence of time at the Pole, but it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is, practically, any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours, or, indeed, throughout the year. In fact, a resident at the North Pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the *right* time.

To say that the sun is always on the meridian at the Pole, and not only on it at noon and midnight, as it is in other parts of the world, would be to assert something that would expose me to severe and just criticism at the

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hands of men of science, but there is no disputing the fact regarding the peculiarity with reference to *time* at the North Pole that I have commented on.

There is, of course, an almost imperceptible increase or decrease, according to the time of year, in the diurnal altitude of the sun during the summer months at the Pole, but it would be almost impossible, even with the finest and most delicate of instruments, to detect the actual moment of the sun's passage of the meridian.

The greatest altitude attained by the sun at the Pole is, of course, on June 21st, when it reaches its highest northern declination, on which day the altitude and declination would be the same. The altitude would then gradually decrease day by day, until the sun crossed the Ecliptic at the first point of Libra on September 22nd, on which day an observer at the Pole, if his vision was bounded by a clear sea horizon, would see the sun making a complete circuit of the heavens, with its lower limb just touching the horizon, until it would very slowly disappear below it, to be no more seen until it recrossed the Ecliptic at the first point of Aries, on March 21st, the following year.

The day at the North Pole, then, is one of six months' duration, to be followed by a long dark night of the same period.

It may be interesting to relate the exact amount of light and darkness which I experienced during a winter passed in the Arctic regions within 460 miles of the Pole.

From the time of crossing the Arctic Circle until we established ourselves in winter quarters on the third day of September, we rejoiced in one long continuous day. On that date the sun set below the northern horizon at midnight, and the daylight hours gradually decreased until the sun disappeared at noon below the southern horizon on October 13th.

From this date until March 1st, a period of 140 days, we never saw the sun; but it must not be supposed that because the sun was absent we were living in total darkness, for such was not the case.

In fine weather, during the long night of 140 days, the stars shone out bright and clear.

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During the month following the disappearance of the sun, and for a month prior to its return, we enjoyed for an hour, more or less, on either side of noon, a glorious twilight; but for three months it may be said we lived in total darkness, although, of course, on fine days the stars shone out bright and clear, rendered all the more brilliant by the reflection from the snow and ice by which we were surrounded, whilst we also enjoyed the light from the moon in its regular lunations.

On December 21st, the shortest day in the year, the sun at our winter quarters was at noon 20 deg. below the horizon. I mention this because the twilight circle, or, to use its scientific name, the *crepusculum*, when dawn begins and twilight ends, is determined when the sun is 18 deg. below the horizon.

On our darkest day it was not possible at noon to read even the largest-sized type.

Yet another peculiarity connected with the position of the Pole is that, in consequence of the compression, or flattening, of the earth at the Poles, weight is somewhat affected.

For instance, a pound of lead, or any other substance, would weigh more at the North Pole than at any place south of that position, in consequence of the Pole being nearer to the centre of the earth and therefore more under the influence of terrestrial gravitation. According to Newton, a body weighing one hundred and ninety-four pounds at the Equator would increase one pound in weight at the Pole, simply because the Pole is thirteen miles nearer to the centre of the earth than any place situated on the Equatorial belt.

The limit of this article has been reached, but I hope that I have said sufficient to show that the North Pole and its immediate neighbourhood possess peculiarities that do not obtain in other places situated in the northern hemisphere, and therefore, if only on account of the interesting and curious conditions that are found to exist there, it is a region well deserving of further investigation.

A HORSE IN MINIATURE.

THE animal held by the man in our photograph is not, as some might suppose at first glance, a young donkey. It is a full-grown horse that can run and trot and gallop in as fine style as any English thoroughbred or Arab barb. The weight of the curious little creature is only a few pounds, and when it stands upon the ground its head comes very little higher than a man's knee. Its strength is by no means trifling when the size of the horse is taken into consideration; and one of the most curious sights in the American cities which it visits is the queer little animal harnessed to a miniature carriage, with all the appointments of a rich turn-out, walking through the streets followed by an admiring crowd.

This horse in miniature is remarkably intelligent, and is as much attached to its master as is the proverbial "noble beast" of the Board School reading book. It follows him about, eats from his hand, and neighs with evident delight whenever it sees him approaching. The little creature can perform a number of clever tricks, which excite the wonder and amusement of onlookers. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that its training has been wholly characterised by kindness on the part of the owner, who never uses a whip, and in fact never finds such chastisement necessary.

From a Photo

A horse in miniature.

The strangest fact in connection with the midget horse is that its sire and dam are of ordinary proportions.

When the little colt was born, it was feared that it would not live long. But the greatest care was taken of the tiny creature, and now the owner has the satisfaction of possessing the smallest horse in the world.

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By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C.

The young, but already eminent Nisi Prius leader, Mr. Anthony Carver, K.C. gazed in perplexity at two retainers that lay side by side on the writing table of his chambers, with twisted cheques tucked into the red tape that tied them.

The two retainers were strangely endorsed, like yet unlike. On one was written in a clear, clerkly hand,

"Godfrey, Duke of Wildermer."
Plaintiff,
Harold, Marquis of Winthorpe by his mother and next friend Mamie, Duchess of Wildermer.
Defendant."

On the other,

William Stubbs.
Plaintiff.
Harold, Duke of Wildermer by his mother and next friend Mamie, Duchess of Wildermer.
Defendant.

On both was Mr. Carver's own name in full, but on one he was retained for the plaintiff and on the other for the defendant.

Mr. Carver, K.C. was puzzled. He recognised of course, at a glance that the retainers were from the opposing parties in the same case, in spite of the difference in the endorsement. Which should he accept?

"They came together, Jerry?" he asked of his clerk who stood by the table waiting.

No man, woman or child but himself had ever yet ventured to call that lank, lantern-jawed Jeremiah Thornberry, "Jerry."

"At precisely the same moment, sir," Jeremiah answered slowly, "and the fee marked on both is the same. Lockard's clerk and Ledwich's clerk burst into the office together and crammed the papers into my hand together. Each swore he was first and both begged me to bring the retainer at once to you. I don't like to trouble you, sir, about trifles," Jeremiah went on apologetically, "but this case seems a little—if one might say so—peculiar."

"Decidedly peculiar!" assented Tony Carver, K.C. "What on earth is that now?"

There came a sharp impatient rap at the outer office and a turning of the door-handle. Then followed the swishing of a silk skirt across the room. The door of the inner

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office opened without any knocking, and a lady sailed sedately into the room, followed by a tall, fair boy about twelve years of age.

She met the King's Counsel's look of surprise with a gracious nod.

"I am the Duchess of Wildermer, Mr. Carver. You will pardon me if I intrude; my business is very urgent."

"Won't Your Grace take a chair? Mr. Thornberry, you can go."

But Her Grace did not take a chair. She stood facing Mr. Carver—keen-eyed, bright-plumed, alert as a bird while Mr. Thornberry glided softly from the room.

"I am not too late!" she cried as the door closed on the retreating clerk.

Her quick eyes caught sight of the two retainers lying side by side on the lawyer's table, and read the endorsement.

Instantly she caught them up in either hand, held one behind her back and offered the other to Mr. Carver.

"You'll take this one—won't you?"

The voice was very pleasant, with just a slight, delicate flavour of the American twang, for Mamie Wolverton had come with her millions from Chicago to conquer the Duke and dukedom of Wildermer.

Mr. Carver smiled good-humouredly. "Must I?" he asked.

"Please!" There was a world of entreaty in the word, and bright eyes and smiling lips seconded the appeal.

"Your Grace shall be obeyed."

"Oh! thanks," she said as he took the paper from her hand. "And this?" she asked, showing a corner of the other obnoxious document from behind her back.

For answer he rang the bell and the clerk appeared.

"Take this retainer back to Mr. Ledwich," he said; "tell him I have been retained for the defendant. I'm very sorry."

"Not very sorry, I hope, Mr. Carver?" the Duchess interposed.

"Delighted to have Your Grace for a client."

"I'm delighted too, I assure you. The case means life or death, to me and my boy!" The bright face clouded as sudden as an April sky. The tears started to her beautiful eyes.

"Don't, my dear lady, don't do that! I promise you I'll do my best."

"Of course you will. That's why I came to you with a rush. My poor husband the Duke always said 'Tony Carver—your pardon, Mr. Carver—is the brightest chap at the Bar.' But I heard you were myself and that was good enough for me, so I wired to Mr. Lockard 'Have Tony Carver as my lawyer.' He wired back 'Fear Mr. Carver is retained on other side. Will brief Mr. Woolcombe.'"

"Woolcombe is his brother-in-law," Carver murmured under his breath, but the quick ear of the Duchess heard him.

"Oh! But I was not to be done, you bet. I wired again 'Insist, insist, insist. Get Tony Carver at any cost.' Then I took a special train and rushed up to town with Harold to make quite sure. I was only just in time. Which would you have taken, Mr. Carver, if I had not come?"

"Well, you see Ledwich is an old friend," Mr. Carver answered diplomatically. "And gives me all his business too."

"Then it was a win by a head!" she cried. "Harold, come here."

A frank, manly boy—a young aristocrat in every line of his handsome face, in every movement of his slim, graceful figure—came to her without a touch of shyness for the stranger.

The young mother laid a small gloved hand caressingly on his shoulder, and beamed on him with infinite love and pride.

"Harold, I want you to thank Mr. Carver with me. He has promised to protect us both."

"To do my best, Your Grace," Mr. Carver protested.

"Oh! I'm quite sure you will win."

"But you forget I have not the least notion what the case is about."

"Isn't it in your brief?"

"I have got no brief as yet. The retainer—this document—is a mere folded sheet of blank paper with the trifling addition of a cheque."

"Oh! for that matter I can tell you the whole case."

"I fear that would be hardly regular."

"Regular or not, you've got to hear it. You're my counsel now, you know. I want my luncheon badly; I hardly tasted my breakfast I was in such a state. You won't refuse, Mr. Carver, to take me to the Savoy to lunch. We can talk as we eat."

There was a great deal of human nature about Tony Carver, K.C. It was the secret of his success with the jurors. A dainty lunch at the Savoy with a dainty duchess as *tête à tête* was a bribe not to be resisted.

He bowed gravely with his very best professional air. "I am entirely at Your Grace's disposal," he said.

"But what shall we do with Harold? He doesn't want lunch. He crammed at a basket in the train coming up. Trust a boy for that."

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"The theatre," Mr. Carver suggested. "My clerk, Mr. Thornberry, would be delighted to take him. There is a mid-day performance at the Criterion, I think." He glanced at the amusement column of the *Times*. "Yes, two o'clock—would that do?"

"Scrumptious!" cried Master Harold, his blue eyes kindling with delight.

The Duchess nodded her consent.

"Then we may consider that settled," said Mr. Carver, and rang the bell.

"Mr. Thornberry," he said, "I'm going out for some hours. I shall be much obliged if you will kindly look after this young gentleman at the mid-day performance at the Criterion, and bring him to the Savoy Hotel when it is over, and perhaps, Mr. Thornberry, you would be good enough to call a hansom. Now, Duchess, I'm completely at your service."

All through the luncheon the Duchess chatted pleasantly of a thousand things, but never once touched the fringes of the case.

"You can go!" she said to the French waiter when the fruit stage of the luncheon was reached. "Smoke, Mr. Carver, I like the smell, and all men listen better when they are smoking."

"I was in love with the Duke, Mr. Carver," she began her story.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Carver, utterly bewildered with this abrupt opening.

"Yes, indeed, and indeed with the Duke, not the title. That's what makes this so terrible."

"What makes what?" queried the bewildered Mr. Carver.

"Please, please let me tell my story my own way," pleaded the Duchess. "I'll go straight enough when I settle into my stride.

"We were both young when we married—Godfrey and I—during my first season in London, and we hit it off together twelve years without a hitch. When he began to be restless I wasn't surprised and I didn't complain. It's a hard thing for a young man to be tied to any woman's apron strings for twelve years."

"That depends," said Mr. Carver with a smile.

"Oh! we'll take the compliments for granted if you please. I made no objection when Godfrey hinted he'd like a bit of a holiday. But, of course, I knew that man Bill Stubbs was at the bottom of it."

"Bill Stubbs!" cried Mr. Carver remembering the endorsement.

"Keep your hair on! I beg your pardon, Mr. Carver, restrain your impatience for one moment. Bill Stubbs was the younger son of one of the tenants on the estate, exactly the same age as my husband, and foolish people declared he was the facsimile of the Duke in appearance. I could never see it myself. There was a kind of likeness, certainly, but that was all. Well this Stubbs was a wild youth though very clever at the same time. At twenty he got into some sort of trouble, and ran away and joined the army, and served in South Africa for eight years. But for all his cleverness he never got beyond the rank of a private.

"There was some more trouble—I don't know what—and he was discharged and came back to live in the old place. My husband took a great fancy to him and by degrees promoted him to the post of head gamekeeper. I believe he was a wonderful shot, couldn't miss if he tried, my husband

She held one behind her back, and offered the other to Mr. Carver.

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said, and a terror to poachers. Godfrey was a thorough sportsman.

"That accounts, perhaps, for Stubbs having such a hold over him. He got sick of slaughtering pheasants year after year in the home covers. He wanted to shoot big game in Africa. Stubbs put that into his head, I believe, though whether the man had laid his plans at the time or not I don't know. But the long and the short of it is that about a year ago the Duke and Stubbs set out together with a whole armoury of rifles for the Cape.

"Godfrey cried—yes, Mr. Carver, actually cried, when he bade good-bye to the boy and myself. If I had said the word then I do believe he would have pitched up the whole job. But I didn't say it. I didn't think it would be fair to say it, so he went and—and—I shall never see him again."

The Duchess had told her story so far in a low, even, monotonous voice. Now without a moment's warning she burst into a passion of weeping, dabbing her eyes with a little rag of a lace handkerchief which was as useless as Mrs. Partington's famous mop to stem the ocean.

Mr. Carver would have dearly loved to comfort her. But he realised the danger of sympathy.

"Well!" he said in his dryest and most formal tone, "will you kindly proceed with your statement."

The voice and words brought her back with a jerk from the very verge of hysterics. She recovered as suddenly as she had broken down. For one moment she regarded the eminent King's Counsel with angry eyes that flashed through her tears. Then the brave, quick-witted little lady realised his motive and smiled on him.

"You are a real good sort," she said, and quietly resumed her story where she had left off. "At first I heard from him pretty regularly. He was having a high old time and wrote in the best of spirits. Then the letters stopped suddenly and I was crazed with anxiety. After about three months there came one day a Kimberley newspaper addressed to me in a hand I didn't know. There were two great crosses of red pencil on the front page and under them I read in big head-lines:

'THE DUKE'S RETURN.
A STRANGE STORY.
A COMRADE LOST AND A CORPSE FOUND.
WHO SHOT BILL STUBBS?'

"I begin to see a glimmer of light," murmured Mr. Carver.

"You'll have it in floods in a moment. I won't trouble you with the whole of the newspaper story. You can read it yourself later on. I kept it of course, though it made me mad at the time. To cut a very long story short it told how the Duke had come to Kimberley alone. He said that Bill Stubbs had heard of a gold mine from some natives, and had determined to push into the interior to look for it. But two days later quite by accident the body of Bill Stubbs was found in quite a different direction from what the Duke described, with a bullet wound from a modern rifle through his heart. There was a great fuss about the business, and there was even some talk the paper said of a trial for murder, but there was little evidence and no motive, so the matter was let drop. Perhaps, being a Duke had something to do with that, it was hinted.

"I was real mad when I read the account. I got ready to start out at once for the Cape. But the next day—no, the second next day—I had a letter to say he was coming home. The hand was his, though the style wasn't like his at all, stiff and formal. But I made allowance for all the trouble he had gone through, and when at last the boat came into Southampton, I was there with the carriage to meet him. I thought I recognised the figure and called out 'Godfrey! Godfrey!' He turned at my voice and came quickly to meet me with both his hands stretched out. 'My darling!' he cried, and would have caught me in his arms and kissed me. But when his face came close, I saw it was not he at all."

"It was not the Duke?"

"Of course not. It was Bill Stubbs. A sudden rage took hold of me and I struck him twice with my clenched fist on the face.

"'Why, what's the matter, Mamie?' he asked.

"'Impostor!' I shrieked 'Murderer! You have murdered my husband.'

"A crowd gathered. Oh! the cool audacity of the villain. He must have expected something of this kind.

"'My poor little woman,' he said gently, 'your brain is overwrought. You will be all right in the morning. John!'

"'Yes, Your Grace,' said my own coachman, touching his hat. I could have strangled him for it.

"'You will take the Duchess back to her hotel.'

"'Yes, Your Grace.'

"I was nearly smothering with rage. But I thought it the best thing to do, so I stepped into the carriage and drove back. The next

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morning the cool villain called, but I refused to see him. That same day I went back to London and put the matter into the hands of my solicitor, Mr. Lockard. Then by his advice, I rushed straight on to Wildermer Castle. Stubbs followed me there hot foot. But the servants took my word against his. Fortunately they were all new, and flung him out of the place."

"Well?" said Mr. Carver—for there was a pause.

"This is the cruellest thing of all. He went straight on to the dowager Duchess, and she received him at once as her son—him the murderer of her son—it is too awful to think of! But she always was an old cat. She hated me because Godfrey loved me best, I suppose. She believes it because she wants to believe it. There is a certain likeness I don't deny, and she never saw Bill Stubbs before.

"Anyway she has taken him to live with her, and introduced him to everyone as her son, and everyone accepts him as the Duke—he must be as clever as the Devil himself—and they say I'm mad. The old Duchess has given him the money to bring the action and—and—that's the whole story."

There was a long pause. Mr. Carver's face was expressionless as a stone wall. His whole mind self-absorbed left him unconscious of his companion and surroundings.

"Well!" said the Duchess impatiently at last.

He woke with a start as a sound sleeper wakens and looked at her vacantly.

"You are quite sure?" he asked.

"Don't talk rubbish," she answered—"as sure as death."

"It's a very difficult case," he went on slowly.

"Don't I know that! That's why I was so anxious to have *you*."

He smiled at the compliment—a grim resolute smile that boded no good for Mr. Stubbs.

"I have promised to do my best," he said simply.

"I ask no more. And here is Harold"—as the boy burst noisily into the room and ran to his mother—"come to help me to thank you."

"Not yet," said Mr. Carver, "the thanks must come later—if at all."

* * * *

The court was crowded; out to the doors and up to the ceilings. So sensational a case had not been heard of in

"Why, what's the matter, Mamie?" he asked.

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London for years. The newspapers had raved about it, and tickets for admission were scrambled for in society more eagerly than for the greatest social function of the year. The dramatic story with all its strange vicissitudes was followed with intense excitement.

For a month before the London newspapers copied the sensational stories and comments of the African press. There were portraits published of the living duke and the dead gamekeeper, and though the writers guarded themselves from any direct statement pending the trial, the suggestion was found in every line of their comment that the plaintiff's identity was beyond dispute.

The young duchess, at Mr. Carver's particular request, sat with her boy beside her in full view of the jury, and in her expressive face, as in a mirror, every changing aspect of the case was reflected.

From the very first the case went steadily against the defendant.

Mr. Wilberforce, K.C., as Mr. Carver was fain to admit, conducted for the plaintiff with consummate skill. He piled his evidence up to a climax.

First casual acquaintances, then relatives, then the dowager Duchess herself, all swore to the identity of the plaintiff with the Duke with a certainty that no cross-examination could disturb.

Mr. Carver, for the most part, contented himself with a few questions about William Stubbs.

All the witnesses who knew Stubbs, frankly confessed the extraordinary, the miraculous likeness, but each denied the possibility of his own mistake.

Even here Mr. Carver was handicapped by the knowledge that the young Duchess, if she got into the witness-box, would swear there was no more than a slight accidental resemblance between the two. If pressed on cross-examination she was capable of denying there was any likeness at all.

The evidence of the old dowager Duchess powerfully impressed the Court. The jury hung upon every word that fell from her lips. Mr. Justice Grant wrote continuously in his note-book. Her testimony was given clearly, distinctly, and with the manifest sincerity of honest conviction.

Finally a photo was put in her hand—an admitted photo of the Duke.

"Yes," she said with quiet decision, "that is a photo of my son the Duke of Wildermer, whom I see now in Court."

The photo was passed up to the jury box and there was conviction in their gaze as they glanced from the picture to the plaintiff who sat beside his solicitor.

"Do you see your grandson, the defendant, in court?" Mr. Wilberforce asked.

"Yes," and she looked steadily to where Harold sat with his mother, while the face of the young Duchess flushed with sudden anger under her steady gaze.

"That likeness speaks for itself," said Mr. Wilberforce glancing at the plaintiff, "I have no more questions to ask you."

The likeness between boy and man was certainly wonderful. The same clear cut aristocratic face with the curved line of the eyebrow, the slight dimple in the left cheek, the same wavy hair at the temples, darker in the man When Mr. Carver let the witness down without a question there was a long breath in court like a diver when he comes to the surface after a deep plunge. The tension of excitement relapsed. It was felt that the case was virtually over.

Then the plaintiff himself stepped into the box to clench the nails in the coffin of the defence. He was an admirable witness, brief, lucid, unobtrusive with the manners of a Duke. His examination was soon over and all vestige of doubt in the case seemed to end with it.

There was something like pity for Mr. Carver as he rose to cross-examine. But he seemed wholly unconscious of the helplessness of the effort.

"Do you see the Duchess of Wildermer in court?" he asked.

"My mother?"

"No."

"Oh! you mean my wife! Yes."

"Do you call that lady your wife?"

"Why, certainly!" with a confident smile.

But the eyes of the jury, following the eyes of the witness, read such honest indignant repudiation on the expressive face of the young Duchess, that some vague doubt began to assail their certainty.

So far, Mr. Carver had scored. He had got in the evidence of his chief witness before the close of the plaintiff's case, and without the peril of cross-examination.

But after that he seemed to grow prolix and uncertain in his questions. Twice he drew from the witness the willing admission that he had never been in the army—regulars, militia, or volunteers.

Then he cross-examined him at great length about William Stubb's military experiences, and the witness responded with unaffected frankness.

"William Stubbs," he said, "had been eight

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years in the army. No, he had never got beyond the rank of private. Could not say why Stubbs had never been promoted. It could not have been from any lack of aptitude. Stubbs was a fine, soldierly, well-set-up fellow."

It was noticed instantly that witness had a slight droop of the shoulders.

"You were about the same height?" asked Mr. Carver irrelevantly.

"Exactly the same height."

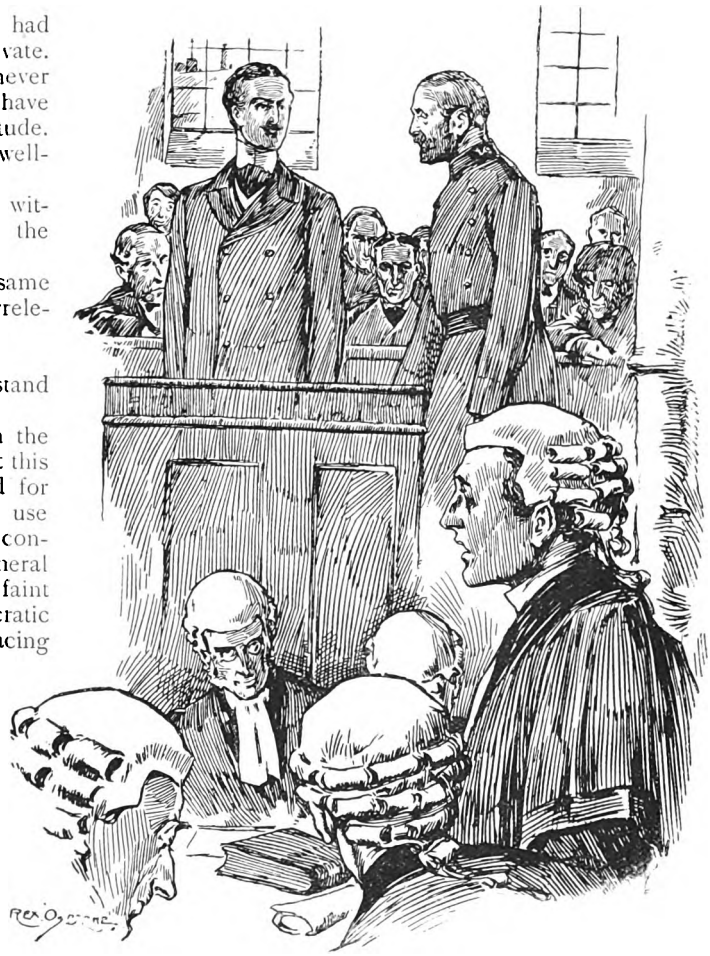
"Would Your Grace kindly stand up?"

There was a little titter in the court, even in the jury box, at this slip on the part of the counsel for the defence. His inadvertent use of the title was accepted as a confession of defeat. The general amusement was reflected in a faint smile on the handsome, aristocratic face of the witness as he stood facing Mr. Carver, with one hand leaning on the arm of the witness chair.

"'*Tenshun!*"

The cry of the drill sergeant from Mr. Carver's lips—sudden, sharp, unexpected as a pistol shot—rang through the startled court.

Instantly the long familiar sound flashed its automatic command through the unconscious brain to every muscle in the body of the witness. The drooping shoulders straightened and squared themselves; the arms stiffened and went down with out-turned palms to his trousers' seams. His heels came together with a sharp military click. He stood erect before the court, judge, and jury, the self-convicted soldier, William Stubbs.



For one moment he stood rigid as an automaton—no longer.

For one moment he stood rigid as an automaton—no longer. Then consciousness came. He saw the trap, he realised his fall and read detection in every face in court. Fear and rage quite mastered him. "Confound you!" he snarled at Mr. Carver, "confound you!" and leaped from the witness box and made for the door.

But the stern voice of the judge rang clear over the sudden din.

"Arrest that man!" he cried, and in a moment the fugitive was seized and overpowered by the police.

"Mr. Wilberforce," the judge went on with routine formality, "do you wish to proceed further in this case?"

"No, my lord."

"So I should expect from you. Gentlemen of the jury, you will kindly find a verdict for the defendant on all the counts. The plaintiff will remain in custody—the criminal law must deal with him. For my own part I venture to congratulate the Duke and Duchess of Wildermer on their escape from a fiendish fraud, and my friend, Mr. Carver, on its brilliant exposure."

Mr. Carver, K.C., took his triumph with the same imperturbable calm which he had displayed from the first. He seemed the most unconcerned spectator in the excited court, as, with the ghost of a smile on his clean cut, clever face, he quietly slipped his brief back into his brief bag.

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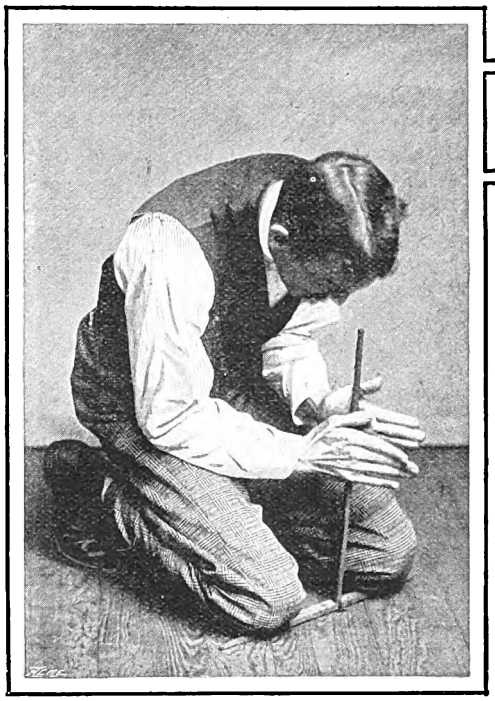


Making fire with two sticks by the "twirling" method, in which one stick is "twirled" into a small hole in the other.

MAKING FIRE

How fire is kindled without the use of matches.

By René Bache.

There are not many white men who are able to make fire by the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together. One, however, who can, is Dr. Walter Hough, of the anthropological section of the National Museum at Washington, and his dexterity in this line is so great, that, if he were cast away like Robinson Crusoe upon an uninhabited island, mere lack of matches would not bother him at all. He would simply look up a couple of bits of dry wood, and in a very few minutes he would be cooking an extemporised supper in front of a roaring blaze.

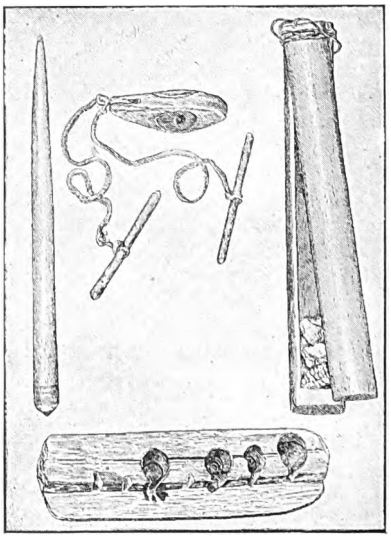
Dr. Hough insists that his possession of this notable accomplishment does not imply any special cleverness on his part. Anybody may acquire it, he declares, with a little effort and some patience. It is altogether a knack, which ought to be obtainable by almost any intelligent person who will take the trouble to study the directions given in this article. The possible value of the accomplishment can easily be seen.

Even scientific men have supposed that it was very difficult to generate fire in this primitive way—that it required special dexterity, such as only some savages are able to acquire, with long practice. This is not true, however. It is easy to produce fire when once the simple knack is gained, and the time needed is quite brief. Dr. Hough has made fire in twenty seconds with two sticks, and, with a slightly more complicated apparatus, the bow-drill, he has accomplished the feat in five seconds by the watch.

The writer has seen Dr. Hough make fire with two sticks, and the performance seemed easy enough. One of the sticks was laid on the ground, a small depression having first of all been gouged in it, and into this depression the point of the other stick was put. Then the second stick was twirled rapidly between the palms of the hands, which were drawn backward and forward past each other almost to the finger-tips, a strong downward pressure being given at the same time.

An all-important point in the preparation of the simple apparatus is a little nick or slot which must be cut on the edge of the lower stick, connecting with the hole in which the spindle stick is made to revolve. In this slot the dust collects, and, remaining in an undisturbed heap, seemingly acts as a muffle to retain the friction-heat until it reaches a sufficiently high temperature, when the wood-powder becomes incandescent.

Flame is never directly secured by the apparatus; the pinch of glowing dust must be placed in contact



Various instruments for making fire in use among the Esquimaux.

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with tinder and fanned to a blaze with great caution. Usually much smoke is generated in the operation. Great dexterity and quickness are often shown by savages in starting fire from the fresh-made charcoal, this part of the process requiring as much care and skill as the production of the spark.

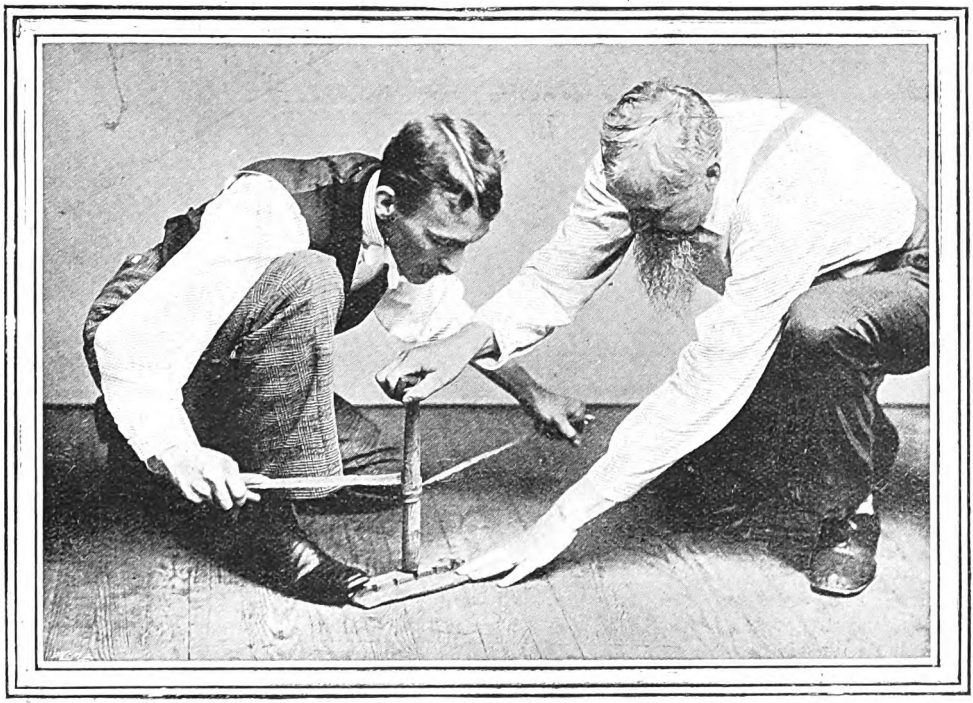
One of the earliest observers who described this method of making fire was Père Lafitau, who, in his work on "Customs of American Savages" published in 1724, says: "The Hurons, Iroquois, and other tribes make fire by rubbing two pieces of wood, one against the other. Taking two pieces of cedar, dry and light, they hold one piece firmly down with the knee, and in a cavity which they have made with the point of a knife on the edge of one of these pieces of wood, which is flat and a little larger, they insert the other piece, which is round and pointed, and turn and press down with so much rapidity and violence that the material of the wood falls off in a rain of fire by means of a crack or little canal which leads from the cavity over a match of frayed cedar bark. This match receives the sparks that fall and preserves them for a long time."

The Esquimaux improve on this method markedly by a slight modification, though it requires two persons to obtain the fire. The sticks they use are the same, and the principle is not in the least different; but the spindle-stick is made to revolve by means of a thong twisted a couple of times around it, the operator holding one end of the thong in either hand. By this means the stick can be twirled with great rapidity, but it has to be held upright by an assistant, who applies for that purpose, to the upper end of it, a cup-shaped stone, and presses down hard.

Another method of fire-making involves the use of the pump-drill, which, like the bow-drill, is a very ancient and familiar invention for boring purposes. Both of these kinds of drills were well known in Egypt at least fifteen centuries before Christ, and their employment in the production of fire is a mere after-thought.

The pump-drill shown in the picture is one that was utilised in making "new fire" at the White Dog Feast of 1888 by the Onondagua Iroquois, who, by the way, are probably the only people in the world who generate fire in this manner. It is thought to have been a white man's suggestion.

Thus far, mention has been made of only one method of fire-making, namely, that of twirling one stick upon another, the various processes described being simply different ways of causing the spindle-stick to revolve.



The two-handed fire-drill in use among the Esquimaux.

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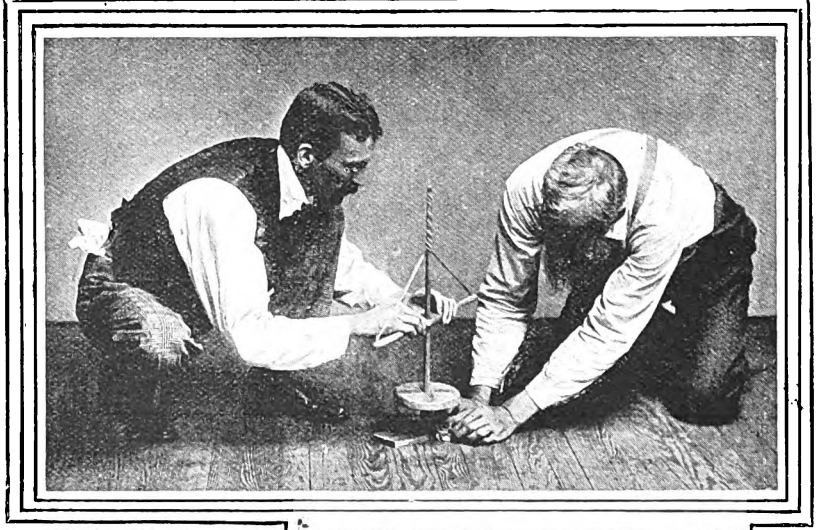
Other modes, however, are known to native peoples in some out-of-the-way parts of the world, and one of the most notable of these is found in Polynesia. It is called the "ploughing" method, and, as practised in Samoa, the instruments used are a short, cylindrical pointed stick and a larger billet of wood, on which latter a shallow groove has been begun. The smaller stick is clasped between the hands at an angle of forty-five degrees, and one end of it is rubbed along the groove in the billet, on which the operator kneels. As the rubbing is

Esquimaux fire-drill being manipulated by one person.



Pump-drill used by the Iroquois Indians. It is thought to have been shown them long ago by some white men.

gradually accelerated, a little heap of wood-dust is pushed to the end of the groove, and at length it ignites.

It should be realised that not every kind of wood will serve the purpose of the primitive fire-maker. For instance, it is practically impossible to make fire with black walnut, while, on the other hand, the starchy stems of flowering plants have always been favourite fire-

Making fire by the ploughing method.

generating material. Woods vary in combustibility according to their density and chemical constitution.

The Eskimo, obliged in his frozen Arctic home to depend upon the drift-wood he may chance to pick up, utilises for this purpose almost any kind of dry wood. His compound drill, with its strong pressure and high rate of speed, generating enough heat to ignite wood that could not be persuaded by an inferior contrivance to yield a spark. Generally speaking, wood that is soft from dry rot, or worm-eaten, is the best.

What is known as the Malay or "sawing" method of making fire is practised in the East Indies, in the Malay Peninsula, and in Sumatra, the Celebes, and the Sulu

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Archipelago. It is remarkably simple, a sharp-edged piece of bamboo being rubbed across the convex surface of another piece, on which a small notch has been first cut. Beginning slowly, the rubbing quickens gradually, until it becomes very rapid, the knife-like edge of the extemporised saw soon piercing the piece of bamboo beneath. Then, through the hole thus made the fine powder that has been rubbed off falls, incandescent, and ignites tinder placed beneath.

The sawing method used chiefly in Malay. Bamboo is the most suitable wood for this process.

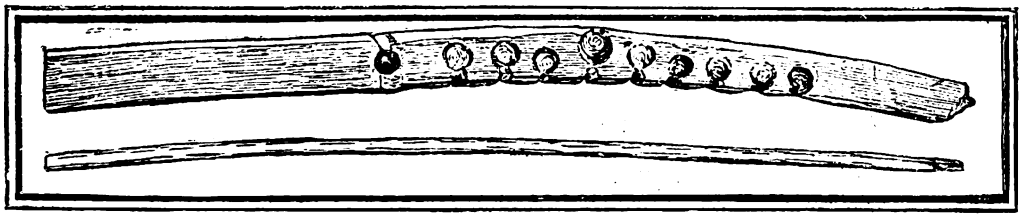
It is thought that Nature may have suggested the sawing process to fireless man. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the famous naturalist, says that many fires are started in the jungle by the stems of bamboos rubbing together in a high wind-storm. The creaking is indescribable, and the noise of the rasping and grinding of the horny stems almost unendurable.

Most curious of all instruments used for the generation of fire is the so-called "fire syringe," which, oddly enough, is found in the hands both of the learned physicist and the untutored savage. Where and how it originated as a fire-making tool is unknown, but the principle on which it operates is the familiar one, that air gives up heat when compressed. It is employed by various tribes of Dyaks and Burmese, and varies in aspect from a mere cylinder of buffalo-horn with a hole bored in it for the piston, to a tube of brass lined with lead and highly ornamented.

A small piece of tinder is placed in the hollowed end of the piston, which is inserted in the mouth of the cylinder. Holding the latter in his left hand, the operator strikes the knob of the piston smartly with the open right hand, and forcibly enough to drive it home. The piston is then instantly withdrawn, and the tinder is seen to be alight. Gently breathing upon the spark, fresh tinder is applied, which catches fire immediately, and scraped wood and small sticks, successively added, yield the desired flame.

In Eastern Equatorial Africa the Wataveita generate fire in the common African way, by rapidly drilling a hard-pointed stick into a small hole in a flat piece of wood. The business of fire-making in this tribe belongs exclusively to the men, who hand down the art from father to son, and never (so they say) reveal the secret of it to a woman. One of the men, being asked why this was, replied: "Why, if women knew how to produce fire, they would soon become our masters."

Savages, quite naturally, imagine that fire actually resides in wood and in stone; for, if such were not the case, why should it come out when those materials are rubbed or struck? It can be persuaded to come out, however, only by vigorous manipulation. The first "steel," doubtless, was a bit of stone containing some iron.



The fire-making instruments in use by the Wataveita, a tribe of E. Equatorial Africa.

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HILDA

By J. J. BELL

ALL Spring I played the hermit, and summer found me still in town. I had not seen Hilda since the break-up of our platonic friendship, which event happened in February, but rumour had it that she and Greene, the dramatic poet, were engaged.

One day in early July I had occasion to lunch in the city, and as I entered the restaurant, I was button-holed by my old friend, Mr. Firkin.

"Very warm—ha, h'm—melted, boiled alive!" he gasped, wiping his forehead. Mr. Firkin has a chronic little cough, and a jerky way of speaking.

"Yes," I assented.

"Fine weather for sea-side—ha, h'm—yachting, bathing—ha, h'm."

"Yes!" said I again.

"Ha, h'm! I say, young man, you're looking seedy, washed-out, sick of life—ha, h'm! Better come with me to-morrow—ha, h'm!—Bracken Bay—nice house—lots of girls and boys—ha, h'm!"

Truth to tell I was feeling bad, mind and body, and I accepted the good man's invitation on the spot, and the next afternoon we travelled together to Bracken Bay, arriving there about six o'clock. We dined alone, the house-party having gone on a picnic excursion with the intention of walking home in the evening's coolness.

"Ha, h'm! Didn't say you were coming — pleasant surprise — ha, h'm! — young ladies!" chuckled my host over his third glass of port. "But won't keep you—ha, h'm! Take the high road past hotel—can't miss them coming home. Ha, h'm!"

I took his advice and one of his unsurpassed cigars and left the house. When I had proceeded a mile up the road as directed, the budding heather by the wayside proved so attractive, that I stretched myself thereon, intending to finish my smoke and await the passing of the picnic party. A beautiful white ash, fully an inch and a half long, had formed upon my cigar when something occurred to make me spring up and shoot it over my waistcoat.

My name was called, and by a very familiar voice. It was Hilda of all people; and I was thinking of a cold and distant greeting, when her pale face and breathlessness told me that she was in trouble.

She did not wait for me to speak. "Oh, Harry, have you seen him?" she cried.

"Seen whom?" said I, noticing that in her her excitement she did not even offer her hand.

"Mr. Greene. Oh, he'll be dead, he'll be dead!" she wailed.

"Hilda, try to explain to me what is the matter."

"Well, you see—but let us hurry on—you see, he has been staying at the hotel here, and he joined us to-day when we went to the picnic—and he would keep with me—and then he proposed to me, and I said 'Oh, no!' —and then he said he would go and drown himself in the sea, and "—with a sob—"he's gone!"

"But when did he go?" I inquired, not without alarm. I knew Greene to be an excitable creature.

"About half-an-hour ago—and he left me on the moor, and I lost myself and I couldn't see any of the others—and I was so glad to see you—and oh, Harry, do let us run before it's too late. Perhaps it *is* too late!" she half sobbed.

It was not the time to express my candid

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opinion of Greene—or of Hilda. As we hurried along, I could only assure the trembling girl that a man who is going to drown himself always has one or two things to do before committing himself to the deep. For instance, I argued, he would settle his hotel bill, and tip the waiter and the boots, and leave word that he would not require breakfast in the morning. He might also have a will to make, and he certainly would not quit the world without leaving some written message to the cause of all his misery.

I must have talked a volume of nonsense whilst we covered the distance to the hotel. I don't know whether Hilda heard me or not, but I had to prevent her speaking and breaking down again. Any hard thoughts I had possessed, melted at the sight of the pretty, pathetic, frightened little face. When my stock of suitable remarks had reached a distressingly low ebb, the red sandstone of the hotel appeared through the trees in front of us.

"Now Hilda," said I, "you must wait here and be patient. Try to recover yourself while I go in and see about Greene."

"If he's there, oh, tell him not to be rash. Explain that I'm not worthy of him, Harry."

I was several yards away when I heard her last message. "But I *couldn't* marry him."

* * *

"Is Mr. Greene in the house?" I asked of the boots who was standing on the hotel steps.

"One minute, sir, and I'll inquire." It seemed an age till he returned. "He's in the coffee-room, sir. He has just ordered supper. Shall I say you wish to see him?"

"No; don't trouble. I'll go in." I was boiling with wrath. Supper, forsooth! and poor little Hilda half mad with fear. As I entered the room Greene looked up from his note-book and smiled slightly. "Hullo! Derry, when did you arrive?"

"Just in time," said I.

He evidently grasped my meaning, for his face turned a sulky red. "It's none of your business," he grunted.

"There we differ."

"I always suspected—" he began.

"I always thought you a fool, but never a knave until to-night," I said candidly.

"Oh, I know you're fond of her—and you're welcome."

"You're a beastly cad, Greene," I said softly. "You would frighten a girl to death for the sake of your infernal dramatic notions. You'll put her into a poem, I suppose."

"Yes; and publish it," he drawled. "It has been very amusing all along," he continued; "a series of new sensations. Your platonic friendship was an exquisite comedy."

"Never mind that. What I want is, that you leave here by the early steamer to-morrow morning."

"And if I don't?"

I pointed to the supper which the waiter brought in at that moment. "'*Supper*

"Oh, Harry, have you seen him?" she cried.

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"Hullo! Derry, when did you arrive?"

versus Suicide' is a title which catches the eye, I think, and 'Greene, a dramatic poet,' is as good a name and designation as any."

"Would you dare—" he spluttered.

"Anything," said I.

"It was only a joke."

"Your jokes are singularly feeble, Greene. You will leave here to-morrow morning." Then I left him muttering to himself.

* * * *

I hastened back to Hilda.

"Were you in time, Harry?" she cried before I reached her.

"Yes; I saw him. You may set your mind at rest, Hilda; he has been persuaded to live, and he is leaving by the morning steamer. Now, don't cry, or I'll go back and say you don't want him to go."

"Oh, Harry, I only want to cry because he isn't drowned, and because I'm glad he is going away."

"Not a tear," I said sternly, as we walked towards the shore.

"I don't want to go home," she said in reply to my inquiry. "The others can't have returned yet."

"Shall we go down the pier, then?" said I; "it's dreadfully sultry to-night."

It was a breathless evening; the water looked like oil, and a yellowish haze hung over the bay. For a long time we stood leaning on the rail at the pier-head, as silent as the things around us. It was growing dusk. I had finished my second cigarette, and heard the end hiss in the water below, and the last puff still lingered above us, when Hilda spoke.

"I didn't know you were coming to-night."

"I wasn't aware you were here," I returned.

Another long silence.

"How many more hearts are you going to break, Hilda?" I said carelessly. "Perhaps I should hardly ask that, though, seeing we are but mere acquaintances."

"But we're friends again, Harry."

"No; but you can answer the question if you like."

"One," I fancied I read on her lips.

"Whose is it to be?"

"My own; and I think—"

There was a brilliant flash of light, and immediately after a roar. A strange hissing noise came over the sea.

"Quick, Hilda; come in here!"

A tiny waiting-room stood at the pier-head, and into it we stepped, as another flash flared out, followed by a louder peal which rolled and rattled among the hills. The rain drummed on the zinc roof of our refuge. Hilda sat down in the farthest corner.

"Are you afraid?" I asked.

"N—no."

"That's all right," I said cheerfully, though it must be admitted that secretly I was sorely disappointed. "This storm ought to clear the air," I added, merely for the sake of saying something.

"Ought it?" said Hilda, for the same reason, I fancy.

"Well, I hope it will."

"So do I."

There was a pause in our conversation, and I betook myself to the door, where I stood with my back to Hilda and my face to the greasy, bubbling sea. Groaning in spirit, I leant my arm against the door-post and watched the beads of water from the roof run up, or rather down, my sleeve, deriving a sort

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of insane satisfaction from the addition of bodily discomfort to mental misery. I did not blame Hilda at all; yet, foolishly enough, I could not stop wishing that she would exhibit some little alarm at the flashes of light which were now both vivid and frequent; and I fell to speculating whether she would have shown fear had my place been occupied by some other man from the crowd that had been dancing attendance on her during the past year. Greene, of course, was dismissed; but that fact only made me wonder who the happy man could be, for surely there was such a person when Hilda had, in the flush of her renewed friendship, admitted that she was breaking her own heart.

Thus despondently I pondered till an appalling crash, the loudest peal so far, rent the air. "Hooray!" I cried aloud, in the bitterness of my despair.

From her corner Hilda whispered "Harry!" but I feigned not to have heard. She did not repeat my name, however, and I cursed myself for not having answered at once, and waited anxiously for another thunder-clap. It came; but no little voice followed it. The temptation grew too strong for me, and at last I glanced round. It was almost dark in the waiting-room, and Hilda, in her white blouse, looked like a dainty ghost.

"Are you finding it very dull?" I inquired politely.

"Please come inside," she said coldly, ignoring my question.

"Are you afraid I might get struck standing here?" I asked sarcastically.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, her face illuminated and pale.

"A glorious flash!" I remarked pleasantly.

"Come inside at once!" she commanded.

"It won't hurt you," I said gently. "And you're not frightened, are you, Hilda?"

"A—a little," she murmured, hiding her face in her hands.

"Come over here, Hilda," I said presently; "I've made a fairly comfortable place for you."

But she did not move.

"There are earwigs and beetles where you are," I added after a moment. The effect of my remark was altogether unexpected. She remained where she was, and then in the dim light I knew she was crying.

I went over and sat beside her, but she motioned me away. "Hilda," I said, "if you are breaking your heart, won't you have mine for company?"

"Oh, Harry, you just say that because you are sorry for me."

"I say it because I've been sorry for myself ever since . . . ever since I behaved like an utter fool. And I'll never be glad unless you are glad with me."

She looked up at me through the most wonderful and beautiful tears. "Oh, Harry."

There was another lurid flash and a deafening roar, and she hid her face again—but not in her hands.

* * * * *

The storm had passed, and we two went out into the cool, clear night. The summer was new again. The sea had shaken off its sickness and broke in hushed laughter.

"It's wonderful how thunder clears the air!" I remarked thoughtfully.

Hilda laughed. "It is, indeed, Harry," she said softly.

We passed up the avenue to the house, and the sounds of a banjo and a girl's voice came out to greet us. It was very dark at the door.

"Don't, Harry," whispered Hilda.

But I did.

And so we left the night behind us.

Nobody should miss the first instalment of H. G. Wells' delightful serial,

"THE SEA-LADY,"

in the current

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE,

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The famous weighing-house at Alkmaar.

THE HOME OF THE DUTCH CHEESE

By V. Gribayedoff.

Photographs by C. Van der Aa.

I had been advised by a Dutch acquaintance to visit Alkmaar, and early on a bright Friday morning I entered the special market train at the Central Station at Amsterdam, and started on my journey. Alkmaar is the actual centre of the cheese trade in North Holland, the greatest cheese-producing country in the world. Fully half the product of the entire province passes through the portals of the ancient city to be disposed of at its market place in the shadow of its famous Waaggebouw or scales-house. The melodious distant chimes from the Scales House spire announced the approaching end of the journey, and a glance from the carriage window presented an imposing view of the beautiful mediæval town with its outlying park and its score of ancient towers and steeples. My fellow passengers were, for the most part, Amsterdam and Haarlem cheese merchants, and a large procession of hacks and vehicles of every description were awaiting them at the railway station, which is about a mile from the market-place.

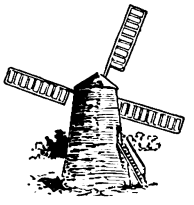
The townsfolk seemed to have turned out *en masse* to greet the new comers. Besides pedestrians, the streets were filled with queerly draped waggons of antique pattern, driven by peasants in blouses and sabots. Some were accompanied by their wives, attired in the quaint head-dress and jewellery peculiar to North Holland. All these people were following the same direction as ourselves, and I learned that their vehicles contained the precious product they were expecting that day to turn into shining guilder pieces.

Presently we turn a corner and the market appears in full view. Imagine an open oblong space of ground of about an acre, covered with mounds of large golden spheres, resembling at a distance giant Florida oranges.

In the narrow intermediate spaces stand rows of stolid sun-burned peasants and city cheese dealers, while all along the edge of the mass run the hired carriers in white duck suits and straw hats of variegated hues, groaning in couples under the weight of untold numbers of cheeses, which they transport on barrows of a bygone pattern. They are making extraordinary time for Dutch labourers, but an explanation of this anomaly is subsequently found in the fact that a reward awaits the couple who have disposed of the largest quantity of merchandise during the day.

The canal, with its numerous transport boats, borders the square on the west, rows of old-fashioned two-storey dwellings border the north and east, while on the southern end arises the stately Waaggebouw, already mentioned, resplendent in its carvings, mouldings, and frescoes, and proudly bearing the weight of its old Dutch belfry of thirty-five bells.

We find, on consulting the town's records, that the "Waagrecht," or scale rights, were acquired by the municipality as early as 1651, by special act of the States-Provincial, signed by William of Orange. In the following year the old Geethuis, or hospital, was purchased, and partly rebuilt and refitted as a municipal weighing-house. This is the building of to-day.



The scales in use at present were made in the year 1692 by one John Groengraft, of Amsterdam, for the sum of 858 guilders, and that he furnished a good piece of mechanism is apparent from their durability and their accuracy, which has never yet been questioned. The beautiful

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chimes are the work of Melchior de Haze, of Antwerp, and are accounted among the best in the Netherlands. They were put in place in 1687, and comprise nine large-sized and twenty-six smaller bells, with an aggregate weight of metal of 14.385lb.

The "Waagrecht" gave the town of Alkmaar the practical control of the cheese trade within a circumference of many miles, and albeit the product itself is better known abroad as cheese of Edam, the name of a rival centre on the Zuyder Zee, Alkmaar has always held her own as the great mart of Holland. An idea of the proportions of her trade may be gleaned from the fact that considerably over 5,000,000lbs. of cheese have been weighed in the "Waaggebouw" in one year, this being the largest record for any town in the world.

Operations in the market-place are liveliest about noon time. On the stroke of the clock, the chimes burst forth in melody and fill the air with the strains of some modern comic opera. On the day of my visit the selections were from "Cloches de Corneville" and the "Mikado," and I must confess the combination of such music, with the surroundings, impressed me as being somewhat incongruous. Would-be sellers gathered round their respective piles of the sticky, oily globes, awaiting the approach of intending purchasers.

The method of ascertaining the quality of the wares is simple enough. The buyer takes up a cheese at random, prods it vigorously with his thumbs to test its consistency, and being satisfied with that, runs a long, narrow scoop into its centre and extracts a sample of cylindrical form. He either tastes the end or rubs it between his fingers, and then replaces the cylinder so neatly that the incision becomes imperceptible.

Now comes the bargaining, which, however, in view of the small fluctuation in the market prices of cheese, seldom lasts long, and, an agreement being arrived at, the contracting parties clap hands three times with a peculiar swinging movement, and this concludes the sale. The buyer beckons to the carriers, whom he has engaged for the day,

Before the scales.

A discussion as to price.

and the cheeses are at once piled on the barrows and carried to the weighing-house.

Each pair of scales weighs two barrows of cheeses at a time, and the average weight of a barrow is about 500lb. A weighing fee is, of course, chargeable according to weight. The cheeses are made in spheres of three sizes, respectively of 4lb., 8lb., and 12lb., and the best quality

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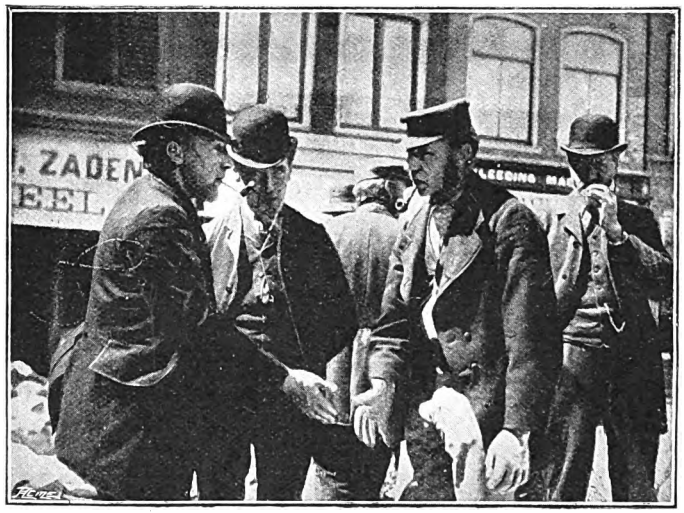


Concluding a bargain with a slap of the hand.

fetches about twenty guilders, or about thirty-five shillings per 100lb. Immediately after being weighed and marked off, the barrows are carried to the canal boats near by, and the cheeses are rolled one by one into the hold, through a wooden chute, to be transported to their various destinations. Before exportation they are given a coating of vegetable red, and it is in this guise that they are known and recognised the world over.

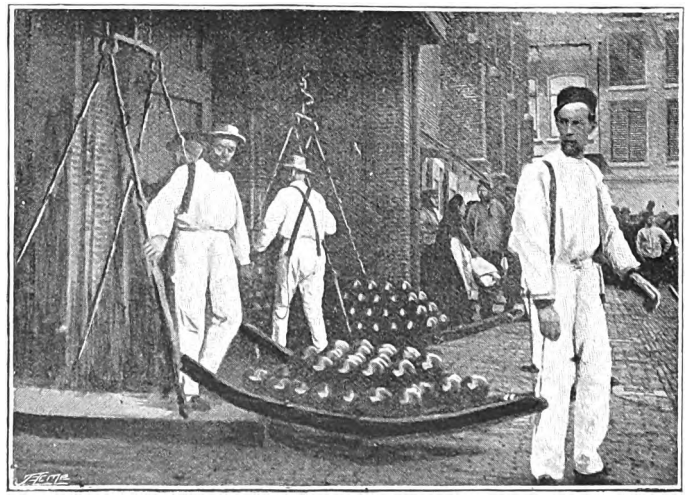
I doubt whether at any other function the national characteristics of the Dutch peasant appear so plainly on the surface as on a market-day of this kind. Even at the height of bargaining he preserves his phlegmatic demeanour; and not until his cheeses are sold and paid for, and he has repaired to the neighbouring *tappery*, or drinking saloon, where his wife is awaiting him, does he begin to unbend, under copious libations of gin bitters.

The only real excitement I noticed during the entire day's proceedings was occasioned by the falling of a twelve-pound cheese into the canal. This casualty caused a rush of all hands to the water's edge, and I thought for a moment somebody was drowning. Poles, hooks, nets, and prongs were produced, and there ensued a systematic "dragging" of the canal. The crowd watched this with almost anxious interest, not a suggestion of a smile on any face. Their earnestness finally aroused my mirth, and turning to one of the onlookers, an elderly individual in a frock coat, I asked in as good Dutch as I could muster why so much fuss was being made over a paltry cheese.

"*Bliksem en Donder*," was the reply in a tone of sharp rebuke, "*weet U niet dat het een waarde heeft van onderhalve gulden!*"

Which freely translated might mean: "Great guns, sir, don't you understand that it's worth over one and a half guilders" (about half-a-crown).

Realising that I had been guilty of exhibiting an unseemly spirit of levity, I subsided into silent contemplation of the proceedings, which very soon after reached their climax. The cheese was caught up in a crab net, and carried very tenderly to a near-by pump, where, after a few minutes' doucing, it was taken to the chute to join its fellows in the canal boat hold.



The scales at the "Waaggebouw."

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THE MATING OF BILLY THE LAG

By G. Firth Scott.

George Baines, young, fresh-faced, and enthusiastic, was having his first taste of Colonial experience by following at the tail of a mob of travelling sheep across the seemingly endless plains and interminably monotonous country of inland Australia.

There were other men of the party, men who had been long in the hot, dry atmosphere of the interior, living the hard rough life of the bush on the hard rough fare that serves in the outlying flanks of the Empire, until their skins were hard and sun-scorched, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh remained on their bones. They were men to whom the day's work was only as arduous as circumstances compelled them to make it, but to whom the presence of the jackeroo, as they termed Baines, was a perfect godsend of amusement in an otherwise every-day life.

Baines was fresh-faced and enthusiastic, attributes which were both especially entertaining to the wiry, parchment-skinned bushmen. The former made him peculiarly attractive to the many mosquitoes to be found in the bush, the latter made him an easy, a ridiculously easy, victim to the many practical jokes that his bush-hardened companions played upon him. He was so innocently enthusiastic over the land of his origin that it was only necessary to suggest that any trap, which had been laid for him, contained difficulties with which no Englishman could cope, to insure Baines dashing into it blindly. This always resulted in the intense delight of his tormentors and the subsequent discomfiture of the victim. Not even the constant recurrence of being victimised impressed him with the folly of his enthusiasm; but the fact that he always kept his temper, was always good-natured, and bore no malice, made him popular, in a way, with his companions, in spite of his freshness.

Only one was there towards whom he showed any resentment—old Billy the Lag, a tough wizened relic of the bygone days when inforced immigration was the fashion, and a man was visited with the severest punishment for what, very often, was no offence at all.

To such as Billy, the beauties of straightforward honesty were not self-evident, and so he resented the candour of the new-chum, until, at length, the young new-chum resented the resentment of the elder man, and from that a feud sprang up.

"You and your country!" the old man snarled one evening, when round the camp-fire pipes were glowing and young Baines had been sounding the praises of the land he had so recently left. "Why did you leave it if it's such a fine place? There's plenty here as knows it and don't think much of it. It's only fit to breed new-chums and make a market for our sheep."

"Is it?" retorted Baines. "It has produced the finest men the world has ever seen, and it is the greatest country—"

"Poof!" Billy interrupted, "fine men indeed! Why, there's not one can beat our boys. Who's the best rower and the best rider and the best cricketer and the best football player and the best judge of a sheep, or a bullock, or a horse, if he ain't Australian? You talk, you do; and you ain't been in the country a year. Why, you ain't lived till you came here."

"Good iron, Billy," someone on the other side of the fire called out, for it was the sort of thing to make Baines rise in all his patriotic pride and work himself into such a state of excitement, that any trick, no matter

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how transparent, was good enough to catch him. "That's the talk, Billy," the man continued, "England would shut up shop if it weren't for the Australians. We're the people who make England."

"Though most of you did leave it for its own good," exclaimed Baines fiercely.

There was a momentary silence round the fire, for the gibe was one which was bound to hit Billy in a tender spot, and the men were curious to see what would come of it.

"Because we're better men than those we left behind us and don't you forget it, young fellow," Billy snarled again. "Better *in* everything, *at* everything, and we're always on to meet any of your sort at any game they care to mention, and to thrash 'em at it too!"

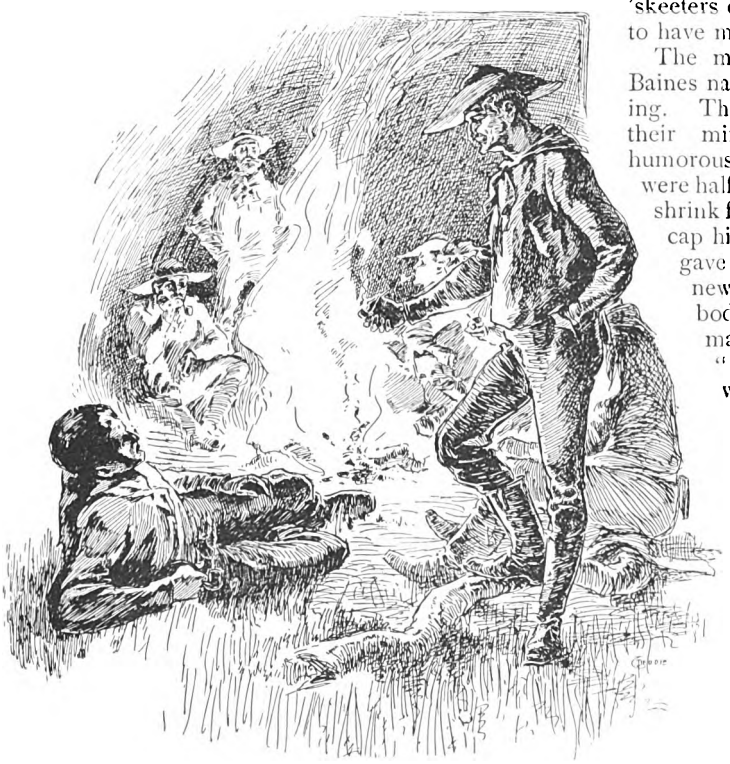
"Are you?" retorted Baines, "then meet me—any of you."

"*You*," answered Billy, with a wealth of scorn in his voice. "*You!* A pink-faced new-chum! Why, the 'skeeters ain't finished with you yet. You're their property for years yet. A nice, soft, little new-chum with pink cheeks and skin worse nor a baby's. Why the 'skeeters would lay you out if they once got a fair hold of you!"

"I can stand as many as you can, anyway," Baines answered, for the shout of laughter which greeted Billy's remarks nettled him, and when he was nettled he talked wide of the point.

Billy rose from where he was sitting and stood in the full light of the fire, looking down at the young Englishman whose eyes were ablaze with his enthusiasm and his wounded vanity.

"Can you?" said Billy quietly. "Then we'll just start on our game right there. We'll let the 'skeeters have first round. We'll just ask them to decide between you and me, and say who's the best man. To-morrow night we're due off Billabong swamp. There's rushes at the end of the swamp, and 'skeeters, 'skeeters by the ton if you want 'em. We'll try just there, you and me. We'll strip to the waist and sit with our backs to the swamp, when the sun goes down and the 'skeeters come up; sit till the 'skeeters get to work, and then sit till one or the other has had enough and goes back to the camp, a beaten man. That's clear, ain't it? There's no swindle in it? It's a fair fight, and to make it all square, I'll allow we can smoke, and that'll keep the 'skeeters off your cheeks, which seem to have met some already."



"There's rushes at the end of the swamp, and 'skeeters, 'skeeters by the ton if you want 'em."

The men round the fire watched Baines narrowly as Billy ceased speaking. The suggestion opened up to their minds such a promise of humorous entertainment that they were half afraid the new-chum would shrink from it. The hopeless handicap his toughened, sun-dried skin gave the old bushman over a new arrival with his plump, soft body and warm, thick blood made the proposition absurd.

"I don't care where it is nor what it is, I'll meet any of you anywhere, for the sake of old England," Baines began, and the shout of delight from his comrades round the fire drowned the remainder of his remarks.

"You take the game on?" Billy asked, when the hubbub subsided.

"Yes, I do," Baines answered proudly.

"Your blood's a bit thick, young fellow," one of the men said quietly.

"It isn't white, anyhow," Baines retorted.

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"And your skin's a bit soft yet," another put in.

"Well, my pluck isn't, and Englishmen don't funk over scratches and pin-pricks. I'm not afraid of your mosquitoes nor your jeers either," Baines answered warmly.

"'Tisn't the first time *his* back's been bared," the man next to him said under his breath. "You're a plucky young chap but—"

Baines turned quickly.

"I don't care if it's the first time his back's been bared or not," he exclaimed loudly.

"You young fool," the man muttered, for the words made Billy's brows come lower over his eyes and his mouth close harder. The man had intended to give a quiet hint to the young new-chum, but Baines, stung into anger, was ready to charge anywhere, like a bull at a gate. Without a thought he uttered what was a terrible insult to the old convict whose record included many a flogging at the triangles in the bygone days of the transportation system.

"You can stow that talk," another of the men said quickly. "A man's past is his own business. You play fair. We'll see to-morrow night how much your talk's worth."

The personal reference to Billy's past, all unconsciously as it was made by Baines, introduced a strained feeling into the atmosphere of the camp. For the rest of the time which intervened before the blankets were spread, and the men not on watch wrapped themselves up and went to sleep, little was said. But the challenge and the acceptance of it were not forgotten, and by the next evening, when the outskirts of the swamp were reached about sunset, jests and badinage poured from one man to another on the subject of the coming contest.

The swamp stretched out beyond a fringing clump of ti-trees. It was an unhealthy looking place, with a belt of reeds, wind torn and withered, rising above the miry pools of water which were all that remained of what, in the rainy season, was a wide expanse of lagoon, and which gave the place its aboriginal name of Billabong, or dead water. A tongue of the swamp, covered with reeds, ran out from the main body, and by the edge a dead tree lay where it had fallen, half buried in the soft ooze of the soil.

The low sweeping rays of the setting sun tipped its smooth bleached surface with a streak of ruddy colouring that showed brilliantly against the growing purple of the shade and mist beyond, and from the shelter of the reeds and the rank grass and sedges there came a constant ripple of frogs croaking in chorus.

As the sun disappeared below the horizon and the momentary half light reigned before the dark came down on the land, the log showed gaunt and uninviting against the white wreaths of mist that rose from the swamp as if by magic.

"There'll be 'skeeters enough down there to carry off a bullock," one of the men said with a loud laugh. "You'll think you're on Norfolk Island again when they get at you, Billy, and as for the new-chum—"

Billy grinned and glanced at Baines who stood looking across the dismal, dreary solitude of the mist-covered swamp.

"Oh, he won't mind 'em," he said, and then he laughed, not too pleasantly, as he saw Baines suddenly pat his cheek where a mosquito had alighted. "They've smelt you out already, have they?" he added. "You want to cry off, perhaps. Maybe you'd like some other game? A talking match, or blowing about what you're going to do when you're back home again?"

Baines, with his jaws square and his face set hard, made no answer, but undid the leather belt from round his waist and drew his shirt off over his head. Still without speaking, he drew his singlet off, and then stood where the firelight played over his naked chest and back, played bright enough to show to the watching men where a score of mosquitoes settled on him like flies on to treacle. The quiet determination of action touched the rough untutored natures of the men around him, and one of them, the one who had whispered the hint the night before, gave voice for him.

"Now then, Billy, that's up agin you," he said. "Don't keep the show waiting."

Billy muttered an observation which was not entirely moral as he flung off his hat and stripped off his shirt and stood with the firelight streaming over his back, over the scars and furrows cut by the lash of the convict flogger years before on Norfolk Island.

The hard tough skin fitted tightly over the muscles and the sinews that stood out like cords on his frame and arms, buff in hue save where the ugly scars showed red. It was a striking contrast to the pinky-white flesh and rounded lines of the young Englishman, and in the minds of all the onlookers there was no question as to how the contest would end. Already the mosquitoes were crowding on to the skin of the new-chum, but not one wasted its time on Billy.

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Steadily the desire to tear at his flesh with his finger-nails grew.

"Light your pipe, young fellow," someone said. "You'll need it on the log."

"Thanks, it's not necessary," Baines answered.

Billy sniffed contemptuously as he stepped up to the fire and, with the aid of a blazing twig, proceeded to light the heavy charge of coarse tobacco he had stuffed into the bowl of his big, well-seasoned briar.

"Now we'll make a start," he said, as he walked off in the direction of the log, Baines starting after him amid shouts of laughter from the men.

"Mind the bunyip don't get you," one shouted after them.

"Be easy with the snakes," another cried.

Billy called back to them, but Baines walked on in silence.

The croaking of the frogs ceased as they approached the log, but another sound reached them, the sound of a low hum above which came notes of a high, shrill ping-zing as an individual mosquito floated near their ears.

Billy puffed out a dense cloud of smoke, and for a moment there was a cessation of the high, clear notes, but only for a moment. The smoke floated out behind him as he hurried on, for Baines, without a waver, walked up to the log and, turning his back to the swamp, sat down, bolt upright, with his hands on his knees. Billy followed his example, and then the hum grew louder and stronger and the sharp ping-zing notes more clear as a swarm of hungry insects came out from the swamp and the reeds and the mist as though they had been waiting for the arrival of the two men.

The frogs began their chorus again, chirping and squawking as is their habit, but their noise was barely perceptible through the hum and buzz of the mosquitoes which even Billy felt as they settled on his skin or beat against it in their haste to find a spot for their sharp, needle-pointed probosces.

Round his neck, on his ears, over his arms, from his finger tips to his shoulders he felt them, while on his back and chest there was an irritation as though a thousand itching, teasing demons were trying to find a way beneath the armour of his sun-dried skin and reach the sensitive fibre of his nerves. He smiled grimly to himself as he puffed vigorously at his pipe and felt the irritation cease round his neck and on his ears as the heavy reek of his tobacco floated on the still air and enveloped his head. The new-chum had no pipe, and Billy smiled again, glancing covertly out of the corner of his eyes at the motionless figure beside him.

Through the dimness the naked flesh of the young Englishman showed white, and Billy knew that by this time there would scarce be an atom of it that was not tingling with a maddening irritation. His own back was beginning to feel something more than irritation, and if his toughened flesh were affected, what must the other man be experiencing? Why, something so near torture that no human nature could stand it.

Still the humming buzz went on, and still Billy could feel the myriad of minute insects settling upon him and striving to pierce through his skin, and he moved uneasily. Steadily the irritation was increasing,

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steadily the desire to tear at his flesh with his finger-nails grew, and he puffed harder at his pipe to keep himself from swearing, and from fidgetting and twisting.

Again he glanced covertly at the figure of the man beside him. The white form was rigid and still, and so far as Billy could make out, Baines had not moved a muscle, had not flinched or wavered, while he—an ugly suspicion flashed through his mind and turned the direction of his thoughts.

Had the new-chum played a trick on him? Had he rubbed some stuff on his body that kept the mosquitoes from biting him? Had he some scheme that prevented him from feeling the stings that were even now growing unbearable to the tough weather-beaten skin of the old bushman. The thought made Billy writhe—the thought and the ever-increasing tingling, burning irritation on his back, his chest, his arms, his neck, and even his face and ears.

No new-chum could stand half the pain he was now enduring, pain that grew greater every moment, pain that made his nerves twitch and quiver, and his muscles ache and throb as they never had before, not even when the lash of the cat had cut into his flesh and re-opened the half-healed wounds of a former flogging. It was horrible. It was excruciating. It was wildly, fearfully agonising, and Billy felt that another minute of it would be more than he could endure, more than he could bear in silence.

His back was beginning to experience a new sensation, and one that was more straining to the nerves and mind than those that had gone before. It was as though red-hot needles were boring holes into him, holes through which a scalding fluid was being forced into his blood and was flowing through all his veins, eating into his flesh and burning its way wherever it went.

The agony was intense, the strain overwhelming. To sit still as the Englishman was doing was more than he could do, but yet if he moved he would be defeated, and what would his life be worth when the yarn got abroad, how he, tough old Billy the Lag, had been beaten by a raw new-chum in a contest with mosquito bites?

The thought of the defeat, once hardly possible but now weighing upon him with almost unavoidable certainty, added to the tortures Billy was experiencing. Writhing as he sat, his muscles were twitching and his skin quivering, and as a momentary relief he raised his hand to his pipe. His fingers closed on the bowl and were burned as by a flame. In his nervous anxiety he had been puffing at his pipe until the heavy charge of tobacco was a glowing coal and the bowl of the pipe was almost red hot.

Here was a chance of escape from the defeat that frowned over him; here was a means of salvation which the cunning brain of the old ex-convict seized upon with avidity. Smoking fiercely so as to avoid a failure of his scheme, Billy looked covertly at his opponent again. Baines was sitting exactly as he had been before, still and rigid.

"He ain't human, or he's bluffed me," Billy thought as he took hold of the pipe close up to the mouth-piece and passed it quietly behind Baines, reaching out until he guessed the bowl was opposite his spine. Then he inverted it and pressed it firmly against the young Englishman's back just where the naked flesh met the waistband of his trousers.

A wild yell of agony and fear startled the croaking frogs into silence and roused the men round the camp fire into energy and activity, and Billy saw his opponent spring to his feet and rush away to the camp shouting, "A snake! a snake! a snake has bitten me!"

As he disappeared in the gloom Billy threw off his reserve and gave vent to his pent up feelings in a string of vituperative opinions that would, had they been potent for evil, have wiped off the entire mosquito family from the face of the earth. With both hands he busily sought some relief from the irritation of his skin, rubbing himself with some of the cold moist earth to check the burning agony of his flesh.

Then he slowly walked to the camp fire by the side of which, as he approached, he saw the new-chum kneeling, while the men gathered round him trying to find the mark which the fangs of the snake had made. Had twenty snakes bitten him the marks would not have been discoverable on the back that Billy looked upon, for it was horribly blistered and swollen to an abnormal degree. Not a pin's point could be placed where a mosquito had not bitten him, and Billy looked at it open-mouthed.

He had thought the young new-chum was playing with him; that the mosquitoes were not able to bite him, or that he was unable to feel the sting of their bites through the use of something he had rubbed on his skin. The crafty old man had feared defeat because

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that defeat meant disgrace to him, and disgrace through the trick of a new-chum was not to be endured. But Baines had evidently played no trick; he had played the game fair and square and with an amount of pluck that was beyond the comprehension of the old ex-convict, but not beyond his admiration. Physical pain is the standard of discipline to the brutal, and the capacity to withstand physical pain with stoical indifference is the highest quality of manhood amongst others than Red Indians.

Amongst the men sent out in thousands to the penal settlements it was the men who took their punishment with the chain-gang or at the triangles without a whimper who were the heroes of the others, and Billy had long since lost reverence for everything save physical courage and the power of withstanding pain. That was his fetish, his ideal, his one conception of nobility.

With the memory of the agony he had experienced, and the difficulty he had had to withstand it still in his mind, he looked at the token of suffering which the Englishman's back presented to him, suffering a hundred times greater than he had felt, and suffering that had been borne without the slightest suspicion of a waver. Such courage over-awed him; such pluck won his homage.

The men, knowing nothing of the actual facts of the case, regarded the new chum's insistance that a snake had bitten him as being merely a ruse—and, for a new chum, a clever ruse—to cover him from the ignominy of defeat. There was laughter in their eyes and grim smiles on their lips as Billy joined their throng.

"He'd have beaten you but for the snake," one exclaimed, as he winked at the old man.

"The 'skeeters wouldn't touch him while you were there," another said, as he pointed to the kneeling figure of Baines. "Look at him! Not a mark beyond where the snake bit him."

"It wasn't a fair match," cried a third. "The new chum could have won hands down if it had been. Trust old Billy to get in all the luck he can."

Baines turned on the man who had spoken last.

"It was a snake," he exclaimed. "And I'm on to meet any of you to-morrow night and beat you—bar the snakes."

A shout of derisive laughter greeted his words, but the mirth subsided when the men saw Billy go to the side of the new chum and hold out his hand.

"Put it there, young fellow," he said. "Put it there. I'm proud to own you beat me. By Gad, boys," he went on, turning to the men who were watching him with open-eyed wonder, "you can't beat British pluck, not even in Australia. That wasn't no snake, young fellow," he added as he looked again at Baines, "That was the ashes out of my pipe. I tell you square. I thought you'd bluffed me and wasn't playing fair, so I put my pipe on your back. The 'skeeters would have shifted me in another second, tough and hard and scarred as I am. But as for him, boys, he never moved a hair till the pipe took him. Look at his back, that'll show you what he bore. I'll own up. He beat me fair. British pluck ain't to be played with, and this young fellow's got it to his finger nails. I'm proud to own to it, young fellow. You beat me, but you're a white man, and if you'll have me, I'll be mates with you till I'm done."

"A snake! a snake! a snake has bitten me."

"What sort!" one of the men called out as Baines took Billy's proffered hand and shook it, and the sound of the mighty shout with which the men greeted the compact almost started the sleeping sheep on a breakaway, and effectually quieted the frogs; for from thenceforward Billy and Baines were "mates," and the making of a mate-ship is an important function in the bush.

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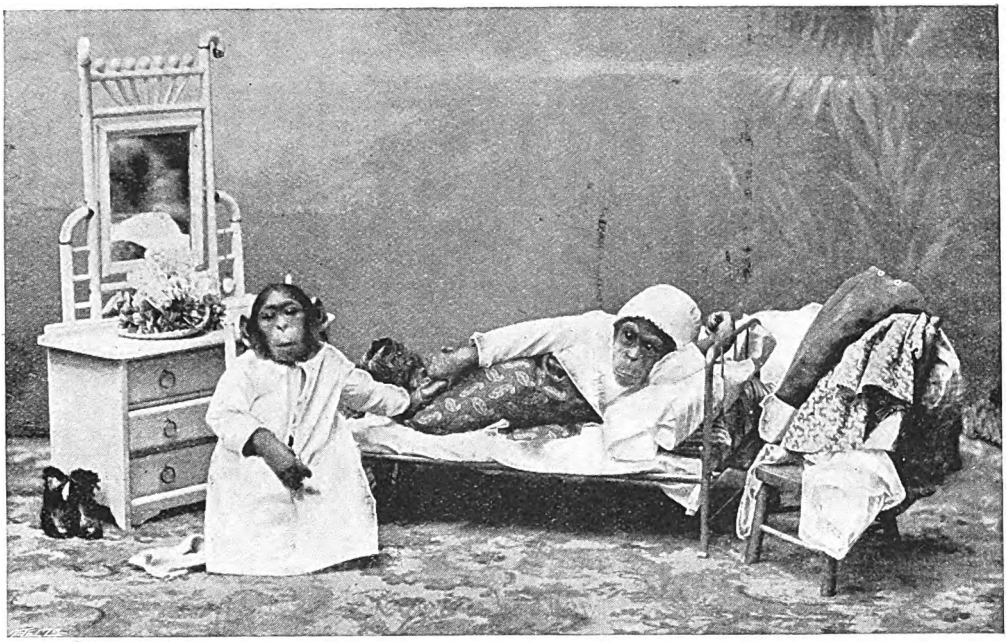

Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Bed-time.

These highly civilised monkeys undress and sleep in beds like human beings.

HAM JUNIOR, TOM AND SALLY.

The Three Most Civilised Monkeys in the World.

By E. M. Alborough.

Some years ago a statement was published in the papers to the effect that an American naturalist had discovered the language in which monkeys and apes conversed, and was about to publish a dictionary or grammar which would enable enthusiasts to spend an interesting and intellectual afternoon in conversation with the denizens of the monkey house at Regent's Park. But the naturalist soon vanished from the public view and his book has never made its appearance.

But though this has never come about, it seems that a trial has been made to see how far monkeys can be raised by initiating them into the mysteries of civilisation, including a knowledge of the English language. This seems to me an excellent and praiseworthy project. The monkey, as it is commonly seen to-day, is a most objectionable little creature, whether it be in its native forests or in a debased form of civilisation, attached to a barrel-organ or making faces through the bars of its cage at a travelling menagerie.

Monkeys of the first type have a rather embarrassing habit—every African explorer says so in his Book of Travels—of throwing cocoanuts and other light and handy missiles at all intruders in their forests. The other two types of monkeys have, in addition to their natural mischief, a certain low cunning, acquired from contact with debased humanity.

The first time that I ever felt any animosity against the race of monkeys was when I was on a visit to a menagerie. I had allowed my curiosity to triumph over my caution, and had approached so close to a cage that one of the monkeys inside was able to stretch his arm out and seize my hat. Having done this, he retired to the back of the cage, and there proceeded to tear it to pieces before my eyes in a most scientific and methodical manner, to the great delight of the rest of the spectators, chiefly consisting of small and dirty boys who had crawled in under the canvas, and who seemed to think this was a regular feature of the show.

But the properly civilised monkey is a very different creature to this. The photographs

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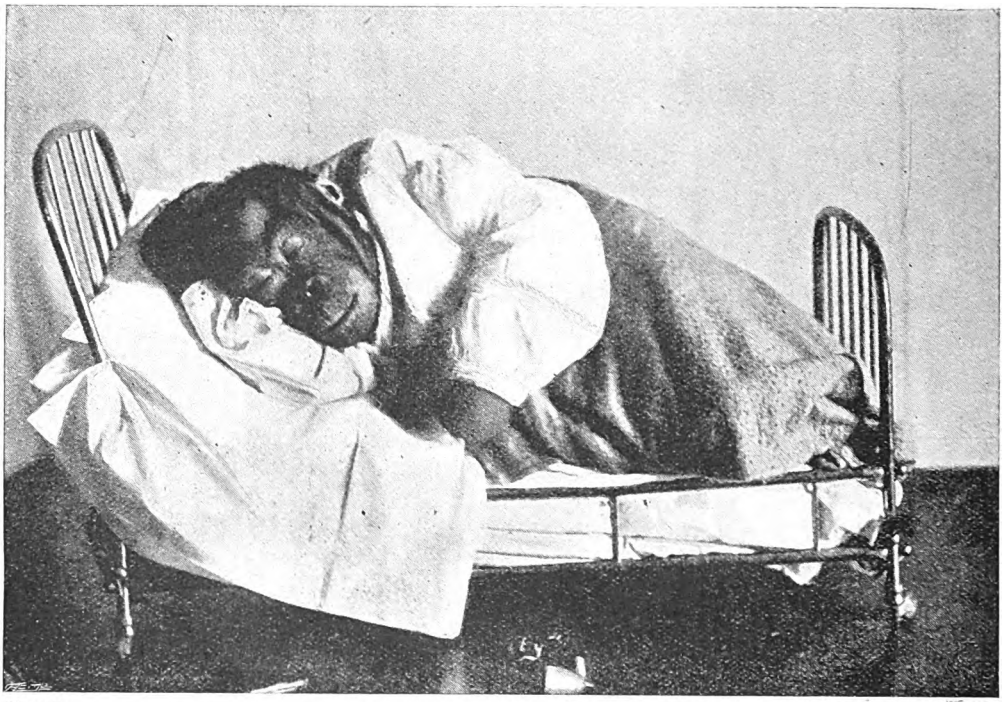

Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

The sleeping beauty.

Ham junior, a monkey prodigy who numbered talking among his accomplishments.

we reproduce here will serve to show that he has become versed in many of the refinements of civilisation, and doubtless in time the results will be even better.

It is to the orang-outang species that the monkeys in our illustrations belong, and they have progressed so far in the refinements of civilisation that there are only a few things which human beings do which these educated monkeys cannot. The most important of these failings is, of course, their inability to speak; hitherto the most accomplished monkey has never amassed a vocabulary of more than three words: "yes," "no," and "mamma." This monkey—whose name, by the way, was Ham junior—is shown in one of our illustrations.

He is the sole survivor of a batch of fifteen brought over from Borneo some four years ago by Captain D'Oste.

His education was undertaken by the wife of his owner, Madame D'Oste, and she went about her difficult task with great judgment. The first problem was how to teach Ham to eat like a civilised being instead of grabbing up his food in his paws. This was solved by placing his food in a very deep cup and giving him a spoon.

Ham's natural intelligence at once showed him the use of the spoon, but he at first made the mistake of bringing his provender from the depths of the cup by means of the spoon and then laying it down on the table to be grabbed up in his fingers. Madame D'Oste cured Ham of this habit by placing a hungry child at the table beside him. Directly Ham laid the food down the child would snatch it away. After a while Ham realised what was going on, and foiled the child by carrying his food directly to his mouth by means of the spoon.

At meal times he fetches his chair to the table, sits up like a regular member of the family, eats his meal decorously and daintily with his napkin tucked under his chin, and behaves altogether with excellent manners.

Ham's behaviour is a source of wonder to all who see him, and he does a good deal of travelling, visiting America and other places with his master and mistress. So far as the writer knows he has not yet visited this country; when he does he may be certain of a right royal reception.

No less remarkable than Ham junior are the monkeys who figure in the other two illustrations, Tom and Sally, with their offspring, a promising juvenile as yet un-

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named. These monkeys are not such great linguists even as Ham, but they are not a whit behind him in the other refinements of life. They wear clothes, they sleep in beds, they sit in chairs; they receive their visitors in the drawing-room, shake their hands, and ask them to be seated in the most polite fashion.

Tom and Sally do not seem to object to publicity; indeed, as a rule, their domestic harmony is a model of connubial bliss. Occasionally, however, the crowds that flock to see this remarkable family are treated to an exhibition which is not in the programme —in other words, a fight between Tom and Sally, who have become so far civilised as to indulge sometimes in a free fight.

Usually, however, life flows quietly along, beginning with breakfast, which the family eat sitting at table, and using plates, cups, and spoons; then follows the business of the day, which consists of receiving visitors, taking a meal at about twelve o'clock in full view of the crowd, and the evening entertainment, when both husband and wife go through their various accomplishments. Lastly comes the well-earned rest, taken in bed, like real human beings.

Such is the progress that has been made hitherto by the hairy scholars in the school of civilisation. Of course, not every species of monkey is capable of such advance, and even the orang-outang's capacity is limited in some directions.

For though Ham junior may be able to articulate his three words, it is not likely that any of the monkey race will ever become unpleasantly garrulous. Indeed, on the whole, it is probable that they will remain almost silent so far as English or any other human language is concerned. It seems that before much information can be gained from them we shall have to wait till that American naturalist actually does bring out his grammar and dictionary. May his publisher hasten it on.

Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

The patient.

Tom, Sally, and their son. These monkeys dress every day, and are versed in all the refinements of polite society.

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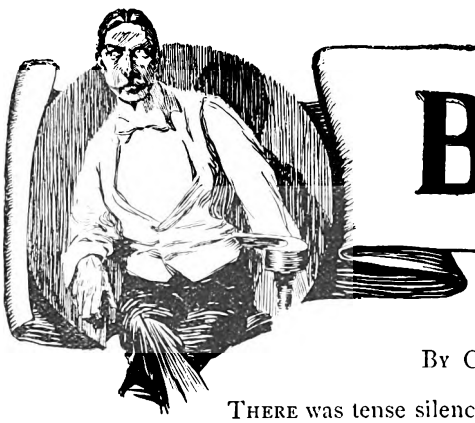

BALK

The Story of a Billiard Contest.

By Crom a Boo.

There was tense silence in the big room, broken by an occasional murmur of applause from the close packed benches that ran round the walls. Every eye was turned, every neck was craned, with keen interest towards a brilliantly lit table with a vivid green cloth where two men in their shirt sleeves alternately struck an ivory ball with a pointed stick.

Never before had the billiard room of the "Ready Money Down" club seen such excitement, for the two best amateurs in London—which means in the world—were matched for a £100 aside, just "to give an interest to the game."

Everybody liked Bob Ingram—nobody could help liking him. Quick, alive, alert, with his young life tingling vigorously to his finger and toe tips. He was good at all games, superlative at some—at billiards perhaps best of all. The club was proud of his play. He could give any man in it half his points and a beating. So it came about when Arthur Crooke — the Honourable Arthur Crooke—flashed into fame in the London billiard rooms, the club was wild that their man should meet and beat him.

"Bravo! Bob!" cried the irrepressible Johnnie Lambkin, and the buzz of applause deepened in the room.

"Four hundred and ninety. Ninety-two, ninety-four, ninety-seven, ninety-nine, Game!" went the monotonous voice of the marker.

Bob Ingram had run out in an unfinished break of seventy-four.

Five hundred to four hundred and thirty-seven! It was a victory to delight his admirers. They clustered round him, cigars in their mouths and long tumblers in their hands, boisterous in their congratulations.

Bob took his victory well; he was unaffectedly delighted as a schoolboy. His handsome face was radiant, his dark eyes all aglow. But there was no touch of insolence or hauteur in his triumph.

"The balls ran to order and I had all the luck of the game, Crooke," he said, as he stretched a friendly hand to his opponent.

The Honourable Arthur took the extended hand in a loose clasp and dropped it. His light moustache twitched with a sardonic smile.

"And all the play too," he said. "I'm sure you think so."

"Well, if you put it that way," Bob retorted sturdily, "I think I was in good form and played a decent game enough."

"Indeed! You practice a good deal on this table I should think, Mr. Ingram?"

Bob's handsome face flushed, and his dark eyes flashed at the insinuation.

"The table makes no difference," he snapped out.

"Oh!"

"All good tables are the same."

"You think so?"

Big Johnnie Lambkin squeezed himself through the crowd. "Crooke wants to play you on his own table" he whispered to Ingram—"don't!"

The caution acted like a challenge.

"You are not satisfied with to-night's trial, Mr. Crooke?" Ingram asked.

"Naturally not! I was beaten."

"I will give you your revenge on your own table."

"I should not advise you. The table does make a difference. I *always* win on my own."

The touch of insolent superiority in his voice made Ingram more keen.

"I'll take my chance. When shall it be?"

The men round the players had listened impatiently. Each felt the sneer in Crooke's voice and resented it as a personal offence.

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Now suddenly his whole manner changed.

"When you please," he said to Ingram, "if you must have it so. But take my advice and let the thing drop. If I was nasty just now, I ask your pardon. I'm a bad loser, I'm afraid; not used to it, don't you know."

He glanced round at the group of men, and with that glance included them all in his apology.

Genial, kindly-natured Bob Ingram was instantly mollified. "Don't mention it," he said. "I don't mind. But we must have our friendly game all the same."

"All right then if you insist. Would it suit you to dine with me this day week early? Shall we say seven? It will give us good time for our game afterwards."

"All right! I'm on."

"You come too?" Crooke said, turning to Lambkin who stood by with a sulky look that sat strangely on his boyish, good-humoured face.

"Thanks, no," Lambkin retorted briskly as a schoolboy.

"Do come, Johnnie?" said Ingram.

"To see fair play, you know," said Crooke, still smiling.

"If you put it in that way, I'll come," Lambkin replied ungraciously, "though it's a pretty tough job," he added under his breath.

Crooke took a bank note from his pocket and handed it over to Ingram. "The rule of your club, I understand, and a very good rule too. Good evening, gentlemen. Don't forget seven o'clock next Wednesday, Ingram."

"Not a bad sort," said Ingram, as the door closed behind Crooke. "A bit riled at being licked; that's all."

"A cad, if you ask me!" said a big man with a big voice explosively.

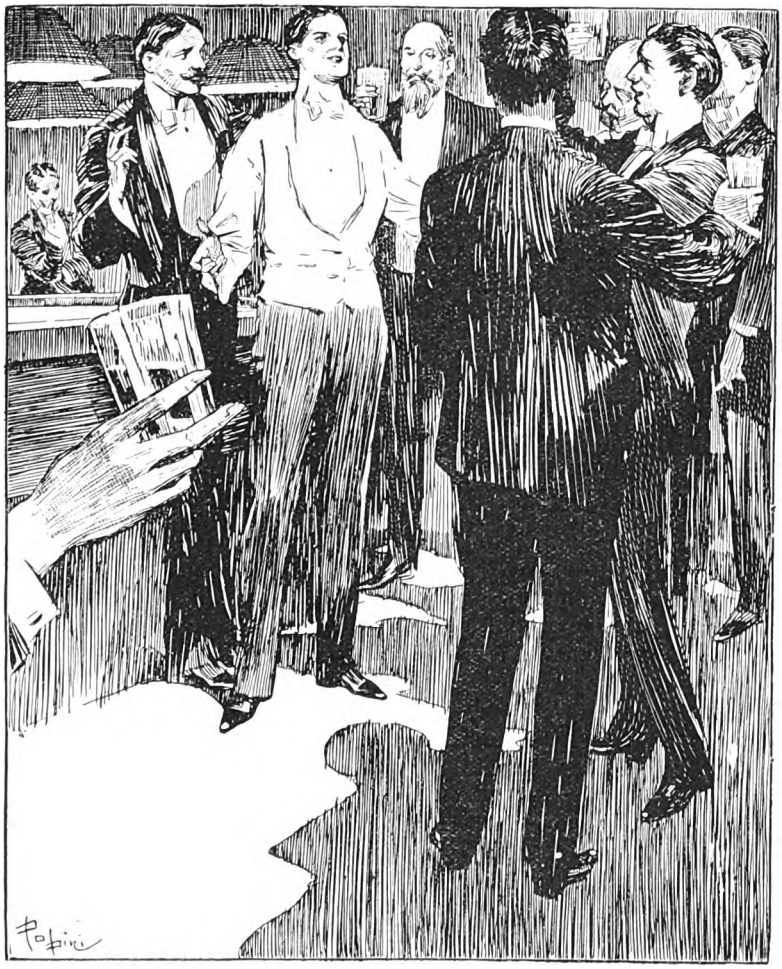
"Then I don't ask you," laughed Ingram, "nor you either, Lambkin. I can guess what your answer would be. Are you coming my way? You can blow off steam in the open air."

* * * * *

In was an exquisite dinner exquisitely served; glass, china and flowers—everything was perfect.

"Does the thing well at other chaps' cost," growled Lambkin, as he came into the room with Ingram.

Crooke welcomed them both graciously.



They clustered round him, cigars in their mouths and long tumblers in their hands, boisterous in their congratulations.

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He was an admirable host. His tall slim figure lounged languidly round the room, with a smile and pleasant word for every guest.

"A well-bred spider," was Lambkin's ungracious comment, "with a very pretty little parlour, an excellent cook and an abundance of flies!"

"Find your seats, gentlemen," Crooke called out when they tramped into the dining-room, and the guests—nearly twenty in all—settled into their places.

Protecting Lambkin placed himself resolutely at Ingram's right side; at his left was a man named Kit Fowler, whom the latter had last met some years ago under peculiar circumstances, and whom he did not care about. Fowler had apparently forgotten all about that little incident, and persistently ignored the chilliness of Ingram's reception.

"Our friend does the thing scrumptiously on a younger brother's allowance," he said to Ingram.

Lambkin overheard, and his wine nearly went the wrong way.

"Mr. Crooke is a friend of yours?" said Bob Ingram coldly.

"Rather!" Fowler answered. "We're as thick as thieves. He's about as smart as they make them. There are no flies on the Honourable Arty. By the way, Ingram, old man, I understand we owe the evening's spread to you?"

"To me! I was not aware."

"Oh yes, by Jove! You're the chief dish, don't you see, at the night's dinner. It's a way our friend Arty has when he has a soft thing on at billiards. The softer the thing, the better the dinner, and he is doing it particularly well to-night. Every diner here has been a dish in his time, ha! ha! you don't mind my little joke. You see Arty has taken them all on in turn at billiards and beat them out flat. He could paper his walls with I.O.U.'s from the crowd. All except 'yours truly.' I dine with Arty and drink with him and smoke with him, but I don't play with him—not good enough. Here's luck anyway"—and he tossed off a third brimmer of champagne, while at Ingram's right hand Lambkin growled, "I told you so."

The dinner passed off pleasantly in a quick procession of courses to the stage of the cigars, coffee, and liqueur.

The host's soft voice was heard again from the head of the table.

"Excuse me," he said, "we have no time to spare. Mr. Ingram, as you know, has promised us a lesson at billiards to-night."

"With limelight illustrations," said Kit Fowler, and he winked at the indignant Lambkin. "Come along, Ingram; there's no shirking it now."

For one instant Ingram's face looked wicked and his hands clenched. Then he laughed softly. "Come along, Lambkin!" he said. "The victim is ready for the sacrifice."

The billiard room was a marvel of taste and luxury, carpeted and papered in colours that were a rest and comfort to strained eyes. The carpet was dark green, deep as woodland moss, yet firm and springy withal. The paper was a soft blue, in pattern like stamped velvet. Some priceless mellow old coloured engravings on sporting subjects hung round the walls. Under them were rows of chairs, upholstered in green velvet, with a dainty marble-topped table in front of each chair.

"I wish it was boxing instead of billiards," Lambkin muttered as he saw the two men peel off. Ingram's lips were shut tight with dogged resolve. Crooke's long narrow pale face wore a look of easy, almost insolent confidence, calculated to exasperate or intimidate a man who had not his nerves in good working order.

"I'm ready," said Ingram shortly.

"What shall the game be?" asked Crooke.

"A hundred aside as before, I suppose. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but I don't mean the stakes but the game. How many up?"

"Five hundred?"

"I would like two-fifty better if you don't mind. We will have nice time for five games. The best out of five will be more interesting."

"I don't mind in the least," Ingram assented.

"Two hundred and fifty then let it be. Will you lead off?"

Ingram played boldly at the red with a strong screw, dropped his own ball softly into the top pocket and brought the red into balk. Then he gave a safety miss. Crooke shirked the hard all-round cannon and dribbled his ball away up to the top cushion. Again Ingram played boldly, missed an almost impossible losing hazard by a hair's breadth and left an opening. Crooke went in and scored seventy-nine in a break.

Two to one on Crooke was freely offered in whispers all round the room. But Ingram got in a moment afterwards with a venturesome cannon which came off, and ran him even before he broke down. From that to

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the end of the game they raced neck and neck. At two thirty Ingram looked like an easy winner, but he broke down rather badly at a losing hazard in the top pocket, and Crooke got in and ran out the game.

"Will you excuse me for one moment," said Ingram when the murmur of applause had died away. "I would like to try that stroke again; I cannot tell how I missed it." He set the red in position and made the stroke he had missed, three times over with consummate ease.

"It is so much easier in practice than in play," commented Crooke with a provoking smile. "Double or quits on this game if you don't mind?"

Ingram nodded. Double or quits meant of course a hundred pounds on the second game, the same as for the first, but the phrase led insidiously to big betting, and perhaps Crooke meant it should. He won the second game more easily than the first, Ingram, who for the most part played brilliantly, again broke down twice at comparatively easy hazards at the top of the table. The third game went the same way.

"What shall the game be?" asked Crooke.

"What odds?" asked Crooke superciliously as he ran out the fourth game in a fifty five break—two fifty to one eighty four.

Ingram looked up puzzled. He had been softly feeling the cloth at the entrance to the top pockets where he had broken down so badly. It was smooth as satin. There was not so much as the roughness of a grain of dust under his inquiring eyes and finger tips.

"Odds! no, I think not. I mean to play this out squarely to the end. That's right so far, I think," and he scribbled an I.O.U. and handed it to Crooke.

"Eight hundred pounds!" said Crooke, "I had no notion it was so much."

"Double or quits again?" asked Ingram, poising his cue.

"Sixteen hundred on the game! Isn't that a bit too hot?"

"If you object, of course, I cannot insist."

"Oh! my dear fellow," said Crooke airily, "I don't object in the least. I only spoke for your own sake. Double or quits then let it be."

The interest grew more and more intense amongst the spectators. Cigars went out, or were fiercely puffed to a blaze. Drinks stood untasted, or were swallowed at a single gulp. The play was closer than ever. This time Ingram led from the start. A forcing hazard into the bottom pocket brought his third break up to ninety-seven—the longest in the night. But he was left with the red almost, not quite, touching the cushion just above the side pocket. He chalked his cue carefully for the next stroke and struck his ball high upon the inside. His ball glanced from the red without a kiss and went slowly up the table, hugging the side cushion and spinning as it went. But it boggled at the top pocket, paused a second, and hung over the edge.

Ingram glanced sharply round at Crooke who sat leaning forward, with his hands on the arms of his chair and a smile on his face. When he came in his turn to the table, Ingram

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walked straight across the room and sat down on his host's chair instead of his own.

With a soft screw Crooke just grazed the cushion, pushed his opponent's ball aside, and slid behind it into the pocket. The stroke left him an easy opening, and he put together a break of seventy-two before he broke down in a hard forcing shot the whole length of the table.

As he turned aside to his chair he was surprised to find Ingram there before him.

"Halloa!" he cried in a tone in which surprise was mixed with annoyance.

"To change the luck, don't you know," Ingram explained smilingly; "mine has been beastly bad."

"I don't believe in any of that rubbish!" Crooke retorted brusquely.

"Then you won't mind taking my chair for a change?"

"I'm used to my own."

"All right then, turn about, Box and Cox if you don't mind."

Crooke nodded assent a little sulkily and dropped into his chair, while Ingram went again to the table.

But his luck didn't change. When he looked most like winning he broke down at an easy shot, and again Crooke in a careful series of nursery cannons ran out the game two fifty to two thirty-nine.

As Ingram coolly wrote and handed him a second I.O.U. for £800, he glanced at a noiseless clock let into the wall. "Not twelve yet, Crooke!" he said carelessly. "What do you say—one game more?"

Crooke yielded with well-assumed reluctance. "I don't like taking your money, but I cannot well refuse if you insist."

"Double or quits again! three thousand two hundred, or nothing!"

"All right, but it is the last, mind you."

The spectators stepped back to their seats, and amid intense excitement the final struggle for the big stakes began. The click-clack of the billiard balls alone broke the dead silence of the room.

Presently it was seen that Ingram was playing a new game. He went in almost exclusively for cannons, with an occasional hazard in the side or bottom pockets. But he kept clear of the top pockets where he had broken down so often and so badly in the previous games. The restriction handicapped him heavily of course, and though his play was so brilliant and so sure, still Crooke drew steadily ahead, playing a steady all-round game.

The excitement grew keener and keener. It was noticed that Crooke looked nervous and anxious, and there was much whispered comment at the marked way in which Ingram tabooed the top pockets.

"He must go for the red now whether he likes it or not," muttered the irrepressible Fowler to the lifted shoulder and half-averted ear of the irresponsive Lambkin.

Crooke had just missed a fine losing hazard off the red. His own ball lay on the very verge of one of the bottom pockets. Ingram's was two feet behind in a perfectly straight line. The red about a foot off from the top pocket offered a tempting straight pot.

Ingram was not to be tempted. Again he chalked his cue with extra care. As a rule he played with lightning speed, but now he dwelt long upon his stroke.

A sharp touch low down made his ball go clean up from the table. It leaped Crooke's ball steeplechase fashion, on and off as a clever jumper leaps a bank, and kicking it back over the balk line itself, dropped softly into the pocket.

There was a burst of irrepressible applause at the daring brilliancy of the stroke. Crooke turned pale and tugged at his tawny moustache. Fowler was glum and silent. The game seemed safe in Ingram's hands. An easy half-ball cannon brought the balls together at the middle of the table. Tip tap went the cue like lightning, with two added to his score at each tap. Forty went on in twice as many seconds, and still the balls lie close together. Tip-tap! forty more is added without a pause. Two hundred and forty-five! forty-seven! forty-nine!" one more for game.

That last cannon was a shade too hard. It drove the balls asunder and sent the red close up to the right hand top pocket. Still the last cannon wanted to win the game was a certainty to a player like Ingram. To the amazement of the company, for the first time in the game, he played to pot the red in the top pocket.

Crooke, who had almost collapsed at the turn of the game, bent forward both hands on the arms of his chair, quivering with excitement. Surely Ingram's ill-luck still pursued him. The red ball rolled to the mouth of the pocket, stumbled from side to side in its jaws, and hung quivering on the very edge.

Crooke leaped up and came forward to the table, cue in hand, and Ingram went back as quickly to the seat he had left. There was actually a smile on his face as he sat down and leant forward with his hands on the arms

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Ingram caught the descending blow with his left hand, and his right shot out at the same instant like a steam piston.

of the chair, yet to all intents and purposes he had lost the game and three thousand two hundred pounds. Crooke was two forty-four. The red ball lay right over the pocket, and his own straight behind it—an unmissable six shot.

He struck straight and fair with a full swing of his cue to ram them both down. But the red unaccountably sprang back from the open mouth of the pocket and kissed the ball aside that followed it.

There was the silence of sheer amazement in the room. Crooke stood stock-still, utterly dumfounded.

But Ingram who came quickly up behind as if he had anticipated the miss, played a brilliant hazard off the red into the self-same pocket and the game was over.

The loud burst of applause seemed to rouse Crooke to a sudden paroxysm of fury.

"Cheat!" he shouted, and swung the heavy butt of his cue into the air. It touched the edge of one of the precious opal lamp shades and shivered it to pieces. But Ingram caught the descending blow with his left hand, and his right shot out at the same instant like a steam piston. It took Crooke on the point of the chin and he went down with a dull thud on the soft carpet and lay still.

There was a stir and tumult in the room. But Ingram quelled it with raised hand and voice.

"Quietly, gentlemen!" he said, "he is but stunned. He has got less than he

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deserved when he called me by his own name."

He touched the prostrate body contemptuously with the shining tip of his patent leather shoe as he spoke. "He is a cheat, a trickster, a swindler. His table is a man trap. Will some of you kindly examine the cloth in front of the top pocket?"

With that Ingram stepped back deliberately and sat down in Crooke's chair. Half a dozen of the guests crowded to the top of the table, Kit Fowler foremost amongst them. He rubbed his hand backwards and forwards in front of the pocket.

"There is nothing here!" he cried insolently; "it is all a—oh!"

A sharp cry of pain chopped the sentence in two. As he snatched his hand hastily away there was a growing bead of blood on the ball of his thumb. A thin needle of steel, fine as a hair, and invisible a few feet away, had started up through the cushion at the neck of the passage and sentinelled the pocket.

The men who had all been swindled in their turn, crowded eagerly over each other's shoulders to look and feel, muttering curses.

"An ingenious trick, gentlemen," Ingram went on coolly, "and very simple—when you know it. It is worked by an electric button let into the handle of the chair. I found it out during the last game and played it off against the author."

At this moment Crooke staggered to his feet, still looking dazed and stunned. Ingram turned to him with elaborate courtesy. "You were quite right, Mr. Crooke," he said suavely, "and I was quite wrong. It is essential to know your table and your man. I won't intrude further as you may wish to offer some explanations to your friends. Come, Lambkin!"

As the two went out into the lamp-lit streets, Lambkin said contritely:

"Well, you know, Bob, I'm glad you didn't listen to my persuasions!"

NEVER SAY DIE.

THERE'S a story told of a knight of old,
When knights were daring and hearts were bold,
Who galloped to woo a lady fair,
All in the summer morning air;
Now lovers a score, or even more,
Were wooing this lady fair of yore,
But the bold knight's steed as he galloped along,
Sang to his sturdy heart this song!—
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never, never say die!

This sturdy knight had ridden to woo
Halfway, when his good steed cast a shoe;
Sir Hugo, who lands and gold had got,
Went ambling by at an easy trot.
A knight, who a thorough-bred mare bestrode,
Went prancing past him on the road;
But still that bold knight jogged along,
And his heart kept time to the sturdy song.
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never, never say die!

Though last, he was first, for times declare,
He won and wedded that lady fair;
And knight and lady are long since dust,
But his knightly spirit still lives, I trust!
So whether for glory or fame you ride,
To win renown or a dainty bride,
Remember the knight of times gone by,
Whatever befall you, never say die!
Never say die—never say die—
Do your best and the world defy—
Gallop along
Sturdy and strong,
Never—never say die!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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Batting, fielding, or bowling, W. G. always fills up his spare moments with a tug at his beard.

. OUR . CRICKETERS' CRANKS.

By John Jones.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett.

Ranjitsinhji always wears his white silk sleeves fastened at the wrist.

A tall, lithe figure with a very dark, pleasant, roundish face, runs lightly down the pavilion steps, his white silk cricket-shirt fluttering and shimmering in the wind and sun, the sleeves fastened at the wrist; and with long, easy, graceful strides swings itself across to the wickets. Who should this be but Prince Ranjitsinhji?

A big, burly figure, with keen brown eyes, and a long, black beard, just showing a suspicion of white in the middle, comes ponderously from the pavilion, surveying men with a monarch's glance. Ever and anon his hand goes to stroke the great beard. In due course his measured tread brings him to the wicket. He lifts a bail from the wickets' tops, stoops to mark very carefully a line on the ground, removes all particles of dust from the bail, and as carefully replaces it. He straightens his back, glances all round him, strokes his beard, and, in his own good time, faces the bowler. Who could this be but the great Grace?

The unfailing eccentricities of two of the most popular men in the world as they go forth to bat for their counties have been faithfully set out. The Indian Prince *always* runs lightly down the pavilion steps, *always* wears a silk shirt which flutters at the slightest breath of wind, and *always* wears his sleeves fastened at the wrists—a fashion adopted by hardly another cricketer in England. W. G. Grace is for ever stroking his beard—when at the wicket, as he watches a well-placed cut skimming to the boundary—when in the field as he changes a few words with one of the batsmen or fielders. And he always removes a bail to mark a little line on the batting-crease, and always carefully shakes off the dust as he replaces it.

Bobby Abel marching to fresh triumphs.

Every cricketer has his eccentricity; an eccentricity well known to every cricket devotee, who looks for it, who would be disappointed if it were not apparent on any occasion. Some cricketers have only one eccentricity, others, like Ranjitsinhji and Grace, have two or three—Abel probably holds the record.

I can call to mind five distinct eccentricities of Bobby Abel—little habits that he has formed, that you may notice every time when he goes to

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Jephson lobs. A special side-view.

the wickets. First of all comes his curious trick of pulling at the knee-flaps of his pads as he leaves the pavilion to bat. Secondly, he has a strong partiality for pulling his cap over his left eye. In the third place none is so fond of sitting on his bat as little Bobby Abel. Fourthly, just when he is about to receive a ball, he delivers, with his bat, a series of quick little taps to his block. Fifthly and finally, he plays imaginary balls.

This is a very noticeable eccentricity. Abel is always trying to improve his cricket. He plays with his brains, thinking out the why and the wherefore of everything. If he should miscalculate a stroke, he will play it over again, and you may often see him, in his dressing-room, in the cricket pavilions, wherever a bat is likely to come to his hand, playing imaginary balls, making imaginary master-strokes.

J. T. Hearne likes a nice thick sole.

Some men's eccentricities are most noticeable when they are marching out to bat—others, when they are marching in at the end of their innings. Watch Jephson as he goes to the wickets, pulling on his gloves, with bat under arm. In nine cases out of ten you shall see him turn his head as though looking round at a clock.

Or J. T. Hearne—on emerging from the dressing-room, first he touches his cap, then he pulls up his pads, finally heaving up his trousers, sailor fashion, in the course of his progress across the ground. He also wears unusually thick soles to his shoes. Hearne may always be recognised by these eccentricities.

Hayward on his return journey from the wickets. He runs half the way, and then walks slowly, fanning himself with his large hat.

Hayward is the possessor of two eccentricities, the one apparent on his outward journey to the wickets, the other on the return journey. When outward bound, he wags his head. His head, indeed, appears to be on wires, and sways from side to side in a manner quite alarming. When homeward bound, especially after a good innings, he will run at speed for exactly half the distance from the wicket to the pavilion—the remainder he walks slowly, fanning himself with his hat.

Noticeable voices, and curious ways of using them, are the outstanding eccentricities of Lord Hawke and Gunn. Anyone who has played with Lord Hawke can always tell by his voice when the old Yorkshire captain feels in good form. Having made a few runs, and settled down to the bowling, he begins to call to his partner with a beautiful, silver, tenor note — a sound full of encouragement and inspiration to the partner. Gunn, on the other hand, has a brazen, bass voice, and when the giant gives full play to his

C. L. Townsend: "O, please don't look at me. You make me so dreadfully nervous!"

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lungs in declining to run, the air reverberates.

Sammy Woods has a rooted objection to wearing a cap.

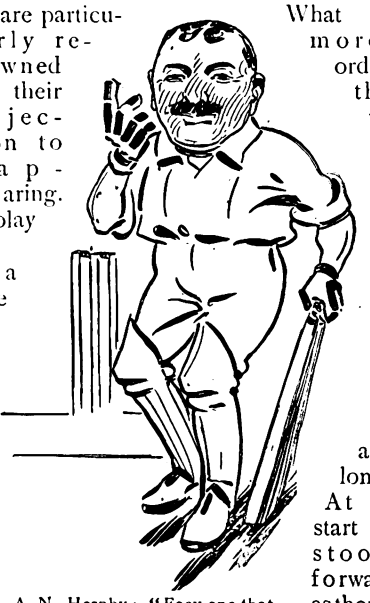
Most cricketers have some little eccentricity in the way of dress. One wears a curious hat, another a strange cap, and many are eccentric by reason of wearing no cap at all, whatever the heat of the sun. S. M. J. Woods and A. N. Hornby are particularly renowned for their objection to cap-wearing. Whatever the weather, they play bare-headed.

Sammy Woods used to have a very peculiar notion that he could not get runs if he went in to bat No. 6 on the list. One day, however, he went in No. 6 by mistake, and scored a century. From that day to this he has been eccentric in his high regard for the position of sixth batsman in the list, and he goes in sixth man whenever he can arrange to do so.

Mr. Hornby also possesses a second eccentricity. He will stand at the wickets with his bat almost behind his right leg, and once, owing to this habit, he was actually bowled without so much as playing at the fatal ball, his bat having in some way become caught in the straps of his pad.

One other eccentricity in common is shared by Woods and Hornby—each delight in stealing runs in the most outrageous manner.

Lord Harris used to have a very curious dress eccentricity—he always played in a stick-up collar. L. C. H. Palairet is almost certain to be seen with a handkerchief around his neck even on a warm day. Both Mason and Trott have a confirmed habit of pulling their caps over their eyes when batting.



A. N. Hornby: "Easy one that, Albert!" His great delight is to steal a run.

It is amusing to watch Mason's cap eccentricities when he is bowling. At the beginning of nearly every over, he carefully takes off his cap and hands it to the umpire; and at the end of the over he nearly always reclaims his property, and adjusts it in its proper place! Yet I have never seen him with his hair otherwise than beautifully smooth, or with the parting in the least disturbed.

To the eccentricities of bowlers there is no end. What could be more extraordinary than the great, wild cat-like spring into the air which Lockwood executes as he delivers the ball? Watching him, one trembles lest he shall come to ground with his body knotted. Very striking are W. M. Bradley's bowling eccentricities. He takes a very long run. At the start he stoops forward, as though to gather way. Approaching the wicket he takes two or three enormous strides, in a peculiar fashion, as though he were skating, and finally he delivers the ball, at a tremendous pace, from his full height. The crouch, the rush, the delivery from high in the air, may well, as they do, strike terror to the nervous batsman's heart.

An eccentricity of Lord Harris. He always played in a stick-up collar.

No matter how warm the day, Palairet is certain to have a handkerchief round his neck.

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J. R. Mason. When batting he keeps his cap on his head. When bowling he hands it to the umpire, and, at the end of every over, adjusts it in its proper place.

A contrast is the eccentric bowling of F. S. Jackson. He has never been known to run up to the wicket to bowl. Rather, he lounges up, walking with easy, graceful strides, as though he were going to send down a very slow ball. But the batsman who expects a slow ball will be surprised.

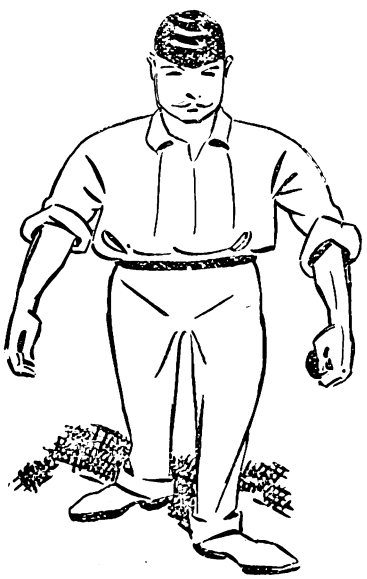
When Jackson is batting, and makes a big score, another odd eccentricity becomes apparent, for in this case he is almost certain to have several bats brought out to him from the pavilion, seeming never to be satisfied, even though he is making beautiful strokes.

If you look at C. M. Wells as he starts to bowl, you will see that he always holds the ball in his left hand, changing it to the right hand on his way to the wicket. Townsend, though he bats with his left hand, bowls with his right, and comes up to the wicket with a rolling gait, and an exceptionally long stride. Rhodes bowls "left," and bats "right." At the end of an over he always puts his left hand in his pocket.

The terror of the nervous batsman. W. M. Bradley on the point of delivering a ball.

Walter Mead, who has done so much for Essex, has a curious habit, when he starts to bowl, of changing step. Often, after starting his run to the wickets with one or two short steps, he will change step several times before he delivers the ball—a habit very disconcerting to many batsmen. C. B. Fry also suffers from an extraordinary inability to get into step.

But, perhaps, none bowled in a more eccentric manner than poor Briggs. His eccentricity was apparent *after* he had delivered the ball. Then he always remained for a second or two in the position in which he was in when the ball left his hand, his arm still outstretched, and an amazed expression on his face, as though overcome by surprise that the ball did not take a wicket. Briggs always made the people laugh.



C. M. Wells. He always holds his ball in his left hand on the way to the wicket.

Sir T. C. O'Brien used to have an eccentric, eager way of seizing upon the ball directly a wicket fell, and practising to bowl vigorously with either hand, in the interval pending the next batsman's arrival. F. H. E. Cunliffe, who bowled so well for Oxford two or three years ago, was also remarkable for his eagerness. With arm outstretched, he would always walk some little way towards a fielder about to return him the ball.

C. B. Fry: "Just a moment, sir. I should like to interview you while they are crossing over."

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Characteristic action of Johnny Briggs.

And every cricketer who plays to any extent develops some little eccentricity when batting. Jessop, "the hurricane hitter," always crouches low after taking his guard, holding the bat handle with his right hand close to the shoulder blade, and with his left at the extreme top. He has a curious habit which the spectators can hardly notice, of clasping and unclasping his hands about the handle of the bat as he waits for the ball. A. J. Webbe, too, has a funny trick of holding his hands quite high on the bat handle, almost until the ball leaves the bowler's hand—when down they go with a jerk to the very bottom of the handle.

Lockwood's guard is slightly eccentric. With the bottom of his bat on the crease, he sways the handle to and from him continually. Trott uses a very heavy bat. Fry stands remarkably upright. Whenever beaten by a ball he has a tendency to stroke his nose!

Storer's legs from the knees downwards have an outward tendency.

When fielding, too, many cricketers have their funny little tricks. Witness R. E. Foster's eccentric method of pulling up his trousers when fielding at slip. He stoops to take a good grip of them below the knees with both hands, and then jerks them far upward with great vigour, so that a liberal expanse of black socks comes into view. One who has ever noticed this little performance would be sorry to miss it when watching Foster field. For sometimes even cricket is monotonous, and it is when the batsmen are "blocking" the balls—playing only to save their wickets—and when the only people who seem to be exerting themselves are the bowlers, that such quaint little peculiarities of the players become fascinating. A character reader may find food for thought even in a cricketer's manner of pulling up his trousers.

This man takes thought of appearances—he adjusts his garments to the best effect with as much care as a grand lady disposes her skirts. That one is so superb in himself that he troubles nothing about his clothes. Here's a man of taste in dress—there's one who always disgraces his tailor, even in cricket flannels. Ladies in the pavilions often find the eccentricities of cricketers, as regards their clothes, of more interest than the cricket.

Watch P. F. Warner as he goes out to bat, and you will see his left hand go towards the buckle of his trousers, to give them a little hitch. This little habit, one might say, is not worth noticing; but when you observe that it is repeated more than a hundred times in the course of the scoring of a century, you begin to take an interest in it.

How Jessop frightens the bowler. He crouches low like some vast reptile ready to spring.

Sherwin's method of keeping wicket used to attract wide attention. He would stoop slightly as the bowler was about to deliver the ball, and then suddenly drop down into a sitting position, at the same time opening his arms wide, ready to take the ball on either side.

The wild cat-like spring of Lockwood.

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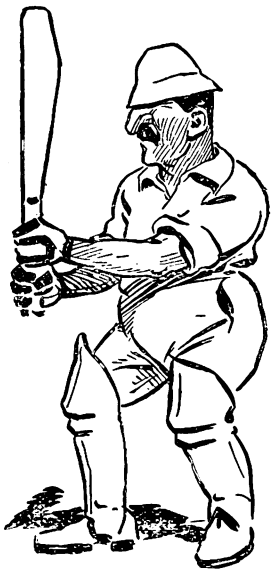

Trott always pulls his hat well over his eyes.

It is always fascinating to watch the movements of a first-class wicket-keeper. Possibly the wicket-keeper's position calls for more quickness of eye and hand than is necessary in any other place in the field. The expression of a wicket-keeper's face, seen from close quarters, or through a pair of glasses, is a worthy subject of study.

Storer wicket-keeping is a fascinating sight, as he stands, with his head far forward, a stern, eager, strained expression on his face, his arms held almost straight downwards, his hands a little apart, just inside his knees. From his knees downwards his legs have an outward tendency, not unhumorous.

A famous wicket-keeper with a little eccentricity is MacGregor; but it is when he is going in to bat that it becomes apparent, for he is almost certain to be seen then, with his left arm close against his side, and bent double at the elbow. This is one of those minute peculiarities that only become apparent when pointed out.

R. E. Foster is continually pulling up his trousers at the knee.

When asked what was the outstanding eccentricity of K. J. Key, the old Surrey captain, one of his friends declared it to lie in the fact that he had no eccentricity. But I question whether there is any cricketer alive who does not possess some peculiarity entirely his own. A microscopical examination of Mr. Key in the field revealed to me the fact that when stationed at mid-on—and he seldom fields elsewhere—he has a funny little trick of returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, instead of just tossing it to the bowler, as most fieldsmen would do, when there was no prospect of taking a wicket.

But Key is always alive to the chance of taking a batsman off his guard. He has an eternal hope that some misguided batsman, after seeing him safely field a ball, may leave his ground to pat the pitch, never dreaming of danger until the next ball is bowled, and, therefore, he always prepares for this contingency by returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, on the off-chance that the batsman may be stumped.

A. Mold: "Dost call that a throw, laad?"

Key is reputed to be very superstitious. There is a story which tells how, after he had made 143 against Cambridge, in the Inter-University match, he was careful to have the shirt in which he

K. J. Key: His eccentricity is that he has no eccentricity.

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W. G. Quaife: "Don't bowl fast. I'm so very small."

batted put on one side, so that he might be sure of playing in it in the event of his taking part in another University match in the following year. Most cricketers have their superstitions.

One of the most ludicrous eccentricities I have ever noticed on the cricket field is the property of G. J. V. Weigall. If some player on an opposing side, whom he has never seen before, comes in to bat, Weigall will coolly proceed to walk around him, endeavouring to observe him from every possible point of view. His critical study of a new player is a highly amusing performance to those who happen to notice it; it is done in the same way as the old schoolboy takes in the points of the new boy.

"O Tom, Tom! This will never do!"

And there is Mold. His is an eccentricity of style. Was there ever such a bowler seen upon earth? His action, as he sends the ball hurtling, the grimmest determination on his dark face, has in it a touch of a windmill in full blast—a windmill whirling its arms under pressure of a hurricane. Once, at the Oval, he sent down a ball with such force, that when it hit the wicket the bails went flying for a distance of fifty-six yards.

Mold, of course, has given the umpires some uneasiness as to the legitimacy of his delivery; and in the recent outcry on the subject of throwing he received no little attention. But still he does execution for his county—and this year, at any rate, his action has been beyond criticism. "Dost call that a throw, laad?" one seems to hear him saying in broad Lancashire, in tones of defiance as the ball goes from him.

Some men's eccentricities lie not in dress or habits, but in their own persons. Gunn's great length of body sets him apart from all, and his manner of moving it is wonderful to see as he chases a well-smitten ball, catching it up in a style all his own without checking speed.

Gunn is the giant of the cricket world, and Quaife—"W. G., Junior"—the dwarf. He is the shortest first-class cricketer, and is renowned also for his patience. It is a pleasure to see him on the cricket field, for his presence adds not a little to the humours of the great game.

Weird action of Jack Brown.

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The Lady Mar-jorie

By Athol Forbes.

"Your ancestors seem to have been rather fine specimens of their race," I remarked to my host who was, with perhaps a pardonable pride, showing me over his place, to which he had just succeeded.

"Is that meant as a cut at the present generation of the Tempests?" he asked with good humour.

"Dick, you always were conceited, but you surely cannot have the audacity to fish for my compliments. I know you too well," I replied.

He laughed. "Come this way. What do you think of that?" and he indicated a fine painting that had the extra advantage of being in a good light.

"That is a remarkable portrait, I should say of a remarkable person, too. She was one who played a part—a leading part in the history of her times, if my estimate be accurate," I ventured to say.

"Yes: her story is an interesting one," he remarked. "I wonder if you could guess it; you used to be fond of reading characters when we were at Oriel."

"Her face has the stamp of the troublous times in which she lived, and there is a tragedy in her life. That fearful look in the eyes conceals a bit of history that I would like to know."

So life-like was the portrait that one almost expected her to make a movement that I felt would be fearful and timid.

"Come and look at the others," said my host.

But the pale, stiff ladies, in equally stiff lace, holding roses in their hands, wearing the same identical necklaces, side by side with stern-looking heroes in armour with proud arching eyebrows, high cheek-bones and gaunt features, had no interest for me compared with the tragic face of the portrait to which my attention had at first been drawn.

"After dinner I will tell you her story, or you can read it for yourself. Strange to say, my father or grandfather, I forget which, is indebted to the Dentons of Cragside for the narrative, although in our own records we have it in part. My forbears were Cavaliers, as you will understand — the Dentons of Cragside were Roundheads, and bitter enemies of my people. It is only within the present century that they have agreed to bury the old animosity, and when a formal reconciliation took place, the grandfather of the present baronet allowed us to have a copy of the remarkable story. However, here's your room. The first bell will ring in a few minutes, and the second a quarter of an hour later."

While I dressed, the tragic impersonation of this trembling lady of the past, depicted by some unknown artist, kept recurring to my memory. There were the marks of a great mental strain, that told of a psychological crisis in her life.

"Now, Dick, I am anxious to hear the story of the lady of mystery," I said as soon as dessert was on the table. "A cigar and the precious record you have to show me, are what I desire most now."

"Come along then. I am more anxious for a smoke than this. Bring the coffee and liqueurs into the library," he said to the old butler.

"Here you are!" and my friend, Sir Richard Tempest, handed me a folded parchment. "Of course, you know this is only a copy."

I nodded, and eagerly opened the document. This narrative I now reproduce with but few alterations, and they are chiefly in the spelling:—

"For the enlightenment of the generations

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to come, who may unwittingly misjudge me as the present one has done, I, Thomas Justice Denton, of Cragside, in the hundred of Creykeland, in the shire of York, do hereby sincerely, really, and constantly assert that the following facts are true, without exaggeration or any additions introduced to palliate or excuse myself, or to question, weaken or deprecate the judgment of my Lord Cromwell, who has thought fit to dismiss me from the forces of the Parliament.

"On the 29th day of June, in the year of grace 1644, three days before the battle of the Moor at Marston, when the following of Baal fell before us as hay before the sickle, I was summoned to the tent of my Lord Cromwell.

"'You have careful knowledge of this part of the country?' was the first question he put to me, to which I replied that I was born within ten miles of where we stood.

"'Good!' he said. 'I hear that Charles Tempest, of Rupert's Horse, is at this moment within our lines, and but an hour ago entered the grounds of Marston Manor—no doubt to visit his wife. You will take ten troopers and bring him here prisoner. He must not escape. Remember this service is an important one. Have a care.'

"I bowed and retired. My men, I found, were ready mounted by the order of the Protector, who never forgot anything, and we trotted off in the direction of Marston Manor.

"I confess I did not like this duty, for in happier times the old Hall had often welcomed me to its generous hospitality. However, I thought of Saul's sin in sparing Agag whom he was bidden to slay, which thought gave me good heart for my duty.

"It was night when we drew rein at the door, and darker than usual for the time of year. I posted my men so as to command all avenues of escape; then I summoned those within the house. The door was opened by an old man I knew well, whose face blanched at the sight of me, yet somehow, methinks he knew who had alarmed the house, and expected me. Without a word he conducted me to the large dining-hall, while he announced me to her ladyship.

"Now I had not seen the Lady Marjorie Tempest, for I was away, fighting in the Lowlands, when the heir took unto himself a wife. I had not waited long before the door was opened to admit her. I bowed with all deference to show that I was not of the common folk so numerous in the Parliamentary forces.

"'Your pleasure?' she demanded, somewhat imperiously.

"'Is Sir Charles Tempest of Prince Rupert's Horse in this house, madame?'

"'He is,' she answered promptly, and I admit to my surprise.

"Then it was that I ventured to look at the

"I bowed with all due deference to show that I was not of the common folk."

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face of the woman who dared to tell the truth in spite of consequences.

"'It is my painful duty to arrest him by the order of my Lord Protector Cromwell,' I said.

"She did not wince. 'Yes, I feared that. I will conduct you to Sir Charles. Be good enough to follow me.'

"'Madame, I have ten men posted round this house,' I was beginning to say, when she turned upon me with an angry light in her eyes:

"'Sir,' she cried, 'if you are afraid of treachery, summon as many of your men as you desire—as many as you think sufficient to arrest one man, and I will conduct them gladly to the presence of my husband.'

"I felt stupid, so I merely bowed and signified to her by gesture that I desired no such escort. At the top of the staircase she turned to me, making a gesture of silence. As she softly entered the room, a man in the garb of a Romish priest got up from his knees with the intention of brushing past me, but I bade him stay until I had satisfied myself that it was not the man I wanted. Indeed, I recognised him as a former curate of the village near the Moor of Marston. This I did to show her ladyship that I meant to do my duty.

"The room I knew well, for as a boy I had many times played hide-and-seek in it. In the dim light I readily recognised the furniture, which appeared to be little altered. There was the great Elizabethan oak bed with its huge canopy.

"While I peered into the dark recesses, my lady called me to the bedside. I crossed the room, treading softly, for a certain vague fear possessed me.

"'There is Sir Charles,' she said, as she reached for his hand and clasped it in her own. 'He is dying from this wound,' and she pointed to blood-stained cloths on his shoulder. 'A power greater than that of him whose hireling you are, has arrested him. You can drag him from his bed, but his soul will soon be released.'

"I bent my head and heeded not her wild words.

"'Do you know me?' I asked of the patient.

"There was a movement of the lips, but her ladyship was upon me instantly. It was only a look, but I could not disturb Sir Charles after that.

"'He shall die in peace,' I said, 'unless it please God to spare him, when I must do my duty.'

"While I was speaking, two men entered the room with a couch.

"'It is for you,' said her ladyship, as I looked inquiringly at it.

"'I do not wish to remain in this room,' I said.

"'He could only escape by passing through this door. You know the house; shall we put the couch just outside?' was her immediate answer.'

"I bowed, and as I retired, she sank down on her knees and sobbed.

"In spite of her grief, she had not forgotten the old hospitality, for the two servants brought a table which they speedily filled with good cheer. I was not suspicious, but I resolved not to touch the wine for fear of accident. The silver and the delicate linen were in striking contrast to our rough camp fare, and the love of luxury within me seemed to be kindled into life and activity again.

"Presently the Papist re-entered, with various articles of the priestly craft. The Lady Marjorie came out and asked me whether I cared to join in the service, but I shook my head, at the same time taking care not to show my contempt for such Popish ways.

"Determined to keep awake, I called up two of my men, all of whom had fared sumptuously, and we read the Scriptures together and sang a psalm, but softly so as not to disturb the dying man. The remainder of my troopers I directed to seek their rest, deeming three of us ample to guard one dying man.

"It was towards four in the morning when the door opened and the priest came out.

"'Sir Charles is gone,' he said in a whisper.

"'I must see him,' was my reply.

"Again I entered. The Lady Majorie had thrown herself upon the bed. I placed my hand on the brow of the deceased baronet. It was cold and clammy, and in spite of it being a warm summer's morning, I shivered. I addressed myself to the bereaved one and the Lady Marjorie raised herself, took my hand and murmured some gentle words of thanks that I could not altogether catch, but they were sweet words, like music played very softly.

"Outside, I saw the priest, who begged me to stay for the funeral. This relieved me of a serious responsibility that I could not have insisted upon save at the expense of their feelings, for I wished to be able to report that I had seen him buried.

"'The funeral will be at eight,' said the priest.

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"'So soon? It will suit me,' was my response, 'and I am truly sorry for the Lady Marjorie. However, the discipline of this world demands sacrifices as a necessary part of our training.'

"I walked up and down the terrace until the time appointed for the burial, pondering over the events of the last few hours, and thinking over the Lady Marjorie's great trouble, when there was the rustle of a dress, and she stood before me. She placed her hand on my arm, and I could hear the beating of her heart.

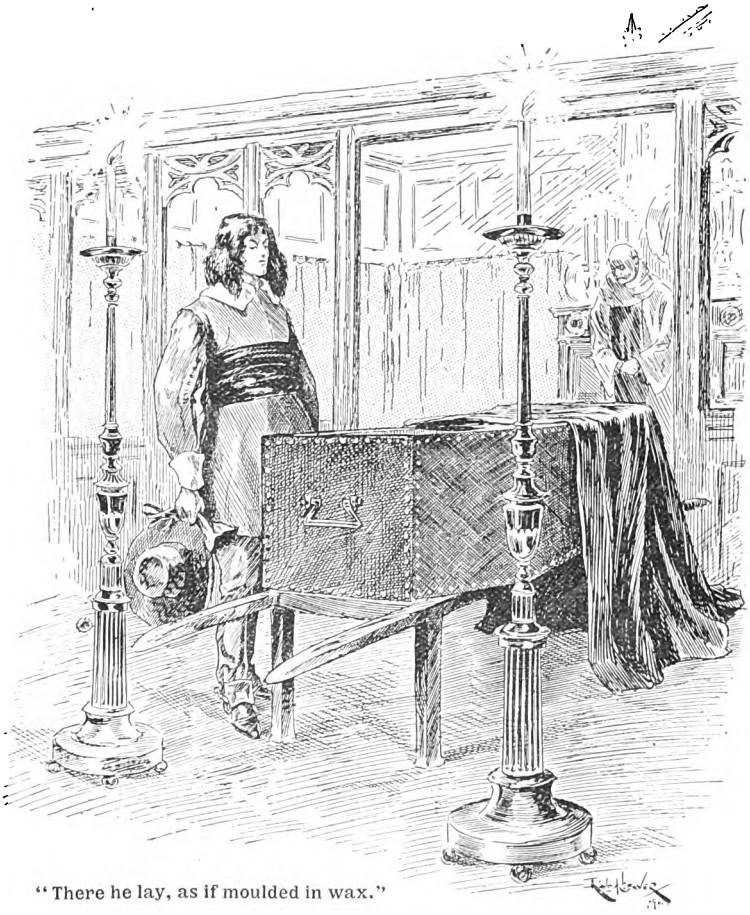
"'You will stay until it is over,' she said at length with some effort.

"I bowed.

"'And your men?'

"'They shall attend, to do honour to a brave man.'

"I begged her permission to give the order for this. I explained to my troopers that we must not lose sight of the body until it was buried in the ground. I knew they would not go into the Popish chapel, but I gave orders that the doors must remain open, for I had my duty to do. I mention all this to show how my commission was executed.



"There he lay, as if moulded in wax."

"No sooner had I given these instructions, than the sad burden appeared, reverently carried by four men servants. I gave the Lady Marjorie my arm, and with measured tread, my men and the domestics of the Hall followed with downcast eyes.

"Now, giving the impression that I wanted one last look at the face of my dead friend, I stepped out into the chancel and removed the death-cloth from his face. There he lay, as if moulded in wax. I replaced the covering gently, and stole away to my lady's side again.

"The service was somewhat longer than usual, because every minute or so the priest seemed to break down as if overcome with emotion. But at last all was over. We waited until the grave was filled in, then we trotted back to camp, and I made my report.

"My Lord Cromwell questioned me sharply on all the details; particularly did he inquire as to the actual burial. To all these questions I replied truthfully; the Lord Protector did not seem satisfied, but he must needs examine the troopers who accompanied me.

"Two days afterwards, the bloody fight of Marston Moor took place. In the evening of that memorable day a message came directing me to appear at once before my Lord Cromwell. The Protector, dusty and blood-stained, was in a great passion of temper, and there was a bruise on the left side of his head.

"'This day I have been hurled from my horse by a traitor whom I sent you to arrest.' He spoke slowly as if suffering from great exhaustion. 'What is your explanation of this neglect of duty?'

"'Not Sir Charles Tempest?' I replied.

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"'By Sir Charles Tempest of Rupert's Horse I was violently hurled to the ground, and only escaped death by a vigorous charge of my own Ironsides.'

"For a few seconds I remained dumb at this announcement, thinking that my Lord Cromwell's mind had given way under the great strain of the last few days.

"'Your sword,' he demanded.

"I handed it over, believing that I was in some hideous dream from which I should presently awake, or that Cromwell was really mad.

"'Leave my presence, traitor. It is because I believe it to be that the Lady Marjorie has bewitched you, that I do not have you shot. Go!'"

* * * *

"This is a true and faithful account of why I left the service of the Parliament. My Lord Cromwell must have seen an apparition, for I do assert again that I saw Sir Charles Tempest lying dead, and that same man I saw buried, and in confirmation of which I place my name and seal."

* * * *

"What do you think of that?" asked my host.

"It is all very mysterious. The narrative is by an honest man," I said.

"Yet we have absolute proof that Cromwell was right."

"You astonish me. Did Cromwell see a ghost?"

Instead of replying, he opened a drawer and took out a wax mask.

"This is the explanation. The Lady Marjorie and the priest made this mask long before it was required, to be ready in the case of pursuit or search. She was regularly visited by her husband, and this was the trick she thought out, with the aid of the chaplain. When Denton first entered the room, he certainly saw Sir Charles, but in the morning he merely saw the representation of him. It was a superb bit of acting on her part. Had she failed in it, the life of her husband was the penalty. Of course, the made-up figure was buried—this was proved by opening the grave in this century—and while the service was being held, Sir Charles escaped from under the bed. Mr. Thomas Justice Denton returned in disgust to Holland, where he rather distinguished himself as a soldier. Tradition says that the hair of the Lady Marjorie turned white during that night when she was called upon to play the part that meant life or death to the man she loved."

"Did she ever see her husband again?"

"Yes. What is more, she lived to a great age, but it is said she never looked a day older than the morning when she attended that strange service in our little chapel here—at least that is the story kept alive in the servants' hall."

"'Leave my presence, traitor. It is because I believe the Lady Marjorie has bewitched you that I do not have you shot.'"

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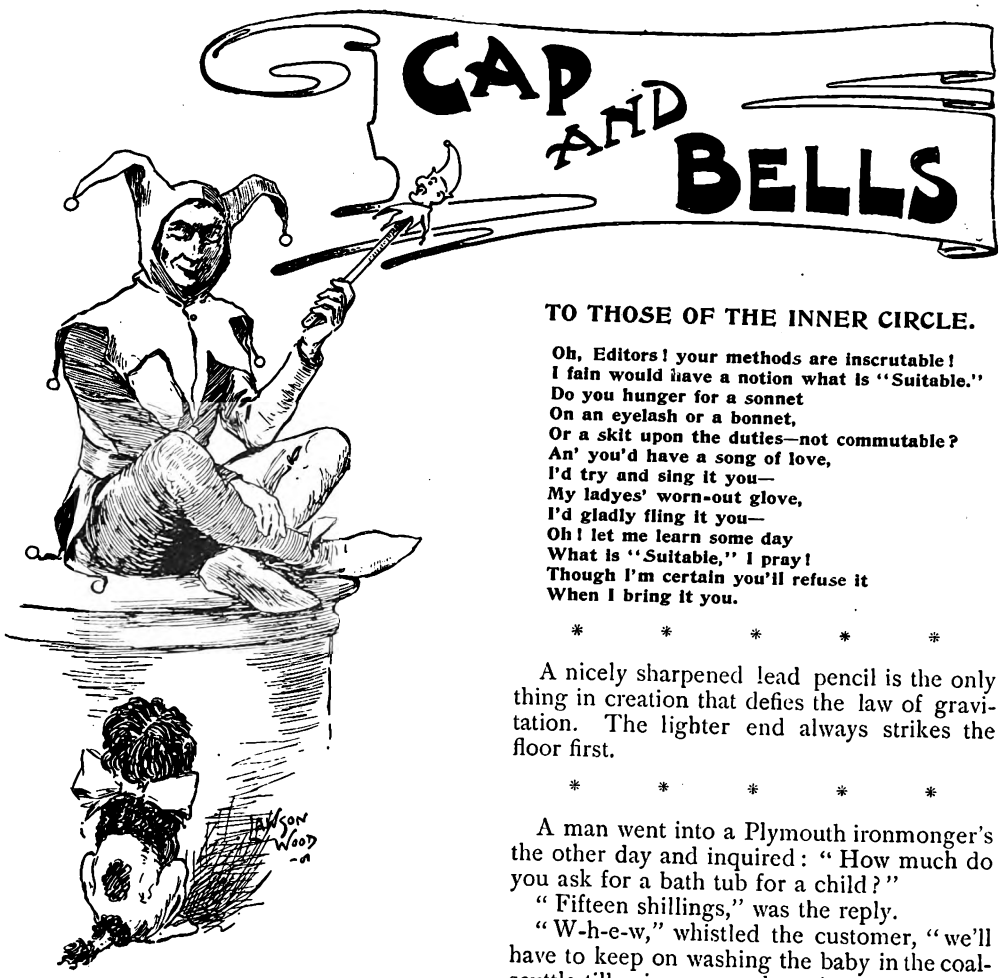

ELDERLY SUITOR: "I have spoken to your mother, Helen, and——"

HELEN: "Oh, I'm so glad. Did she accept you?"

* * * * *

A new game is played as follows:—A number sit round a table, and write on slips guesses about the weather "to-morrow." The one guessing right wins. Any number can play, as there is weather enough to go round.

* * * * *

VISITOR (to prisoner): "What brought you here?"

PRISONER: "Misplaced confidence."

VISITOR: "How was that?"

PRISONER: "I thought I could run faster than I could."

TO THOSE OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

Oh, Editors! your methods are inscrutable!
I fain would have a notion what is "Suitable."
Do you hunger for a sonnet
On an eyelash or a bonnet,
Or a skit upon the duties—not commutable?
An' you'd have a song of love,
I'd try and sing it you—
My ladyes' worn-out glove,
I'd gladly fling it you—
Oh! let me learn some day
What is "Suitable," I pray!
Though I'm certain you'll refuse it
When I bring it you.

* * * * *

A nicely sharpened lead pencil is the only thing in creation that defies the law of gravitation. The lighter end always strikes the floor first.

* * * * *

A man went into a Plymouth ironmonger's the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath tub for a child?"

"Fifteen shillings," was the reply.

"W-h-e-w," whistled the customer, "we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."

Washing the baby.

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1. Rogers (blind and lame): "Thank you kindly!"

GOVERNESS: "What is a continent?" (dead silence) "Does no one know?"

JOHNNY (aged eight): "I know. It's a place where people go when they're married."

* * *

"Does smoking offend you?" asked a landlord of his newly arrived boarder.

"Not at all, sir."

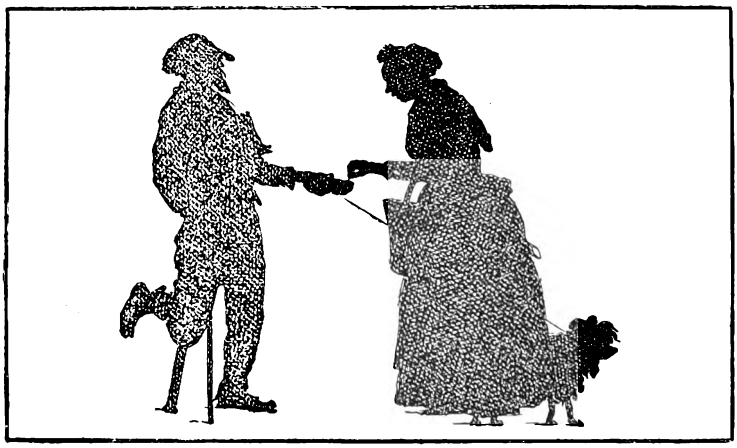
"I'm very glad to hear it, as your chimney is given to the practice."

FOND MOTHER: "Is blowing a French horn likely to result in injury to my boy?"

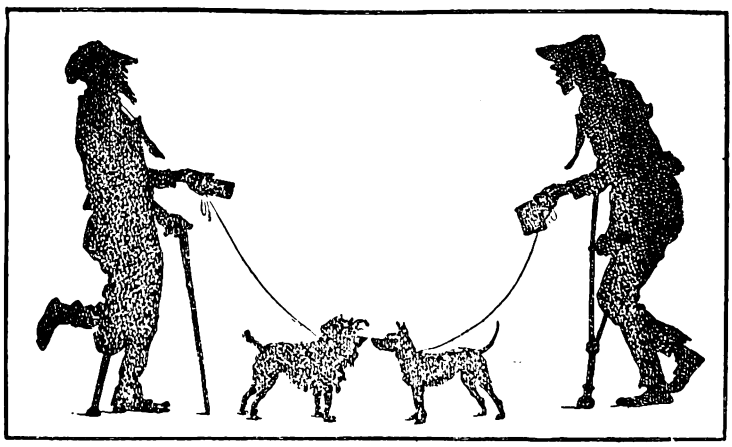
DOCTOR: "You can wager it is, ma'am, if he blows it near us and we catch him."

* * *

PEDLAR (to peasant): "I have here two different almanacs from which you may choose. One of them contains the most holidays, but the other contains more good weather."



2. Podgers (lame and blind): "Heaven reward you, marm!"



3. Rogers: "Dear friends, I am blind and lame."
Podgers: "Dear friends, I am lame and blind."

"I say, Bill, who was Benjamin Disraeli?"

"Don't you know, stupid? He was the man who invented primroses."

* * *

SCOTCH TOURIST (to cabby, who has demanded an excess fare): "My card, mon! I ha'e na got a card; but I'll ha'e ye ken I'm a *MacIntosh*."

CABBY: "You may be a humbrella for all I knows; but my fare's eight'npence."

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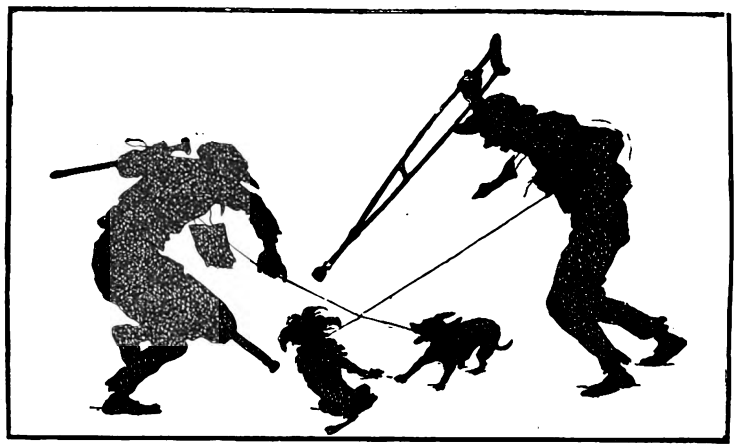
M'GINN (having borrowed ten shillings): "Oh, thank you! Words cannot repay you for this favour."

DE TIM (dryly): "No, I don't think they can."

* * *

Some one says that the "happiest looking man is one who is not burdened with wealth." He evidently did not form his opinion from seeing a friend returning from the races.



Rogers: "Take your brute away, will you?"
Podgers: "I'll teach that dog of yours —!"

5. — ! ! ! ! ! ! ! —

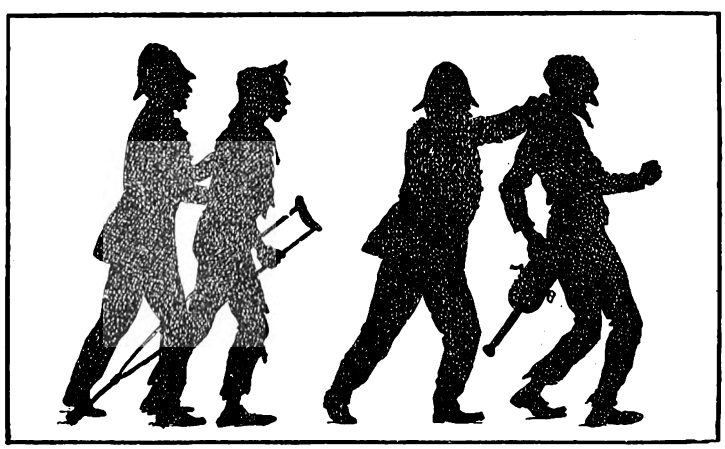
"The best thing I ever read!" exclaimed a book reviewer, as he perused his uncle's will and found that the sensible lamented had left him a snug bequest.

* * *

"I should have been named Reflection," groaned a battered tramp, as he tightened the belt round his hollow waist. "I find there is more food for reflection in this life than anything else."

Miss Carnegy, of Craigo, a Montrose belle of former days, disliked paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment signed by the provost, she broke out and said:

"I dinna understand the taxes; but I just think that when the provost's wife wants a new gown her man sends me a tax-paper!"



6. And the lame walk and the blind see!

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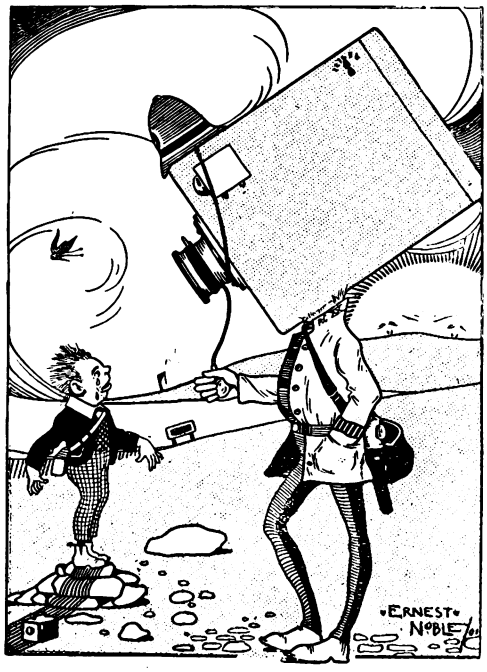


Mr. C. A. Mera: "It's no use crying, boy; I must take you!"

* * * * *

In a restaurant the other evening a waiter was apologising to a guest for the dilapidated state of his napkin.

"Don't mention it," said the customer sadly. "I don't mind the hole in the least, that part of your napkin is always sure to be clean."

* * * * *

A gentleman residing in the suburbs, and well known in the City, finding that his otherwise well-ordered household was without that indispensable article of modern civilisation known as a lemon-squeezer, and having tried for several days in vain to think to bring one down with him from town, finally directed his man to remind him of it on the following morning before his departure for the City. Standing on the doorstep after breakfast next day, and just as he was about to bid his wife his usual affectionate farewell, he heard, in stentorian tones from the region of the stable, the words, "Squeezer, sir!" The lady was startled, and it was well for the faithful domestic that his employer had only just time to catch the train; but there is now a lemon-squeezer of the latest pattern in the house.

* * * * *

A Cornish editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

* * * * *

There is something wonderfully grand in the roar of thunder until you discover it has soured the last half pint of milk in the house.

* * * * *

Law-suits are not always expensive. About the cheapest suit a man can get into is the one worn in prison.

* * * * *

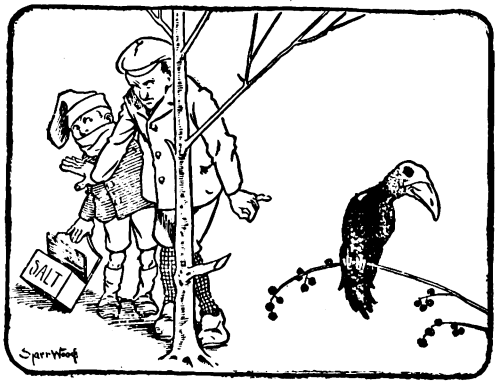
She: "I've no change."
He: "All right, my dear girl. Give me a kiss and we'll call it quits."

* * * * *

Charivari has a good story of a young French imitator of Jack Sheppard and Claud Duval. The boy was arrested with his band, and wept bitterly.

"Don't cry your eyes out," said his captor not unkindly. "It is not so terrible a matter the punishment for stealing a pocket handkerchief."

"But I was getting on so well," whimpered the boy; "I was highly thought of by my chief. I was just going to be promoted from prigging wipes to nobbling tickers."



S-sh! Go and hide behind another tree, and don't breathe, or he'll see you.

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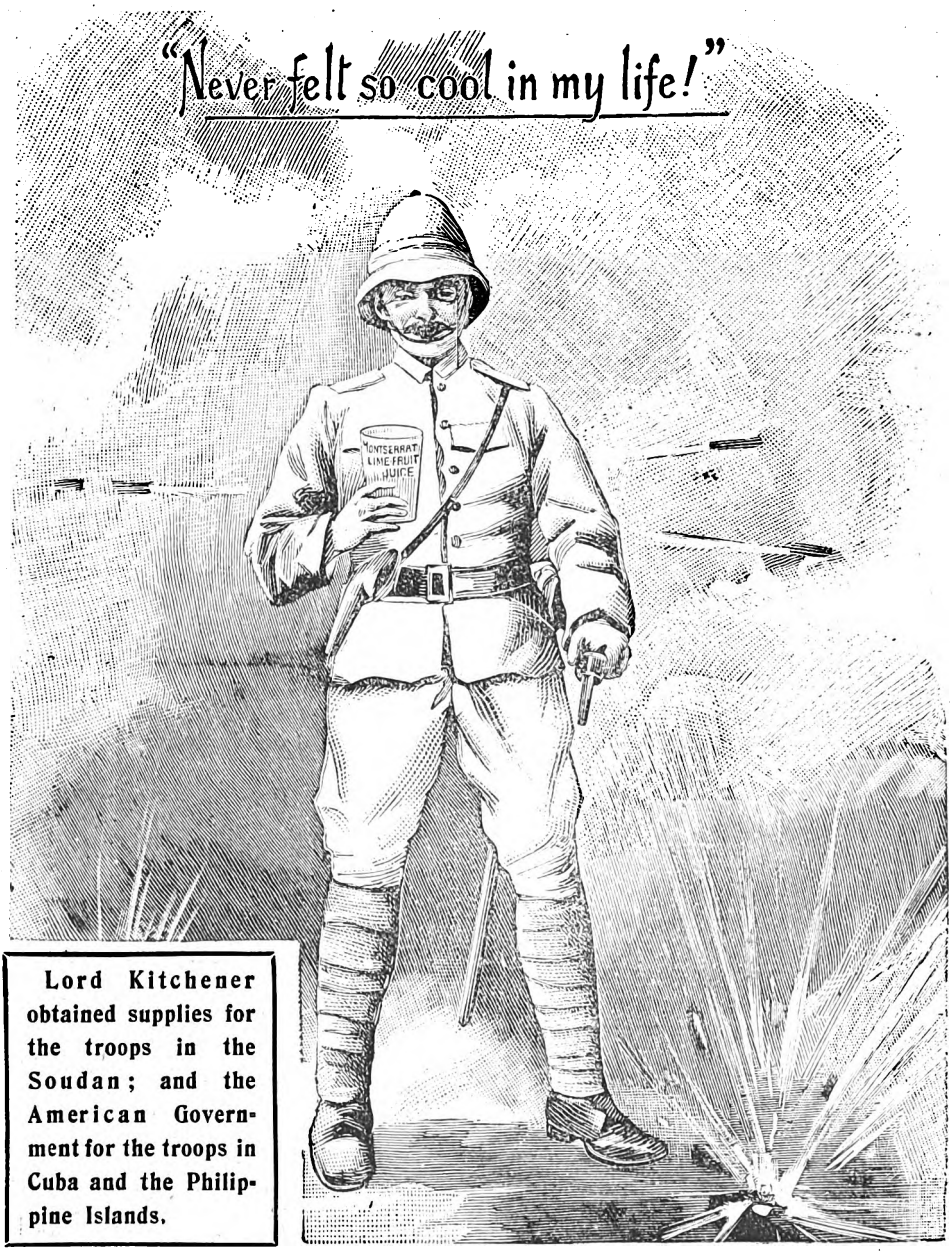

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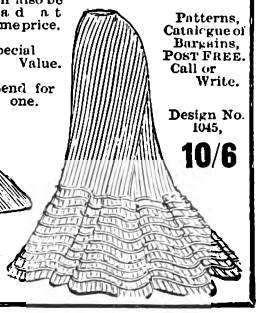

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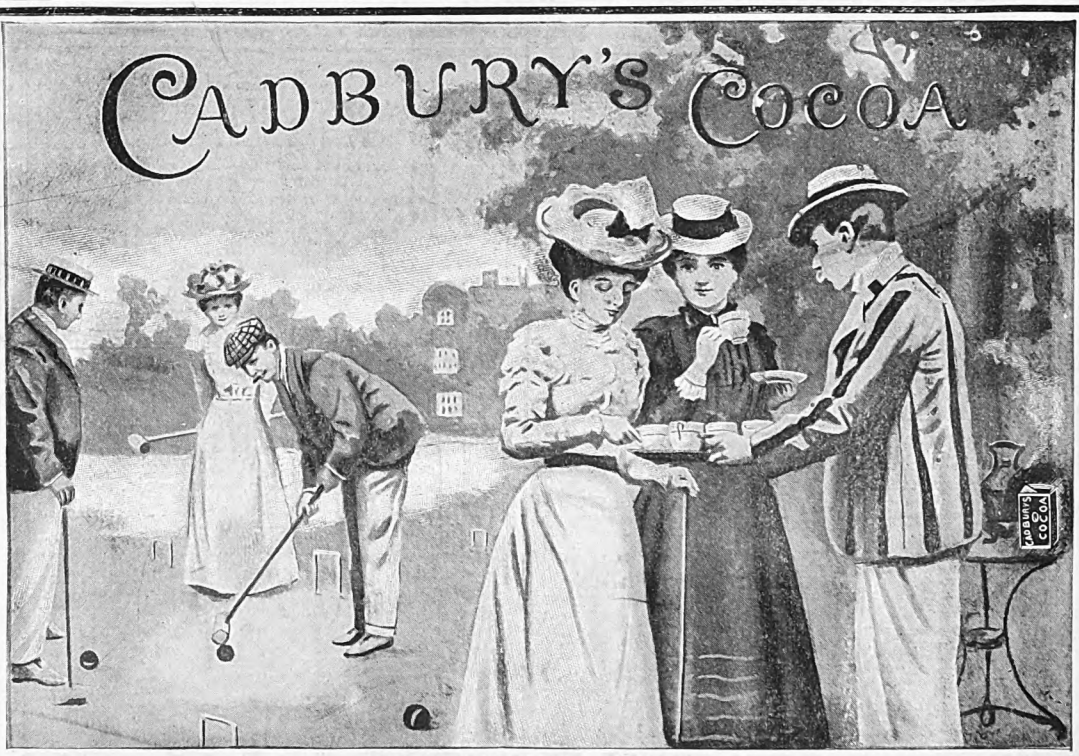

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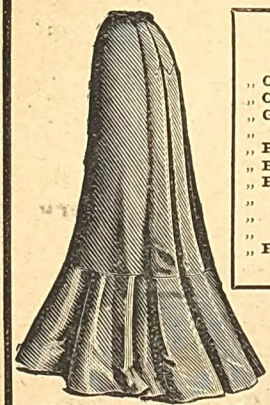

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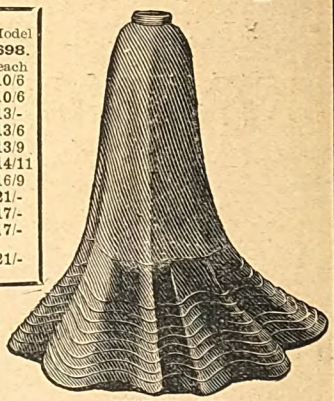

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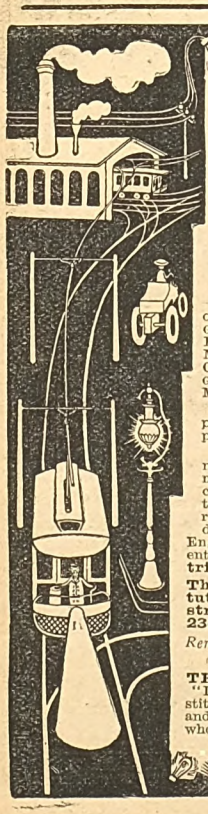

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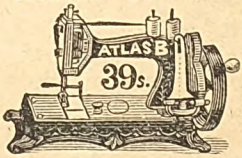

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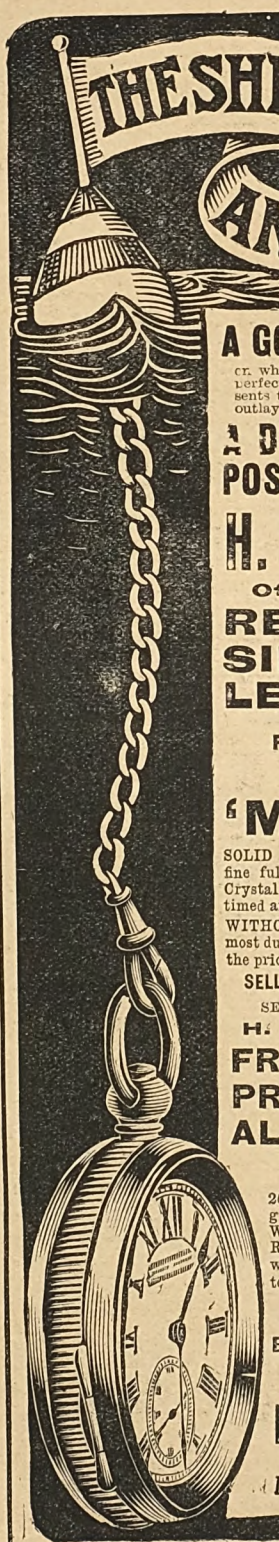

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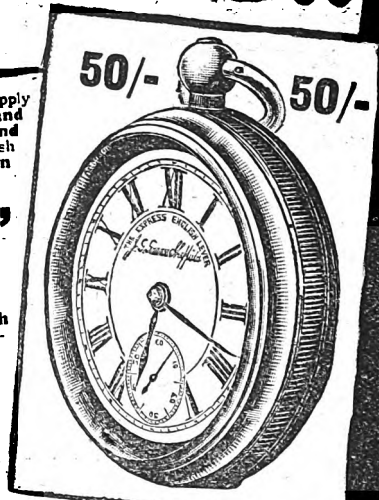

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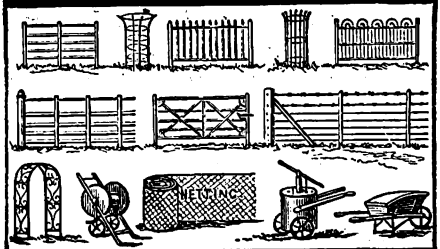

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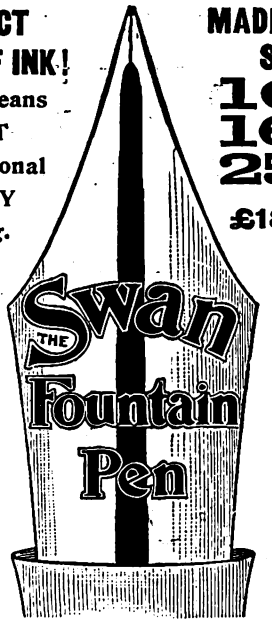

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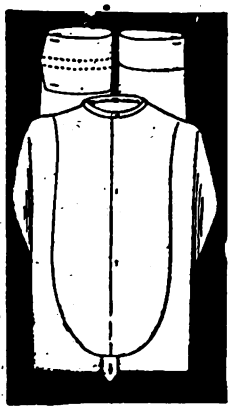

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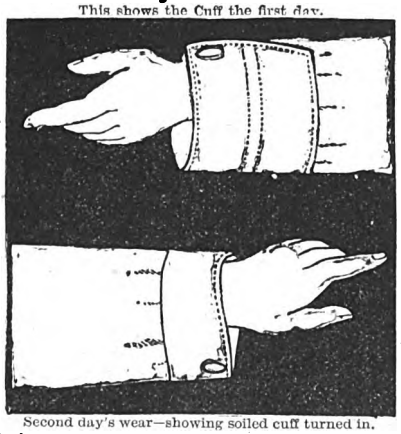

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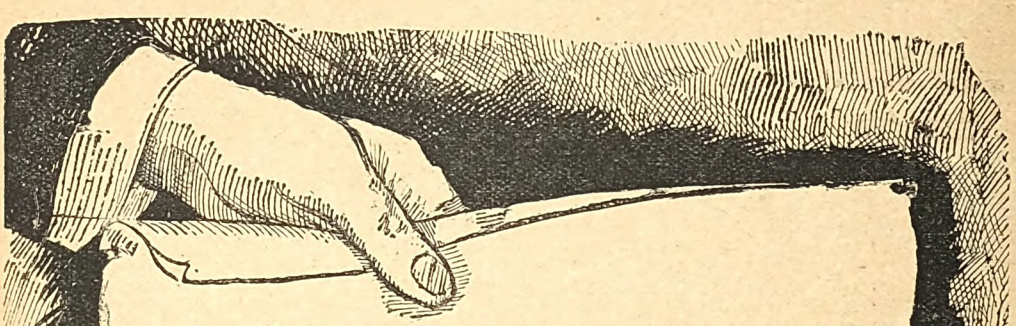

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R. M., September, 1901.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third and fourth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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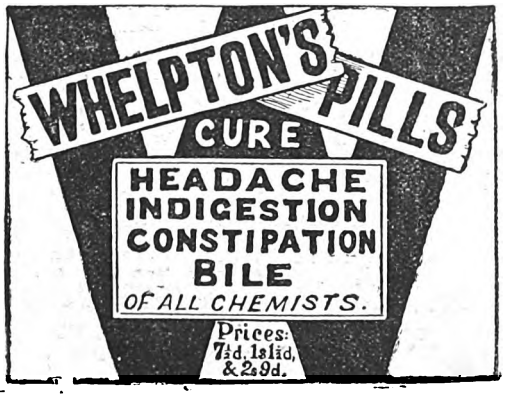

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"AYE READY."

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Photo, Fonlsham & Banfield

CHILDISH MEDITATION.

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"SIT STILL!"

The Difficult Art of . . . . Child-Photography.

By Stanley White.

Unless a photographer has something of the comedian in his composition, he had far better leave the juvenile branch of his art to those who have, for he will never get good pictures.

His repertoire in the entertaining line must be a varied one, so that he may be able at a moment's notice to do exactly the kind of "turn" demanded by his youthful and exacting audience.

Photo, Esmé Collings.

Miss Prim.

Photo, Byrne.

As Good as Gold.

Photo, Esmé Collings.

Storm and Sunshine.

A Pretty Pose.

Photo, Esmé Collings.

The tricks he may have to perform, though not so elaborate as those practised at the Egyptian Hall of Mystery—are yet not easy, inasmuch as many are necessarily extempore, and children, at least when naughty, are not less hard to please than adults, besides having an appalling way of manifesting disapproval.

It is advisable that this repertoire should include a mild form of ventriloquism, and a very fair proficiency in the art

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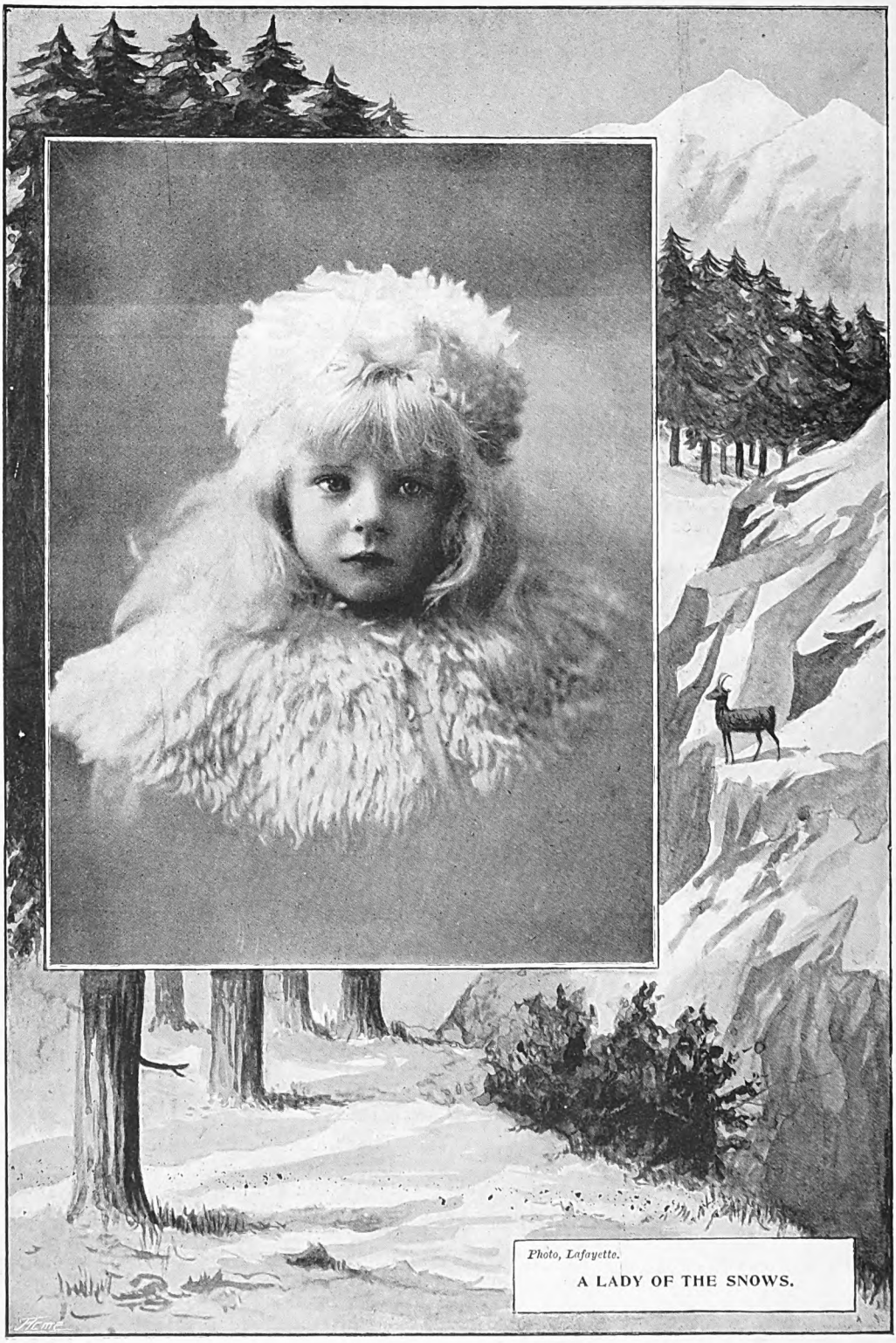

Photo, Lafayette.

A LADY OF THE SNOWS.

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Photo, Speaight.

A Novel Bedfellow.

Photo, Speaight.

Bed-time.

Photo, Esmé Collings.

Surprise.

Photo, Wallace.

One of our Readers.

Photo, Esmé Collings.

Three Sisters.

from the rest by a screen, and sometimes the operator has to turn himself into a regular Punch and Judy man.

The method is to pop up toys, such as grotesque dolls, toy cats, dogs, etc., above the screen at unexpected moments, and a child must be very naughty and intractable indeed, if he fails to be captivated by the last trump card of this establishment, a fearsome effigy with the barbarous title of "The Golly-wog." One young autocrat insisted on having a photo taken of the creature to preserve as a memento of his visit.

The main thing is to make the child forget that it is in a strange place, and this can best be done by arousing its interest and curiosity. Most of the prettiest photographs of children are taken at such a moment, and everything depends upon the power of the photographer to make himself amusing, and to put himself in sympathy with the youngsters.

Some photographers, clever in all other branches, are utter failures the moment they attempt to deal with children. A man may feign politeness successfully with adults but he cannot deceive a child. It knows instinctively whether he is really a friend or not, and it is not always the best looking man that the children take to most.

The dispositions of children are manifest at a very early age, and the method that will suit one will not suit another. A tactful operator will see at a glance what kind of subject he has to deal with. It is worse than

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Photo, Richards & Co.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

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useless to indulge in horseplay with a timid and retiring child; the photographer should be quiet, kindly, and re-assuring, and, above all, get the picture taken as quickly as possible.

A kind gentlemanly fellow will soon get on good terms with a child of this temperament, and has only to watch his chance to catch a pleasing expression.

It is a mistake to attempt to photograph young children the moment they enter the studio. Quite half the trouble experienced is due to neglect of this rule. A child should be allowed a good run round for a quarter of an hour or so, that it may grow accustomed to its novel surroundings.

To no subject does the old proverb "Too many cooks spoil the broth," apply with greater force. Nothing is more fatal than for a lot of adults to accompany the children; one, the nurse or the mother, is quite enough.

When the photograph is actually in course of being taken the operator must be the one centre of attraction. What can he do when a child has its aunt on one side and its mother on the other, and its little head turning round first to one and then to the other in response to their well meant but ill-timed invitations "to look at the little dicky-bird," or "isn't that a pretty bow-wow?"

A great stumbling block to young children is the camera itself, and when one considers what a weird looking box of mystery it really is, this is not surprising. But out of evil the skilful man brings good, and

The Huntsman.

A Little Soldier.

The King's Jester.

Photos, Speaight.

"Here's to you!"

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Bubbles.

A Dandy of Past Times.

Ready for the Fancy-Dress Ball.

the child is at once on excellent terms with the instrument when shown a reflection of its mother, but—upside down! It is very pretty to see the child instinctively invert its head to get the proper view.

To pretend that a pussy-cat is concealed inside the box is also a sure road to success, and here the art of mimicking pussy's well-known voice comes in.

Very often the operation is anything but plain sailing even with the most skilful operator. If something has happened to upset a child's equanimity in the studio or on the way to it, there may be a protracted struggle for the mastery. And then after every device seems to be exhausted, the mood of the small tyrant will suddenly change, and a beautiful rainbow effect—as of the sun shining through rain, will be the reward of patience.

Child photography does indeed repay all the pains and anxiety bestowed upon it. It is a labour of love. What can be more charming and elevating than to observe the pretty innocent ways of young children, free from every trace of the affectation and self-consciousness that too often mar the adult sitter?

And it may be that the picture the photographer has taken such pains to obtain will be all the parents have left of their darling child, a relic they would not part with for untold gold.

An Adventure.

"Mousmé."

Photos, Eyeaight.

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THE AFFAIR OF THE BAL MASQUÉ

By W. S. Forster.

A party of eight were dining in one of the sumptuous hotels which have sprung into existence within the last few years in the West End of London. It seemed to be an assemblage expressly designed to provide its less noteworthy neighbours with material for comment. The men were good looking and aristocratic, the women beautiful, richly dressed, and sparkling with diamonds. The host, Lord Frederick Effingham, a good-natured young peer not burthened with too many brains, had brought his married sister, Lady Forrest, to do the honours of the table. The guests consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderberg, a South African millionaire and his wife; Sir William and Lady Powell-Jones; their niece, a nice, quiet-looking girl; and a stalwart Canadian, the owner of countless miles of territory in the great tracts beyond Winnepeg.

These oddly-assorted ingredients mixed better than might have been expected. The pair from Johannesburg happened to be intelligent, besides being fabulously rich, and Mr. Julius Vanderberg found a topic after his own heart in the newly discovered gold-fields situated on the Canadian's property. Sir William Powell-Jones, a hereditary coal owner from South Wales, was secure in the knowledge that 24s. per ton f.o.b. at Cardiff was as sound a paying proposition as any quartz reef ever located. Lord Freddy had a hazy notion that in thus rubbing shoulders with the national industries he was somehow doing his duty as a member of the House of Lords; and the Canadian, Richard Fairfax by name, secretly cherished the opinion that Dorothy Temple, Sir William's niece, was the most charming girl he had met since his arrival in England. Thus far, at any rate, the human constituents of the dinner mixed well.

But the dominant note of interest was the curiosity which the three Englishwomen took in Mrs. Vanderberg. Her piquant manners, her dresses, her jewels, supplied one of the public topics of the hour. The gems in her hair rivalled the vivacious flashes of her dark eyes, and her neck and corsage were roped with diamonds. She was exquisitely gowned, and Lady Forrest soon learnt, with some inward amazement, that the new order of wealth could produce its peeresses as well as the old order of titles.

In a word, the dinner was a success. Its delicious cookery, its rare wines, its pleasant music, its aroma of wealth, health, and happiness, made up ingredients from which it must have been difficult to concoct a failure.

The party sat late. Modern laxity permits women to enjoy the scent of tobacco, but Mrs. Vanderberg knew her acquaintances well enough to avoid even the hint that, under favourable circumstances, she would have been the first to light a cigarette.

Lord Freddy took advantage of a pause in the conversation to announce the evening's programme.

"I have two boxes reserved at the Empire," he said, "when we care to go there. We have supper at the Savoy subsequently, and then, to make a night of it, I have a proposal that you may like to fall in with."

"Your idea and ours of 'making a night of it' may differ, Freddy," said his sister.

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"Well, the final decision rests with you, you know. But I have secured a large double box at the fancy dress ball. It seemed to me that an hour or two there might amuse you."

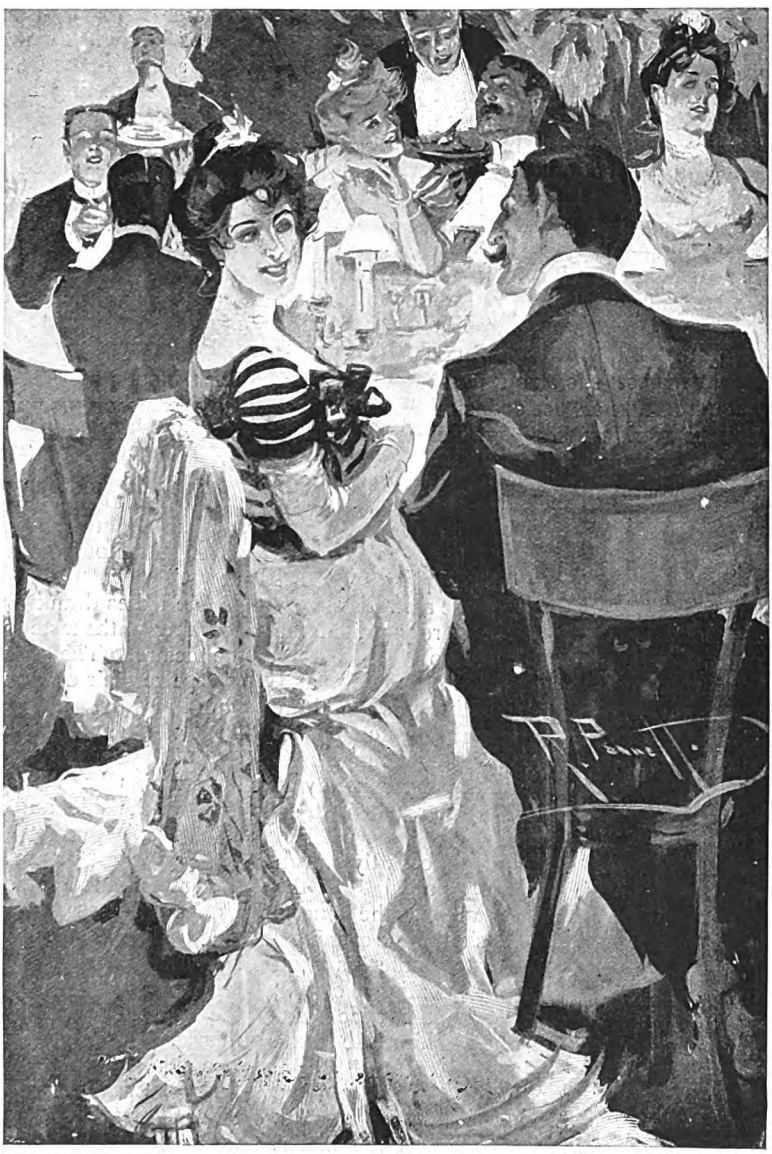
Lady Forrest looked at the baronet's wife, and Mrs. Vanderberg, quicker than the others to analyse the hidden thought, cried: "Oh, won't that be jolly? I have never seen a public *bal masqué*, and they tell me it is one of the sights of London."

Her husband quietly suffocated himself with a mouthful of smoke, but none noticed him, as the colliery proprietor broke in: "I suppose there is no harm in looking on at these things, but —er—is it advisable for ladies to wear diamonds on such occasions?"

"The Savoy people will take care of them if we wish," said Lord Effingham airily. "I have arranged for a plentiful supply of masks and dominoes. We can be shrouded from observation should that be desirable." This precaution was deemed to be sufficient, and the diamonds were not left at the Savoy.

So it turned out that the wraps were donned, and faces hidden, and the whole party found themselves in a spacious box on the second tier in the great theatre devoted for the night to the most Continental form of revelry that staid London permits.

The fascination of the glittering spectacle rapidly seized hold upon the women. Mrs. Vanderberg seemed to be akin to her surroundings. The light, colour, movement—the complete *abandon* of the butterfly crowd beneath—appealed to her imagination. She singled out special costumes for approval or criticism, and the others, except Dorothy Temple, took the keenest interest in her remarks. Truth to tell, that young lady herself might have been more inclined to examine the bewildering groups of dancers were it not that her ears were filled to the exclusion of her eyes. For Dick Fairfax



"Oh, won't that be jolly? I have never seen a public *bal masqué*."

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was making the most of his opportunities. He manœuvred with the skill of a born scout to get the pretty Dorothy into a corner of the box, and she, not unwillingly, listened to details of wild life on the plains, mixed with reminiscences of his early years in a back-woods settlement.

Several times he mentioned his sisters.

"There are other girls there in the what-do-you-call-it, the bush or the veldt, is it?" interrupted Miss Dorothy on one of these occasions.

"I suppose so," said Fairfax. "Other fellows have sisters of course. But I don't think I could tell you the names of half-a-dozen girls in the township."

"Now don't make me doubt your veracity. I have believed you implicitly thus far."

"I want you to believe me implicitly always, Miss Temple," he said with marked earnestness. "I never had eyes for any woman until I saw——" here his nerve failed him—"England."

The lame conclusion in no wise cloaked his meaning. Dorothy blushed furiously and bent over her aunt. "You all seem very preoccupied with the masquers," she said.

"My dear, it is so strange," said the older lady. "I was just admiring a handsome young Romeo, and Mrs. Vanderberg says it is a girl!"

"It is quite shocking," cried Sir William. "I suppose one must view these people just as one does the—er—people on the stage, you know."

"Yes—from the stalls," put in Lord Freddy. "I'm going to have a stroll round. Anybody coming?" He hardly waited for an answer before he left the box.

Fairfax, a man of quick thought and observant eye, imagined that his youthful lordship was not anxious for company. During the past ten minutes Effingham's opera glasses had been levelled frequently at a box opposite, on the third tier, tenanted, so far as could be seen, by a solitary masked lady, sitting half hidden by the partly drawn curtains. The Canadian smiled at the suspicion that herein, perhaps, lay the genesis of this unexpected conclusion to the evening's programme, but he did not trouble his mind further with the thought, as Miss Temple, more self-possessed now, but a trifle constrained in manner, turned to him with some trivial remark.

A knock at the door of the box heralded a waiter, a foreigner polite and deferential. "Milord has sent iced coffee for the ladies. There is a card for Mr. Vanderberg."

The South African magnate adjusted his eyeglasses, scrutinised the paste-board, and murmured his astonishment. It bore no lithographed name—only a message. "Come round to Box 'E,' ground floor, for a moment. Bring Sir William Powell-Jones with you.—Du Barry."

"I didn't know Viscount Du Barry was here," he said. "I wonder where Box 'E' is. Will you come, Sir William?"

"Certainly." And they went out.

"Men are all alike," laughed Lady Forrest. "They only need an excuse to get a nearer look at the dancers. You are the exception, Mr. Fairfax."

"I am more than satisfied, Lady Forrest," he replied, resting his hand on the back of Dorothy's chair.

He chanced to note that the veiled lady opposite now quitted her box. He would have striven to engross Miss Temple's attention again had not the waiter re-appeared.

"Lord Effingham sends his compliments, sir," he said, "and will you join him in the *foyer* for a moment?" The man then deftly picked up the tray of iced coffee, which had been left untouched, and handed the cups to the ladies.

"You, too, have fallen, Mr. Fairfax," said Mrs Vanderberg quizzically.

He was annoyed at the interruption, but he could find no valid reason to refuse, so he answered lightly. "My host must be responsible. Anyhow, I will go and see what he wants."

The ladies drank their coffee, which was soothing to the taste in the hot atmosphere of the theatre. The waiter stood with his tray to receive their cups, so they swallowed the liquid rapidly. Then the man stepped to the front of the box, saying to Lady Forrest:

"Will your ladyship permit me to draw the curtains back a little? They are hanging over the side and they might chance to catch fire."

The request seemed to be a natural one, though a moment's thought would have shown its absurdity, as the globes beneath contained electric lights. Without waiting for permission the waiter pulled both curtains sharply together. At the same instant, unnoticed by the ladies, two men in evening dress, wearing masks, entered the box. They each sprang to a side, thus bringing one of them between Lady Powell-Jones and Dorothy, and the other between Lady Forrest and Mrs Vanderberg.

In both hands they held large sponges.

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With brutal force they flung their arms round the ladies' necks, and before a cry of alarm could be uttered, they held the sponges, saturated with a mixture of chloroform, ether, and alcohol, over the faces of their helpless victims, whilst the waiter faced about ready to assist his confederates in case one of the women should succeed in struggling effectually to free herself. Mrs. Vanderberg or Dorothy might have done so, but the waiter struck each of them savagely just below the throat, and in an incredibly short time the powerful anæsthetic had done its work. The whole four were limp and inanimate in the arms of their assailants.

The two newcomers spoke in French. "All is well, Pierre," said one. "Before that dose passes off the drug will have made itself felt."

"No mistakes, eh, Gaston? They are not poisoned?"

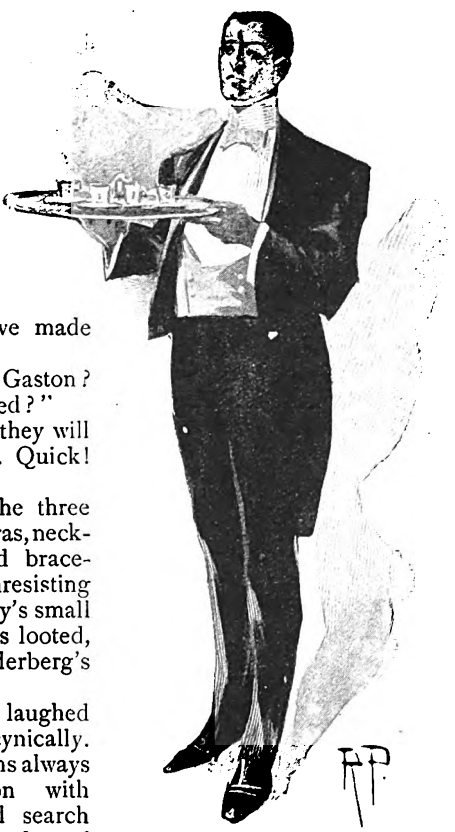
"No, idiot. But they will not recover for hours. Quick! The diamonds!"

With deft hands the three thieves unclasped tiaras, necklaces, brooches, and bracelets from the unresisting forms. Even Dorothy's small store of jewellery was looted, and then Mrs. Vanderberg's pockets searched.

"I thought so," laughed one of the two cynically. "These South Africans always carry some bullion with them," for his rapid search brought to light a packet of banknotes. Mrs. Vanderberg had imagined that it was possible the dinner might terminate with a game at poker. She was equipped for the fray, and prepared to play a losing game if necessary.

A minute had sufficed for the whole dramatic episode to unfold itself. At its close the position stood thus. Lord Effingham was talking airily to an unknown and unrecognisable woman in the corridor on the third floor, Mr. Vanderberg and Sir William Powell-Jones were wondering why Viscount Du Barry had sent for them, as he received their visit with a cordiality that seemed to regard their presence as unexpected, Fairfax was vainly scrutinising the crowd in the *foyer* in his search for Effingham, the four ladies were lying insensible in their chairs, and the thieves were quietly quitting the box.

Fairfax did not long pursue his quest. Having done all that politeness required, he hastened back to the second floor. He now discovered, to his annoyance, that he did not know the number of Lord Effingham's box, and he lost nearly a minute before he could find an attendant. The man preceded him to the door, which he threw open, and then the extraordinary spectacle that met their eyes so astonished them that neither could speak for an instant. The Canadian was the first to recover his senses.



"Milord has sent iced coffee for the ladies."

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "These ladies have been attacked and robbed, perhaps murdered." He sprang to Dorothy and took her inert form in his arms. The strong scent of the anæsthetic still lingered on her lips and nostrils, but her laboured breathing showed that she lived, though absolutely unconscious.

"Call for immediate help," said Fairfax to the attendant. "Bring the manager, a doctor if possible, and the police. Quick, man! This may be a matter of life or death. In any case, thousands of pounds worth of diamonds have been stolen."

Stirred into activity by his words, the attendant ran off, sought the aid of two others, and, by scouring the house in all directions, they succeeded in producing the manager and two detectives, whilst the former secured the good offices of a medical friend who happened to be present.

Whilst Fairfax rapidly detailed all he knew, the doctor examined his unconscious patients. He instantly recognised the nature of the agent used to render them insensible, and when he heard Fairfax allude to the coffee he picked up one of the cups from the tray and smelt and tasted its contents.

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"They have been drugged also," he said. "I can guess the nature of the drug, but analysis will show this later. Meanwhile the ladies must be removed to a more suitable place, and undressed. Perhaps some of the female staff of the theatre may have had hospital experience."

Mr. Vanderberg and Sir William Powell-Jones now put in an appearance, the South African having become suspicious, when a direct question to the astonished Viscount showed that he had not sent any message to him; he did not even know of his presence.

In the midst of the fresh torrent of explanations and horror-stricken words Lord Effingham arrived. He was perfectly dazed when he learned what had happened.

"Why, my sister wore our family diamonds," he gasped. "They cannot be replaced. But what matters a few bits of glass? Is she in any danger?"

"No danger whatever," was the reply. "A considerable nervous shock, no doubt, but no danger."

The detectives meanwhile were busily engaged in ferreting out all possible information. They were specially anxious to obtain a description of the man who so skilfully usurped the waiter's functions, and in this respect Fairfax was able to give them a tolerably correct idea of the thief's appearance.

The attendants at the exit could not say anything definite. Several ladies and gentlemen had driven off during the past hour, and the departures were momentarily becoming more numerous. But no one in the uniform of an attendant had left the theatre, and all other exits were closed and locked.

"I'm afraid, gentlemen," said the detective who had just spoken, "that we can do nothing until the ladies recover sufficiently to tell us how they were robbed and how many people were concerned in the affair. It is obvious that one man could not overpower four women unaided. There were accomplices. Can you give us an accurate description of the stolen diamonds?"

Lord Effingham and Sir William were vague in this respect, but Mr. Julius Vanderberg catalogued his wife's gems with the skill of a pawnbroker's assistant.

An inquiry sent to the doctor elicited the information that none of his patients could possibly answer any questions until the next forenoon.

After lingering for weary hours at the entrance the party decided that the thieves must have made their escape before the robbery was even discovered, and they broke up, the police having long since arranged for the chief railway stations to be watched by men furnished with full details as to the waiter's description.

Lord Effingham and Fairfax travelled west in the peer's carriage. When they were alone the Colonial suddenly said to his companion: "Who was the lady whom you went to see in the box on the third tier?"

Effingham blushed furiously, for the question was unexpected. "A friend," he replied shortly.

"No doubt, but this is a serious matter, Effingham, and I think you should be more explicit."

"Why?"

"Because, in reviewing the circumstances by which we all four were led to leave the women unprotected, I have been impressed by the fact that you went first, and voluntarily, to meet that person, and the thieves seem to have planned that it should be so."

"She could not have had anything to do with the affair."

"Then you refuse to tell me?"

"No, old chap, I don't. But for Heaven's sake let the woman be kept clear of this wretched business."

"By all means, if it be possible."

"Well, she—she is a French lady, the Comtesse de Brissac."

"Where does she live?"

"In a flat near Knightsbridge."

"Let us go there."

"In the name of goodness, why?"

"Because I want to question her."

"Really, Fairfax——"

"It is a choice between me and the police."

"Very well. We will go. Of course, you understand that I strongly resent your attitude in this matter."

Fairfax made no reply, and his lordship angrily directed his coachman to their new destination.

It was no easy matter to gain admission to Madame's flat. When at last a sleepy maid had been aroused she brought back from her mistress a point-blank refusal to see either Lord Effingham or his friend at that hour. Fairfax had counted upon this, and played his final card. He wrote on the back of an envelope:

"You must either see us or be arrested forthwith."

The message produced a tangle-haired, tea-gowned, pretty Frenchwoman, who promptly stormed at Lord Effingham for

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allowing her to be insulted in such wise. Was he, then, a lunatic or a keeper of lunatics? Fairfax, not to be deterred, told her in curt phrase that she was wasting valuable time. If she gave prompt information leading to the arrest of her accomplices perhaps the law might——"

"Accomplices! In what, my faith?" screamed the Comtesse.

Fairfax briefly described the facts of the robbery so far as they were known to him. Although he constantly alluded to the men as working in collusion with her, even he could not fail to see Madame's growing amazement. She gasped interjections and laughed hysterically.

"I will meet any agent of the police," she cried at length. "I will say everything, but do not be so foolish as to imagine that I am connected with this crime. Lord Effingham knows as much about it as I do."

The peer smiled feebly in protest.

"Yes, it is so, I tell you," with an impatient stamp of her foot. "Did we not dine at the Café Rouge last Friday? Was it not there that you promised me a sight of your sister and the rich woman, Mrs. Vanderberg? Did you not then make all the arrangements and telephone for my box at the same time? You are a fool, boy! If I were a confidante of these—these thieves, would I remain here to be arrested at the first moment you were able to think of my name?"

Fairfax explained that it was he, and not Effingham, who had insisted on the visit. She tossed her head defiantly. "I might have known it," she said. "He has no brains, this youth. Let me think. Let me think!"

Summarily dismissing the implied purpose of their presence, she lit a cigarette, and puffed vigorously at it in silence for some minutes.

"You have told no one, you?" she said, suddenly transfixing Lord Effingham.

"Not a soul," he blurted out.

"Then only one man living could possibly know of your intentions. Plenty of people knew about the boxes, but only one about the party of guests you were to bring."

"And he was?" cried Fairfax.

The Comtesse de Brissac pursed her lips into a very pleasing smile as she answered: "I will deny myself the luxury of revenge for your insults. The man I suspect is a Gascon waiter at the Café Rouge. He is easily found. He serves the tables at the extreme left of the Salon Dorée. He is a Gascon among many Swiss and Italians. You cannot miss him. He may be innocent, but he *could* have overheard our conversation. Now, go!"

Fairfax could not deny the reasonableness of the lady's attitude, and it really seemed that she had provided them with a tangible clue. When they left the house Lord Freddy admitted that her statements were perfectly accurate so far as the origin of the party was concerned, and the Colonial rapidly came to the conclusion that further developments had better be left to Scotland Yard. At ten o'clock he told the whole story to the detective in charge of the case, and, at mid-day, that officer lunched at the Café Rouge in company with a frivolous and golden-haired young lady. He quickly identified the Gascon waiter mentioned by the Comtesse de Brissac. The man was pale and tired. He had been up late.

During the afternoon the detective called on Fairfax. "Would you care to see a Soho club raided to-night, sir?" he said with a professional smile.

"Why? Have you any news?"

"Nothing definite. The Café Rouge waiter frequents this club, and it is a nest of wrong 'uns. To-night we will raid the place in such force that none of its inmates can escape. They will all be then thoroughly searched and questioned. If they are not connected with the robbery, they will nevertheless be convicted and fined for running a disorderly club. If our birds are there we will have our hands on them, and they will not suspect the real cause."

So it came to pass that when London streets were quieting down after the bustle of the midnight hour, the Gascon waiter was shadowed from the Café Rouge to the Cercle Sociale where a select coterie of Continental gentlemen of his class were wont to foregather after the day's work had ended. Immediately parties of strongly built men in twos and threes sauntered about the locality, and placed themselves in strategic positions both back and front of the club, for the police gained access to the rear through the house which abutted on the premises from the next street.

Fairfax, of course, was only a spectator, and was warned not to show himself, so he kept in the shadow of a doorway and watched developments with interest. At the preconcerted hour a police inspector and several uniformed constables came quickly to the main entrance of the club and demanded admission. This was refused. The door was burst open, there was a scuffle, a rush

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Parties of men in twos and threes sauntered about the locality.

into the interior, a turning out of lights and general pandemonium.

But no one escaped. Fairfax, gazing at the door from across the narrow street, was wild with desire to follow the police and take a hand in the row, had not his instructions positively forbidden any such action. It was well that he restrained himself. Whilst the turmoil within was in full swing he suddenly heard a window flung open on the fourth floor, and a man's gesticulating figure dimly appeared. At once another window was opened in the opposite house, but this, from his position, Fairfax could not see.

Some few broken, eager words were exchanged, and, to his intense amazement, the Colonial could quite clearly see a small black handbag travelling rapidly, in a straight line, from the window of the club to its opposite neighbour. The bag was not thrown, for the feat would be difficult and uncertain. It seemed to follow the line of an invisible wire, and to be hauled along this guide by some human agent.

It disappeared, both windows were closed after a very slight delay, and the incident ended. Fairfax did not know what to do. His friend the detective might be seriously annoyed if he called out some of the police in the club, yet this seemed to be the only possible course. He was about to cross the street and tell the constables on guard at the door what he had seen, when the front door of the house into which the bag had vanished was suddenly opened.

A tall, slight man, closely muffled, and carrying the identical bag itself, or one strangely like it, appeared. He closed the door and turned to make off when Fairfax, who had approached him unperceived, seized the handle of the bag and a part of the man's hand in a fierce grasp, saying loudly: "What have you got in that bag?"

The stranger gave a yelp of dismay, wrenched his hand free, and ran off at top speed, leaving the Colonial in victorious possession of the mysterious bag. It chanced that, at this moment, the detective emerged from the club. He noticed the slight scuffle, and ran across the street.

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"What is the matter?" he cried when he recognised Fairfax.

The other one told him as briefly as possible, and exhibited his prize.

"Open it," cried the detective. "Here, Tom, lend a light," and a policeman's lantern threw its rays over the bag. It was locked, but a vigorous tug tore the fastenings from the canvas side. Within, wrapped in cotton wool, were diamond ornaments galore, apparently the whole proceeds of the robbery. The detective used several sorts of strong language while he ran to summon aid to break into the second house, as all knocking and ringing were disregarded. At last an entry was effected, but the place was quite empty, the only find being a quantity of wire and string in the front room on the fourth floor, showing how the transit of the booty had been achieved.

The sequel, too, was curious. Not a shred of additional evidence could be obtained. The ladies failed to identify any of the thirty-eight men arrested, nor could the other members of the party help them to recognise the *soi-disant* waiter, so the police assumed that he was the man who had escaped during the struggle for the bag. The law was not cheated, however. Having a very shrewd suspicion as to the real culprits out of the thirty-eight prisoners, Scotland Yard sent their photographs to Paris and other centres, with the result that the Gascon waiter and three others were extradited on various charges.

The gang of Continental thieves thus broken up was the most expert confederacy known to the police during many years. The two principal members were, at one time, prominent members of society, and they used their knowledge of the ways and manners of the *beau monde* to further their ends.

Once in possession of Lord Effingham's intention to bring a party to the *bal masqué*, the rest of their scheme was daringly simple. They hired a neighbouring box in which to prepare for the adventure at the last moment, and cleverly utilised every artifice to get the other gentlemen out of the way the moment Lord Effingham went to visit his friend the Comtesse, an incident they foresaw must happen, and which they would have forced had Effingham delayed it until too late an hour. The rest was easy, and they would not have attempted to dispose of the diamonds until the event had long blown over.

Fairfax soon afterwards gave a dinner at the same hotel to the same company. It was a dual celebration of the recovery of the diamonds—which, by the way, were complete and uninjured—and his engagement with Miss Dorothy Temple.

Lord Effingham sent a handsome bangle, as a peace offering, to the Comtesse de Brissac. She accepted the gift, but declined to receive him. "Your acquaintance is too risky, my dear Freddy," she wrote. "I object to your manners and your associates. Visits at 5 a.m., and friends who call me a thief the moment they see me, are unusual and bad for the nerves. So, good-bye."

WHAT'S IN A BACK?

Read the article on "Characteristic Backs" in the August Number of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE and you will learn.

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SOLDIERS OF THE KAISER

About the German Army and Its Customs.

By Sydney Williams.

The first thing that an Englishman notices on entering a German barracks and seeing for the time German soldiers at their drill or practising with sword, lance or bayonet, is the methodical, half-mechanical way in which everything is done. It may almost be said to constitute the great difference between the results of the system of voluntary service as seen in the British army and those of conscription in vogue in Germany.

In this country, when a man enters the army, he does so with the intention of following the profession of arms for at least several years. Not so in Germany; service in the army is there regarded as a necessary evil, and a man serves his time with resignation rather than with willingness, and certainly altogether without any feeling of patriotic enthusiasm. Moreover, nearly every man has ambitions for a civil career, to begin when his years of service are over; and therefore his heart is never in his work while in the army.

The system, too, under which he is trained does not conduce to the growth of individual intelligence; its tendency is rather to stamp out individualities and make each man a mere cog in a vast machine. Implicit obedience, then, not only to the spirit but even to the letter of military law is an essential in the German army.

A few years ago this might have been regarded as a sign of strength; just at present, however, with the object lesson of the war in South Africa before our eyes, this is not likely to be the general verdict. The power of the individual to think and to act for himself is a growing factor in successful military organisation, and a large army composed of mere military machines might easily go under to an army half its size if composed of intelligent men, able to form a sensible judgment,

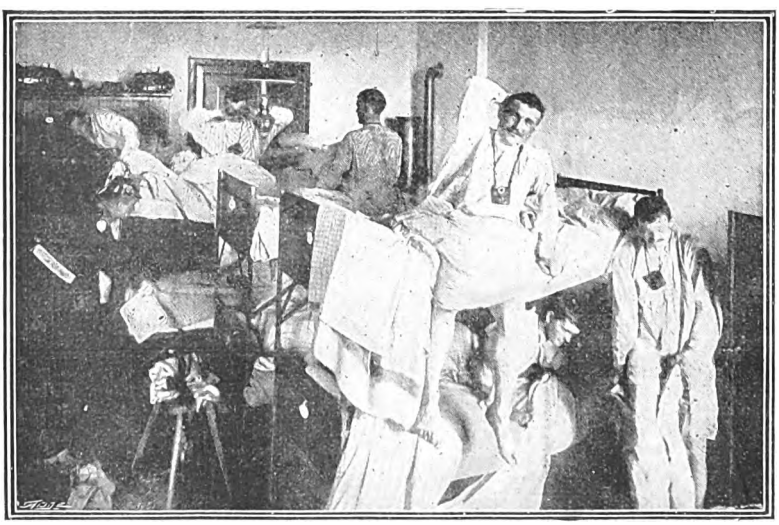

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

A dormitory in a German barracks. The hour for rising is never later than five a.m., and it is often as early as three or four. Observe the purse hung round the neck of each man: he is never allowed to be without it.

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Photo lent by C. P. Goery.
No man is allowed to appear at drill or to go on duty unshaven. The men, therefore, have to shave each other.

and to act on it in a practical and useful manner.

Every German must serve in the army if he be physically fit—and not many are rejected by the doctors. No substitutes are allowed, and the age at which liability to service commences is seventeen. The usual age, however, at which a man is called up for service is twenty, and he must serve for six years if in the infantry, or seven if in the cavalry or artillery.

If in the infantry, he serves two years in a regiment, and the rest of the time in the reserve; and if he is in the cavalry or artillery, three years in the regiment and four in the reserve.

Should, however, a boy be able to pass a specified examination on entering the army, and provided his parents are able to support him during his year of service, he may become a *freiwillige* and has to serve for one year only.

His position is superior to that of the common soldier, and corresponds roughly to that of our non-commissioned officers; and it may be stated with a fair degree of certainty that it is the ambition of every German to become a *freiwillige*, which, by the way, seems to be rather a misnomer, as it literally means volunteer. But the pay is altogether inadequate to provide even for the most modest wants of an officer.

Therefore, as was stated before, it is necessary that a boy's parents should be able to make him a considerable allowance, not only to provide him with a few of the luxuries of life, but even with the necessities.

The officers in most British regiments do not consider their pay sufficient, and in some it certainly is not sufficient to enable them to live in the fashionable style they affect. In Germany a major-general receives a salary of just under £37 a month—less than half that of his British colleague. Other officers are even worse paid; a second lieutenant, for instance, receives only £4 a month, or about £50 a year—a wage at which an ordinary artisan might well turn up his nose, and at

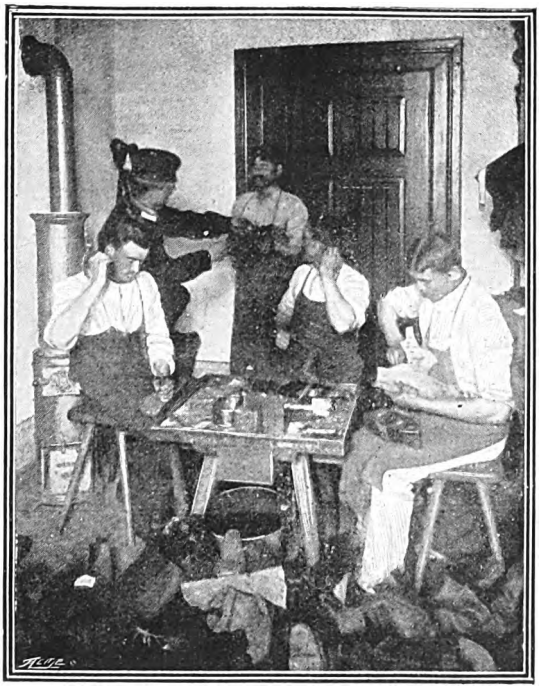

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.
The cobbler's shop. All repairs to boots, clothing, and so on, are done by the men who were cobblers and tailors in civil life.

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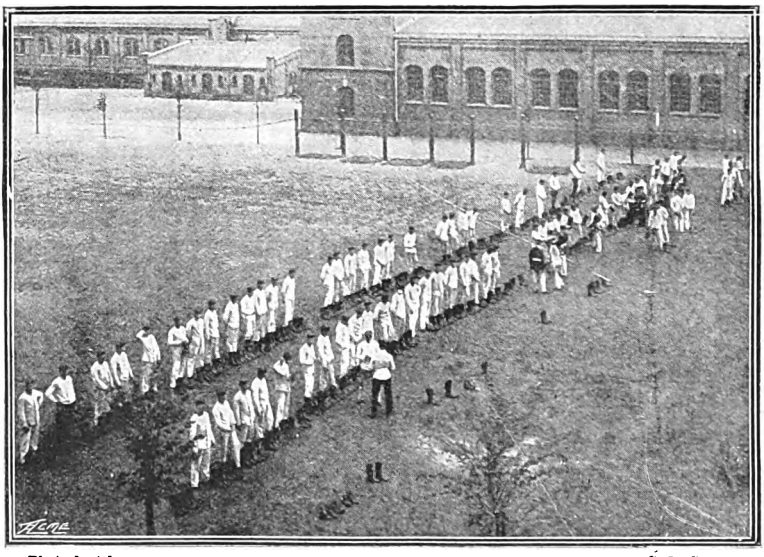

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

A boot inspection is held weekly. The men standing at the end of the back row have not kept their boots in proper repair, and have consequently been singled out for punishment.

the mere mention of which a coal-miner would certainly go on strike.

But economy is a great point in Germany, and this is the case not only in the payment of the officers but also of the men. In the latter case, of course, the authorities have legislated to make service compulsory for all; they can, therefore, pay them as poorly as they please, and, in point of fact, they do.

The pay of a common soldier is $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day, but out of this he must pay $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ for his dinner. The only free rations given out are a loaf of black bread with coffee or soup, so that it will be seen that most of the German soldier's pay has to go in buying food.

One might think that the men would be at least allowed to spend their princely wage as they like; but the authorities have decreed otherwise, and from time to time the soldiers are ordered to produce the bag in which they keep their money; and if it be found that any man has been extravagant and has been squandering his pay on riotous living, he is punished.

In Britain we treat children of tender years thus, but in Germany it seems to be necessary or at any rate, to be considered necessary, to look after grown men in the same way.

And everywhere the men are hemmed in by endless rules and regulations, many of which seem almost farcical to us. But in Germany they are taken seriously; and it is just as well for the men that they are; for the least transgression of any of the ordinances is attended with certain punishment. Most, if not all, of these

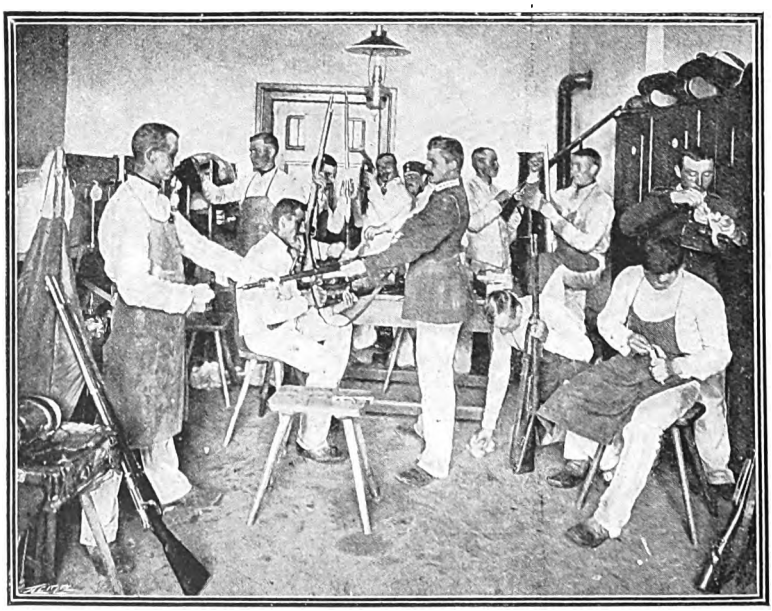

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

In this illustration the young conscripts are being instructed by an officer how to clean their rifles. This has to be done every time the rifle is used.

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ordinances, of course serve some definite purpose which is generally apparent but not always important.

There is a regulation, for instance, providing that every man must wear an apron at his meals. The obvious reason for this is to prevent him from soiling his uniform. Cleanliness and neatness are insisted upon to such a degree that they have become a perfect mania with the authorities. A long and comprehensive list of regulations provides against any breach of these items of discipline, and woe betide the soldier who offends in the slightest particular.

No matter how early in the morning the command "*Aufstehen*" (get up) goes forth—and it is not infrequently at three or four o'clock—the men must be scrupulously neat when they emerge from their dormitories. The German soldier must not go on duty unshaven, so the men often act as barbers to one another.

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.
The barrack walls are decorated with various decorative devices, and with the dates of German victories "to raise the patriotic ardour of the soldiers."

A good deal of this insistence on neatness is economical, "a stitch in time saves nine" apparently being the guiding motto. Care of the boots is given a foremost place of attention. Every week the boots are subjected to inspection by a sergeant or an officer. The phrase "fair wear and tear" has no place in German official vocabulary. A very strong distinction is drawn between "tear" and "wear" at these weekly inspections. Those dejected-looking men at the far end of the back row are in disgrace, because it is deemed that the defects in their footgear are the result of their own carelessness; or perhaps their boots have not been properly greased, or do not come up to the standard of polish. At any rate, they will be punished a good deal more severely than the gravity of the offence seems to warrant, the idea probably being, as Voltaire has it, "to encourage the others." The faulty boots are at once packed off to the cobbler's shop, where they are attended to by men who were bootmakers by trade in civil life, and who yearn, no doubt, to become bootmakers again at a not very distant period.

The importance of keeping the rifle thoroughly clean is most carefully impressed on the young soldier. If the interior of the barrel does not receive careful attention, it becomes foul and soon spoils. After every firing lesson, and whenever the gun has been used, cleaning is carried out, and the rifle both inside and outside has to be according

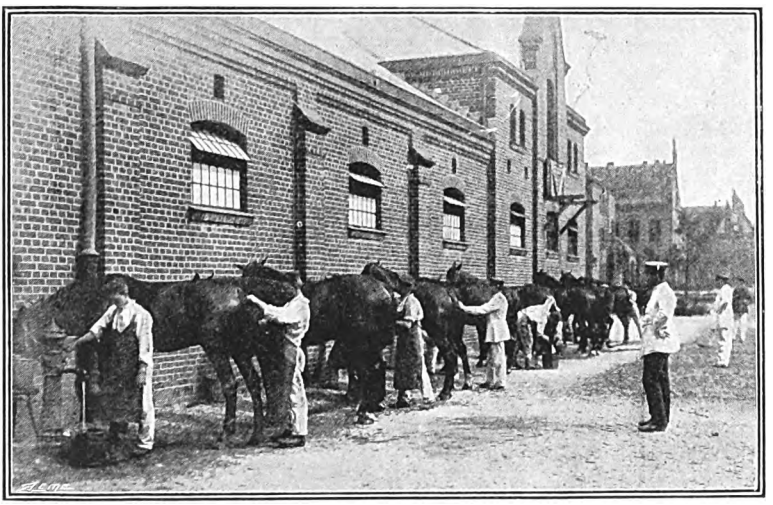

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.
As the infantryman's chief care is his rifle, the cavalryman's is his horse. It has to be carefully groomed and kept scrupulously neat and tidy.

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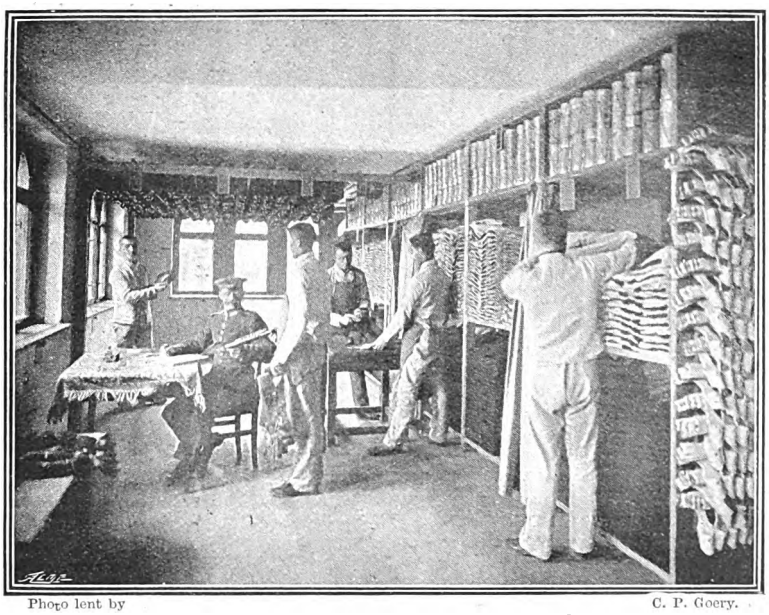

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

A sub-officer is appointed to look after the stores of each company. He has to give an exact account of everything handed over to him.

course, the German army is at one with all others, except that the cavalryman carries with him to the stables the same exacting code of regulations that is in force everywhere else.

Every afternoon there is an hour appointed for what is known as "cleaning drill." Here every man is afforded an opportunity of preparing his clothing and accoutrements for the scrutiny of the next morning.

If a man, after a course of such training, cannot fall into good habits, there remains no further hope for him in this world. As a matter of fact, the most slovenly from sheer necessity soon become models, and in this fact no small compensation is found for the time lost to civil life.

Each company has its own stores, and a sub-officer to look after them. This officer is held responsible for the proper order of every item. He has to keep the accounts accurately, and report thereon to his superiors.

The German soldier is very much in the to regulations. After an inspection of the weapons, if a soldier's rifle should happen to be dirty or improperly cleaned, he has to work at it until it is spotless, and in addition he has to undergo some form of punishment.

Military ardour, as has been before mentioned, is not a natural characteristic of the German. Some attempt, however, is made to stimulate it by wall decorations in barracks. This artistic treatment of corridors may be said to be one of the very few departures from the stern frugality of the life of the German soldier. The painter of a company takes great pride in his work, and spends many hours enriching the barrack walls with floral designs and proverbs, interspersed with the date of German victories.

To the infantry soldier his rifle is the first consideration; with the cavalryman his horse stands before all else. In this, of

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

In the tailors' shop, where the clothes of the soldiers are repaired.

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position of a schoolboy. Nothing is left to him. He learns his instructions off by heart, and every now and again is called upon by the sub-officer to repeat his code much in the same way that a small boy does his lesson. In the photo on page 408 are three men undergoing this ordeal. Should they be caught tripping, they are liable to pass at least three days under arrest.

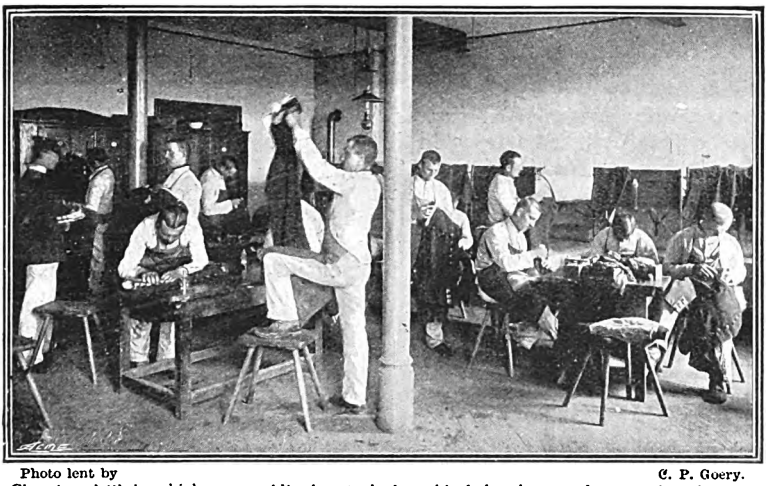

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

Cleaning drill, in which every soldier has to look to his belongings, and to see that they are all in order and presentable.

All the soldiers know very well what follows default in this respect, and they are also aware that the beds are very hard, and the rations are not too plentiful in prison. Consequently, they have no desire to make the acquaintance of "Daddy Philip," as they call the superintendent of the prison.

So much for the duties of the day.

Germans, after all, are only human, and they probably find them as irksome as we should do were we in similar case.

But it must not be supposed that life is all a bed of thorns in the army of the Kaiser. There are times, even there, when life seems worth living, and the hardship and monotony of the daily routine pales into insignificance.

Such must certainly be the case when the word is given by the officer "Essen Holen" (fetch the rations). That cry must ever reverberate gratefully in German ears; and, as the hungry Teuton dons his apron and marches with what speed he may to the dining hall, no doubt all claims of Fatherland and militarism and an ambitious sovereign are forgotten, while those of the inner man are attended to with exemplary thoroughness.

There are other times in the day when the German soldier may snatch a few minutes' recreation. To be sure, he often has to pass these in the guard-room under the watchful eye of an officer, from whom he has to obtain permission before going out. As a set off against this, he may here indulge, if he likes, in light refresh-

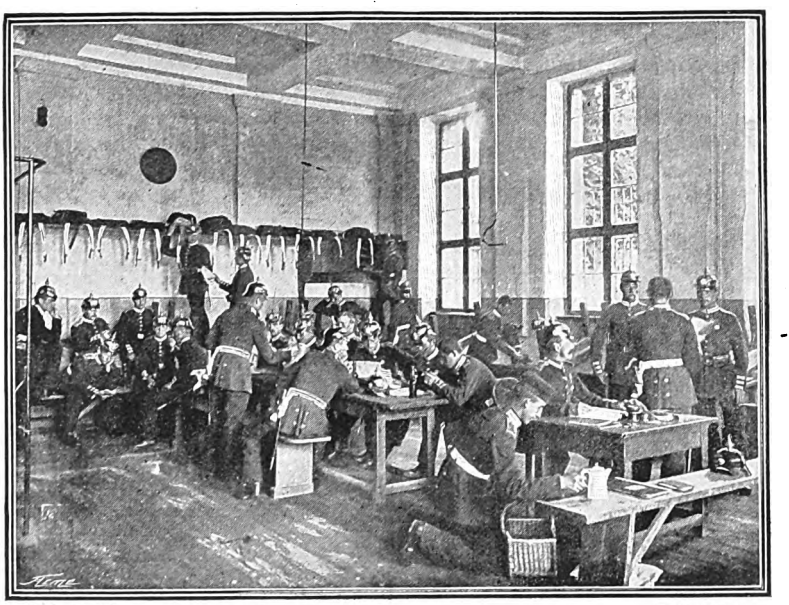

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

The guard-room where the soldiers off duty spend their leisure. Here they may read, play games, talk, and have refreshments, but they must not go out of the room without permission.

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ments, or he may read, play at some game, or talk.

Sometimes, however, he is allowed to leave the barracks; then he is pretty certain to pay a visit, with some civilian friends, to a "beer garden." It might be expected that he would find pride and delight in expatiating to all who would listen on the glory of a soldier's—or rather a conscript's—life. But he does not. As a matter of fact, he finds much more pleasure in telling his friends and acquaintances how, the year after next, he is going to leave the army, adopt some civil calling, and live in a place undisturbed by the alarums that seem necessary to military glory. That is, perhaps, the natural ambition of the German conscript. At first he may find pleasure in reflecting that he is a member of the army of the third greatest power in the world. But after a time this thought loses its power to comfort; and, no doubt, he sometimes wishes that the Kaiser had not such high military ambitions, and that he, himself, might have been allowed to become a harmless, but necessary, waiter in a London restaurant, or something equally prosaic on the soil of his Fatherland.

It is one of the most interesting military problems of the day, as to how the German army would fare in a great European war. The enormous strides made during the past twenty years in arms of precision may be said to have so revolutionised modern warfare that it is open to question whether the tactics so successfully employed in 1870 against the French would be applicable in the dawn of the twentieth century.

Perfect discipline and organisation are of course indispensable now as then, but if the struggle in Africa has taught anything, it is that individual genius and enterprise are as great factors as in the days of the first Napoleon. However, their present system, mechanical though it is, would seem to be the best possible for the German army.

The Germans are not born fighters like the Irish and French. Never in the whole course of their history have they produced a military genius worthy to rank with the Titans of the world. They have never had a Hannibal, a Napoleon, or a Wellington, and but few to rank with the Napoleonic generals. The Kaiser understands the genius of his nation, and recognises that the application of scientific principles to the army is Germany's greatest safeguard.

As in most Continental armies the German officer must always appear in uniform; and in time of peace, as well as of war, his profession is everything. The officers are worked as hard as the men. Up at five o'clock in the morning they get through half a day's work before the ordinary citizen rises from slumber.

Officers of all grades are held in enormous respect by civilians, and they have a way of enforcing it in such a manner as would not be tolerated in England.

In the British army much of the detail and preliminary training is left to the non-commissioned officers. This is not so in Germany—the commissioned officer is never far off. It is quite a familiar sight on a German drill-ground to see the commissioned officer delivering a lecture to the men.

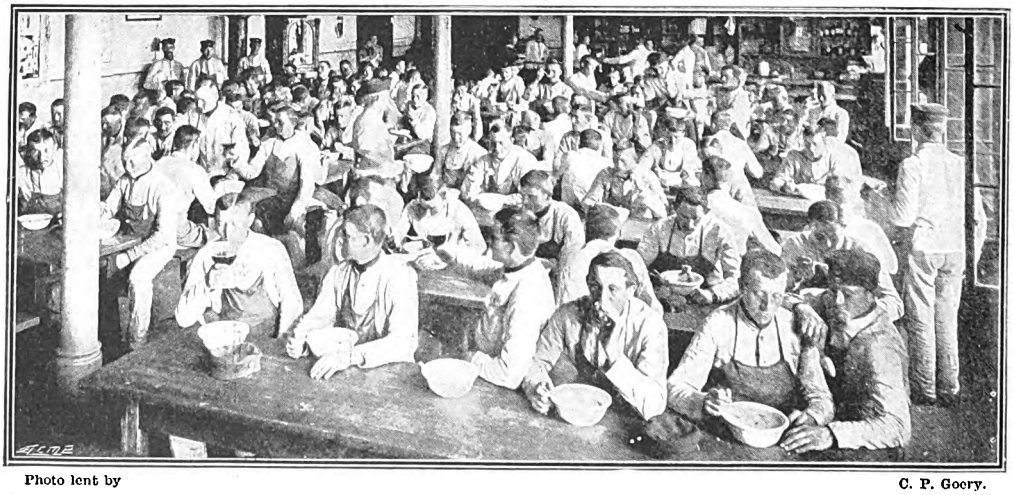

Photo lent by C. P. Goery.

A company at dinner. Every man has to wear an apron; it is also enacted by the regulations that he must wash his hands and brush his hair before sitting down to eat.

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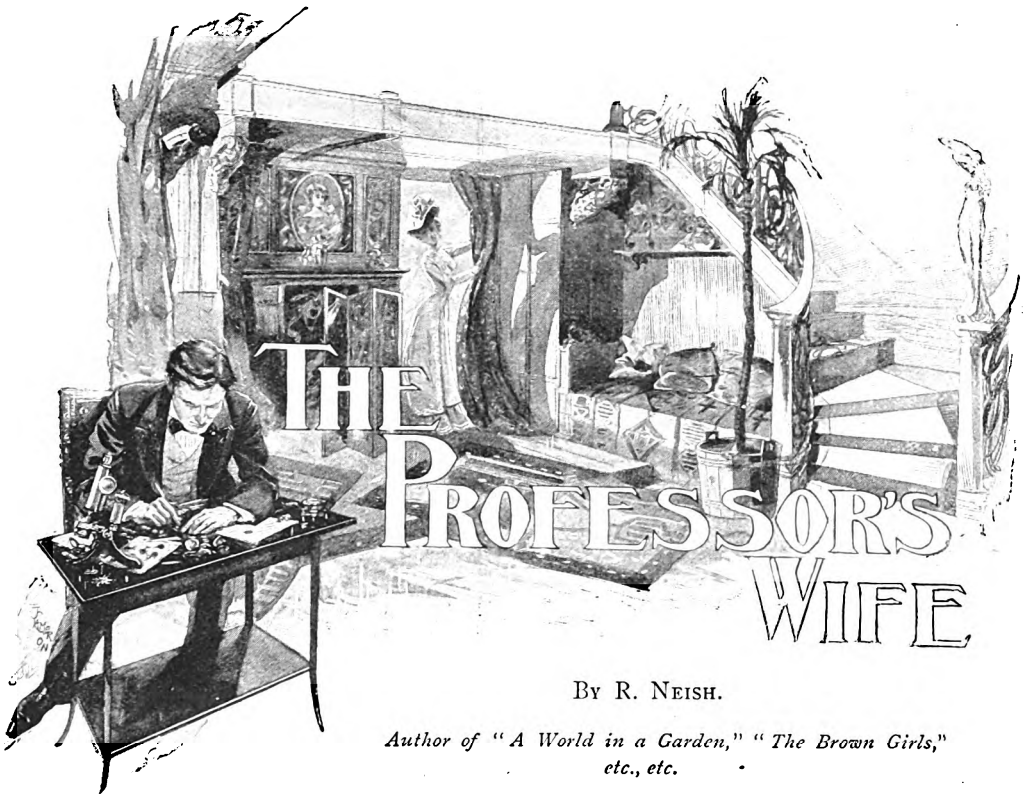

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

By R. Neish.

Author of "A World in a Garden," "The Brown Girls," etc., etc.

"I fear it is merely an unusually large specimen of a Necrophorus or burying beetle," said Professor Henning slowly. He spoke half to himself and half to his sister. She sniffed audibly.

"I never heard of such a thing, and I don't know the meaning of these outlandish Latin names," she snapped.

There was a moment's pause, and Miss Henning's thin face hardened with sudden determination.

"Alec," she said sharply, "will you take your mind for one moment off those unpleasant objects"—she shuddered slightly—"and give me your attention. I wish to speak to you."

There was something so unusually discordant about her voice, which was at no time a musical one, that it caused the Professor to turn round in his chair and look at her in some amazement. He had stood all his life more or less in awe of her, and she had kept both himself and his house in order until the time of his marriage.

He had only been married a year, and was devotedly attached to his young wife, but Miss Henning greatly disapproved of the match, which, she said, had broken up her home. Although Mrs. Henning had always treated her not only with the greatest consideration, but with deference and respect, they had seen very little of her—indeed it was only at her sister-in-law's earnest entreaty that Miss Henning had condescended to spend a few weeks with them this summer.

She had been about three weeks in the house, but neither had her manner nor her heart softened towards Mrs. Henning. If the Professor noticed her coldness he wisely ignored it, feeling sure that his wife's sweetness would in time bring its own gentle reward.

"Well, Amelia, what is it?"

"Alec," she said sternly, and the cold face grew colder, and the hard voice became harder and more rasping, "it is all very well to follow a profession, and quite right to endeavour to excel in it, whether you are a lawyer—or a professor—or a——"

"A preacher?" suggested the Professor smiling.

"I am not joking," she replied stiffly, and continued her lecture even more sharply. "I say, it is as well to try and excel in whatever profession you have elected to follow, but it is not well to go about the world blind and

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deaf, and trusting and unobservant, as some people do," she added in a voice of deep meaning.

"As a good many people do, I fear," agreed the Professor pleasantly.

To say that Miss Henning smiled were to grossly exaggerate; her thin lips merely widened a little.

"I am glad you agree with me," she said with something dimly approaching geniality.

"And who is it whom you consider to be so greatly wanting in powers of observation?" asked her brother politely, but with some indifference.

"Yourself, of course," replied Miss Henning, sharply. "Whom else do you suppose I have been talking at all this time?"

"I was unaware, Amelia, that you were talking at anybody," said the Professor, mildly. "If you have been addressing yourself to me, and have any complaints to make about the absence of my powers of observation, it would surely be better to speak frankly to me rather than covertly at me."

She glanced half defiantly towards him, then said slowly: "Alec, I think it is quite time that your eyes were opened, and I intend to open them."

The Professor opened his eyes very wide indeed, and raised his eyebrows, but only said quietly: "Really? In what way, Amelia?"

"I do not consider," said Miss Henning harshly, "that it is either advisable or seemly that your wife—who is very young and greatly wanting in common-sense," the Professor started and frowned angrily, "and who is greatly wanting in common-sense," she repeated in emphasis, "should encourage so openly the constant visits and attentions of Mr. Allingham. He is always here on some pretext or another, and he is a very fast young man, absolutely devoid, I have no doubt, both of honour or scruples. His friendship with anyone as thoughtless as Mabel can only bring trouble on her and on you, Alec."

Hardly had Miss Henning ceased speaking, when her sister-in-law's voice rang through the garden: "Jack, I say—Jack—here—quick—here's a horrible insect on the sweet peas near my roses. Put down that can, quick, and come here."

There was an answering shout, and the sweet ringing voice ceased. Miss Henning's eyes gleamed spitefully, while the Professor's face turned deathly pale as he crossed the room and stood for a moment looking down at her.

"There; you can see for yourself the sort of terms they are on," she said, a sneer of open triumph turning down the corners of her thin lips, "and yet you allow this kind of thing to go on, while you sit there collecting beetles—beetles," she added contemptuously—"and your wife openly

"Stop!" thundered the Professor. "Cease this minute, Amelia!"

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calling a young man by his Christian name. Why, you ought to be ashamed of allowing her to be so frivolous—— "

"Stop!" thundered the Professor. "Cease this minute, Amelia. Do you hear me?" His usually gentle and intellectual face was transfigured, and he raised his hand so threateningly towards her that she drew back in great alarm.

"How dare you!" he stammered furiously. "How dare you—you, to speak against my wife." By an almost superhuman effort he controlled himself, and turning towards the mantelpiece, rested his trembling hands for a moment against it. Then he turned towards Miss Henning again, and the furious stammering voice grew still and very cold. "If for a moment you have thought any evil of Mabel, it is a base and wicked slander, Amelia," he began in a low voice.

Miss Henning, who like all bullies was a coward at heart, said falteringly "I'm sure, I only thought—I never meant to——" she paused, quailing and incoherent before the sudden storm of passion she had raised.

"I do not know what you may have meant, Amelia," her brother said icily, so icily that she looked at him with apprehension. "I only know what you said, and that is quite sufficient for me. You have cast aspersions on the good name of one of the sweetest and purest women on God's earth, and the woman I love and honour." He paused, his voice vibrating with the intensity of his emotion. "I need not condescend to deny your vulgar accusations, Amelia—they are the creations of a mind that cannot be good itself, or it would never have found room for such hateful doubts."

Miss Henning, who, in spite of her anger and disappointment at his marriage, loved her brother very dearly, burst into tears, and sooner than incur such anger again, determined to retract.

"Alec, I didn't mean it," she sobbed. "I was perhaps mistaken."

The Professor looked at her with a face set in lines of inexorable judgment. "Were you? Well, it is a mistake you can never retrieve. You have basely maligned Mabel, who has always been true in her affection not only for me—but even for you." He said this with bitter contempt, and added harshly: "You are no longer a sister of either hers or mine, and I hope you will—er—leave this house as soon as possible." He turned towards the door, leaving Miss Henning, in her amazement, gazing stupidly and incredulously up at him.

Was this the brother she had hectored and bullied until the very day of his marriage? She felt crushed and frightened, but she made one more effort to reinstate herself in his favour. "I—I am sorry," she sobbed, "forgive me, Alec—forgive me."

"Never," replied the Professor bitterly, "never!" and a moment later he had left the room.

II.

Mrs. Henning was busily washing the green-fly off the roses when a harmless stag-beetle frightened her into calling loudly for Mr. Allingham.

"Here, Jack, quick; here's a horrible insect on the sweet peas, close to my roses." Jack Allingham, who was filling her water-can for her, deposited it on the ground, and ran quickly towards her. He lifted the unoffending beetle and dropped it gently over the low wall into the kitchen garden. "Ugh, what a monster," said Mrs. Henning. "Fancy Alec collecting things like that—how can he?"

She sank into a garden chair under a shady tree as she spoke, and began to idly fan herself with a large cabbage leaf in which she had lately carried some strawberries. "Isn't it hot and lovely?"

"Yes, very lovely," answered Mr. Allingham, as he threw himself on the ground beside her, and glanced admiringly at the pretty flushed face.

"Isn't it wonderful that Alec can care to spend such a day indoors?"

"That is one of the penalties one has to pay for being so learned," said her companion with a faint sneer, which was wholly lost on Mabel Henning.

"Yes, isn't he clever?" she said, turning an eager, childish face towards him. "Do you know, I believe he is the youngest Professor in Europe. He is only thirty-four, and yet he has passed such splendid examinations."

Mr. Allingham looked bored. "I wish women wouldn't talk about their husbands. It's a stupidity in a plain one and a crime in a pretty one." Aloud he only said pleasantly, "Yes, thirty-four is young for a Professor, yet it is old for a husband, at any rate, for the husband of such a baby, eh?" he laughed.

"I'm very far from a baby," said Mrs. Henning with dignity. "I'm nearly twenty-one, and I'm ever so old in some things."

He smiled at the childish speech, and for a few moments lay watching her silently. "I wish I was not obliged to go away next week!" he said to himself. "What a sweet child it is, and what a pleasure it would be to make a

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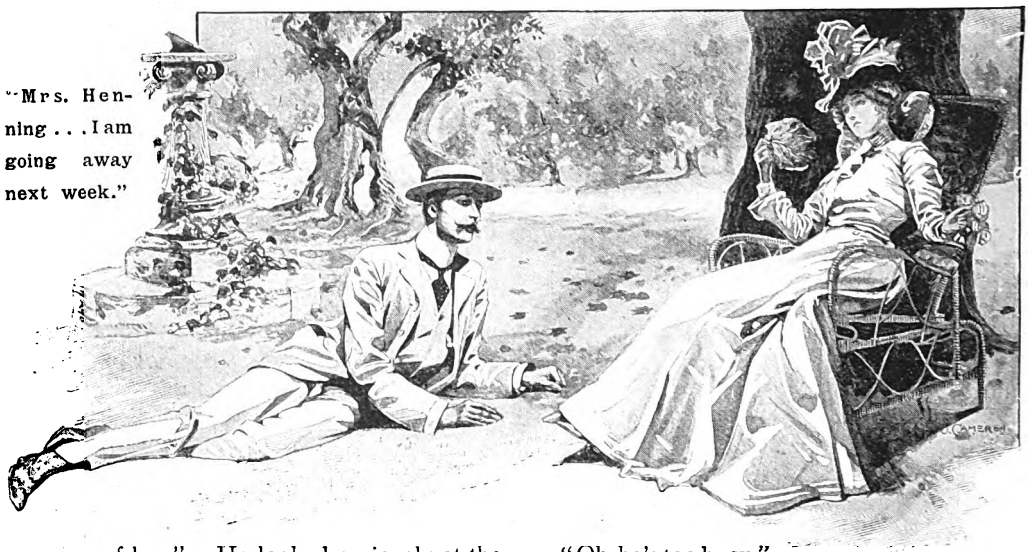

"Mrs. Henning . . . I am going away next week."

woman of her." He looked curiously at the girl's lovely flushed face. "How unconscious she is. I wonder if she cares—I wonder!"

He hardly knew. She was so easily pleased, and so glad to see him that sometimes he fancied that he had succeeded in drawing her love away from the Professor. Yet at other times she spoke so openly of her admiration for her husband that he began to doubt his powers. Yet it seemed to him wholly incredible that this little country girl should remain impervious to his fascinations. Had he not often succeeded with other women? Yes, she must care; it was impossible that she should not do so, he said to himself—still he must be quite sure before he said anything to her of his love. He would put her to the test—a test he had used so often and so successfully with other women. He raised himself on his elbow and looked at her with an expression of great regret and sadness.

"Mrs. Henning," he said in a low voice, "I am going away next week, and for a long, long time, I fear." He waited eagerly to see the effect of this announcement.

"Going away," echoed Mabel Henning blankly. "Why—where to? Must you really go? Oh, I am sorry." She paused, looking questioningly down at him.

He sprang to his feet, and, leaning against the tree under which she sat, looked tenderly down on her. "Are you really sorry, little lady?"

"Of course I am," answered she eagerly. "There'll be no one to water my plants, or catch the beetles, or cut off the dead roses, or do anything."

"Your gardener can do that much for you," said Jack Allingham stiffly.

"Oh, he's too busy," she replied calmly. "Besides, you're so much quicker, and you are so good and nice to me," she added, looking very kindly up at him.

Mr. Allingham looked carefully around him, and then glanced towards the house. There was no one in sight, and the shady seat was completely hidden from view by the thick overhanging branches of the tree under which it had been placed. He made a sudden movement, and, bending over Mrs. Henning, seized her hands in his, and whispered passionately:

"Mrs. Henning—Mabel, darling—I love you. I have always loved you, ever since the first day I saw you, and now I cannot leave you—I cannot. I know how dull your life is, darling," he continued, rapidly and eagerly, "and I cannot leave you. Tell me you love me, Mabel, dear, speak to me."

For a minute Mrs. Henning had been too dazed to take in the full meaning of the rapidly-uttered words, but a moment later she had torn her hand from his grasp and stood confronting him with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Tell you I love you," she cried, going closely up to him, and staring angrily into his abashed face. "How dare you, you coward—you coward! How dare you think I should love you when you know how I love the Professor? I did like you, but I hate you now, and I don't think you are good enough to be in the same garden with him, and I wish he had come out and heard you, and I wish—oh, do go away at once, this very minute," she cried, and burst into a childish fit of sobbing.

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Mr. Allingham stood cursing his hastiness and ill-luck. He cut a very pitiful figure as he stood there undecided how to leave with any show of dignity.

Suddenly Mabel dried her eyes and looked angrily up at him again. "It is quite time you paid the rest of your visits," she said, unconsciously repeating what the Professor had said to his sister, "and I beg you will never come here again, never," and without touching his hand or heeding his stammered apology and explanation, she walked rapidly away to the house.

* * * * *

An hour later she went slowly into the Professor's study. He was sitting idly in the arm-chair by his table, his head resting despondently on his hand.

He started as his wife came quickly through the French window, and, running up to him, knelt down by his side and flung her arms impetuously round his neck.

"Why, Mabel, what is the matter, my love?"

"Nothing," she answered, hiding her face against his sleeve, "nothing, but I'm tired, and I've got a headache, Alec." The Professor lifted her on to his knee. "What are you tired of, Mab?"

"Nothing," she answered brightly, for the very feeling of his arm round her filled her with a sense of security. "I'm only silly, Alec," she laughed. "It's so hot, and I've done such a lot of the flowers."

"Where's Jack Allingham?" asked her husband. "Hasn't he been helping you?"

"Yes, but he's gone, he's no good at gardening," she said lightly; "besides, I'm tired of him, and he's going away next week. Come out and see my roses, Alec," she added coaxingly—"you never look at them now, and I do so want you to see the new ones."

The Professor rose at once: "Certainly, Mabel," he said pleasantly—"not that I am a great judge of roses, except these, which I fear are not quite so bright as usual," and he bent gently and patted his wife's soft cheek.

"Oh, it's only the heat. I know you don't care for flowers," she laughed, "bu perhaps you'll find a beetle on the roses instead, and then you'll be happy, won't you?"

As they turned into the garden, Miss Henning came slowly across the lawn towards them. Her face was very pale, and

She had torn her hand from his grasp and stood confronting him with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

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"Come along; I'm going round the garden to say good-bye to the roses."

Mabel fancied it bore traces of tears. She left her husband, and ran towards her sister-in-law, calling out: "What is it, Amelia, do you want me? Have you been looking for me?"

Miss Henning, carefully avoiding the Professor's eye, said in stereotyped tones: "Yes, Mabel, I have been looking for you, I wish to say good-bye, and to thank you for your hospitality. I am going home."

"Going home," echoed Mrs. Henning blankly—"why, whatever for, Amelia? I thought you were going to stay the whole summer with us. I do hope nothing is the matter. Does Alec know?" she added, turning towards her husband.

Miss Henning compressed her thin lips, and the tears started to her eyes again: "Yes—I have told him, Mabel——"

The Professor was apparently deeply absorbed in the beauties of the sunset sky above him. There was a moment's uncomfortable silence. Then Mabel turned towards her husband: "Alec, I'm afraid I don't understand," she said very gently, for she saw that something of great gravity had taken place between brother and sister—something about which she knew nothing. "I don't understand, dear. Cannot you ask Amelia to stay?"

There was a moment's pause, and the Professor's face softened as he glanced at his wife, but it grew inexorable again as he turned away from her. "I am afraid not, Mabel. My sister is going to pay some other visits, and I shall be obliged to you, deeply obliged, my love, if you will refrain from asking either of us questions." He then once more directed his eyes towards the sunset, and Miss Henning with a sob turned rapidly away.

III.

THE PROFESSOR was in his study reading aloud a list to his wife, and she was writing rapidly. "There, that's enough, I'm sure you are tired, Mab."

She laughingly held the paper towards him, "Don't I write a lovely hand?"

"Beautiful," he answered, "but I hope this wretched wrist of mine will be all right now in a day or so, then I need not trouble you any more"

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"I like it," answered his wife—"it's no trouble. The only thing I hate are the stupid old Latin words."

The Professor laughed. "What a baby you are, Mab."

"Not at all," replied his wife with dignity. "Oh, by the way, that reminds me, to-morrow will be my birthday, Alec; my twenty-first birthday." She grew suddenly nervous as she looked shyly towards him. "We shall have been married two whole years," she said gently, "and it is very important my being twenty-one."

"Yes, it is a great age," said the Professor, laughing; "almost time to put your hair up. I beg your pardon, it is up, isn't it?" he laughed again.

His wife smiled, and coming towards him, put her hand on his shoulder. "Listen, Alec," she whispered, tenderly, "you have to do whatever I ask you, and give me anything I like on my twenty-first birthday."

"Even to the half of my kingdom," agreed the Professor. "Well, say on, Baby; what do you want? If it is to be had, you shall have it."

"Is that a promise, Alec?"

"Certainly."

"And you won't break it?"

"Of course not," replied the Professor, indignantly.

"Well," said his wife slowly, and resting her soft face against his arm, as she spoke, "I —I want you to let me go and see Amelia."

He would have drawn away from her, but she clung tightly to his arm. "Alec, I hear she has been ill, very ill. Listen, dear; she loves you, and she can't be happy, and you must make it up and be nice—so there," she finished up suddenly.

The Professor looked gravely at her. "I cannot break my promise, Mabel," he said quietly, "but you must first hear the reason why Amelia and I have quarrelled, then you can decide for yourself whether you will have her here again or not."

A pause, and then Mabel said gently: "Was it about me, Alec?"

"Yes, Mab."

"Then I don't want to hear it," she said, and added, with a sigh of relief, "Oh, I am glad it was only about me, Alec, because, you see, if it was anything unkind I have long since forgiven it, and so have you, and so there's an end of it, isn't there?"

The Professor turned and shook his head. "No, I haven't," he began, but she laid her little hand over his lips. "Yes you have, Alec dear," she said gently, "and so have I, and it's all over and forgotten now, and we'll write to her this evening. Come along; I'm going round the garden to say good-bye to the roses," she added. "Come, too, there's a dear, and don't frown, because it frightens me dreadfully." She opened the window as she spoke, and ran lightly down the steps on to the lawn.

The Professor stood for a moment in the window. "God bless her," he murmured softly and solemnly to himself, and followed her slowly into the garden.

THIS is the "SEA LADY," the fascinating heroine of H. G. WELLS' latest romance, now appearing in

Pearson's Magazine.

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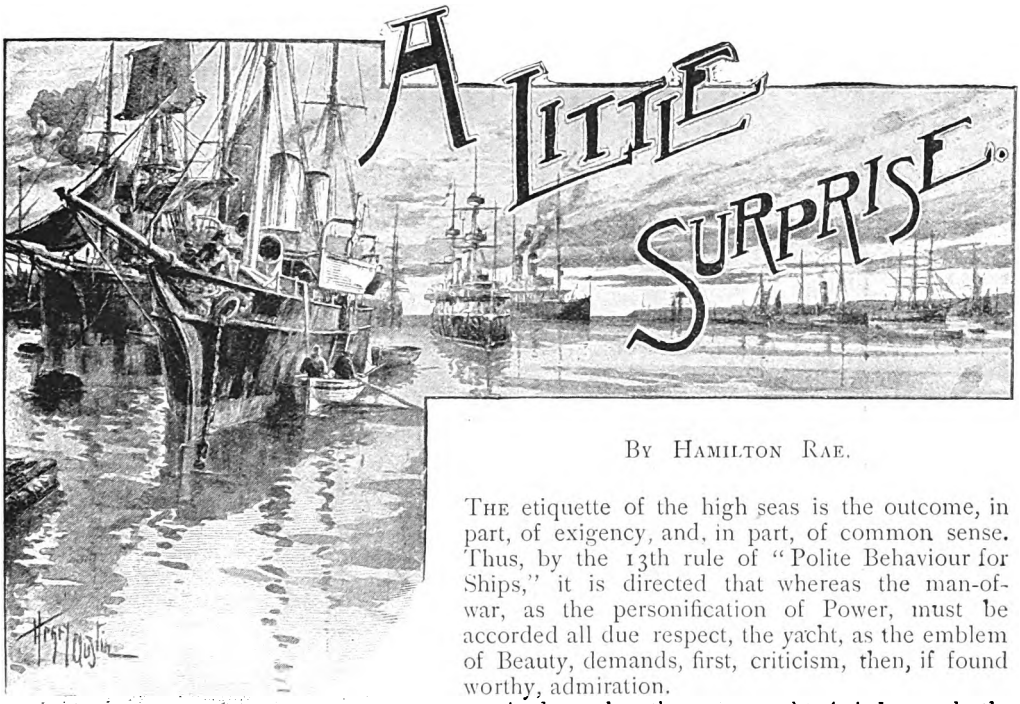

By Hamilton Rae.

The etiquette of the high seas is the outcome, in part, of exigency, and, in part, of common sense. Thus, by the 13th rule of "Polite Behaviour for Ships," it is directed that whereas the man-of-war, as the personification of Power, must be accorded all due respect, the yacht, as the emblem of Beauty, demands, first, criticism, then, if found worthy, admiration.

And so, when the steam yacht *Ariadne* modestly slipped into the harbour of Las Palmas and dropped anchor in a quiet corner, the meaner craft in the port, mindful of their duty, at once proceeded to subject her to a critical and extensive examination.

"Plenty of paint, but the lines of a tramp." Such had been the verdict of H.M.S. *Argo*, and, as coming from so undoubted an authority, it had been immediately endorsed by all present. Nevertheless, it is within the bounds of possibility that one or two weak-kneed brethren, in the shape of a hulking, tank-shaped cargo-boat and a tubby Dutch brig, might have so far forgotten their manners and the deference due to the man-of-war as to permit themselves to be moved even to admiration by the yacht's trim appearance had not the arrival in the harbour of one of His Britannic Majesty's transports occupied their attention to the exclusion of all else.

On the yacht's deck, a couple of men, the one, a tall fellow arrayed in orthodox yachting costume, the other, a short, dapper individual with the air of a retired tradesman, were pacing to and fro the while they discussed the new arrival.

"She sails at five," the taller of the two was saying, with a jerk of his head towards the huge transport lying peacefully at anchor a short distance away. "The authorities have given way on the water question; she is to be permitted to have as much as she wants." He spoke excellent English, though it was plain, from the lengthening of his vowels and the twist of his "r's," that the language he employed did not represent his nationality.

"Umph!" grunted his companion. "Then we'll follow about eight. That ought to bring us up with her before daylight."

The tall man chuckled softly.

"The less light the better—for *our* business," he said. "It would be awkward to have one of His Majesty's cruisers poking her nose in and spoiling the fun. But I don't think there is any fear of that. They're as innocent as lambs. I have made pretty searching inquiries and as far as I can learn they haven't the least suspicion of our purpose. And why should they? The *Ariadne*, private yacht, with her owner Don Ramon de Spinola on board" —again the man laughed quietly—"calls in here for water and general stores. Is there anything out of the way in that, I should like to know?"

The short gentleman shook his head, though somewhat lugubriously.

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"No, certainly not," continued the other emphatically, by way of discounting his companion's uncertainty. "I tell you what it is, Sims," enthusiastically, "this job is going to be a walk over, my boy."

"Don't know so much about that," muttered Sims. "It takes a clever man to hoodwink the British Navy. I've been there, and I know. A man doesn't serve fifteen years in His Majesty's marine without learning a few wrinkles. And if they *do* catch us—well, I hope you've made your will, that's all."

"Long ago," rejoined the tall man, pleasantly, "left everything to myself. And as for catching us, it is simply impossible. We're a couple of knots faster than the smartest cruiser they have, and we're not going about with our eyes shut. Anyhow it is worth the risk. A cool ten thousand for every hen-coop we send to the bottom—why we shall be millionaires by Christmas!"

"That may, or may not be," said Sims, still gloomily. "As I've said, I've been there and I know 'em. What about the list? Have you got it?"

"Here it is. Full particulars of every transport—speed, tonnage, port, date of sailing, and number of troops on board. I daresay there'll be more to follow, but that's the programme up to the present. And if we can manage to bag this first consignment, we shall have done our share. It will be time to be making tracks by then."

"You're right," exclaimed Sims decisively, "if not sooner. I'm jolly well mistaken if the *Argo* or her consort isn't after us long before we're even half-way through this lot. And Heaven help us if they once get us within range of their quick-firers!"

The tall man shot a quick glance at his companion.

"Funking it?" he asked, with a slight lift of his eyebrows.

"Not me," retorted Sims savagely, "I've taken this job in hand, and I'm going to see it through. I'd do it for the sake of being even with them, apart from the money."

"You have never told me the history of that little affair of yours," said the other. "They accused you of embezzling some money, didn't they?"

"They did," snorted Sims, "and me as innocent as a new-born babe. But they broke me all the same, and I'll have my revenge."

"Well, you'll never have a better chance," said the tall man. "It might have been arranged purposely for you. I cannot understand why you should have the least doubt as to its success. To me it seems an absolute certainty, and as easy as that," and he snapped his fingers. "You come up astern in the dusk or dark—I suppose there is no law to prevent a yacht overtaking and passing one of these floating barracks, is there?—you let fly your torpedo at close quarters, and there you are. They will be down below before they know what has happened. Then you hang about till the next one comes along, and repeat the dose. And if, in the meantime, you should happen to run up against one of His Majesty's men-of-war—well, there is nothing very suspicious about a harmless yacht, eh?"

"Sounds right enough," was Sims's comment, accompanied by another dubious shake of the head, "but I'm no fool. I recognise the risks if you don't."

"Sh——" whispered the other. "The men will hear you—I suppose they understand?" jerking his thumb in the direction of the forecastle.

"As much as is good for 'em," said Sims with a grin.

"Very good!" responded the other. "I leave it entirely with you. We can depend upon them, I suppose?"

"You may bet!" was Sims's quiet rejoinder. "Every man Jack of 'em! I took good care to make sure of that before I engaged 'em."

"That's all right," said the other. Then in a louder tone: "Is my boat alongside?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall come off between seven and eight. See that the boat is waiting for me."

"Yes, sir."

Don Ramon stepped on to the accommodation ladder, and as his mouth descended to a level with Sims's ear, he whispered:

"I have an appointment with Simpson at five. He'll be able to give me the official latest. Useful man, Simpson! Expensive, but he's worth it."

"Take care he isn't playing a double game," rejoined Sims. "*It has been done.* Hear all and say nothing—it's sound advice."

The other smiled as if satisfied of his ability to outwit a dozen Simpsons, and, taking his seat in the boat's stern, he gave the order to push off.

* * * * *

The sun was rapidly nearing the horizon as the big transport hauled up her anchor and got under way. The twelve hundred troops on board crowded the decks and overflowed into the rigging. On board the *Argo* the

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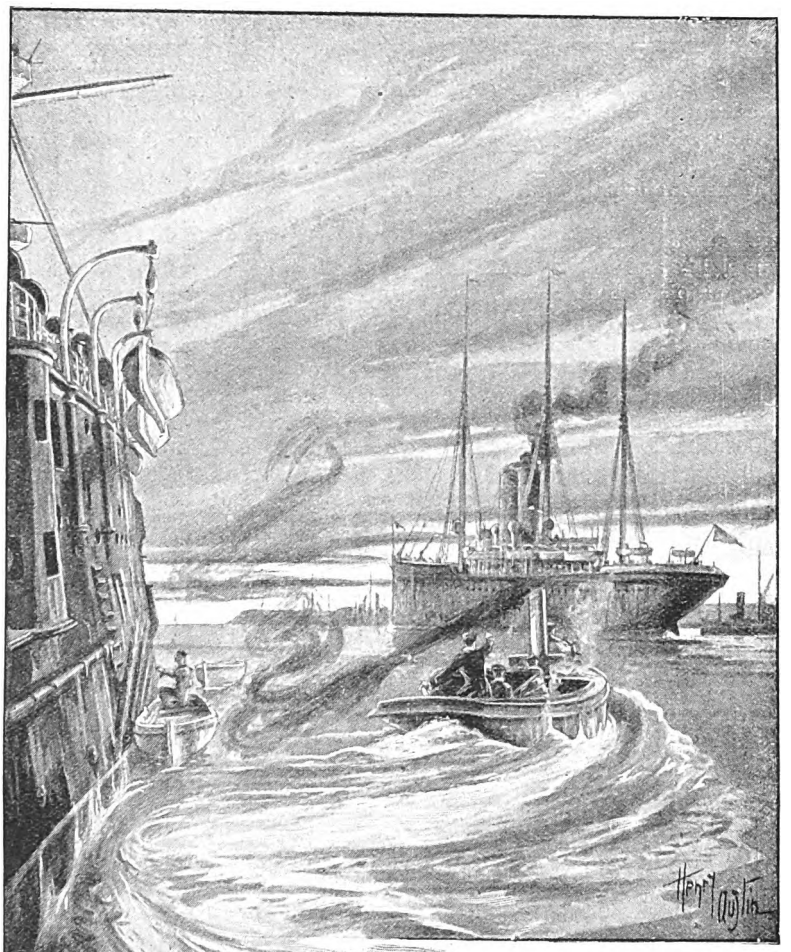
ship's band struck up a lively air, and as the *Belvoir Castle* slowly forged ahead towards the harbour-mouth, the man-o'-war's men burst into round upon round of cheering, to which the soldiers as heartily replied.

Suddenly a steam launch shot out from the cruiser's side, and swiftly making its way across to the *Belvoir Castle*, the naval officer in charge sprang up the transport's accommodation ladder and handed a sealed note to the captain.

"From Captain Rawston," said the young officer, saluting, "to be opened as soon as you are outside." Then with a hearty "Pleasant voyage to you, Captain," the officer hurried down into the launch, and the little vessel steamed back to the *Argo*.

A few minutes later the signal, "Good luck," flew out from the cruiser's main truck. With an answering, "Thank you," the *Belvoir Castle* ran out into the open sea, and, turning her head southward, commenced the last stage of her long journey.

On the transport's upper bridge, Captain Brown was anxiously perusing the note from the commander of the cruiser. Clearly it afforded anything but pleasant reading, for a heavy frown gathered on the skipper's brow,



Suddenly a steam launch shot out from the cruiser's side.

and he gnawed his moustache in evident perturbation.

"Funny thing!" he muttered. "Hundred miles to the westward, and no lights. Something wrong somewhere!" Then thrusting the letter into his pocket, he descended the ladder, and disappeared into the chart-house.

Quickly the brightness of day faded into gloom. Night set in, calm and still; a galaxy of stars studded the clear sky. A lazy roll, varied by an occasional heave, was all the response vouchsafed by the *Belvoir Castle* to the slight ocean swell, as steadily the huge vessel ploughed her way southwards.

* * * * *

Two hours later the steam yacht *Ariadne* crept quietly out of Las Palmas harbour, and,

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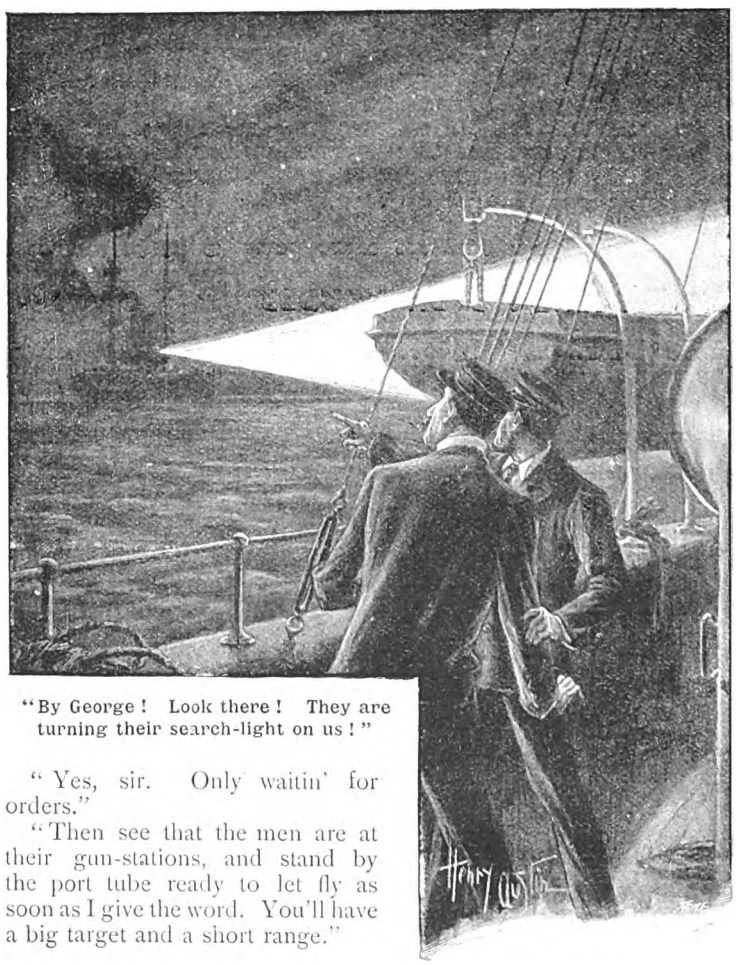
like a hound with nose to the scent, hurried southward in the wake of her prey. Don Ramon's investigations had failed to reveal the slightest trace of suspicion on the part of the British authorities, and he had returned to the yacht more firmly convinced than ever that there would be no difficulty in carrying out his nefarious plans.

Just before three o'clock the forward watch reported a light ahead. Sims at once hurried on deck, and a few moments later Don Ramon joined him. Away on the port bow a light, swaying gently from side to side, glimmered faintly through the darkness.

"That's her right enough," Sims remarked, "I didn't expect to be up with her for another half-hour, but she is taking it easy, I suppose. Doesn't know what she has behind her," and he laughed. "Is everything ready below?" he asked, turning to a burly fellow who stood by the rail straining his eyes into the darkness.



"By George! Look there! They are turning their search-light on us!"

"Yes, sir. Only waitin' for orders."

"Then see that the men are at their gun-stations, and stand by the port tube ready to let fly as soon as I give the word. You'll have a big target and a short range."

"Aye, aye, sir. We'll get her, no fear."

"I believe he will, too," said Sims, as the man hurried away. "I tried him at Bahia and he did some wonderful things. He was in the United States Navy for five years, but he was too fond of drink, and they cleared him out. By George! Look there! They are turning their search-light on us. Great Scott! this is awkward. I shouldn't have thought they possessed such a thing."

The two men held their breath as the great beam of light swung down through a right angle and enfolded the yacht in a grip from which, though intangible, there was no escape.

Then as suddenly it disappeared.

Sims heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's all right," he muttered. "Concludes we're perfectly harmless. We'll go right ahead."

Ten minutes passed; less than two hundred yards now separated the two ships. The hull of the vessel in front loomed like a huge blot on the face of the waters.

Sims turned to Don Ramon.

"Just make sure that they are perfectly ready below, will you?" he said. "We must run no risks."

Scarcely had the words left his lips when, with startling suddenness, there came a loud hail from out the darkness, immediately on the yacht's port bow.

"Ship ahoy, there! Heave-to!"

To Sims, staring into the night, it seemed that he could detect two small black patches rising and falling a short distance away to port. What was unmistakable, however, was the dull thud-thud of oars swinging in the rowlocks.

"Heave-to at once," came the command again, in a sharper tone. "I'm going to board you. That's

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H.M.S. *Pearl* ahead, so no nonsense."

Simultaneously the warship's search-light again flashed out, illuminating the surface of the ocean for some distance round the yacht, and revealing to Sims's anxious gaze a couple of boats bearing down upon his quarter.

For a moment Sims hesitated. One wild plan after another flashed through his mind, only to be at once dismissed as hopeless. Escape was impossible; that was perfectly evident. The fellow ahead could blow him out of the water if necessary. There was nothing for it but to put the best face on the matter and — obey orders.

"Unship the guns and tubes as fast as you can," he said to his mate, "and get the rifles and ammunition back into the magazine. I'll keep this fellow off as long as I can."

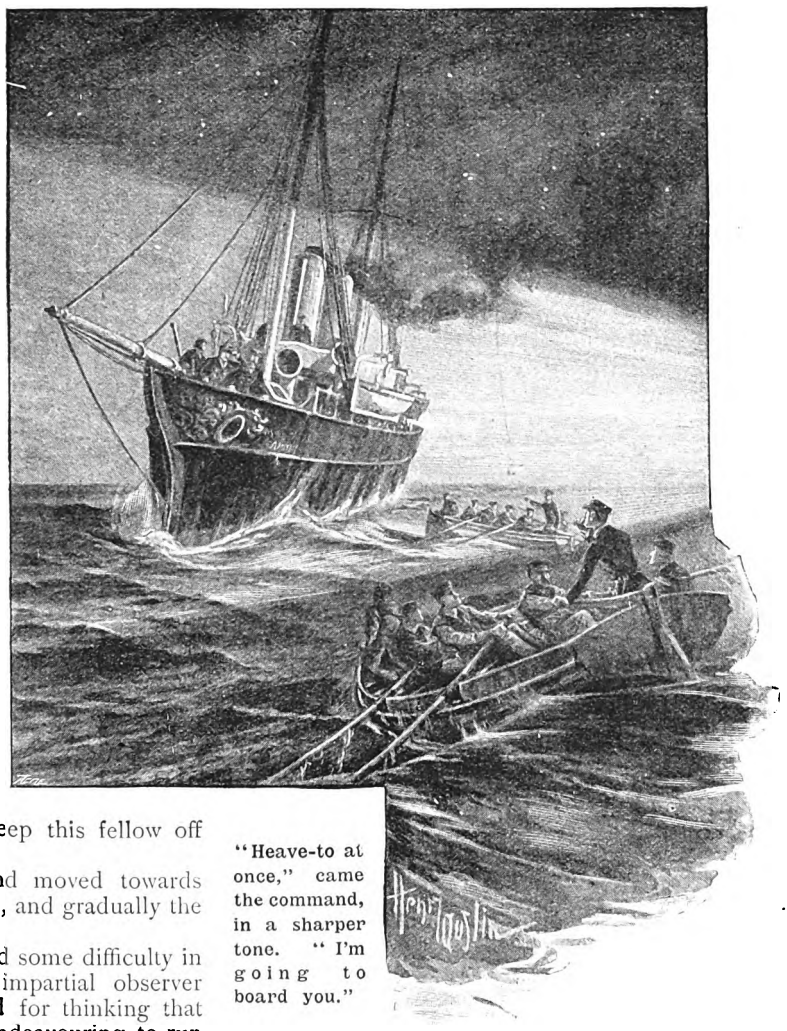
Reluctantly Sims's hand moved towards the engine-room telegraph, and gradually the yacht slowed down.

Apparently the boats had some difficulty in getting alongside. An impartial observer might have been excused for thinking that the yacht was playfully endeavouring to run them down. The naval officer in charge savagely called Heaven and earth to witness that the yacht's captain was the biggest and most incompetent fool he had ever met on the high seas, to which the yacht's captain replied in language equally vigorous and certainly more abusive.

There was a momentary truce as the lieutenant scrambled on board.

"Permit me to congratulate you on your seamanship, Captain," remarked the naval man affably. "I am sorry to give you occasion for so remarkable a display, but, unhappily, it is unavoidable—I have orders to overhaul your ship."

"Overhaul my ship!" screamed Sims. "Overhaul my ship! And, pray, by what authority, sir? It is an absolutely unjustifiable outrage—yes, outrage, sir! and by Heaven!——"



"Heave-to at once," came the command, in a sharper tone. "I'm going to board you."

"You may spare your breath," interposed the Lieutenant quietly, "I am here to overhaul your ship, and overhauled she will be."

"But we're a private yacht, sir—under the Brazilian flag!"

"Then in that case you have nothing to fear from any amount of overhauling."

"But you have no right; it is perfectly unwarranted. I shall resist the execution of your orders, and if you persist, then, by thunder! you must answer for the consequences."

The Lieutenant turned and motioned to a couple of his men.

"Just look after this gentleman," he said. "If his eccentricity shows any sign of further

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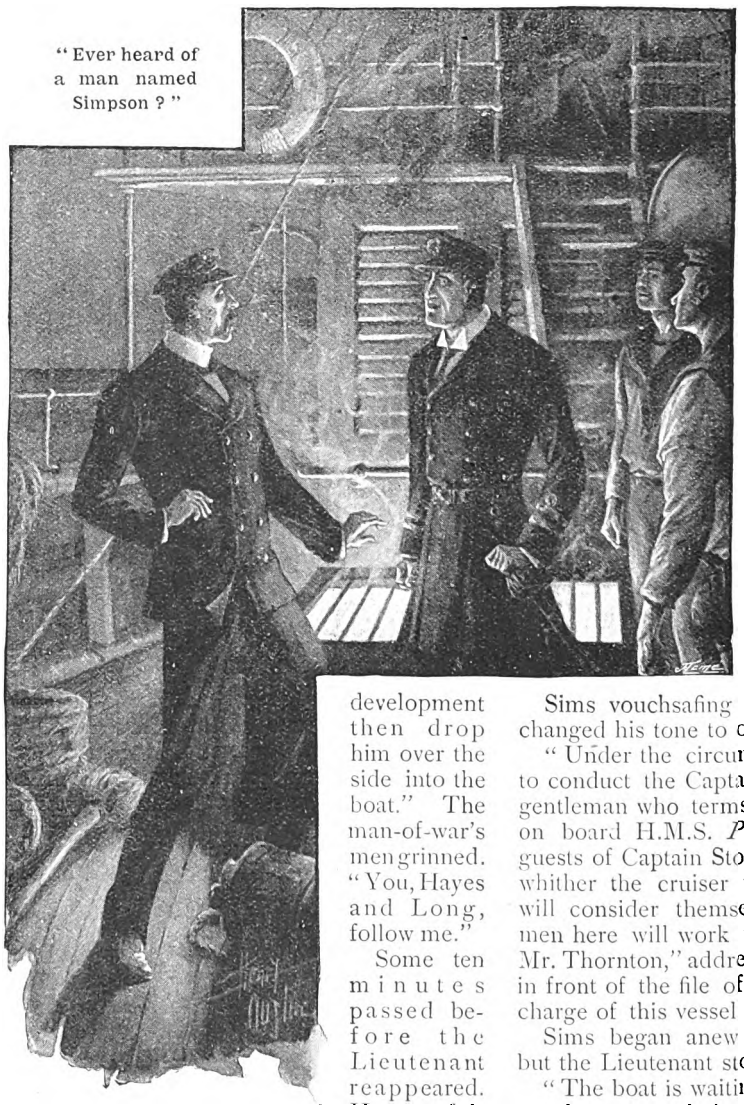

"Ever heard of a man named Simpson?"

development then drop him over the side into the boat." The man-of-war's men grinned. "You, Hayes and Long, follow me."

Some ten minutes passed before the Lieutenant reappeared. He was followed by Don Ramon, the latter fuming and vapouring in a ludicrous manner. The naval officer eyed the yacht's "owner" steadily and in silence for a few moments, then he asked sarcastically.

"You scarcely bargained for this, eh? Bit of a surprise to you? Well, I don't wonder at it. There's a considerable difference between a first-class cruiser and a defenceless transport, isn't there? Perhaps you will be interested to hear that we changed places some three hours ago, and that the *Belvoir Castle* is now thirty miles to the westward. Ever heard of a man named Simpson? Perhaps that will shed a little light on the subject."

Don Ramon turned ghastly pale, gasped, tottered, and finally collapsed altogether. The Lieutenant shot an angry, contemptuous glance at the fellow, then swung round and strode over to Sims.

"That's a nice little collection you've got below," he said pleasantly. "Rather out of place on a *private yacht*, though, isn't it? Only ornamental, perhaps? Well, they're nasty things to play with — torpedoes and maxims and that sort of toy. You will be hurting yourselves, if you are not careful. Perhaps, as they are rather more in our line, we had better take charge of them for you."

Sims vouchsafing no reply, the Lieutenant changed his tone to one of perfect gravity.

"Under the circumstances, my orders are to conduct the Captain of this vessel and the gentleman who terms himself 'Don Ramon' on board H.M.S. *Pearl*. You will be the guests of Captain Stone as far as Cape Town, whither the cruiser is bound. Your crew will consider themselves under arrest; my men here will work the ship to Cape Town. Mr. Thornton," addressing an officer standing in front of the file of sailors, "you will take charge of this vessel for the present."

Sims began anew to bluster and object, but the Lieutenant stopped him.

"The boat is waiting, gentlemen," said the naval man quietly, and the baffled conspirators sullenly clambered over the side and let themselves down into the little craft below.

A fortnight later the *Pearl* and her capture steamed into Capetown Harbour. The evidence against the latter being deemed insufficient, however, the authorities ordered the vessel and crew to be liberated, contenting themselves with seizing her munitions of war. With such a decision Sims and his coadjutor had every reason to be content, and within twenty-four hours of the promulgation of the court's judgment the yacht was on her way to sea again—in search of further villainy.

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"Mind Your Skirt!"

Decidedly dainty, but can be done only if the hands are quite free.

A few Remarks by a mere Man on Skirts and their Management.

By Hector Grainger.

We men have not even the wish to help.

I allude, of course, to that undying grievance of woman—the skirt. Nature, custom and society have seen fit to make life a burden to women in many ways; their freedom is infinitely curtailed; while men go out into the great world, they have to busy themselves with the petty activities of the home; they have no voice in the government of their native land; they have to obey their husbands; to struggle single-handed with the cook and the housemaid, and, heaviest burden of all, to wear skirts. For only think what this means you, happy creature, whom custom has permitted to clothe your nether extremities in trousers! Imagine yourself in skirts—heavy, hot, horribly impeding to the motion, liable to catch in every chance nail and bramble, and necessitating—as this article attempts to show—the most artistic care on dusty or muddy roads. How long would you bear this burden? Not a single week, I dare swear. And yet to the wail of womankind we men turn a deaf ear, or, if we listen at all, shrug our shoulders and reply: "You ladies must bear the tyranny of skirts or incur our displeasure." We are brutes.

Occasionally there are rebellions; that of the so-called "bloomers" being the most notable of late years. In England it lasted a very short while, and was kept alive mainly by women whose natural charms had never earned them much admiration from men. They had so little to lose by defying male prejudice! But in Paris the rebellion has reached alarming dimensions; thousands, and among them the prettiest women in the world, ride abroad in "bloomers" (charmingly made, you may trust a Frenchwoman for that), cheerfully unconcerned at the uplifted male eyebrow and hostile male stare. What may eventually happen, Heaven only knows! Paris is the leader of fashion and the leader of rebellions. In time she may influence the whole feminine world——! Appalling thought!

But skirts are still with us, and their delicate management is to me a constant source of admiration. What should we do, I wonder, we men, if we had to protect a skirt from the muddy road? We might, had we been brought up to the

Neither of these girls care much for appearances, so long as the skirt is well lifted above the dirt of the street.

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When holding up an umbrella it is quite unnecessary to use both hands to lift your skirt.—

—One hand is amply sufficient if you lift the skirt in front.

she freed herself, and each of these movements was in itself a marvel of easy grace, a finished dramatic poem.

But all women are not Maud Jeffries—more's the pity!—and yet how admirable is the skill which the majority, from duchess to coster girl, display in the management of their skirts! Of course, and alas, there are various cruel exceptions. Many ladies of a certain age, who, through long neglect, have grown careless with regard to their outward appearance, cut sorry figures when crossing a muddy road. Their whole thought is to keep their skirts from the dirt—quite a secondary consideration with the pretty girl—and they do it with a will, dragging the skirt about anyhow, and giving one the idea that they are frantically endeavouring to prevent it flying away.

Another exception is the average Bluestocking. This lady, in spite of many excellent qualities, among which wisdom is generally conspicuous by reason of its delicate art, save it from collecting mud; but at what a frightful cost of grace and dignity! The figure we should cut might well move the passing 'bus-horses to laughter. For merely to keep the mud off it is but one third of the task, you must do it with elegance, and finally you should learn to do it with style.

Scarcely graceful, but very prevalent nowadays.

For elegance and style in the management of her skirt, I never saw anyone, on the stage or off, approach Miss Maud Jeffries. In the recent play of "Herod" she wore a dress reaching much farther down than her feet in front, and with a train at least six feet long. The problem was not to keep the mud off, but to avoid tripping herself up. The play grew impassioned; she had to move rapidly about the stage. For a while I sat on pins and needles, my whole attention riveted on the reckless heroine. At times her downfall seemed inevitable, so apparently entangled was she in that awful train. But no! With a movement now of her foot, now of her hand, now of her body

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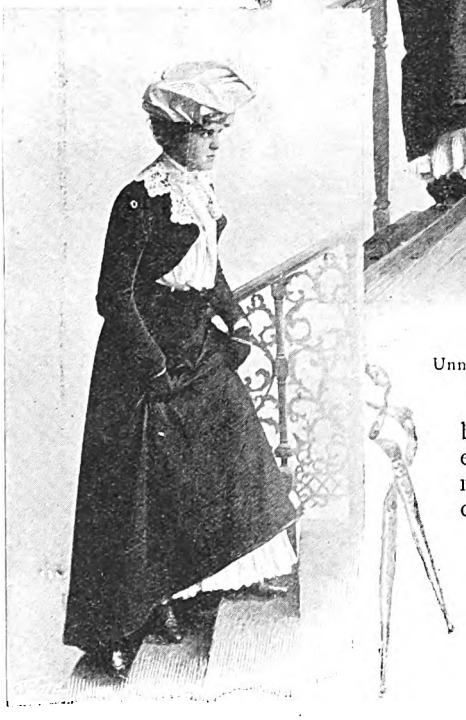
absence, frequently affects a most regretable contempt for grace and beauty—those two most essentially feminine qualities. The cynic would not be slow in giving you his reason for this contempt. But I will not mention so wicked a slander. Blue-stockings are *not* always plain and graceless by nature. I have known many girls quite at home in the rarified air of Higher Mathematics, and for all that, charming to look upon. But seldom have I met one of these who deigned to cultivate those charms and graces. Too, too often does your Blue-stocking affect disgraceful hats, screaming colours, ill-fitting bodices, badly-hanging skirts, and as for displaying skill in the manipulation of the latter, she would as soon think of *not* displaying her learning at every

Getting into a 'bus; a manœuvre requiring very delicate management of the skirt.

Unnecessary: when a girl goes upstairs—



—she need only lift her dress up in front.

opportunity. Her mind is full of loftier aims. As if there were any loftier aims for a woman than the cultivation of grace! But, pardon me! I am a mere man, and as such, hopelessly wrong-headed.

France is the leader in the fashions of all things appertaining to feminine grace and beauty, and in the matter of skirt-lifting she has ever something new and original to suggest. You need not hear a Frenchwoman speak in order to discover her nationality, you need only observe the way she holds her skirt. Grasping it in her left hand, she pulls it tightly across her hip, and the result may show off the figure to perfection, but—I ask the question in all humility—is it beautiful? Well, ladies, I will leave you to decide, and merely state my opinion which, coming as it does from so insignificant a person as myself, cannot give the least offence. I don't like this French fashion at all; in fact, I think it very unsightly, and I am in a perpetual state of wonder at its wide-spread adoption by our English girls. For if the style is not becoming in a Frenchwoman, in an Englishwoman how much less becoming must it be! For although their faces are every whit as beautiful, our women have not the figures of their Gallic sisters, and in order to make the French style of skirt-lifting in any degree pleasing you must have the well-rounded figure of the Frenchwoman, not the tall, over-slender forms so prevalent

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in this country. But such is only my opinion, as I said before; it does not seem to be generally endorsed among women, and who should be better able to give a final verdict on any question concerned with the skirt than those who wear and manage it?

The good old English style for me! Your true English lady crossing a muddy street—is there any sight in the world more charming? She grasps the back of her skirt about eight inches below the waist, pulls it lightly round, and lifts it just a few inches off the pavement. Why this simple action has so peculiar a charm for me is more than I can say. There is something about it so sweetly feminine—or womanly, I should rather say—so quietly graceful, so sedate, that I am often constrained to turn round and look after a pretty girl who passes me with lifted skirt. And lest you should think that my admiration for this old-fashioned style proves me to be merely an old fogey behind the times, let me tell you that before writing this article I asked quite a number of people what style of skirt-lifting they were most pleased with, and, would you believe it? they invariably gave their vote for the unassuming style of the average English lady.

It has lately become the fashion to assert that men are every whit as fond of showing off their fine clothes as women—a silly fashion, I think, and one that won't bear a moment's examination. Of course there are men, and hundreds of them, whose greatest joy consists in displaying their ties and cuff-links and patent leather boots. But luckily the majority don't care a rap about their clothes so long as these are decent, and still less do they care what others think about them. But all women worthy of the name delight in showing off their finery; happily so, for what a huge loss it would be to us if women took it into their heads one fine day that admiration for their outward appearance was not worth cultivating! Think of the pretty frocks we should miss—bows, bonnets, stuffs and colours! You may think me affected and sentimental when I say that life would be scarcely worth living if these were no more to be seen.

The French style: the skirt is pulled tightly across the hip.

The English style: the skirt is lightly gathered up about eight inches from the waist.

The casual girl: she lifts her skirt mechanically; whether it is clear of the ground or not is a matter of supreme indifference.

And nothing does a woman more delight in revealing than the fringe of a prettily embroidered petticoat, and nothing, may I add, is more delightful to behold. When she has a new petticoat on, be the pavements never so dry, your true girl is certain to lift her skirt—the passers-by must share her delight in the rich embroidery, and her less lucky sisters must turn green with envy. All this makes half the pleasure of a new petticoat. Wonderful is indeed the female mind.

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By

Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *sitting in a corner of an A.B.C. shop who tells the tale to*

The Lady Journalist.

Aaron Cohen *(found murdered at Regent's Park).*

John Ashley *(accused of Cohen's murder).*

Walter Hatherell *(Ashley's friend).*

Arthur Chipps *(Ashley's valet).*

James Funnell *(a constable, witness at the trial of Ashley).*

I.

By this time I had become quite accustomed to my extraordinary *vis-a-vis* in the corner.

He was always there, when I arrived, in the self-same corner, dressed in one of his remarkable check tweed suits; he seldom said good-morning, and invariably when I appeared fidgeted with increased nervousness, with some tattered and knotty piece of string.

"Were you ever interested in the Regent's Park murder?" he asked me one day.

I replied that I had forgotten most of the particulars connected with that curious murder, but that I fully remembered the stir and flutter it had caused in a certain section of London Society.

"The racing and gambling set, particularly, you mean," he said. "All the persons implicated in the murder, directly or indirectly were of the type, commonly called 'Society men,' 'men about town,' whilst the Harewood Club in Hanover Square round which centred all the scandal in connection with the murder, was one of the smartest clubs in London.

"Probably the doings of the Harewood Club, which was essentially a gambling club, would for ever have remained 'officially' absent from the knowledge of the police authorities but for the murder in the Regent's Park and the revelations which came to light in connection with it.

"I dare say you know the quiet square which lies between Portland Place and the Regent's Park and is called Park Crescent at its south end, and subsequently Park Square East and West. The Marylebone Road with all its heavy traffic, cuts straight across the large square, and its pretty gardens, but the latter are connected together by a tunnel under the road.

"February 6th, 1899, was a very foggy night, nevertheless, Mr. Aaron Cohen, of 30, Park Square West, at two o'clock in the morning, having finally pocketed the heavy winnings which he had just swept off the green table of the Harewood Club, started to walk home alone. An hour later most of the inhabitants of Park Square West were aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the

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"'Why surely, it's Mr. Cohen from No. 30!'"

sounds of a violent altercation in the road. A man's angry voice was heard shouting violently for a minute or two, and was followed immediately by frantic screams of 'Police' and 'Murder.' Then there was the double sharp report of fire-arms, and nothing more.

"The fog was very dense and, as you no doubt have experienced yourself, it is very difficult to locate sound in a fog. Nevertheless, not more than a minute or two had elapsed before Constable F 18, the point policeman at the corner of Marylebone Road, arrived on the scene, and having first of all whistled for any of his comrades on the beat, began to grope his way about in the fog, more confused than effectually assisted by contradictory directions from the inhabitants of the house opposite, who were nearly falling out of the upper windows, as they shouted out to the constable.

"'By the railings, policeman.'

"'Higher up the road.'

"'No, lower down.'

"'It was on this side of the pavement I am sure.'

"'No, the other.'

"At last it was another policeman, F 22, who, turning into Park Square West from the north side, almost stumbled upon the body of a man lying on the pavement with his head against the railings of the Square. By this time quite a little crowd of people from the different houses in the road had come down, curious to know what had actually happened.

"The policeman turned the strong light of his bull's-eye lantern on the unfortunate man's face.

"'It looks as if he had been strangled, don't it?' he murmured to his comrade.

"And he pointed to the swollen tongue, the eyes half out of their sockets, blood-shot and congested, the purple almost black hue of the face.

"At this point one of the spectators, more callous to horrors, peered curiously into the dead man's face. He uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"'Why, surely, it's Mr. Cohen from No. 30!'

"The mention of a name, familiar down the length of the street, had caused two or three other men to come forward and to look more closely into the horribly distorted mask of the murdered man.

"'Our next door neighbour, undoubtedly,' asserted Mr. Ellison, a young barrister, residing at No. 31.

"'What in the world was he doing this foggy night all alone, and on foot?' asked somebody else.

"'He usually came home very late. I fancy he belonged to some gambling club in town. I daresay he couldn't get a cab to bring him out here. Mind you, I don't know

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much about him. We only knew him to nod to.'

"'Poor beggar! it looks almost like an old-fashioned case of garrotting.'

"'Anyway, the blackguardly murderer, whoever he was, wanted to make sure he had killed his man!' added constable F 18 as he picked up an object from the pavement. 'Here's the revolver with two cartridges missing. You gentlemen heard the report just now?'

"'He don't seem to have hit him though. The poor bloke was strangled no doubt.'

"'And tried to shoot at his assailant obviously,' asserted the young barrister with authority.

"'If he succeeded in hitting the brute, there might be a chance of tracing the way he went.'

"'But not in the fog.'

"Soon, however, the appearance of the inspector, detective, and medical officer, who had quickly been informed of the tragedy, put an end to further discussion.

"The bell at No. 30 was rung, and the servants—all four of them women—were asked to look at the body.

"Amidst tears of horror, and screams of fright, they all recognised in the murdered man their master, Mr. Aaron Cohen. He was therefore conveyed to his own room pending the coroner's inquest."

II.

"The police had a pretty difficult task, you will admit, there were so very few indications to go by, and, at first literally no clue.

"The inquest revealed practically nothing. Very little was known in the neighbourhood about Mr. Aaron Cohen and his affairs. His female servants did not even know the name or whereabouts of the various clubs he frequented.

"He had an office in Throgmorton Street and went to business every day. He dined at home, and sometimes had friends to dinner. When he was alone he invariably went to the club, where he stayed until the small hours of the morning.

"The evening before the murder he had gone out at about nine o'clock. That was the last his servants had seen of him. With regard to the revolver all four servants swore positively that they had never seen it before, and that unless Mr. Cohen had bought it that very day, that it did not belong to their master.

"Beyond that, no trace whatever of the murderer had been found, but on the morning after the crime a couple of keys linked together by a short metal chain were found, close to a gate at the opposite end of the Square, that which immediately faced Portland Place. These were proved to be firstly, Mr. Cohen's latch-key, and secondly, his gate-key of the Square.

"It was therefore presumed that the murderer having accomplished his fell design, and ransacked his victim's pockets, had found the keys and made good his escape by slipping into the Square, cutting under the tunnel, and out again by the further gate. He then took the precaution not to carry the keys with him any further, but threw them away and disappeared in the fog.

"The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, and the police were put on their mettle to discover the unknown and daring murderer. The result of their investigations conducted with marvellous skill by Mr. William Fisher, led, about a week after the crime, to the sensational arrest of one of London's smartest young bucks.

"The case Mr. Fisher had got up against the accused briefly amounted to this:

"On the night of February 6th, soon after midnight, play began to run very high at the Harewood Club, in Hanover Square, Mr. Aaron Cohen held the bank at roulette against some twenty or thirty of his friends, mostly young fellows with no wits and plenty of money. 'The Bank' was winning heavily, and it appears that this was the third consecutive night on which Mr. Aaron Cohen had gone home richer by several hundreds than he had been at the start of play.

"Young John Ashley, who is the son of a very worthy county gentleman who is M.F.H. somewhere in the Midlands, was losing heavily, and in his case also, it appears that it was the third consecutive night that Fortune had turned her face against him.

"Remember," continued the man in the corner, "that when I tell you all these details and facts, I am giving you the combined evidence of several witnesses, which it took many days to collect and to classify.

"It appears that young Mr. Ashley, though very popular in society, was generally believed to be in what is vulgarly termed 'low water'; up to his eyes in debt, and mortally afraid of his dad, whose younger son he was, and who had on one occasion threatened to ship him off to Australia with a £5 note in his pocket if he made any further extravagant calls upon his paternal indulgence.

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"A few very heated words ensued."

"It was also evident to all John Ashley's many companions that the worthy M.F.H. held the purse strings in a very tight grip. The young man, bitten with the desire to cut a smart figure in the circles in which he moved, had often recourse to the varying fortunes which now and again smiled upon him across the green tables in the Harewood Club.

"Be that as it may, the general concensus of opinion at the Club was that young Ashley had changed his last 'pony' before he sat down to a turn of roulette with Aaron Cohen, on that particular night of February 6th.

"It appears that all his friends, conspicuous among whom was Mr. Walter Hatherell, tried their very best to dissuade him from pitting his luck against that of Cohen who had been having a most unprecedented run of good fortune. But young Ashley, heated with wine, exasperated at his own bad luck, would listen to no one; he tossed one £5 note after another on the board, he borrowed from those who would lend, then played on parole for awhile. Finally at half-past one in the morning, after a run of nineteen on the red, the young man found himself without a penny in his pockets, and owing a debt—a gambling debt—a debt of honour of £1500 to Mr. Aaron Cohen.

"Now we must render this much maligned gentleman that justice which was persistently denied to him by press and public alike; it was positively asserted by all those present that Mr. Cohen himself repeatedly tried to induce young Mr. Ashley to give up playing. He himself was in a delicate position in the matter, as he was the winner, and once or twice the taunt had risen to the young man's lips, accusing the holder of the bank of the wish to retire on a competence before the break in his luck.

"Mr. Aaron Cohen, smoking the best of Havanas, had finally shrugged his shoulders and said: 'As you please!'

"But at half-past one he had had enough of the player, who always lost and never paid—never could pay so Mr. Cohen probably believed. He therefore at that hour refused to accept Mr. John Ashley's 'promissory' stakes any longer. A few very heated words ensued, quickly checked by the management, who are ever on the alert to avoid the least suspicion of scandal.

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"In the meanwhile Mr. Hatherell with great good sense persuaded young Ashley to leave the Club and all its temptations and go home if possible to bed.

"The friendship of the two young men, which was very well known in society, consisted chiefly, it appears, in Walter Hatherell being the willing companion and helpmeet of John Ashley in his mad and extravagant pranks. But to-night the latter apparently tardily sobered by his terrible and heavy losses allowed himself to be led away by his friend from the scene of his disasters. It was then about twenty minutes to two.

"Here the situation becomes interesting," continued the man in the corner in his nervous way, "no wonder that the police interrogated at least a dozen witnesses, before they were quite satisfied that every statement was conclusively proved.

"Walter Hatherell after about ten minutes absence, that is to say at ten minutes to two, returned to the club room. In reply to several inquiries, he said that he had parted with his friend at the corner of New Bond Street, since he seemed anxious to be alone, and that Ashley said he would take a turn down Piccadilly before going home—he thought a walk would do him good.

"At two o'clock or thereabouts Mr. Aaron Cohen, satisfied with his evening's work, gave up his position at the bank, and pocketing his heavy winnings, started on his homeward walk, while Mr. Walter Hatherell left the club half-an-hour later.

"At three o'clock precisely the cries of 'Murder,' and the report of fire arms were heard in Park Square West, and Mr. Aaron Cohen was found strangled outside the garden railings."

III.

"Now at first sight the murder at Regent's Park appeared both to police and public as one of those silly, clumsy crimes, obviously the work of a novice and absolutely purposeless, seeing that it could but inevitably lead its perpetrators, without any difficulty, to the gallows.

"You see a motive had been established. 'Seek him whom the crime benefits,' say our French *confrères*. But there was something more than that.

"Constable James Funnell, on his beat, turned from Portland Place into Park Crescent a few minutes after he had heard the clock at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, strike half past two. The fog at that moment was perhaps not quite so dense as it was later on in the morning, and the policeman saw two gentlemen in overcoats and top-hats leaning arm in arm against the railings of the Square, close to the gate. He could not, of course, distinguish their faces because of the fog, but he heard one of them saying to the other:

"'It is but a question of time, Mr. Cohen. I know my father will pay the money for me, and you will lose nothing by waiting.'

"To this the other apparently made no reply, and the constable passed on; when he returned to the same spot, after having walked over his beat, the two gentlemen had gone, but later on it was near this very gate that the two keys referred to at the inquest had been found.

"Another interesting fact," added the man in the corner, with one of those sarcastic smiles of his which I could not quite explain, "was the finding of the revolver upon the scene of the crime. That revolver shown to Mr. Ashley's valet was sworn to by him as being the property of his master.

"All these facts made, of course, a very remarkable, so far quite unbroken, chain of circumstantial evidence against Mr. John Ashley. No wonder, therefore, that the police, thoroughly satisfied with Mr. Fisher's work and their own, applied for a warrant against the young man, and arrested him in his rooms in Clarges Street, exactly a week after the committal of the crime.

"As a matter of fact, you know, experience has invariably taught me that when a murderer seems particularly foolish and clumsy, and proofs against him seem particularly damning, that is the time when the police should be most guarded against pit-falls.

"Now in this case, if John Ashley had indeed committed the murder in Regent's Park in the manner suggested by the police, he would have been a criminal in more senses than one, for idiocy of that kind is to my mind worse than many crimes.

"The prosecution brought its witnesses up in triumphal array one after another. There were the members of the Harewood Club—who had seen the prisoner's excited condition, after his heavy gambling losses to Mr. Aaron Cohen; there was Mr. Hatherell who, in spite of his friendship for Ashley, was bound to admit that he had parted from him at the corner of Bond Street at twenty minutes to two, and had not seen him again till his return home at five a.m.

"Then came the evidence of Arthur Chipps, John Ashley's valet. It proved of a very sensational character.

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"The policeman saw two gentlemen in overcoats and top-hats leaning arm in arm against the railings."

"He deposed that on the night in question his master came home at about ten minutes to two. Chipps had then not yet gone to bed. Five minutes later Mr. Ashley went out again, telling the valet not to sit up for him. Chipps could not say at what time either of the young gentlemen had come home.

"That short visit home—presumably to fetch the revolver—was thought to be very important, and Mr. John Ashley's friends felt that his case was practically hopeless.

"The valet's evidence and that of James Funnell, the constable, who had overheard the conversation near the park railings, were certainly the two most damning proofs against the accused. I assure you I was having a rare old time that day. There were two faces in court to watch which was the greatest treat I had had for many a day. One of these was Mr. John Ashley's.

"Here's his photo—short, dark, dapper, a little 'racy' in style, but otherwise he looks a son of a well-to-do farmer. He was very quiet and placid in court, and addressed a few words now and again to his solicitor. He listened gravely, and with an occasional shrug of the shoulders, to the recital of the crime, such as the police had reconstructed it, before an excited and horrified audience.

"Mr. John Ashley, driven to madness and frenzy by terrible financial difficulties, had first of all gone home in search of a weapon, then waylaid Mr. Aaron Cohen somewhere on that gentleman's way home. The young man had begged for delay. Mr. Cohen perhaps was obdurate; but Ashley followed him with his importunities almost to his door.

"There, seeing his creditor determined at last to cut short the painful interview, he had seized the unfortunate man at an unguarded moment from behind, and strangled him; then, fearing that his dastardly work was not fully accomplished, he had shot twice at the already dead body, missing it both times from sheer nervous excitement. The murderer then must have emptied his victim's pockets, and finding the key of the garden, thought that it would be a safe way of evading capture by cutting across the Squares, under the tunnel, and so through the more distant gate which faced Portland Place.

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"The loss of the revolver was one of those unforeseen accidents which a retributive Providence places in the path of the miscreant, delivering him by his own act of folly into the hands of human justice.

"Mr. John Ashley, however, did not appear the least bit impressed by the recital of his crime. He had not engaged the services of one of the most eminent lawyers, expert at extracting contradictions from witnesses by skilful cross-examinations—oh, dear me, no! he had been contented with those of a dull, prosy, very second-rate limb of the law, who, as he called his witnesses, was completely innocent of any desire to create a sensation.

"He rose quietly from his seat, and, amidst breathless silence, called the first of three witnesses on behalf of his client. He called three—but he could have produced twelve—gentlemen, members of the Ashton Club in Great Portland Street, all of whom swore that at three o'clock on the morning of February 6th, that is to say at the very moment when the cries of 'Murder' roused the inhabitants of Park Square West, and the crime was being committed, Mr. John Ashley was sitting quietly in the club-rooms of the Ashton playing 'Bridge' with the three witnesses. He had come in a few minutes before three—as the hall porter of the Club testified—and stayed for about an hour and a half.

"I need not tell you that this undoubted, this fully proved, *alibi* was a positive bomb-shell in the stronghold of the prosecution. The most accomplished criminal could not possibly be in two places at once, and though the Ashton Club transgresses in many ways against the gambling laws of our very moral country, yet its members belong to the best, most unimpeachable classes of society. Mr. Ashley had been seen and spoken to at the very moment of the crime by at least a dozen gentlemen whose testimony was absolutely above suspicion.

"Mr. John Ashley's conduct throughout this astonishing phase of the inquiry remained perfectly calm and correct. It was no doubt the consciousness of being able to prove his innocence with such absolute conclusion, that had steadied his nerves throughout the proceedings.

"His answers to the magistrate were clear and simple, even on the ticklish subject of the revolver.

"'I left the club, sir,' he explained, 'fully determined to speak with Mr. Cohen alone in order to ask him for a delay in the settlement of my debt to him. You will understand that I should not care to do this in the presence of other gentlemen. I went home for a minute or two—not in order to fetch a revolver as the police assert, for I always carry a revolver about with me in foggy weather—but in order to see if a very important business letter had come for me in my absence.

"'Then I went out again, and met Mr. Aaron Cohen not far from the Harewood Club. I walked the greater part of the way with him, and our conversation was of the most amicable character. We parted at the top of Portland Place, near the gate of the Square, where the policeman saw us. Mr. Cohen then, had the intention of cutting across the Square, as being a shorter way to his own house. I thought the Square looked dark and dangerous in the fog, especially as Mr. Cohen was carrying a large sum of money.

"'We had a short discussion on the subject, and finally I persuaded him to take my revolver, as I was going home only through very frequented streets, and moreover carried nothing that was worth stealing. After a little demur Mr. Cohen accepted the loan of my revolver, and that is how it came to be found on the actual scene of the crime; finally I parted from Mr. Cohen a very few minutes after I had heard the church clock striking a quarter before three. I was at the Oxford Street end of Great Portland Street at five minutes to three, and it takes at least ten minutes to walk from where I was to the Ashton Club.'

"This explanation was all the more credible, mind you, because the question of the revolver had never been very satisfactorily explained by the prosecution. A man who has effectually strangled his victim, would not discharge two shots of his revolver for, apparently no other purpose than that of rousing the attention of the nearest passer-by. It was far more likely that it was Mr. Cohen who shot—perhaps wildly into the air, when suddenly attacked from behind. Mr. Ashley's explanation therefore was not only plausible, it was the only possible one.

"You will understand therefore how it was that after nearly half-an-hour's examination, the magistrate, the police, and the public were alike pleased to proclaim that the accused left the Court without a stain upon his character."

IV.

"Yes," I interrupted eagerly now, since for once, my acumen had been at least as sharp as his, "but suspicion of that horrible

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crime only shifted its taint from one friend to another, and, of course, I know——"

"But that's just it," he quietly interrupted, "you don't know—Mr. Walter Hatherell, of course, you mean. So did everyone else at once. The friend, weak and willing, committing a crime on behalf of his cowardly, yet more assertive friend who had tempted him to evil. It was a good theory; and was held pretty generally, I fancy, even by the police.

"I say 'even' because they worked really hard in order to build up a case against young Hatherell, but the great difficulty was that of time. At the hour when the policeman had seen the two men outside Park Square together, Walter Hatherell was still sitting in the Harewood Club, which he never left until twenty minutes to two. Had he wished to waylay and rob Aaron Cohen he would not have waited surely till the time when presumably the latter would already have reached home.

"Moreover, twenty minutes was an incredibly short time in which to walk from Hanover Square to Regent's Park without the chance of cutting across the squares to look for a man, whose whereabouts you could not determine to within twenty yards or so, to have an argument with him, murder him and ransack his pockets. And then, there was the total absence of motive."

"But——" I said meditatively, for I remembered now that the Regent's Park murder, as it had been popularly called, was one of those which had remained as impenetrable a mystery as any other crime had ever been in the annals of the police.

The man in the corner cocked his funny bird-like head well on one side and looked at me, highly amused evidently at my perplexity.

"You do not see how that murder was committed?" he asked with a grin.

I was bound to admit that I did not.

"If you had happened to have been in Mr. John Ashley's predicament," he persisted, "you do not see how you could conveniently have done away with Mr. Aaron Cohen, pocketed his winnings, and then led the police of your country entirely by the nose, by proving an indisputable *alibi*."

"I could not arrange conveniently," I retorted, "to be in two different places half a mile apart at one and the same time."

"No! I quite admit that you could not do this unless you also had a friend——"

"A friend? But you say——"

"I say that I admired Mr. John Ashley, for his was the head which planned the whole thing, but he could not have accomplished the fascinating and terrible drama without the help of willing and able hands."

"Even then——" I protested.

"Point number one," he began excitedly, fidgeting with his inevitable piece of string. "John Ashley and his friend Walter Hatherell leave the club together, and together decide on the plan of campaign. Hatherell returns to the club, and Ashley goes to fetch the revolver—the revolver which played such an important part in the drama, but not the part assigned to it by the police. Now try to follow Ashley closely, as he dogs Aaron Cohen's footsteps. Do you believe that he entered into conversation with him? That he walked by his side? That he asked for delay? No! He sneaked behind him and caught him by the throat, as the garrotters used to do in the fog. Cohen was apoplectic, and Ashley is young and powerful. Moreover he meant to kill——."

"But the two men talked together outside the Square gates," I protested, "one of whom was Cohen, and the other Ashley."

"Pardon me," he said jumping up in his seat like a monkey on a stick, "there were not two men talking outside the square gates. According to the testimony of James Funnell, two men were leaning arm in arm against the railings and *one* man was talking."

"Then you think that——"

"At the hour when James Funnell heard Holy Trinity clock striking half past two Aaron Cohen was already dead. Look how simple the whole thing is," he added eagerly, "and how easy after that—easy but oh, dear me! how wonderfully, how stupendously clever. As soon as James Funnell has passed on, John Ashley having opened the gate lifts the body of Aaron Cohen in his arms and carries him across the Square. The Square is deserted of course, but the way is easy enough, and we must presume that Ashley had been in it before. Anyway there was no fear of meeting anyone.

"In the meantime Hatherell has left the Club: as fast as his athletic legs can carry him he rushes along Oxford Street and Portland Place. It had been arranged between the two miscreants that the Square gate should be left on the latch.

"Close on Ashley's heels now, Hatherell too cuts across the Square, and reaches the further gate in good time to give his confederate a hand in disposing the body against the railings. Then without another instant's delay Ashley runs back across

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the gardens, straight to the Ashton Club, throwing away the keys of the dead man, on the very spot, where he had made it a point of being seen and heard by a passer-by.

"Hatherell gives his friend six or seven minutes start, then he begins the altercation which lasts two or three minutes, and finally rouses the neighbourhood with cries of 'Murder' and report of pistol in order to establish that the crime was committed at the hour when its perpetrator has already made out an indisputable *alibi*."

"I don't know what you think of it all, of course," added the funny creature, as he fumbled for his coat and his gloves, "but I call the planning of that murder—on the part of novices, mind you—one of the cleverest pieces of strategy I have ever come across. It is one of those cases when there is no possibility whatever now of bringing the crime home to its perpetrator or his abettor. They have not left a single proof behind them; they foresaw everything and each acted his part with a coolness and courage, which applied to a great and good cause would have made fine statesmen of them both.

"As it is, I fear, they are just a pair of young blackguards, who have escaped human justice, and have only deserved the full and ungrudging admiration of yours very sincerely."

He had gone. I wanted to call him back, but his meagre person was no longer visible through the glass door. There were many things I wished to ask of him—what were his proofs, his facts? His were theories after all, and yet somehow, I knew he had solved once again one of the darkest mysteries of great criminal London.

"Point number one," he began.

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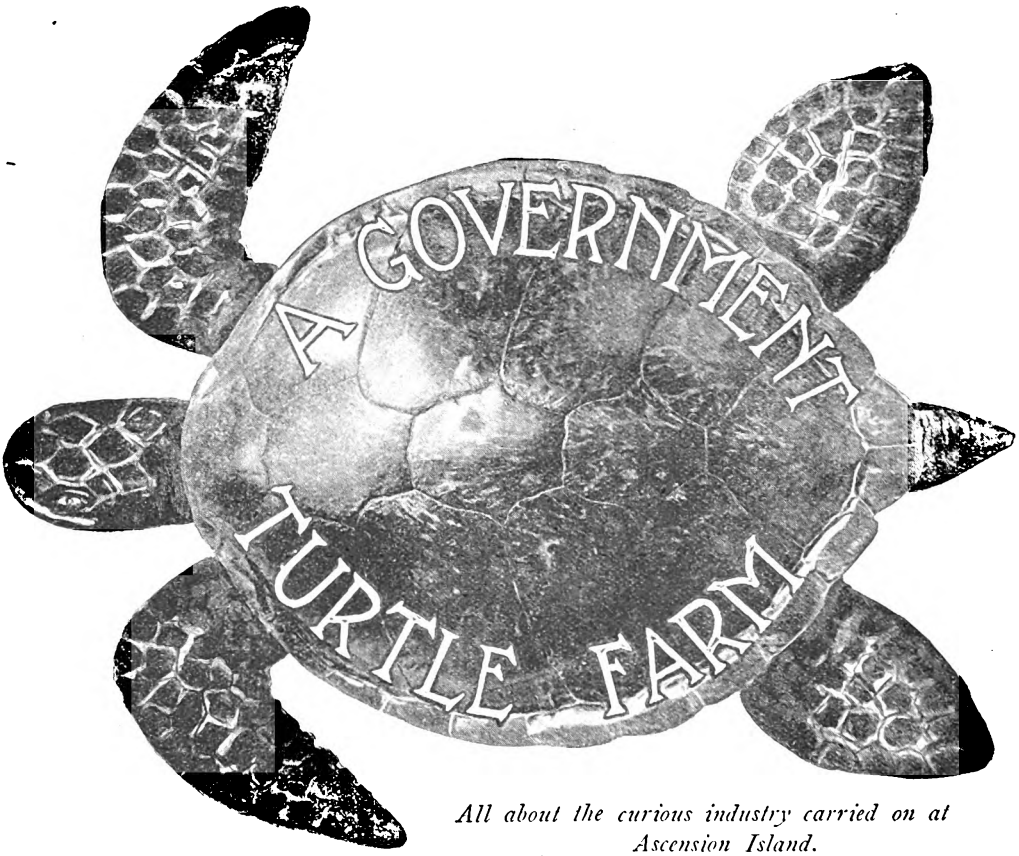

All about the curious industry carried on at Ascension Island.

By Alexander Aiton.

In these go-ahead days we are getting accustomed to municipal enterprise in almost every shape and form, but it is not generally known that among the various enterprises worked by the British Government is that of turtle farming, carried on at Ascension Island.

This island has altogether an area of about thirty-eight square miles, being seven and a half miles long and six miles broad. It has belonged to this country since 1815, being chiefly used as a coaling-station and naval depôt, and also as a sanatorium for the crews of vessels in our navy stationed off the West Coast of Africa. The island is specially suited for this purpose, as, despite its close proximity to the equator, the temperature is low, and the atmosphere healthy on account of the prevailing south-easterly trade winds.

In fact, the island has proved itself to be of the greatest value to this country as a place for recuperation of health for naval officers and seamen, who have been debilitated by malarial fevers contracted during their service on the unhealthy coast of West Africa.

Ascension Island is entirely under the direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, and practically all the inhabitants are either officers, seamen, or marines; and, curiously enough, are appointed by them to the island in exactly the same manner as is observed in commissioning one of Her Majesty's men-of-war. Besides the marines, however, a large number of native Kroomen are enlisted from Sierra Leone for service on Ascension, and these men have a good deal to do with looking after the various Government turtle farms.

At first sight the appearance of Ascension Island is not particularly inviting, as, with the exception of the "Green Mountain," which rises up to a height of 2820ft., it seems to be nothing but a dismal waste of lava left there many hundreds of years ago after the last eruption from the now extinct craters. The

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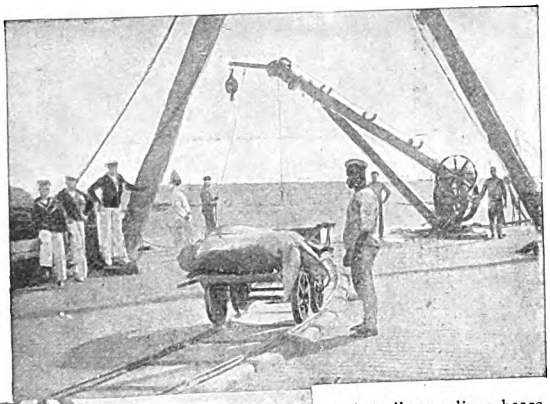
mountain derives its name from its pleasant contrast to its surroundings, rising up as it does from the centre of the island, and being well covered with a wonderful green cloak afforded by the tropical trees, shrubs, and grass.

The coast of Ascension Island is one of the most popular resorts of turtles during their laying season, and their habit of returning to it year after year has been a matter of no small comment amongst naturalists, though to a certain extent, of course, this can be accounted for by the attractions of its low, flat, sandy shores. Ascension Island is also the breeding place of a bird called the "soo'y-tern." These birds, which are locally named "wideawakes," from their peculiar cry, visit the island every eight months or so in vast numbers, and their eggs are greatly sought after as a delicacy for the table.

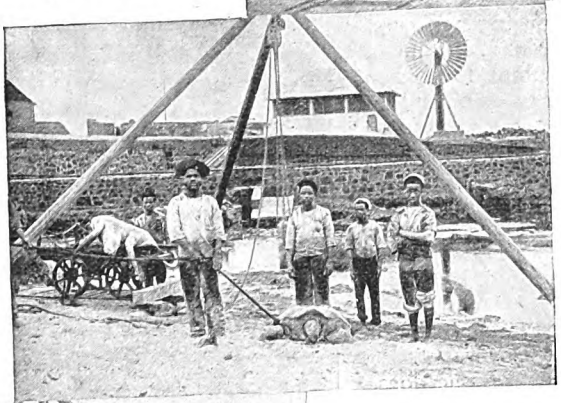
To test the statement made about the turtles' habit of returning to the island year after year, one was once thrown overboard near Honolulu, with the date and location of the throwing cut on the back. Three years and two months afterwards this turtle was "turned up" at Ascension, having travelled over 15,000 miles. More recently still, another was thrown overboard in the English Channel, and was caught again at Ascension within six months.

All turtles caught at Ascension Island are the property of the Crown, and are only sent to England and other places for disposal as directed by the Admiralty, in whose hands, as has been already stated, the government of the whole island practically rests.

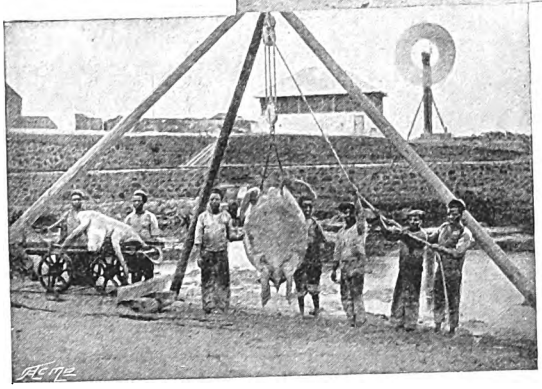
The first of January in each year sees the commencement of the turtle season, which does not, as a rule, last more than three months. The particular species which favours Ascension with its visits is the Chelonia viridis or green turtle. This, as may be supposed, is the turtle from whose green fat and portion of the fins that particular brand of soup is made which is proverbially associated with the banquets of London's civic dignitaries. It is wholly for its value as an edible commodity that the turtle farms are carried on, as the shell, unlike that of the tortoise, is of no commercial value.



A trolley on lines bears the turtle to the vessel.



Waiting for his turn.



Weighing the turtle preparatory to shipping him for England.

There are four sandy beaches in Ascension which are particularly adapted for turtle turning, their gentle slope from the water's edge and softness of surface affording the female turtle every facility for landing and depositing her eggs. All these four landing places, moreover, are situated some distance from any human habitation, as there are few more timid

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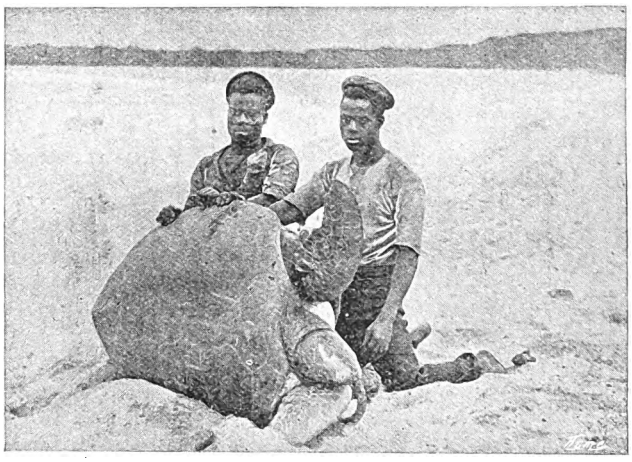


"Turning-up" a turtle. Turtles are captured by turning them over on their backs, when it is impossible for them to right themselves again.

creatures than turtles, the least noise being sufficient to frighten them again to the sea for a considerable time.

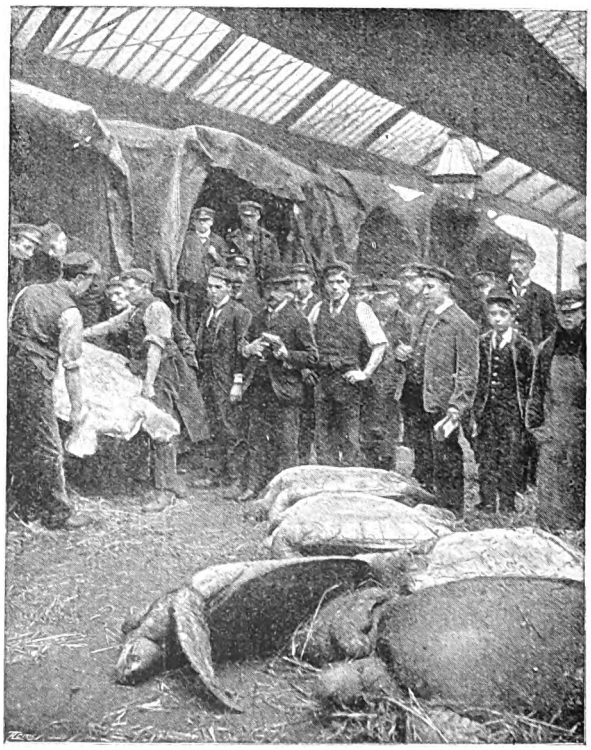
Along the shore a number of huts are built specially for the turning parties to hide in. Two or three times every week a small steam tug makes a journey round the island, landing a boat at each of the huts to convey provisions and water to its occupants and to collect the captured turtles and remove them to the ponds at Georgetown.

As a rule, a turning party only consists of two men, and although the actual turning, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, is simple enough, it often entails many days and nights of weary waiting before one of these innocent reptiles appears on the scene, but whenever one does, her fate is sealed. The men usually wait till she has deposited her eggs, or at any rate got well clear of the water's edge, before they rush up and turn her over on to her back, where she lies hopelessly flapping her fins till she is carried into captivity.

The naval officers keep a careful record of all turtles caught, and at the end of the season the turners receive a bonus of *2s.* per head for each one captured. Curiously enough, the turtle seldom, if ever, uses its mouth as a weapon of defence when attacked, but at the same time, it should be remembered that the turners run a very considerable risk of injury from a blow from its powerful fins, which might easily break a limb.

The method of removing the turtles to the steamer prior to their removal to Georgetown is so graphically described in the accompanying illustrations that further account is almost superfluous. The reptile is first dragged into the water and allowed to swim off, her movements being indicated by a floating buoy. When sufficiently deep water is reached, the men in the dinghy tow it off to the steamer, where it is covered with wet sacks till, along with hundreds of its brothers and sisters, it finds a resting place in the turtle ponds.

The two turtle ponds now in use were built in 1856, and everything possible has been done by Her Majesty's Government to keep the turtles contained therein as healthy as



At Waterloo Station—loading the vans of Messrs. Ring and Brymer with the spoil newly arrived from Mauritius.

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possible. Both ponds are opened by sluices to the action of the tides. The larger pond is, roughly speaking, about 100ft. square, with an average depth at high tide of 4½ft. of water; the other pond, which is slightly smaller, differs from this one in that there is a sandy bank at one end for the female captives to lay eggs on. The ponds have afforded naturalists plenty of opportunity to study the habits and peculiarities of these curious reptiles, probably the only ones that are regarded by the people of this country as an edible commodity.

Though the number of eggs laid by each turtle varies very considerably, it is usually between 200 and 250. They are placed in hollows in the sand hollowed out by their fins, after which a thin layer of sand is thrown over them and the kindly sun is left to do the work of foster-mother. After about 100 days or so, when young Miss Turtle arrives in this world of worry, she is only about 3in. in length, and though turtles grow slowly they sometimes reach very large dimensions.

In 1879 one was killed weighing 730lb. —or just about the weight of a full-grown bullock! But judging from the many thousands of young turtles which are hatched every year, and the comparatively small number of full-grown ones caught in a season (250 being looked upon as a very good average), it seems that a large number of young turtles must lose their lives every year either by being eaten by fish and birds of prey or by being dashed to pieces on the rocks in the sea during their early explorations. It will be sad news, moreover, to lovers of turtle soup to know that the cost of this delicacy is more likely to increase than decrease, as the number of turtles captured each successive season appears to be getting smaller. Time was when as many as 800 were caught in a single year at Ascension.

All the turtles hatched in the ponds at Georgetown are liberated in due course. It is estimated that they do not become fully grown until about thirty-five years of age. Whilst in captivity the young ones greatly relish small pieces of raw meat, but when they reach years of discretion their chief items of food are a small species of fine sea-weed, known as turtle grass, and small fish, which they swallow by the shoal.

A task which the Kroomen greatly enjoy is that of going into the ponds to capture a turtle whenever one is required for shipment to London or for some other purpose. This is a task which requires a good deal of skill, as although on land its movements are clumsy and unwieldy, in the water the turtle renders a very different account of itself.

Often enough many exciting chases take place before finally the Kroomen manage to secure their rope to the turtle's fin, and tow it triumphantly to land prior to its setting forth on its long journey to the cellars of Messrs. Ring and Brymer, *en route*, let us hope for the turtle's consolation, to the Guildhall for the Lord Mayor's banquet.

On arrival at Waterloo the turtles are laid out in rows along the platform.

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Tallien's Star.

by C. Arbuthnot.

STELLA, the fair, the starry-eyed, the lily-like, was the daughter of little wizened-up old Monsieur Tallien, who kept the cabaret—ten years or so ago—nearest to the Porte des Ternes, on the right, as one comes from the Bois de Boulogne. Monsieur Tallien is old now, tottering, indeed, on the verge of the grave, and the sweet Stella lies "full fathom five" beneath the deep blue waves. But her story is not yet forgotten in the quartier, and it is so pathetic—poor soul!—that it seems worth the telling.

Her mother had died when Stella was still a little child; she had been brought up entirely by her father, who held her as the apple of his eye. Gentle, silent, deft, I see her now, as she used, day after day, to trip to and fro, from the bar within to the little round iron tables outside, under the acacia trees—always pleasant, always ready.

It was Stella's custom, and had been so for many years, to go every morning before breakfast, with a bowl of strong soup and a pudding, or a freshly baked cake, to the lodging of an old maiden aunt of hers, who lived beyond the Barrier, and was in the very poorest circumstances. And the pleasantest, if not perhaps the shortest way to her aunt's dwelling, lay through the Bois de Boulogne.

One morning, in the fresh, leafy springtime, Stella, passing, basket-laden, through the softly flickering lights and shadows, attracted the attention of an art-student, sketching among the trees. He was struck by her beauty, and indeed, it was exceptional.

"Pardon me," he said advancing, palette in hand. "Mademoiselle will forgive me for addressing her, but if you would have the goodness to sit to me for your portrait, you would confer upon me the greatest of benefits. I am painting a picture of Ophelia, and your face, Mademoiselle, is what I have been seeking for two years."

"Sir," replied Stella sweetly, "I should be only too happy to serve you, but my father would not, I fear, permit."

The artist, however, was not to be repulsed so easily.

"I implore you!" he exclaimed, waving his palette in the air. "Reflect a little, Mademoiselle! Think of my picture, which, without your aid, can never be completed—what a loss to the world! Also there is no necessity to tell your father. It would be, of course, perfectly proper, for you shall pose, if you will, here in this very spot—an affair of half-an-hour daily, and no change of costume!"

Well, he was a black-eyed, square-jawed fellow, and, at last, weak Stella yielded. It is so hard, when one is naturally unselfish, to say continually "no." So day after day, thenceforward, she stood in her simple gown of blue cotton, leaning against a tree; her pale gold hair gleaming in the sunlight, her eyes modestly cast down. And the artist, dark, strong, handsome, worked with a will, so that the portrait progressed grandly.

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Many people passed, and some said:

"See, he is painting his young wife. Men love by contrast."

Others said:

"She cannot be his sister, she must be a paid model."

But most said only:

"How lovely she is!" And so the artist thought; but Stella, intent on her own meditations, heard nothing.

And lo! when at last the picture was done, and Stella, accompanied by her dearest friend Marie-Louise Lambert, went to the artist's studio to see it—for of course only studies had been executed out of doors—why, it was not Ophelia at all, but only little, fragile Stella Tallien, standing among the trees, with her basket at her feet, and all the delicate tendrils of her golden hair fluttering round her face like sweet peas shivering in the wind.

"Am I really like that?" said Stella, and looked at it with a sort of awe.

It was a great success, the picture, and was accepted for the Salon. But by some mischance, the workman, to whom the framing of it was intrusted, was an old friend of Monsieur Tallien, and had known Stella also, all her life. Therefore, when he removed the wrappings—

"Eh, *mon dieu!*" he cried. "But if I do not deceive myself, I have here a fine portrait of the little Tallien! I will run round to the cabaret and congratulate the good man!"

And so the whole story had to be explained to old Tallien, and as he was a shrewd fellow enough, it took him but a very short time to find out that Stella was desperately in love with "this villain painter." And indeed, when directly questioned, she avowed as much, which says a good deal for the truthfulness of her disposition.

Meanwhile, the painter had made but one lover-like speech to Stella.

"I go, *ma mie*," he had said, "back to my country. I am of Norway. But it is not for long—a year at most. I shall be back to see my picture hung next Spring. Then I will take you home with me to Norway. You will come?"

"How good you are!" murmured Stella softly, her blue eyes full of tears. And the painter went away, blessing-laden.

Stella lived on hope all that year, but it is

So day after day, thenceforward, she stood in her simple gown of blue cotton, leaning against a tree.

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not wholesome food. She pined and grew pale. The blue veins showed more clearly at her temples, and her hands became almost transparent. The picture was well hung, and she and her father and Marie-Louise went together to see it; but the real Stella was by now but the shadow of the painted one, so that few would have recognised her for the original.

At last, one day, Stella who had become restless, and often sought peace of mind in taking long walks that were beyond her strength, wandered into one of the long upper-galleries of the Louvre. The statues fascinated her—so white and ghostly. She sat down to rest on a low bench, close by the Venus of Milo, gazing up at those noble features, those calm unseeing eyes, and wondering what manner of woman this might have been, if she had ever lived. Two students were sketching and chatting a short way off. As they talked, suddenly a name she knew struck upon Stella's ear.

"That was a fine picture by Christian Ericcson," one of the men was saying. "He told me, when I dined with him the other day, that he did all the studies for it out of doors, because his model objected to going to his studio."

"So I heard," said the other. "Was he not to have married her at one time? I am certain I heard that from somebody."

"He had, I believe, some mad idea of the kind, but, bah! an innkeeper's daughter! The thing would have been impossible."

"It would have been at least extremely foolish. But when does he return then to Norway?"

"When, *mon dieu!* He is already gone, my dear fellow! I myself saw him off last night from the Gare du Nord."

With a little sigh, Stella fell against the stone wall. She had fainted.

* * * *

When the poor Star had recovered from a bad illness, nothing would suit her but that she must go at once to Norway.

"It is only because he has not seen me for so long," she pleaded. "Once he sees me again, he will be just as fond of me as ever."

Monsieur Tallien raged and swore, and tore his grey hair in vain; Stella, for once, was obdurate. Finally, he said, if she must go, he would go with her. So the little shop by the Porte des Ternes was let. Another maiden served the customers at the tables under the acacia trees; another hand arranged the masses of delicate pink and white blossoms in their big bowls. And Stella, fairer, paler, frailer than ever, started with her sorrowing old father.

Tumble and toss, oh cold, blue, Northern waves! Blow, rough winds of Norway! Keep the little maid from reaching the land of her lover; not happiness, but a great grief there awaits her!

Alas, poor Stella! For the handsome painter kisses now the curls of a new-won bride.

But God and the sea are kind. In a soft grey veil of fog, without fear or warning, suddenly there came a crash—then confusion, noise, and the in-rushing water—black and terrible.

If two good ships had struck, and one was sunk, what of it? For is not gold dross?—while a broken heart, what shall mend? And all were saved, but one.

Pale and fair, down among the mermaids, her long hair tangled with sea-weeds, Stella sleeps in peace till the Judgment Day.

But old Monsieur Tallien?

Ah, it is there, indeed, the sorrow! Look at him now, as he totters down the avenue, under the acacia trees, leaning on his stick, white-haired, feeble! One would take him for eighty. In his heart is always present the image of the lost little one. It is to-day her birthday; he is on his way now to celebrate it, in the Eglise de la Paroisse, where a mass will be sung for her soul. It is a great occasion. See, he wears his best clothes!

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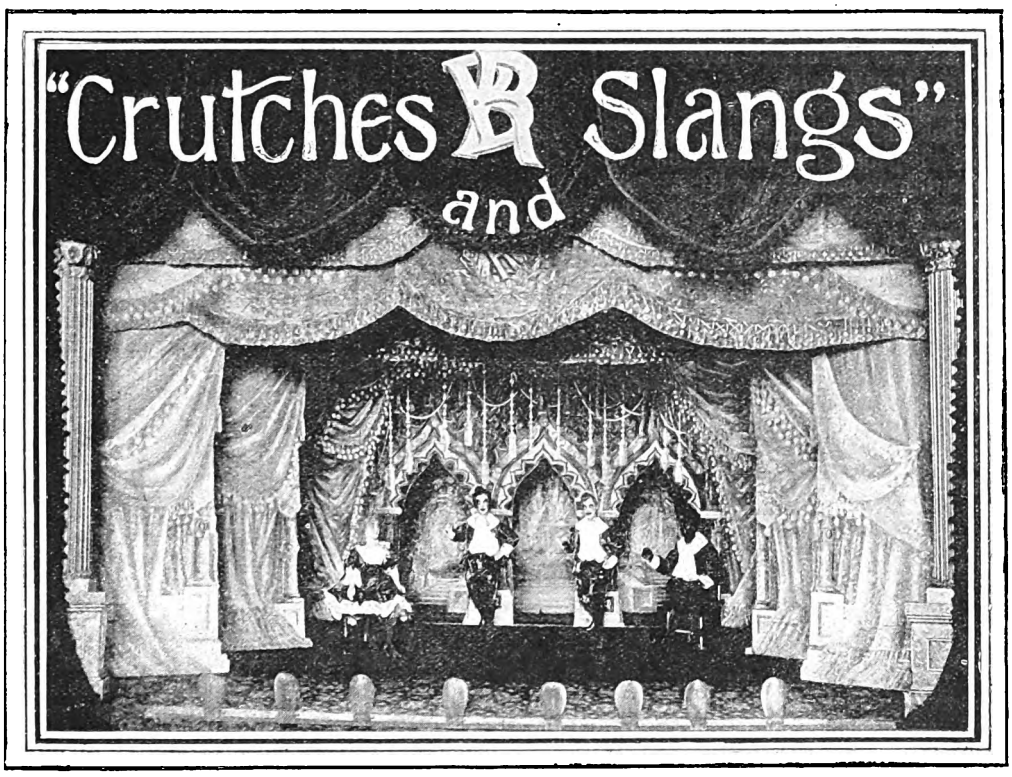

The miniature stage and marionettes as seen by the audience.

Behind the Scenes of a Marionette Show.

By Frank Holmfield.

As everybody knows, marionettes are manipulated by a series of strings from the various joints of their wooden bodies; these strings vary in number according to the importance of the figure, but generally, there are nine strings—and these are technically known as "slangs."

The strings are made of the finest hemp; they must be thin enough to be unobserved by the spectators, and yet strong enough to support a figure thirty inches high, and weighing generally about eight pounds—sometimes more, sometimes less. Each string is dyed a greyish hue—black is more observable. It takes a pair of very keen eyes to notice the strings at a distance of ten yards. In our illustrations the figures have been photographed against a light background, purposely to show the "slangs." At a suitable length from the figure the "slangs" are attached to "crutches," of which there are two to each puppet.

The "crutches" are formed of pieces of strong wood, an inch thick and a foot long. To one "crutch" are attached the "slangs" which move the limbs; to the other are fixed the "slangs" supporting the different parts of the body, as shown in one of the photographs.

We have proof enough that the marionette of to-day was known hundreds of years ago in England, but the antiquity of the little moving figure goes much further back. Its very name is derived from the tiny images of the Virgin—little Marys, although some authorities declare that the derivation is from "morio"—a fool or buffoon. However that may be, there is no denying that the movable puppet dates back to the days of Ancient Egypt, for such figures have been found again and again amidst the ruins of palaces.

Etruria has yielded some specimens. They were common playthings among Greeks, and it was due to that people that the

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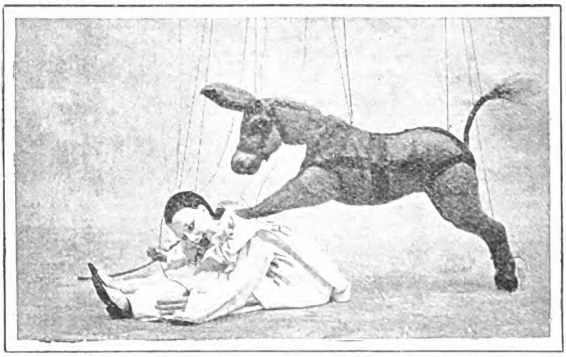
figures found their way to Rome. India and China have had their puppet plays from time immemorial.

Throughout Europe the marionette show has provided amusement for all classes of people for many centuries. Goethe did not scorn to give them some attention. Le Sage actually wrote puppet plays as late as 1721. In "Don Quixote" we read of a "curious puppet show which represents the play of Melisanda and Don Gayferos."

Good morning!

Want a ride on my back?

In England during the sixteenth century, puppets were used in religious plays such as "The Prodigal Son," and "The Fall of Nineveh," with "Jonah and the Whale." At Bartholomew Fair in 1641, it is recorded that a puppet show was one of the most popular of the entertainments provided, Pepys stating (1667) that he found my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play called "Patient Grizill"!

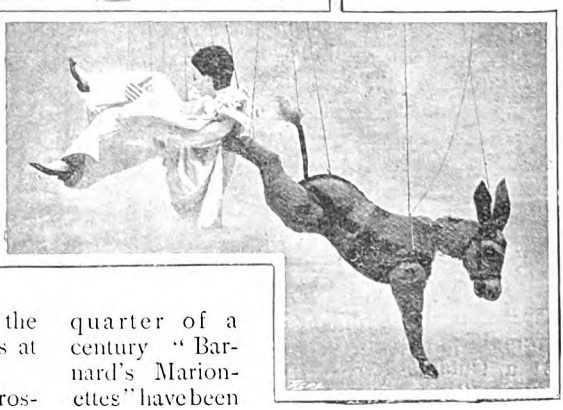


Not if I know it!

Powell, the Sanger of the period, carried about a wonderful marionette show to all parts of England, and was the subject of an interview—fancy interviews at that time!—in the *Spectator*, 1711.

So the marionette has gone on and prospered in England ever since. Between twenty and thirty years ago, a good French modeller named Theodore introduced some wonderful improvements in the mechanism of the figures, and we find the first-class shows of to-day possessing figures, whose life-like movements and perfection of manipulation are often so delusive as to cause the spectator to doubt if they are only puppets moved with "crutches and slangs."

Take, for instance, that excellent entertainment of the Barnard family, which is known in every big town on the Continent, and towns great and small in England. For a quarter of a century "Barnard's Marionettes" have been hard at work adding to the



Good bye!

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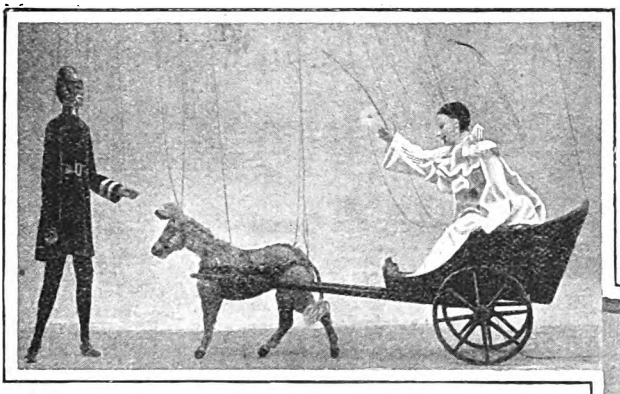

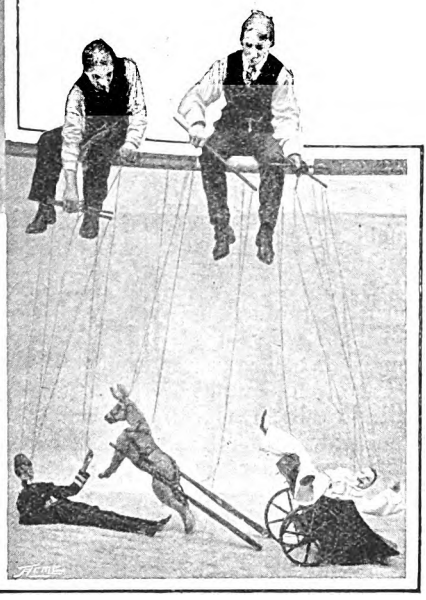

The donkey, clown, and policeman scene, showing the position of the workers.

gaiety of nations, and those who have seen the quaint performances of his marvellous figures will admit that the show is unique of its kind.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Albert Gilmer, of the Oxford Theatre of Varieties, we are enabled to reproduce several photographs descriptive of the merry marionette during working hours. In securing these pictures the kind co-operation of Mr. Barnard's clever family—for Mr. Barnard senior is unfortunately an invalid—was much appreciated.

The Barnard Marionettes, like most others, perform on a perfect miniature stage, of a size that fits in with the proportions of the puppets. This has the effect of making the figures more life-like. The stage is fitted with electric footlights, grand proscenium, act-drop, side-wings, sky pieces, and scenes just like those of the larger one on which it stands. The fittings of this little stage are so ingeniously contrived that in the space of a few minutes, it can be folded into a fourth of the space it occupies when in use.

How the puppet is manipulated by means of the "crutches" and "slangs."

The stage differs very little, as we have said, from the ordinary structure. But at the back, immediately behind the backcloth, is erected a platform three feet high, and running across the width of the stage. On this platform stand the manipulators of the figures, one to each puppet.

The workers' heads and shoulders are well above the top of the scene, where there is a batten on which they lean, or rest their arms. In the left hand is held the "crutch" with the "slangs" supporting the body; in the right, the "crutch" which governs the movements of the limbs. Almost needless to say, the experience necessary to manipulate the figures in a life-like style must be considerable. In the case of the Barnard family —two young men and a young lady—there is only one word that can describe their work: perfection.

As the figures make their entrances, perform the various movements, and make their exits, the workers must shift their positions on the platform, working from left to right or *vice versâ* as occasion demands. Sometimes, of course, it is necessary for the "crutches" to change hands from the first workers to the second and third, and all this must be done while the figure progresses with an easy and natural step from one side of the stage to the other; and at the same time the

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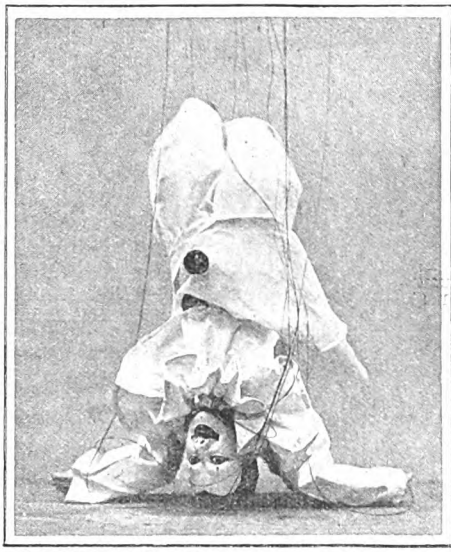
second and third figures must be kept in motion and the dialogue continued. Only those who have been at the wings, in full view of the workers, can appreciate the marvellous agility and nimbleness with which the "crutches" and their many strings change hands. From the front the audience would not know but that the one marionette is always manipulated throughout its "act" by the same pair of hands.

Our photographs will give the reader some idea of the difficult posing of figures; the extraordinary, yet natural positions of their limbs. It will readily be believed that frequently each finger of the manipulated hands holds the string at a different angle; yet this is done so easily, so smoothly, by the Barnard family as to appear almost effortless. But what with the weight of the figures and the sometimes cramped positions of the marionette worker's body, an hour of string-pulling is by no means an easy one—and the Barnards often give an entertainment lasting longer than that. They play pantomimes, sketches, and harlequinades.

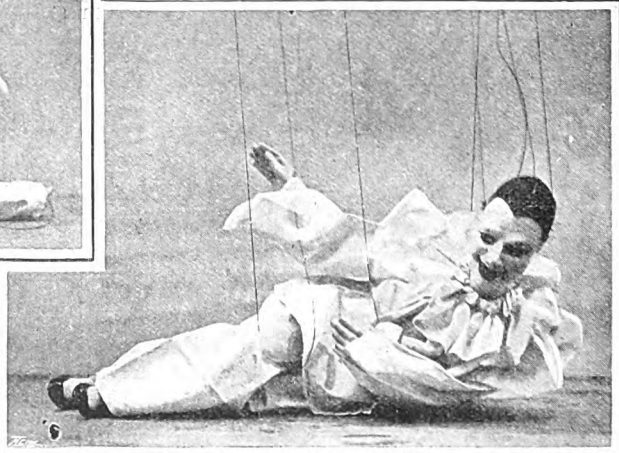
The circus clown —

The workers, while moving the figures, carry on the dialogue, and sing songs, duets, and choruses. So perfect are the figures that even their mouths move in a perfectly natural way when they are supposed to be talking or singing! Under the clever fingers of the string-pullers, each figure can perform prodigies of dancing, wire-walking, and other most intricate movements.

The Barnards have often performed before Royalty — on the Continent particularly —



— quite at home —



— in all positions.

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for they are much sought after by the younger scions of Royal Families.

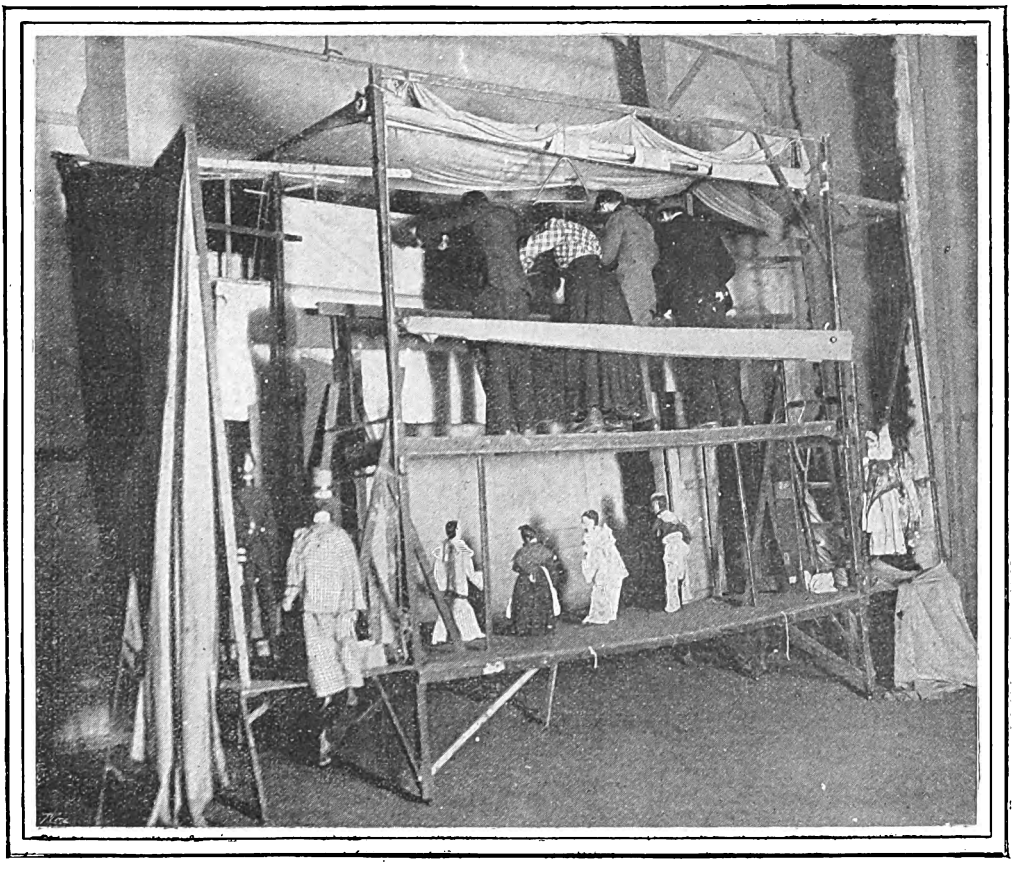
Mr. Barnard's life has been by no means an uneventful one. He has travelled through many strange lands, and met with troublous times, like others in his profession. He has performed for princely remuneration, and also for nothing, as happened in a case where he had accepted a Continental engagement and at very great expense travelled to Belgium to fulfil his contract.

He provided a full evening's entertainment for an entire week. Saturday night came and "treasury" was sought. But alas and alack! The manager who had engaged him had decamped with every farthing of the week's takings, and Mr. Barnard and his numerous assistants were left stranded in a strange country! Not only that, but the proprietors of the theatre at which the performances were given seized everything belonging to the unfortunate Englishman. Marionettes, stage, "properties," and personal luggage—all were annexed according to the law of the land.

And not until he had paid every farthing due by the rascal who had "sloped" was he allowed to make the best of his way back to his native land. The Barnard family are still looking out for that bogus manager!

On the other hand, more humorous experiences have fallen to the lot of the marionette monarch. Take the following instance.

During a child-murdering epidemic in Liverpool some years ago, he was making his way home from the theatre when he was suddenly pounced upon by a couple of detectives, who demanded to know what he had in the basket he was carrying. They would not be satisfied until they saw the contents; their cry of horror as half-a-dozen "babies" were disclosed to view, was only equalled by their grunt of dissatisfaction when they found they had not captured a real baby murderer!



A glimpse behind the scenes, showing the raised platform on which the workers of the puppets stand.

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A LUCKY DIP . . .

BY A. T. G. PRICE.

How I fell in love with Lilian Bradley has nothing to do with the point of the story. I could no more help it than I could have helped being born. I was in Mr. Bradley's office, and he asked me to his house, because our respective grandfathers had been office boys, or had been at Eton together—I forget which, but it does not matter—and there I saw Lilian, and from that moment ceased to be a free agent.

At our third meeting she acknowledged that the feeling was mutual. And then Mr. Bradley found out all about it, and there was an awful row. He forbade me to enter his house, and tried to make me promise never to speak to Lilian again. Of course I refused, and, as was only to be expected, I was given a quarter's salary and dismissed on the spot. For awhile I behaved as any other young man who was desperately in love would have done. I tried to communicate with Lilian, but my letters were returned unopened. I vainly haunted all the places where I was likely to meet her, only to discover at last that she had been sent abroad under the care of two rigid old martinets of aunts, who were as ignorant of anything connected with love as a barrack-room doorpost.

However, before she was spirited away, she contrived to send me a short note, promising to be faithful to me for ever, and on this I lived for some weeks. Then, as time went by, it began to occur to me that I had better look out for some more substantial means of subsistence, and I set about answering advertisements and applying for situations. For a long time I was unsuccessful, and I had begun to despair of ever getting anything to do, when quite unexpectedly, and at the recommendation of a chance acquaintance, I got a berth in an insurance office at Folkestone.

The salary was only half the amount I had got with old Bradley, and the hours were long, but after six months of inforced idleness I was only too glad to drop into anything. I was to begin work in a couple of days, so, before returning to town, I thought I might as well look round for some diggings. As it was the middle of the summer, I found the prices were alarmingly high, and I soon left the more fashionable quarters, and began to explore the dull, narrow streets of the old town. And then suddenly something occurred which put all thoughts of lodgings out of my head.

As I had gone up and down the different streets, I had several times passed a queer-looking old woman. She was dressed in a shabby, voluminous skirt, a heavy, old-fashioned mantle, and a huge bonnet which covered the greater part of her head. Once or twice she had looked as if she was going to speak to me, and then had hesitated. At length, as I was debating before an apartment card in a dingy, sunless road, which looked as if it were inhabited by nothing but depressed bank clerks, she came up and spoke to me.

"James," she said huskily, "don't you know me?"

I immediately concluded that she had been drinking, and turned away. My name is

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James, but, of course, I thought it was only by accident that she had fixed on it.

She seized my arm convulsively.

"I suppose you don't recognise me in these confounded togs," she said with a faint attempt at mirth. "On the whole I'm glad you don't."

I looked at her more fixedly, and then started back.

"Mr. Bradley!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, it's me right enough," he answered with a sickly grin.

"But how—why—?"

"Oh, it's a sort of thing that might happen to anyone," he interrupted. "I was bathing up the shore towards Sandgate, and some rascally boys ran away with my clothes and left me these instead."

"Then I suppose they've given yours to some old woman," I said, with difficulty repressing an hysterical feeling as I gazed at the odd figure before me.

"I daresay they have, but that doesn't make it any better for me. I can't run all over the place searching for an old woman dressed in my clothes. And if I found her, I don't know how we could manage to exchange."

"It would certainly be difficult," I admitted gravely.

"And I don't know a soul in the place," he went on. "I came over by the early boat, and sent my bag on, meaning to follow by the afternoon express. And, of course, my watch and all my money went with my clothes, so I was in a nice muddle. But it's all right now I've met you. You won't refuse to help me, will you?" he went on pleadingly. "I daresay I was rather hard on you, but—but—"

"Of course I shall be glad to render you any assistance in my power," I answered loftily as he hesitated.

He looked intensely relieved and shook my hand fervently.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear boy," he said. "Then will you get me some decent clothes and lend me enough to pay my fare up to town?"

I shook my head dubiously.

"I've only got half a sovereign," I said. "And I'm as much a stranger here as you are."

His face fell.

"Then what can I do?" he exclaimed in despair.

"Why not try the police?" I suggested.

"And have them applying to my wife to make sure I wasn't an imposter! I wouldn't have the affair get to her ears for a thousand pounds."

"Then the only plan I can think of is for you to come up to town with me and stop at my lodgings till I can get you some clothes," I said slowly. An idea had suddenly occurred to me, but it would require time to think it out.

"I suppose it's the only thing I can do," he answered ruefully. "But I wish I could have got out of these clothes first. However, I don't suppose anyone will recognise me, as you didn't. There's a pretty good train at three, I believe. We can't go by the four-thirty, as that's the one they expect me by, and my wife and Lil—my daughter—promised to come and meet me at Charing Cross."

Little did he think he was supplying

"James," she said huskily, "don't you know me?"

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me with the piece of information that I most desired!

"Then we shall have an hour and a half to wait," I said, looking at my watch. "Where would you like to go to in the meanwhile?"

"Well, I have been walking about all the morning," he said hesitatingly, "and I haven't had anything to eat since my early breakfast on the steamer."

"Then, of course, you must be hungry," I agreed quickly. Somehow every time he spoke he made the way easier for the carrying out of my plot. "I know of a nice little place near the station. Will you take my arm?"

If the case had not been so peculiar, and my mind had not been so entirely occupied in arranging the details of the plan by which I hoped not only to retrieve my ill-luck of the last six months, but even to turn the tables on Mr. Bradley, and make myself entire master of the situation, I think I should have hesitated before I suggested taking a promenade through a fashionable watering-place in his company, as he certainly looked the most dilapidated and frowsy specimen of old womanhood anyone could well imagine.

However, under the circumstances, I shouldn't have cared if he had been "dressed" as an Ancient Briton or a burlesque actress! Several people turned to look at us as we ascended the hill towards the town, and when we regained the more frequented streets the attention we attracted increased every moment, till at last it became quite embarrassing.

Errand boys regarded us with an astonishment which they made no attempt to conceal, but imparted to one another in language which was generally the reverse of delicate and complimentary, and several cabmen quite surpassed themselves by the facetiousness of their remarks, three of them joining in a chorus of admiration at the beauties they discovered in the face and figure of my "fair" charge.

But this was nothing to the attention we received from a troupe of nigger minstrels, in the midst of which we suddenly found ourselves as we turned a corner.

"'Tis she, 'tis she!" cried one of them in a voice of ecstasy, breaking off in the middle of his song and kneeling at Mr. Bradley's feet. "My own, my love, why have you lingered so long?" And he made a clutch at Mr. Bradley's hand.

"Get out of the way, and don't be a fool," growled Mr. Bradley, as he bent his head, and endeavoured to shade his face with his bonnet as much as possible.

"For shame, Alphonso! Cease to annoy the fair one. Do you not see that she is now on her honeymoon?" came in tones of rebuke from the mandoline player, whose mouth was painted down into an expression of settled melancholy. "You must learn to sorrow silently. I, too, have loved and lost."

Luckily at this moment a char-a-banc, driven by an apparently tipsy coachman, dashed by and scattered the crowd, and in the confusion I managed to drag Mr. Bradley round a corner and down a quiet alley, where we paused for a few moments to regain our breath.

"Couldn't you manage to walk a little faster?" I asked when he took my arm again, and we prepared to resume our way. Mr. Bradley groaned.

"It's these cursed shoes," he murmured as he leant more heavily on my arm, and stuck out one foot from beneath his petticoats for my inspection, and I then saw that he was wearing dirty, white satin slippers, with pointed toes and very high heels. For a moment I felt quite sorry for him, but then I remembered how he had treated me six months before, and my heart hardened again.

However, I dissembled, and appeared to sympathise with him, and then, by keeping to back streets, we at length managed to make our way without any further adventure to a little second-rate restaurant near the station, where, having ordered a substantial meal, I left him and went off on the plea of having to fetch my bag. Once outside, I flew as fast as I could to the post office and sent off several telegrams, and then I hurried to the lodgings of the chance acquaintance, by whose help I had secured my new berth. For it had occurred to me that he was just the same height and build as Mr. Bradley!

My friend was at home, and willingly lent me some clothes when I explained the situation, and in less than an hour I was back at the restaurant, where I found Mr. Bradley anxiously awaiting me. I had taken the precaution of not paying the bill, and I observed that the waiter was keeping a tight eye on him.

"I wish I could have got a veil," he said nervously, as we entered the station.

"Oh, it's quite safe," I said soothingly. "And I'll try to get an empty carriage."

I had very little difficulty in doing this, as there were very few people going by the train. At one station a woman with several children tried to force an entrance, but I told her that my mamma was ill, and hinted darkly at infection, which made her back away from

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the door in double quick time. The train was a slow one for the first part of the journey, but it improved later on, and finished up with a forty minutes run into Charing Cross. When we had left the last stopping place behind us and were still in undisputed possession of the carriage, I breathed more freely. It was now time to throw off the mask. I moved from my place and sat down opposite to Mr. Bradley.

"Do you remember the last conversation we had together, six months ago?" I began.

"Well — er — yes," he answered nervously.

"What telegrams?" he asked, with a mystified expression.

"And do you still hold to the opinions you expressed then?"

"As regards my daughter my decision is unalterable," he answered. "But, after the service you have rendered me, I shall be willing to receive you back into my office, and all arrears of salary shall be paid as if you had never left me."

"And is this your final decision?"

"It is."

"Then I'm glad I sent those telegrams," I said blandly.

"What telegrams?" he asked with a mystified expression.

"To Mrs. Bradley and Lilian," I answered, "asking them to meet this train."

He sprang to his feet.

"Good Heavens, they mustn't see me like this," he exclaimed wildly.

"But there's no help for it," I answered coldly. "The train doesn't stop till it reaches Charing Cross. The only thing you can do is to put your bonnet straight."

He sat down and gazed despairingly out of the window.

"And I also wired to your head clerk, Mr. Wilson, to meet you, and I told him to bring Tomkins, the office boy. I thought it would amuse him."

Mr. Bradley groaned, and I left him to his thoughts for five minutes. Then I returned to the charge.

"Inside that bag," I remarked, "is a suit of clothes, and a shirt and a hat, and everything else that you require to make you presentable."

He looked up and gave a long gasp of relief.

"Then you were only joking?" he exclaimed. "I might have known that you wouldn't be so heartless."

"Yes, I was only joking," I said emphatically. "But I joke on one condition. You can guess what it is?"

"Lilian?" he murmured feebly.

"Yes, the clothes are yours if you will give your unqualified consent to our engagement. But it must be in writing." And I produced a pen and ink and paper.

For some while he held out and tried to get me to accept less binding and satisfactory terms, but I was firm, and when the minutes had lessened to a quarter of an hour, he surrendered unconditionally, and I unlocked the bag. And by the time the train crossed the Thames he was looking very spick and span in my friend's clothes, and the hated feminine garments were safely concealed beneath the seats. Mrs. Bradley and Lilian were on the platform, as well as Mr. Wilson and Tomkins. They all looked very surprised to see me.

"I've brought an old friend back with me, my dear," said Mr. Bradley to his wife. "And he's coming home to dinner with us. Lilian, you remember Mr. Mortimer?"

Lilian gave a rapid glance from her father to me, and then advanced with an exclamation of pleasure. And in face of everyone I put my arm round her and kissed her.

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The new telegraph instrument being operated.

THE LATEST ELECTRICAL WONDER.

Handwriting and Sketches produced simultaneously hundreds of miles away from the Transmitter.

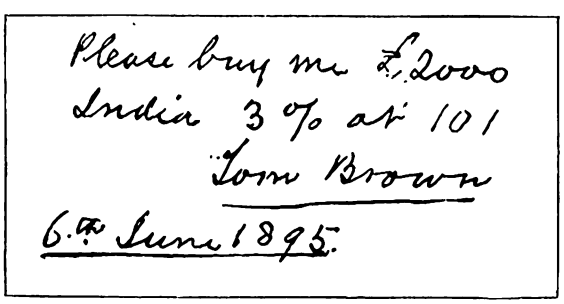
By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by A. J. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.

It was not until twenty years ago that any serious attempt was made to transmit handwriting by the aid of electricity and wires. The introduction of the telephone revolutionised the ordinary modes of transacting business. A distinct want arose for some instrument to record the fleeting words and figures of important messages, such as orders for goods, sale or purchase of stock, etc.

The brains of the cleverest electricians have been busily engaged on the subject for some years, with the result that several kinds of handwriting transmitting machines have seen the light. Their practical use, however, has been somewhat limited, for various reasons.

The late Member of Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. E. A. Cowper, originated a form of handwriting transmission



A typical commercial note transmitted in facsimile.

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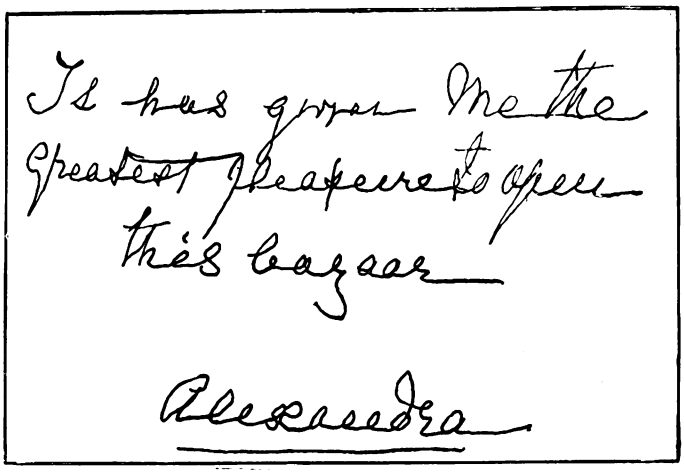
machine giving fairly satisfactory results.

In 1891 Professor Elihu Gray exhibited an instrument called the telautograph at the Chicago Exhibition. It was constructed very much on the same lines of Mr. Cowper's invention, but was considerably improved. In June, 1894, the Professor's instrument was exhibited at a conversazione of the Royal Society. It proved to be too complicated for ordinary commercial purposes.



A message telegraphed by Queen Alexandra.

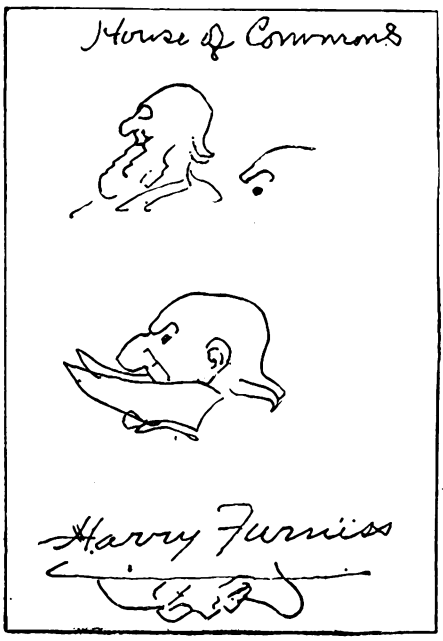
For the past six years, therefore, Mr. Ritchie, the well-known American electrician and inventor, has entirely devoted his brains to the production of a really practical telautograph. His work has been carried out in London, and complete triumph has at length attended his efforts. He has produced an instrument which is pronounced by experts to be the simplest and yet the most effective of anything of a similar class. The drawbacks of Professor Gray's machine have been eliminated, and Mr. Ritchie's wonderful piece of mechanism seems to be almost human in its work.

When one sees the pen of the receiving instrument at work, reproducing in every minute detail the handwriting or sketch conveyed to the transmitter by the operator, one is inclined to think that the movements are made by an invisible hand; the pen's variations, on or off the receiving sheet, being exactly those made by the writer, 200 miles away!

The photographs reproduced will give the reader a good idea of the construction of this marvellous machine. Upon the transmitter an ordinary lead pencil is used. Near the point of the pencil two delicately made rods are joined. These rods are connected with the instrument, and, following the motions of the pencil made by the operator, regulate the current impulses which control the recording pen of the receiver at the other end. The writing is done upon a roll of ordinary paper five inches wide.

The paper is moved forward by touching a button at the transmitting end, a corresponding movement taking place instantaneously at the receiving end when room for a fresh line is required. The message is produced upon the roll of paper at the receiving end precisely as it is written by the operator on the transmitter. Two aluminium arms support a short glass pen at their junction. This pen follows precisely the movements of the pencil at the transmitting station, and at the end of each line it automatically springs back to its original position to the left of the recording roll, ready, as the latter moves forward, to form the words of the succeeding line.

As the pen springs backward from the last letter formed upon the completed line, it automatically dips into a small reservoir of ink,



Drawings by Harry Furniss as received after transmission by the new instrument.

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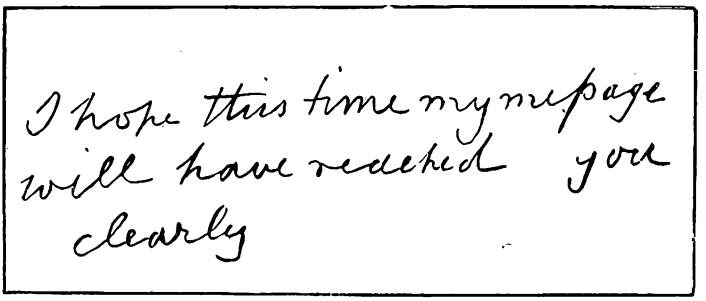
taking up a fresh supply.

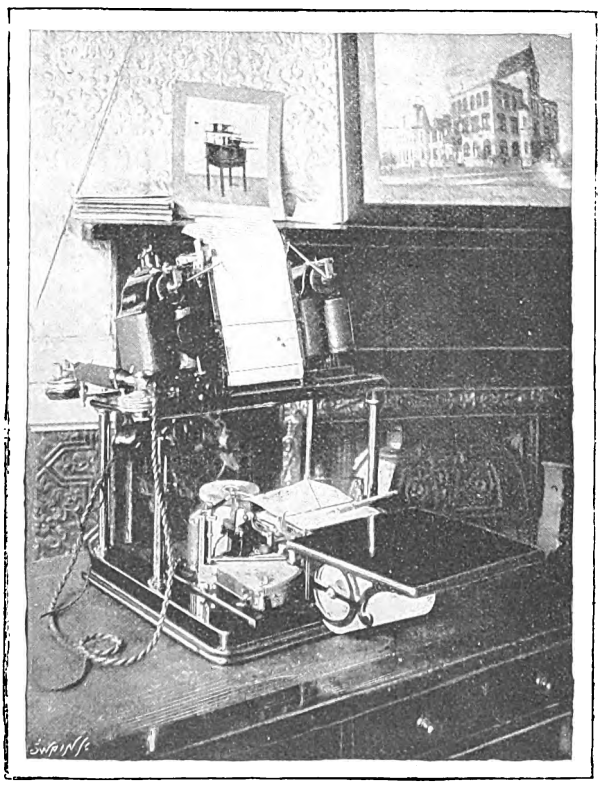
The reservoir may be seen to the left of the recording roll. This renewal of ink in the pen is one of the mechanical triumphs of the telautograph. As the pen passes over each line it produces, in facsimile, the formation of letters, words, figures, signs, or sketches, at the operator's will. A column of newspaper "copy" is reproduced with as much distinctness as an ordinary single figure or sign, and a "line" drawing with all the detail an artist may care to put into it.



A message written and sent by the King.

We are enabled to give one or two "lightning" cartoons, which, like the specimens of messages also reproduced, were "wired" over a distance of 200 miles. Two ordinary telephone wires are used. Facsimile messages between London and Paris have been successfully transmitted. The greatest distance over which messages have been sent up to the time of writing is 600 miles, being then quite readable. The operating of the instrument is so simple that any person who can write can use it.

Used in conjunction with the telephone, as the telautograph is meant to be, its advantages for commercial purposes are obvious. In the first place, the record of any important message is permanent. A message may be written down whether a person is there to read it at the time or not, and perfect secrecy may be attained by placing the recording instrument in a locked case.



The transmitter and receiver.

Business people recognise the impossibility of proving the authenticity of a telephone message without witnesses, or rather listeners, at both ends. The telautograph is the solution of the difficulty. Messages can be sent over the same wires used for the telephone.

It is anticipated that the telautograph will revolutionise the present system of telegraphic communications for military purposes. The weak points of the present system employed in campaigns are many, including the impossibility of personal communication between officers without the aid of skilled operators; the consequent absence of secrecy in the transmission of the most vital messages; the necessity of using telegraphic language, with its liability to error; the want of means of identifying the sender or receiver of a message; and the impossibility of conveying clearly in a new country, by words alone, the positions of an enemy.

The telautograph system has none of these drawbacks; it possesses a special power of its own.

The first point of superiority to

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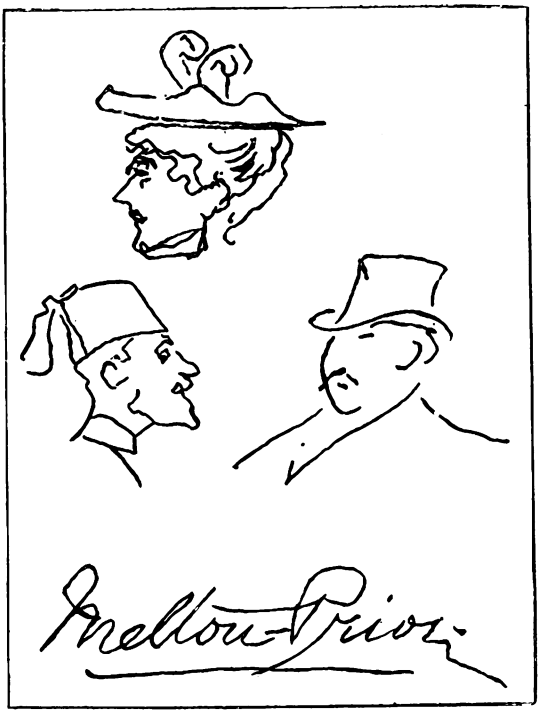

Sketches by Melton Prior as received over the wire.

be noticed is that no skilled operator is required. A secret written by one officer to another remains a secret. It is sent silently, therefore no spies can possibly obtain information so often given away by the telegraphic Morse code, which speaks aloud to anyone who understands it. Even when out of sight the spy can hear its betraying dots and dashes.

Then, again, officers would recognise each other's handwriting, thus preventing an enemy impersonating a friend in order to receive valuable information.

"Tapping" is of no avail unless the "tapper" has a machine identical with those at the ends of the wires.

A map can be drawn on the transmitter, with all the details as to movements of troops and positions of enemy shown at a glance. This alone ought to give the telautograph a big position in future campaigns.

If necessary, the same wires may be used for telephonic or telegraphic communication, or *vice versâ*. In the words of a retired Colonel of the R.E., "It may be confidently predicted that so soon as the telautograph fulfils certain technical military requirements it must completely supersede the system now in use."

In the pursuit of criminals it may be taken as a certainty that the telautograph will take a place in Scotland Yard annals. When the portrait of a "wanted" can be flashed to every portion of the kingdom in the course of a few minutes, the cause of law and justice will have a powerful ally in this wonderful instrument.

To sum up its superiority over other methods of transmitting messages:—it is safer than the ordinary telegraph, as it is worked on no universal code, and can, if necessary, be locked up out of reach of all who are too inquisitive.

Its advantages over the telephone are no less important, for it furnishes authentic proof that the person at the other end of the wire is who he pretends to be.

Even the much-vaunted wireless telegraphy has to go down before it in some respects, as more information can often be conveyed by one small sketch than by pages of description. It will undoubtedly not be long before the telautograph comes into general use and effects a saving of time in a hundred ways.

Some more of Harry Furniss's sketches.

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Author of "A Philatelist," "The Spectre of the Severn Tunnel," "Goodbye Summer," etc.

I.

MADEMOISELLE stepped back a pace, her cheeks crimson. We were standing under the great chestnut tree, she and I, and the sunlight gleaming through the branches flecked her summer gown with light. Across the golden meadows the grey walls of the old chateau rose majestically from its surrounding terraces. At that moment I hated it; those aristocratic towers were a silent reproach to myself, a poor dependent, who had dared to make love to his master's daughter. To love her was excusable, it would have been impossible to avoid it; to tell her so was another matter, and a few hours previously would have seemed incredible to myself, yet a short time passed under the influence of her charming personality, and the words had slipped from me almost unawares, and now I stood awaiting the chilling reproof which should teach her father's secretary his proper place.

Apparently Mademoiselle's scorn was too great to be expressed in words, for she did not speak, and a great bitterness overwhelmed me. Waif as I had been, dependent on the bounty of the Comte de Clermont, much opportunity had been afforded me to study the great social questions which were even then agitating France, and as I grew there had grown with me the resolve to champion the cause of the oppressed against the oppressors. It was indeed an irony of fate that I should have learnt to love one of the proudest of that class which I longed to overthrow.

The silence stung me now.

"The time may come, Mademoiselle," I cried hotly, "when an honest love will be a matter for glory rather than shame."

To my amazement she raised her eyes, and spoke with a delicious shyness.

"Perhaps, Monsieur, the time is already come."

As I sprang forward she stopped me with a gesture.

"The world would call your love madness," she said gravely. "I do not deny that great changes are taking place, daily, hourly, and that things that were once impossible are now accomplished facts, yet the traditions of centuries cannot be swept aside in one day. If I encourage your love, Monsieur, you must give me your word that your heart is with us, not with these agitators."

It was now my turn to be silent; the woman I loved, the cause I served, must I choose between them?

Mademoiselle continued:

"Rumour says you have attended their meetings, and have applauded the riots which now convulse Paris. A moment ago you said I came before everything in your heart. If this is so, you will give up these mad fancies, for my sake."

"Mademoiselle," I burst out, "I love, I adore you, but I cannot do what you wish. . . . I am pledged . . . it is my honour you ask."

For a moment her face hardened, then she smiled, and held out both her hands.

"For my sake—Raoul," she whispered.

Every pulse in my body throbbed madly: she was usually the proudest woman in the world, and I loved her. I took her gently in my arms.

"Leonie, don't ask it. I cannot."

She raised her eyes slowly to mine; for

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one moment I resisted, and then I bent and our lips met.

"And now," she murmured, "you will not refuse."

"My sweet, I cannot break my word."

"Raoul," she said, "I love you."

The temptation was terrible; it was agony to feel her drawing back from my encircling arms, yet I dared not stop her. A vision of miserable pinched faces came between me and my love's pleading eyes; my mind was made up, but the moment was very bitter. Mademoiselle saw my decision in my face, and the colour rushed to her cheeks.

"Then I am to understand, Monsieur," she said in a voice that cut me like a knife, "that a few bourgeois are in your eyes of more importance than Leonie de Clermont? Yet you dared say you loved me, and I—Ah, Mon Dieu!" she broke off, "if I were a man I would kill you for this insult!"

"Mademoiselle—. . . Leonie, let me speak," I pleaded, but she went on furiously.

"Be silent! Have you not humiliated me enough? To think I should have stooped so low, . . . Monsieur, for pity's sake go — . . . I pray Heaven I may never see your face again!"

She turned and walked swiftly in the direction of the chateau, and I watched the small figure till the intervening trees hid it from my sight. Mademoiselle was a good specimen of the creed of the old nobility, on pride she had been reared, pride of race and name, which sets such things higher than any virtue, and would prefer an exclusive Hell to a Heaven stocked with bourgeois.

II.

Life is a stern teacher, who sets us hard lessons, of which the hardest is disillusion. It came to me as it was bound to come to every patriot in the year 1794. To have sacrificed everything for a tortured, distressed people is one thing, to have done so for a mob of murderers is quite another, and that is what I had done.

My worldly prospects were much improved, for by a lucky chance I had had the good fortune to be of service to Danton. I disliked the man, but these were not times to disdain a friend in power; Paris was in the hands of the mob, the King was guillotined, and those who had supported the Revolution in its infancy were now reaping their reward. Up to now I had tried to shut my eyes to the terrible abuses of that new found power; I remembered the sufferings of centuries, and if the innocent sometimes shared the fate of the guilty I consoled myself with the thought that in great crises individuals must be sacrificed to the majority. It was, however, ordained that my eyes should be opened by means of an event which was to alter the whole course of my life.

Of the family of the Comte de Clermont I had heard little, and believed that they had escaped to England, but I was suddenly undeceived. It was in Danton's house, where I had returned after transacting some business in the provinces, and he handed me a list of those who were to die by the guillotine that morning. Third on the list I read the name de Clermont.

"Yes, it is the same," he said in reply to my question—"a pretty woman, but Liberty exacts some sacrifices," and he laughed brutally.

In a moment my mind was made up, I pleaded, I urged his obligation to me, I told

She turned and walked swiftly in the direction of the chateau.

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him I loved her. Danton was in a good humour that morning, and he wrote the pardon.

"But you will have to hurry, my friend, if you would snatch your beauty from the embraces of Madame Guillotine. She must even now be leaving the Conciergerie."

I have a blurred recollection of dashing through the streets, of diving through the crowd, shoving, elbowing, cursing. Arrived at last I took in the scene at a glance; the tumbril was drawn up, the victims stood huddled together at the foot of the platform, and around them surged the mob, every face eagerly turned in the direction of the scaffold.

Was I too late? No, for standing proudly erect, gazing at the mob with superb disdain stood Mademoiselle de Clermont. Her name was the next called; I sprang forward and reached the scaffold as she mounted it.

"A pardon," I cried loudly, "the citoyenne is pardoned! See, it is Danton's seal."

The mob growled like some hungry beast robbed of its prey, while the prisoner's guards and the executioner examined the document with doubt and disappointment. It is possible that the pardon would have been disputed had not Danton himself appeared striding through the crowd. He was at the moment the people's idol, and their mutterings changed to cheers for himself and the woman he had delighted to honour. I turned to Mademoiselle who was seemingly dazed at the new turn of events.

"You are saved," I said joyfully.

"To whom do I owe my rescue—to you, Monsieur?"

"To me indirectly—" I was beginning, but she interrupted me fiercely.

"Then, by Heaven, I will die sooner than accept a favour at your hand."

Before I could stop her, before I could divine her purpose, she advanced to the edge of the platform, demanding silence with a gesture.

"The citoyenne speaks!" muttered the people. "Hush! let us hear the good patriot."

Mademoiselle's clear accents rang through the air.

"Listen," she cried, "you who came to see me butchered, and who have been witness to the pardon which your leaders have this moment granted. Hearken, I say, for I reject it! I deny the right of canaille such as they and you to condemn or pardon such as I. I am aristocrat born, one of a race for whom your fathers have toiled for centuries. You prate of the liberties, the

"Then, by Heaven, I will die sooner than accept a favour at your hand."

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rights of the people, you have no liberties, no rights; you are puppets, dancing dolls; it needs but a strong man to pull the string, and you dance fast or slow as he wills. You are never free, Robespierre, or Danton there rules you now as we ruled you then. Now kill me, for I am Mademoiselle de Clermont, and had I power, would destroy such carrion as you without mercy!"

The small disdainful figure stood out against the summer sky. For a moment there was an awful silence, for the mob had scarcely realised the meaning of her words, and those who realised stood aghast at her audacity. But I, with the intuition which love brings, knew that while she hurled her insults at the crowd it was in reality myself that she defied. A pang, strangely compounded of pain and pleasure, shot through me, for hate like hers is born of love and not of indifference. . . . I read her thoughts, and felt that memory had transplanted her to the sunny meadows which surround the château of de Clermont, and by her proud rejection of my aid she made atonement to herself for the kiss she had given and received those years ago.

The tense silence ended; the storm burst, and with a roar like thunder they surged forward to tear her limb from limb.

If there had been time I would have killed her with my own hands, but the first rush of people was upon us. As it was I snatched a stick, and struck madly right and left, but what can one do against a thousand? For an instant Leonie's eyes met mine, and I think from their expression that she forgave. I saw those fiends seize her. . . . I heard a cry . . . then something hit my head . . . there was a roaring sound in my ears, and I knew no more.

* * * *

This happened forty-five years ago. With Mademoiselle's death my patriotism died also. On my recovery from the injuries I had received in the crowd, Danton gave me a pass to England, where I have lived ever since. I have written this down, as my memory is sometimes defective, and I cannot remember things in their right order. My task is now finished and the light grows dim. Listen! do you hear the wind? How it rustles, rustles among the leaves of the chestnut trees. Do you not hear that voice? It is Mademoiselle whispering again——"Raoul, I love you!"

A Miss

"A dainty miss to kiss," said Lou,
And held out Baby May.
"Nice man!" said May. "'Tiss Auntie too!"
Lou blushed and turned away.

"A dainty miss to kiss," said I.
"Just one you'd never miss.
Please do." She shook her head. "O Fie!
I'm not a miss to kiss."

"You need not fear," said I, "my dear
I quite agree with this."
She turned again her face; and then—
A tiny sip of bliss!

"Oh, *how* could you be so untrue,
And break your word like this?"
"My darling Lou, I meant that you
Were not *amiss* to kiss!"

Owen Oliver.

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A Great Success

By Constance Smedley

A COMEDY SKETCH.

(*All acting rights reserved.*)

CHARACTERS: CECIL KEITH, MARY BOYD, THE PORTER.

SCENE: Entrance hall in one of the blocks of flats in Ashley Gardens.

Fireplace up back, centre. Glass doors leading into vestibule L. Entrance to passage, where lift is, down R. There is a little looking-glass over chimney-piece, a pile of books, Bradshaw and an A.B.C., on mantelshelf. The walls are cold and bare, an armchair each side of fire, a coal-scuttle by fire. A bright fire burns in grate.

Porter asleep over fire. Clock strikes four, porter wakes with a start. Outside the wind is blowing in great gusts.

PORTER. Four o'clock! Ugh! I wonder what time Miss Boyd 'ill be in. If she'd only come, I might doze off peaceable. Mr. Mellish's party won't be gone for another two hours and more (*yawns. Furious gust of wind. He huddles over grate, pokin' it, and putting coal on.*) Ugh! What a night! Who'd ha' thought this was March and Spring! (*Another gust of wind*). Spring! (*He huddles over fire more closely. The outer doors open. Enter Cecil Keith. The snow and rain blow in with him. He is dressed in ragged suit of clothes as tramp. He is soaked through, the snow lies thickly on his shoulders and hat. He wears an evening dress shirt, and tall collar, now like pulp, his hat is a tall silk one, but in a terribly battered condition. He has thin pumps, and silk socks, covered with the snow. His hands are blue with cold, his nose is red, he enters shivering.*)

PORTER (*turning, aghast at his impudence*). Here you! Get out of this! We can't have your sort here!

CECIL (*his teeth chattering*). Don't be such a silly ass! Is Mr. Mellish in?

PORTER. Mr. Mellish has company. He ain't going to be troubled with the likes of you to-night. Now out of this!

CECIL. Oh I say—you are a silly ass. Don't you know me? I used to dig with Mellish two years ago.

PORTER (*staring at him aghast*). Not—Mr. —Keith! Evings, Mr. Keith, how ever have you come to this!

CECIL. Why you don't think I'm really a tramp!

PORTER. I shouldn't like to guess what you may have sunk to!

CECIL. Then all I've to say is con—found! Confound! (*He takes off his hat, flinging it ill-temperedly on chair*).

PORTER (*taking hat, brushing it*). Evings! What a hat!

CECIL. Yes! I said the hat's all right. And they disqualified me because of it. I've come from the Covent Garden Ball and I know I deserved a prize; and the rotters objected to my hat! Said it spoilt the costume. I had to wear a

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decent hat or I should have looked such a bounder.

PORTER. A decent hat! (*Looking at hat, pealing with laughter*).

CECIL. (*Not noticing*). And then they barred my pumps! Don't know if they expected me to dance in hobnailed boots! (*He puts his feet up on chair, and takes off thin shoes and shakes snow off them; he is wearing scarlet silk socks, soaking wet*).

PORTER. You've never walked from Covent Garden up to here in those!

CECIL. I've been tramping London half the night in these!

PORTER. But I thought you was in Egypt, sir; Mr. Mellish said he didn't think you was ever coming back, sir.

CECIL. Then Mellish is a silly ass! I came back to-day. I saw this ball advertised and I thought I'd like to go, and there wasn't time to get a dress, so I rigged up this. I'm supposed to be a tramp.

PORTER. I could see that at a glance, sir!

CECIL (*pleased*). Yes. I thought it rather good, y'know. Those fancy dresses you get at a costumier's make one look so beastly cheap. So I tore up some old suits and messed 'em about, and put on my overcoat—and—and my hat, and went to the ball. Well, you never saw such a failure. Scarcely any one looked at me, and those who did, laughed at my pumps and my socks, and my hair and my collar, and my hat—(*he ruffles up hair excitedly*). Just as if one could go to a ball looking dirty! (*Porter laughs again*). And it was such a ghastly failure altogether, I came away, and then my overcoat had gone, and all my money in it. And I couldn't get a cab to take me, and I had to tramp through this storm (*Furious gust of wind outside*) to my hotel, and when I got there the porter didn't know me, and wanted to give me in charge, and the snow's been snowing, and the rain's been raining, and I hadn't even a penny for a cup of coffee at a coffee-stall. (*He sinks on chair exhausted.*)

"Evings! What a hat!"

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PORTER (*laughing*). You'll excuse me Mr. Keith, but when I think of you owning half Hampshire and—(*roaring with laughter*). I never heard anything so funny in my life!

CECIL (*furious*). Funny! I see nothing funny in it! I shall be lucky if I get off with pneumonia for this!

PORTER. You're not going to walk about all night, sir, are you?

CECIL. No. I'm going up to Mellish, when I'm thawed. I s'pose he's still here.

PORTER. Yes, sir, but—er—Mr. Mellish, he has a bridge party on to-night, a very smart affair his butler tells me . . . there's Lady Cholmondeley and the dowager, and Mr. Pinsent, and—

CECIL. Oh Lord! Well look here, you must slip up quietly and tell him I'm here, and he'll have to smuggle me into the kitchen or somewhere. But he's got to put me up. See?

PORTER. Yes, sir (*giggling*). Very good, sir (*going to lift, returning*). But—what about the morning, sir? I mean clothes. Mr. Mellish is such a very large, stout man, sir.

CECIL. Oh, hang the clothes (*Porter laughs*). There's nothing funny in it, porter! I shall have to get my traps from the hotel. Got a pencil? (*He feels in pocket, produces large red bandanna handkerchief, he is exasperated. Porter laughs, he blows his nose with it*). There's nothing to laugh at.

PORTER. I have a pencil, sir, and envelope.

CECIL. And a stamp?

PORTER. N—o, sir, but I—I could lend you a penny, sir. The post-office is open.

CECIL (*taking penny*). Thanks. (*Furiously*). Will you stop that insane giggling! I'm wet through. I've got a most frightful chest! (*Blows his nose and coughs*). Tear up to Mellish—and—er—don't send in the message, but wait till you can see him yourself! Understand?

PORTER. Yes, sir! (*He goes off laughing*).

CECIL. Confound his impudence (*writing*). "Send portmanteau in room 108 to 125, Ashley Gardens, before ten to-morrow morning. Cecil Keith." There, I'll slip round and post it. I shall catch the five o'clock mail. (*Opens door, furious gust of wind. He disappears. In a minute door reopens.*

Enter MARY BOYD.

She runs lightly up steps, and stands just inside, holding door open, and turning to speak to someone outside. She is a beautiful girl, in evening dress, with elaborate opera-coat).

MARY. I shall be all right now. My maid's sitting up. Good night! Thanks awfully for bringing me. Good night! (*Carriage drives away, she comes into hall and crosses to entrance of lift.*) Bother, the lift's gone! (*Rings bell. Waits, then rings again. Then comes back to fire and warms her hands.*) Oh, what a night it is! How I pity the poor wretch we saw running through the snow and rain as we drove up here. Poor, poor fellow! Oh, how I pity all who have no roof to shelter them to-night! Cecil used to laugh at my—sentiment—he called it! Oh Cecil, Cecil, I wish you hadn't been so rich, and so run after, and such a conquering hero! I had to refuse you, just to show you that you weren't. But, oh why did you take me at my word! Why did you go to Egypt! Not that I could have married you if you'd stayed! Everyone would have called me a fortune hunter. Oh, if you hadn't been so eligible, and so sought after, and so—so smart! (*The door gradually opens. Cecil Keith appears, wet through again, in a more pitiable state than ever. Mary sees him, and screams.*)

CECIL. I beg your—Mary! (*He recognises her and is about to bolt through door.*)

MARY. Oh my poor fellow, don't go. Come to the fire and warm yourself at least. (*Looking in purse*). There's a shilling for you! (*Offers him money*).

CECIL. Oh, hang it all! You don't mean that you've forgotten me!

MARY (*horror-struck*). What—it isn't—it can't be—Cecil!

CECIL. Oh, look here, I know I've been going to the bad ever since you saw me last, but I surely haven't altered as much as that!

MARY. Oh, no—no—now I look at you! Oh, my poor Cecil, how wet you are!

CECIL. Am I? I didn't know—I mean I'd forgotten. *You* haven't altered—unless you've grown more beautiful!

MARY. What! Then even now you—remember—

CECIL. Remember! Yes, I remember you sent me away without a word of hope two years ago! Well, I told you I should go straight to the bad and I have!

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MARY. You don't mean it's I—who—who have driven you—

CECIL. H—m! You thought me altered! No wonder! I've done everything I could to keep you out of my head! I've wasted my time and my money and—there. I didn't mean to see you again. I—I—But I'm keeping you.

MARY. No—no! I'm waiting for the lift. It's upstairs.

CECIL. I'm afraid that's my fault. I sent the porter up to Mellish. I wanted to know if he could take me in to-night.

MARY. Surely he will!

CECIL. Well, you see he's got rather a swagger sort of party on, and I wanted the porter to ask him if he would let me into the kitchen or the—

MARY (*aghast*). The kitchen!

CECIL. Well I'm not exactly—er—presentable!

MARY. Oh, I've never seen you in anything I liked so well.

CECIL (*a pleased and flattered smile coming over his face, he dusts shoes complacently*). Really! Why, I was afraid I looked rather a bounder. Of course, earlier this evening, before I was so wet—

MARY. Oh yes. You mustn't stand in your wet things!

CECIL. They won't hurt me now.

MARY. But how—how did you come to such a pass?

CECIL. Lost all my money—

MARY. All of it.

CECIL. Every penny. I haven't so much as a cab fare!

MARY. Oh, Mr. Mellish can't turn you out. He couldn't be so cruel.

CECIL. Well, it's rather cheek, turning up at this time of night, like this.

MARY. If he doesn't take you in, I'll never speak to him again. He shall!

CECIL. Mary! I believe you're just a little sorry for me! (*He coughs*).

MARY. Sorry! Oh—your cough!

CECIL. Yes, it's awful! My chest feels as if —(*coughs again*).

MARY. Oh Cecil, Cecil, what can I do for you?

CECIL. If you wouldn't mind holding my hand (*he sinks in chair trying to cough very badly*). I beg your pardon, I forgot the state I'm in. Of course, it isn't to be expected—

MARY. Oh, it is! It is! (*She kneels beside his chair, clasping his hands*). Oh, my poor, poor Cecil, why did you take me at my word!

CECIL. You don't mean to say you cared—

"If you wouldn't mind holding my hand."

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MARY. I never knew how much until this moment!

CECIL (*rapturously*). Oh — (*is going to kiss her*), hang the wet! (*kisses her hands*).

MARY. Cecil dear, you'll come and see me first thing in the morning.

CECIL. Rather, what time?

MARY. Nine.

CECIL. Nine! (*Suddenly stopping*). Nine! I was forgetting—I don't know that I can!

MARY. But dearest, you must. I'm going to Paris, the boat-train starts at eleven, my godmother's ill—you must come, darling!

CECIL. Good heavens! Mary, I can't promise you. In the joy of seeing you I —I had forgotten!

MARY. What!

CECIL. My clothes!

MARY. Oh, Cecil, as if they mattered!

CECIL. But, hang it all, they do. A—a fellow has some pride!

MARY. Then I'm more in love than you, for I haven't any. Darling, I've always loved you, always, always, and when you went away, it nearly broke my heart, I can't let you go again! I've five hundred a year, and that's better than nothing. Cecil, my own, you're sure you really love me?

CECIL. Rather!

MARY. Then marry me to-morrow if it's possible, and we'll go to Paris for our honeymoon!

CECIL. Mary! (*He takes her in his arms.*) Will I! Won't I! And I thought you cold (*he kisses her*), and proud (*kisses her*), and heartless (*kisses her*).

MARY. Oh Cecil, do you really mean that you've forgiven me!

CECIL. Rather (*he kisses her*).

MARY. When it's through me you are penniless!

CECIL. Eh? (*He releases her amazed.*) You—you don't mean *you* think these rags real?

MARY. Aren't they?

CECIL (*seeing himself in glass*). You don't mean that's me! Why—then I *do* look a bounder! (*He is furious*).

MARY (*faintly*). Aren't you!

CECIL (*furious*). No! This is my costume! And I was scratched for a prize because they said I was too swagger!

MARY. A prize. I don't understand.

CECIL. At the Covent Garden Ball. Wasn't it unfair? By Gad, I wish they could have heard the cabbies chaff me, I wish they could have seen the hotel porter try to run me in, I wish they could have been here this last ten minutes — no, by Jove, I don't!

MARY. Wait a minute. Then you've not lost your money.

CECIL. The deuce I have. Five pounds in cash and a hundred in fivers!

MARY. Oh!

CECIL. It's all right, darling. The man cleared off with my coat, but I've got the numbers.

MARY. Oh, you don't understand—

CECIL. My darling!

MARY. How dare you! Do you think I'd have let you touch me, if. . . . Oh, when I think what I said to you — and you let me think you were poor and starving and homeless!

CECIL. Well, as it turns out, it's a good job you did.

MARY. It is nothing of the kind! Now that you're rich, things are exactly as they were before you went away!

CECIL. Indeed they're not, for I know you love me now. And you've asked me to marry you, and I've accepted you!

MARY. Oh! (*She goes to lift and rings furiously.*) How dare you.

CECIL (*desperately*). Well look here, the snow's real, and the cough's real, and if you're going back on your word, straight into the streets I go, and I'll sit on a doorstep all night.

MARY. I'm not going to speak to you. I never want to see you again.

CECIL. Good-bye then. (*He goes. She rushes after him*).

MARY. Oh Cecil, how dare you be so silly. (*He kisses her*).

MARY. I hear the lift!

CECIL. Hang the lift!

PORTER (*W. enter Porter*). Mr. Mellish says, come up at once, sir, there's a fire being lit, and he'll have something hot.

MARY. Thank Heaven—

CECIL. Come on then (*Porter goes to lift, they follow*). And I'll be round at nine in the morning if I have to come like this! Why, they've won me a prize after all!

(*Curtain.*)

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Many schoolboys believe that the best way to get rid of a wart is to rub it with a snail. Dirty boy! Poor snail!

SCHOOL SUPERSTITIONS.

A Collection of the Extraordinary Beliefs Prevalent in our Schools.

By T. Parker Wilson.

The veriest schoolboy is not more superstitious than was the learned Dr. Johnson. When out for his morning walk, the doctor was in the habit of touching every post as he passed; and if by any chance he happened to miss one, he was not comfortable in his mind until he had retraced his steps, and rectified his omission. Then again pieces of orange peel would be found treasured up in odd nooks and corners.

For aught we know both of these strange foibles may have been relics of his schooldays. Certain it is that half the superstitious beliefs of this country are to be found in its places of education. A large proportion are so wildly inconsequential that it is impossible to read any meaning into them whatever. But no doubt there is a good solid basis for each, could we only learn it. Unfortunately (from the antiquarian point of view), many originated so far back that the circumstances attendant on their birth are entirely lost.

There is quite a crop of quaint beliefs concerning minor ailments, some of which have a show of reason, while some have not. To the former class belongs the recipe for curing that bane of childhood the sty on the eye.

Procure nine thorns from a gooseberry bush, prick the sty with eight of the thorns in succession, and throw the ninth over the left shoulder. Were it not for this ninth thorn, there is really hardly any superstition here at all. Whatever may be our opinion of the surgical value of lancing a sty eight times it is certainly commonplace enough.

This young person wishes to see her future husband, so she places a piece of wedding cake under her pillow.

Decidedly the most pleasant way of getting rid of warts is to sell them. This may be done to a friend for a nominal sum, and delivery of the purchase will not be insisted upon. Schoolgirls have frequently got rid of warts this way. Warts growing on boys' hands, however, are of quite a different species, and require much more drastic, and truth to tell somewhat unpleasant, means of removal.

Perhaps you do not know that when a new boy arrives at a school his companions are in imminent danger of becoming bald. But dip his head in a basin of water and the danger is obviated.

One is to rub the wart with a snail; then stick the snail on a thorn in the hedge, and leave it there to die. Owing to some mysterious bond of affinity, snail and wart die off together.

A preferable method (from the snail's point of view) consists of *stealing* a piece of raw meat from home, rubbing it on the wart, and then throwing it on a refuse heap, and as the meat rots away so will the wart fade away.

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A schoolgirl invoking tl New Moon. She requests the heavenly body to grant her a sight of her future lover.

Again some old saws owe their longevity to the fact that their truth cannot be put to the test until long after schooldays are over. To this class belongs the mystic rite of ducking the head of a new boy in a basin to prevent the rest of his schoolmates from becoming bald!

Those relating to girls' matrimonial prospects naturally come in the same category. A girl who can pass a threepenny piece between her front teeth is sure of a rich husband. Sleeping with a piece of cake under the pillow is supposed to be an infallible way of calling up a vision of the destined life partner.

Some girls who are very anxious upon the point, like lovers of larger growth, invoke the aid of the moon. This is done when the moon is new for the first time in the year. Here is the form of supplication :

> New Moon, New Moon, I hail thee.
> By all the virtue in thy body,
> Grant this night that I may see
> Him who my true love is to be.

In order to secure the expected benefits it is necessary, when making the invocation, for the girl to set her back against a tree and her foot upon a stone.

In certain parts of Yorkshire the schoolchildren cherish a belief—which is no doubt fathered by a wish — that if the attendance does not reach fifty the master is bound to give a holiday. On Royal Oak Day, or when the foxhounds enter the village, the elder boys organise pickets, and endeavour to prevent their schoolmates from attending school. Sometimes the schoolmaster gets an inkling of what is going on and appears on the scene with a cane. There seems to be no authentic instance of a holiday ever having been extorted in this way, but that does not in the least affect the faith in the tradition.

Place a horse-hair, freshly pulled from a horse's tail, across the hand, and the sting of the cane is certain to be minimised.

Various are the mystic rites practised at boarding schools to insure getting up in the morning. All have a good rational basis, for it is only necessary to impress an idea on the mind overnight, and it will assert itself before morning.

Placing the shoes T-shaped, at the same time repeating aloud the time of rising; writing the time on the forehead with a wet finger; or bumping the head on the pillows the required number of times are a few examples of this large family.

If you stuff a horsehair into a cane you may be sure that it will split.

If a boy who is going to be punished takes the precaution of padding himself in the most likely parts with copy books he has good solid grounds for his faith. Probably most boys would prefer to put something tangible between their bodies and the cane, but this cannot be done when the naked hand is to suffer.

School tradition is extraordinarily rich in more or less shadowy expedients to neutralise the bite of the cane. Most have a strong family likeness, but they vary locally in minor details. Rubbing the hand with various substances, to render it impervious to the stroke, may be taken as the general principle.

Some pin their faith to onions, French chalk, and resin, while orange and lemon juice are almost universal. One *strong* objection to onions lies in the fact that boys who are not stoics generally apply their fingers to their eyes after receiving punishment, and the effect of onion juice on the eye is too well known to need comment. A dock leaf being good for nettle sting, some boys apply it before a caning on the principle that prevention is better than cure, but some prefer saltpetre water, or even waggon grease.

It certainly does seem strange that school-children should cling to faith in this particular class of superstition, seeing

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how constantly its efficacy must be disproved. Yet they are ingeniously loyal in the defence of their pet theories, and there is just this to be said that their determination to hide their suffering from their schoolfellows (who, perhaps, swear by rival nostrums) helps to carry them through the ordeal. Then, although they suffer, they are convinced that the pain would be worse but for the healing unguent.

Schoolboy's preliminary to passing an examination. Catch a butterfly and place it under a stone.

Schoolmasters, who are not, as a class, superstitious, can afford to smile at all this. A good many who use straps are aware, however, of the hardening effect of alcohol, and have been known to be mean enough to soak the strap in whisky.

A faith which is still more wonderful is that the cane can be made to split by placing a horsehair across the hand, or by working one into a crevice of the cane. If the hair be plucked fresh from the tail of a living horse so much the better. It is well to select some good-natured old Dobbin, and first purchase his indulgence with a piece of sugar. Nobody can ever be found to have actually witnessed this miracle, though every second schoolboy has heard of someone who has.

Next to superstitions which refer to punishment there is a large crop connected with luck in saying lessons, or in having favourable questions put at examination time. A firm belief among some school-girls is that if during the examination two stockings are borrowed without asking, from two different girls, knotted together, and tied round the waist, beneath the dress, the girl who does all this will not fail in her exam. New girls, who know nothing of this custom, sometimes suffer severely. Waking up in the morning, they cannot find their stockings, and it is the rule in some schools not to allow more than one pair a week.

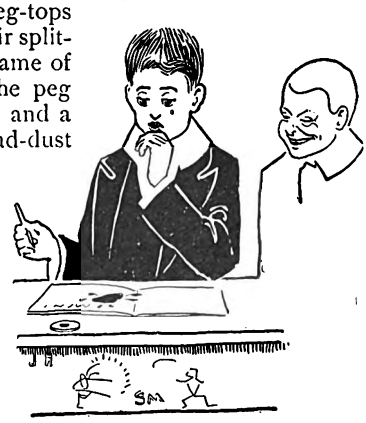
Schoolgirl's preliminary to passing an examination. Steal two stockings, each belonging to a different girl, knot them together and tie them round the waist.

Another sure way to pass an examination is to catch a butterfly and place it under a stone in the ground. Some insist upon the butterfly being the first of the season, while others take a more liberal view, and merely stipulate that it must be one of the earliest. The first form has, needless to say, the better chance of remaining unimpeached until the end of the world.

Even teachers are prone to superstition at examination time. If in the last test examination the results are very good, it is looked on as a bad omen, and if possible another test is arranged.

When a boy makes a blot on his copy-book he regards the circumstance as an omen of coming trouble. There is something so sweetly reasonable in this that at first sight one fails to grasp where the superstition comes in. But when it is added that the boy looks upon the punishment as a piece of misfortune of which the blot was but the augury and not the direct cause, it will be at once seen that here is a superstition of the fatalistic genus, and one which, on account of its exceeding subtlety, is worthy of the first rank.

Boys have some very curious ways of doctoring peg-tops to prevent their splitting in the game of ring top. The peg is pulled out, and a little dry road-dust inserted in the hole. Upon the exact quantity of this dust the merits of the top depends. The peg is then put back, and a top thus doctored is



Make a blot on your copy-book, and misfortune is sure to happen to you—a rather obvious conclusion, perhaps.

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Two girls who say the same thing at the same moment have only to hook their little fingers together, and the thing they desire will be forthwith granted unto them.

worth at least two shop tops, plus twenty marbles. Another way to insure a top being victorious is to induce the girl you like best to keep it for you one day.

The system of barter so dear to the schoolboy is accompanied by strange rites. In some schools no deed of transfer is considered complete till each of the parties has touched cold iron, the first to touch claiming the privilege to re-exchange if he

If you wish to make your top hum, drop salt on it.

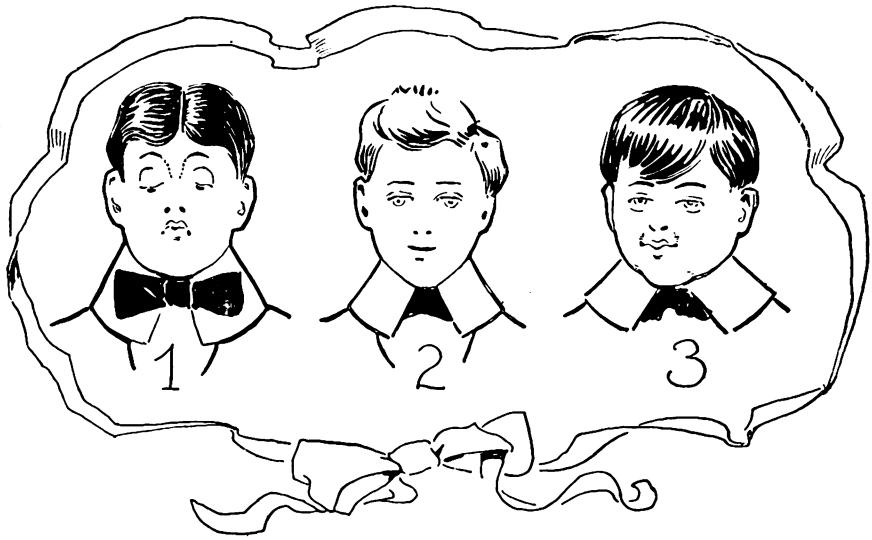
desires. In case of any dispute the party doubted licks his forefinger, and looking earnestly at the disputant says: "Is that wet?" Then wiping his finger on his trousers continues, "Is that dry?"

Having received the only answer possible to these questions, he winds up in this sanguinary fashion:

"Cut my throat and then I'll die." This formula is supposed to settle all doubts regarding honesty.

In some schools a curious standard obtains for judging new boys, but, although the element of fancy largely enters in, it hardly amounts to superstition.

Should a boy have his hair parted in the middle he is considered a dude and a fool. If he has his hair brushed up above his forehead he is considered intelligent, good at sports and lessons; and if, on the other hand, the hair is allowed to stray over the forehead he is good-natured—just the boy for giving things away to his schoolfellows, such as toffee, nuts, etc.



Superstitions connected with the hair. No. 1 is, of course, conceited—his hair is parted in the middle. No. 2 is obviously good at sports—his hair is parted at the side. No. 3 is a good-natured chap—his hair is brushed over his forehead.

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An Unconventional Girl

By Basil Jay.

When a man is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy at five and twenty, devoted to his profession, and has a private income of a thousand a year, some people might be found to regard him with envious eyes. Yet Basil Osborne—the man in question—wore a very discontented expression on his handsome face, as he lounged on a seat on Plymouth Hoe, moodily contemplating the picturesque scene that lay before him.

Suddenly he was roused from his reverie. A girl's hat—of that variety known as a "sailor"—rolled gaily towards him, carried along by the light breeze that swept across the sparkling waters of the Sound.

Stretching out his walking-stick he dexterously arrested its progress, and, picking it up, turned to find its breathless owner by his side.

A beautiful girl she was. Her hair was a fluffy mass, of the colour of the glossy horse-chestnut. Complexion of pink and white rosebuds. Eyes like the summer sky above, and sparkling with mischievous merriment.

"Thanks, so much," she said, as he restored her property with a bow.

"I am afraid you have tired yourself," he said politely. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. It has given me such a chase," she replied, gracefully sinking into the seat. She then proceeded to smooth her rebellious locks, place the hat in position, and secure it firmly with two cruel-looking hat-pins.

There was silence while this operation was in progress. Then she stole a glance at Basil, who was watching her with undisguised admiration.

"What lovely weather, isn't it?" she said demurely.

"Splendid," he acquiesced. "Couldn't be better for the holidays."

"Are you on your holidays?" she asked, with a flash of the blue eyes.

"Er—yes. I am spending a couple of weeks here."

"I am staying here with friends. I think Plymouth a delightful place, don't you?"

"Oh, very."

There was silence again for a few minutes. She was looking intently on the ground, and tracing invisible figures on the asphalt with the end of her sunshade.

"I know what you are thinking about," she said suddenly, giving him another bewildering glance.

"Do you?" he laughed. "Well, what is it? I'll own up if you are right."

"You are wondering who I am, and whether I should be offended if you tried to find out. Am I not right?"

"You have guessed correctly," returned Osborne, feeling quite convinced by this little speech that he knew the kind of girl he had to deal with. "Your father is a millionaire, of course?"

She looked at him intently for a moment, then laughed.

"Oh, no! But he's very well off, and an officer in the Navy——"

"Ah, I thought he was pretty well off," returned Osborne sarcastically.

"At least," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "that is what I have sometimes told people. But I'll be perfectly plain with you. My father is a cabinet-maker. I'm an assistant at a large drapery establishment in London. Now, won't you tell me something about yourself?"

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"Well, I was prepared to inform you that I'm Basil Osborne, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and have a private income of a thousand a year, etc., etc. But since we are speaking plainly, I don't mind confessing that I'm only George Turner, a cutter in a tailor's shop at Bristol. I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss——"

"And I'm equally pleased to know you, Mr. Turner. My name is Roberts—Dora Roberts—but no relation to Lord 'Bobs' you know."

She extended a tiny, well-gloved hand as she said this, with a smile that set Osborne's pulses beating at twice their normal rate. Then she rose.

"I am going on the pier now," she said. "The afternoon concert begins at three."

Osborne immediately discovered that he had come out with the express intention of attending that concert, and begged leave to accompany her. She graciously granted his request, and they set off for the pier together, chatting gaily as they went.

They talked on a variety of subjects, and she proved herself to be very well informed on most points, somewhat to Osborne's surprise. By-and-by she waxed confidential.

"I do hope you won't think me very forward and rude for making your acquaintance so readily," she said wistfully. "No, don't answer yet!" she continued as he was about to interrupt. "I want to explain a little. Oh! you don't know how I've been longing to talk to somebody. You see I'm staying with an old aunt and uncle, and they seem to have no friends. I have scarcely spoken to anyone but them for a whole week. It is a relief to slip out in the afternoon when they are dozing. I generally manage that. This afternoon I was feeling dreadfully lonely, when fate threw you in my way."

"And I hope you do not regret it," said Osborne.

"Far from it," she replied. "But I am afraid that my conduct in ignoring all conventions has, secretly, shocked you."

Osborne hastened to assure her that he felt honoured by her confidence in him; and he meant it.

"I am quick at reading faces," she said, turning her glorious eyes full upon him. "I liked yours directly I saw you. I see no harm in two lonely people trying to make each other's holiday more pleasant. You are lonely, aren't you?"

"Very," assented Osborne. "I have no friends in Plymouth. If you will bestow a little of your society on me, you will be doing a very charitable action."

"I shall be delighted," she said readily, "that is, whenever I have an opportunity. But auntie and uncle don't see things quite in the same light as I, so, to avoid annoyance, I shall not say anything about you to them. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," returned Osborne. "I think it by far the most sensible course to adopt."

They had left the pier by this time, and were now on the Hoe again.

"Well, then, I shall not allow you to see me home," she said, with a smile that compensated for that disappointment.

"But I shall see you again soon," he cried.

"I come on the Hoe every afternoon," she said suggestively.

"Then I shall look out for you to-morrow, here, by the flagstaff."

"Good-bye," she said. Osborne raised his hat and she tripped away.

When she was gone he took a turn up and down the esplanade in a better frame of mind than he had been for some time.

He was passing a couple of weeks of his leave at Plymouth before proceeding to some friends in Scotland, and comparative solitude—for when he said he had no friends in Plymouth, he had spoken truly—was beginning to pall on him.

He returned to his hotel with bright anticipations of the morrow.

The next few days passed happily enough. Each afternoon they met at the appointed place, and then a few hours were devoted to one or other of the many attractions that Plymouth offers.

Sometimes they lounged on the balcony of the Pier Pavilion, listening to the tuneful strains of a military band. At others they hired a boat and rowed or sailed round the Sound. Once they crossed over to Cremyll, and lost themselves amid the leafy glories of the beautiful park that is generously thrown open to a grateful public.

Then there were steamer excursions up the charming river Tamar to Calstock, where delicious feasts of strawberries and clotted cream await the visitor.

But wherever they went or whatever they did, Miss Roberts always insisted on paying her full share of the expense entailed, and Osborne's eloquence was wasted in persuading her to alter her decision.

The days sped rapidly and the date of Osborne's departure came all too soon. But

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he found that Miss Roberts had another week in Plymouth, so a plausible excuse was dispatched to his friends, and he calmly informed Miss Roberts that his employer had granted him another week's holiday.

"Your governor must be a good sort," said that lady when he told her. "I should be told to look out for another situation if I applied for an extra week. But I'm so glad you've got it."

Osborne was silent, for he felt that, if he spoke, his words must be of a tender nature, and, in spite of the intimacy that now existed between them, there was something in her manner that forbade him to exceed the bounds of platonic friendship.

Hitherto he had respected her unexpressed, but implied desire, but the very next day he was tempted almost beyond his strength.

They were seated side by side in the stern of a light sailing-boat. The breeze had fallen and the empty sail flapped idly against the mast.

Depressing thoughts of the coming separation had taken ho'd of him, and she, too, was unusually quiet. He thought he could detect in her half-averted face, a reflection of his own sad thoughts.

"Only a few more days," he said presently, "and I must say good-bye to Plymouth. This is the jolliest holiday I have ever spent."

Then he sighed.

"I, too, have been very happy," she said softly.

"Miss Roberts!"

She turned quickly. His eyes looked into hers with an expression there was no mistaking.

The colour fled from her face. She looked frightened, and trembled slightly. Then her eyes fell.

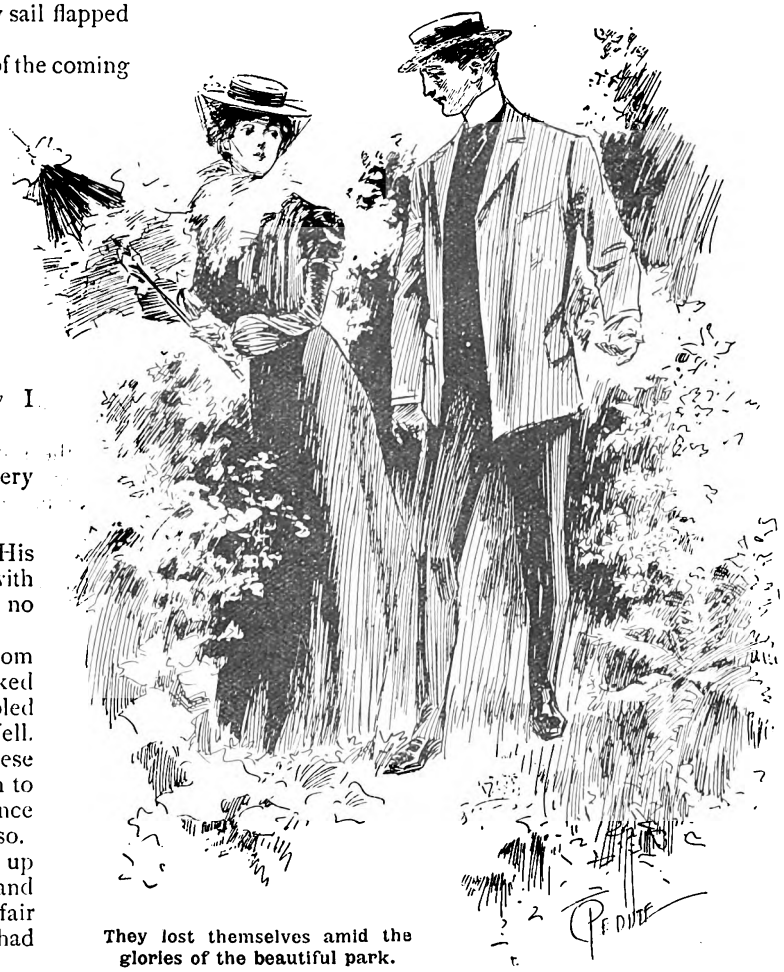
Osborne noticed these signs with a feeling akin to despair. And yet prudence whispered it was better so.

When she looked up again there was a firm and resolute look on her fair face, though the colour had not returned.

"All the pleasures of my visit I owe to you, Mr. Turner," she said. "I cannot sufficiently thank you for your goodness. Many men would have taken advantage of my position to make silly, romantic, and tender speeches to me—though I should not have allowed anyone a second opportunity. But I knew I could trust you. The good opinion I formed of you at our first meeting has been more than justified. I am exceedingly grateful for your habitual kindness and courtesy."

With a powerful effort Osborne managed to control his voice.

"Thank you, Miss Roberts," he replied. "I can honestly assure you that you have made my holiday a most delightful one. I am very gratified to hear that I have been the unconscious means of making your visit here a pleasant one. Above all I esteem,



They lost themselves amid the glories of the beautiful park.

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Osborne turned to recognise in his only fellow-traveller the penitent deceiver—Dora.

and shall endeavour to be worthy of, your good opinion."

Then he lowered the sail and rowed homewards in comparative silence.

When he reached the flagstaff next day a boy accosted him.

"Are you Mr. Turner, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said Osborne.

"Miss Roberts sent this note, sir. No answer wanted."

Osborne seized it, while the boy disappeared in the crowd.

"Dear Mr. Turner" (the letter ran). "After what occurred yesterday I have not the courage to see you again. I can no longer disguise from myself the nature of the sentiments with which you regard me. The knowledge of this has brought me both happiness and misery. Happiness because—dare I confess it?—your love is returned, and misery because, alas! it must be stifled. A mischievous impulse induced me to deceive you when we first met. How bitterly I am repenting now. Dear friend, my name is not Roberts and my father really is an admiral in the Navy. I am afraid this confession will cause you great sorrow. Believe me I, too, am suffering much. I cannot write more, but you will understand. Despise me as I deserve, and forget the heart-broken and penitent—Dora——"

When Osborne read this he was strongly tempted, regardless of the people around, to press it to his lips.

"Dear little girl!" was his mental comment. "I'll find her if I have to call on all the admirals in the Navy."

He returned to his hotel and made hasty preparations for departure. Plymouth had suddenly lost all charm for him, and he determined to leave by the next train.

Fortunately there was no need to stand on ceremony with his friends in Scotland. A telegram announcing the time of his arrival was a sufficient intimation of his intentions.

He reached the station just in the nick of time. A porter seized his miscellaneous belongings and flung them into the nearest compartment, and then bundled in their dishevelled owner with but little more ceremony, just as the train moved off. Osborne flung the man a tip, and then turned to recognise in his only fellow-traveller the penitent deceiver—Dora.

Very pale and forlorn she looked. He was by her side in a moment, pouring out explanations in a torrent of words.

"And now that I'm not a cutter in a tailor's shop—did you really ever think I was?"—he said, "there is nothing to prevent me from telling you plainly how much I love you. I cannot live without you, my darling. Look up, dearest one, and tell me that you will be my wife."

Then Dora looked into his face with eyes more eloquent than words could ever be, and his happiness was complete.

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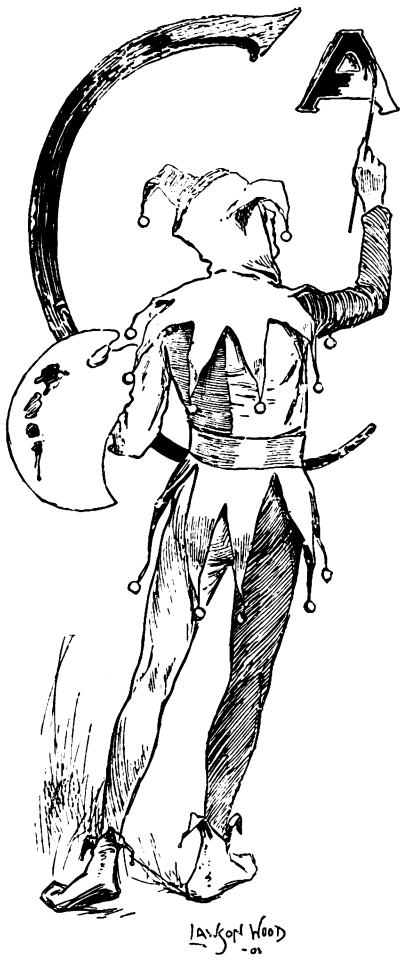

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a tramcar the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his jints with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a woman, with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at a lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

* * * * *

Judge: "One thing appears tolerably certain, which is, that one of the musicians gave you a slap in the face. Now can you tell me, was it the violinist or the pianoforte player?"

Plaintiff: "Judging from the touch, I am inclined to think it was the pianist."

* * * * *

"I should think," said Algie, "judging from the way these trousers shrink, the wool was shorn from an unusually timid lamb."

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

A field, a bull, a maiden fair:
Her features were expressive,
The field, uncomfortably bare,
The bull, alas! aggressive.

A gasp, a sigh, a piercing cry,
With words of terror in it;
A gentle cyclist wheeling by
Just at the crucial minute.

A prickly hedge to bar the way;—
The cyclist, torn and gory,
The monster baffled of his prey;
Retreat achieved with glory.

A swoon, a face of ghastly hue,
An arm, a passing carriage,
A platonistic friendship true,—
And later on,—a marriage.

MORAL.

Maids who would fain transform your state,
From single into double,
Select your bull, and trust to fate
To save you further trouble.

* * * * *

"Don't you smell fire?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"I don't either; but most people do if you ask them."

* * * * *

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of waxworks for the million at a penny per head, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head.

"I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator.

"Werry likely," replied the man, sharply, not approving of the comment of his visitor; "but if you'd a been here without wittles half as long as he has you'd be twice as thin."

"You'd be twice as thin."

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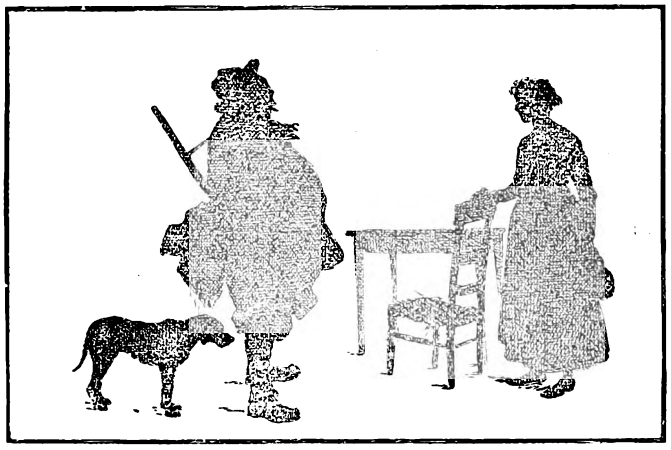
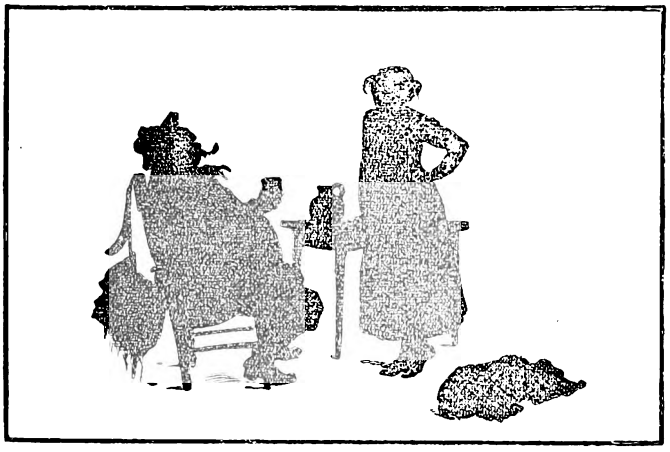
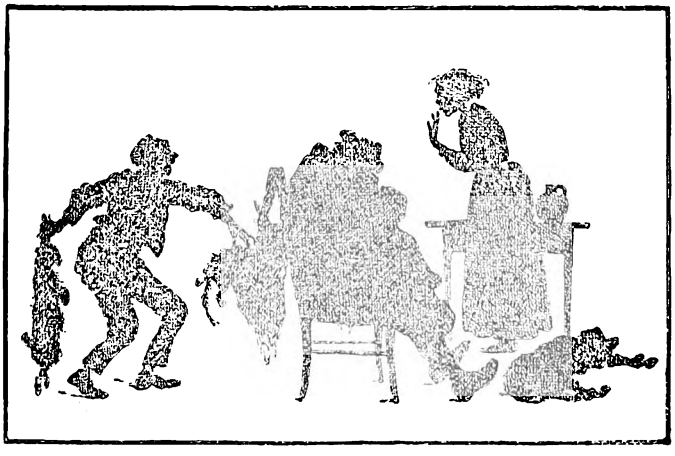


The Tired Nimrod: "A glass of ale, my dear."



The Tired Nimrod: "Yes, my dear, I shot the beast at a hundred yards.



A dark deed.

ANGRY ADVERTISER: "If you think I am going to pay you for this ad. you are mistaken."

ADVERTISING CLERK: "What's the matter with it?"

ANGRY ADVERTISER: "You promised to put it next to reading matter, and you've got it right alongside a column of poetry."

* * *

A JURYMAN'S EXCUSE.

Some entertaining stories are told of the tricks by which men summoned to attend as common jurymen attempt to avoid the duty cast upon them. A court official says that one morning a little girl whose eyes just appeared above the desk, timidly exclaimed: "Please, sir, father can't come; he can't put on his boots."

The official asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated; evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the official's twinkling eyes, she said: "Well, sir, father don't wear boots; he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all."

* * *

WIFE: "What makes you so late to-night, dear?"

HUSBAND (with indignation): "I've been arrested."

WIFE: "Arrested?"

HUSBAND: "Yes. I bought an umbrella to-day and marked on it, 'Stolen from H. Smirk.' The first policeman I met arrested me. I told him my name was Smirk, but he wouldn't believe me."

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"Isn't Potter a believer in the faith cure?"

"He is."

"Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was ill?"

"It is quite true."

"Why, I saw the doctor go into his house just now!"

"Oh, that's all right. He's ill now himself."

* * *

Mr. Quick (calling upon Mr. Parvenu in his new town residence): "Them your ancestors up there, Jake?"

Mr. Parvenu: "Yes, sir. The whole line of 'em from right back."

Mr. Quick: "Well, Jake, they came very near being mine, too, and would if I hadn't found a job lot of old portraits at Stickstein's auction round that came £50 cheaper."

* * *

He went to dine with a bachelor friend who prided himself that his few pictures were gems. After having enjoyed themselves well—too well in fact—at dinner, they adjourned to the picture gallery, where the host pointed out to his guest a landscape saying:

"What do you think of that my boy, eh?"

"Beautiful, old chap, very fine, awfully good; them trees wave about so naturally."

* * *

Laura: "I don't know, George, it seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost?"

George: "The cost, Laura? The cost? Bless you! I've got a clergyman cousin that'll marry us for nothing!"

The Tired Nimrod: "You may keep the change, my dear."

The Tired Nimrod: "The biggest hare you ever saw. Shot him at a hundred yards!"

Tableau.

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Charlie: "Aw—I say, portah, must I take an extra ticket for a puppy."

Porter: "I reckon you can travel as an ordinary passenger."

* * * * *

ASPIRANT: "What is the chief requisite for a young lady entering the literary field?"

EDITOR: "Postage stamps."

* * * * *

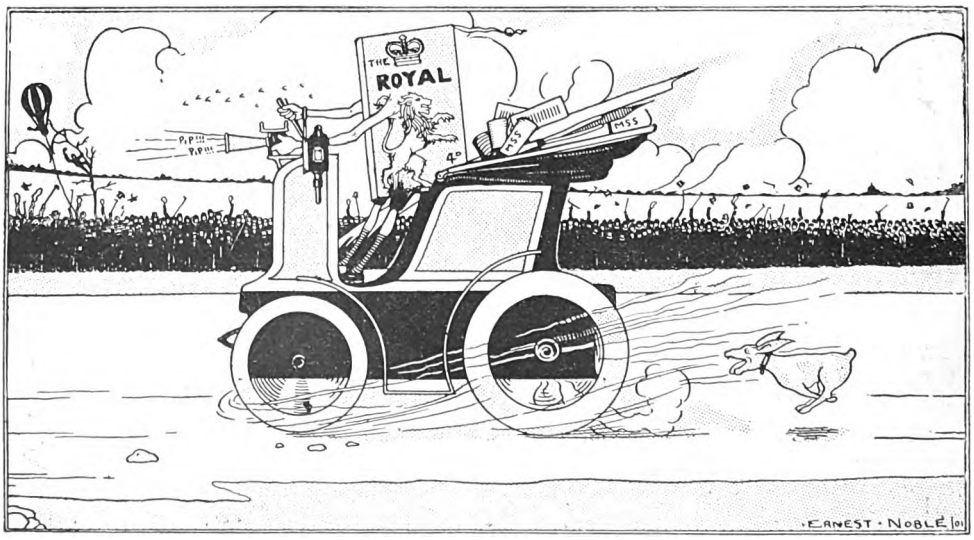
HAVE.

Have you ever been had by a "have?" Has a friend, for instance, ever asked you suddenly, with a puzzled wrinkle of his brows: "What's on at the Lyceum just now?" and then, when you have obligingly told him, coolly made answer: "Oh, *I* thought it was the roof!" One of the most objectionable "haves" I have ever encountered is the one in which you are asked to pronounce "M-a-c-g-r-e-i-g," and, when you have done this, to pronounce "M-a-c-A-l-i-s-t-e-r," and then M-a-c-L-e-a-n," and then "M-a-c-D-o-n-a-l-d," and "M-a-c-D-o-u-g-a-l," and "M-a-c-h-i-n-e," Unless one is very wide-awake, one naturally says "Mac-Hine."

Then again, there is a spelling "have" of the same nature with which most people can be caught. You tell some innocent friend that he cannot spell four easy words that you will give him within half a minute. If he thinks he can, you ask him to spell "Receive." This he does correctly, and you ask him to spell "Believe." Next you ask him to spell "Conceive." "C-o-n-c-e-i-v-e," says he, but you say "No," and continue to say "No" to every fresh attempt he makes, until the half minute has passed. Then you tell him that "No" is spelt "N-o."

"Eh mon, I see nae joke in that."

If you have ever been had by a "have," I shall not only be pleased to hear from you about it, but will give a prize of half-a-guinea for the most ingenious "have" that is addressed to the "Have Editor," care of ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London.



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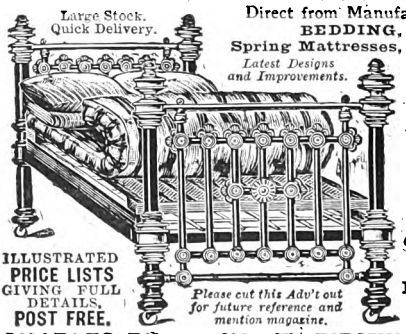

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1/1½ & 2/9

THE MEDICINE
OF THE
WORLD

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!!

"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams.*

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION
THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE
IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

It is not too much to say that the merits of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, **PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS.** Its effect on a **DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH CONDITION** is **SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.** It is, in fact, **NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,** and an **UNSURPASSED ONE.**

CAUTION.—*Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.*

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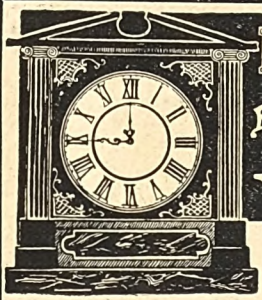

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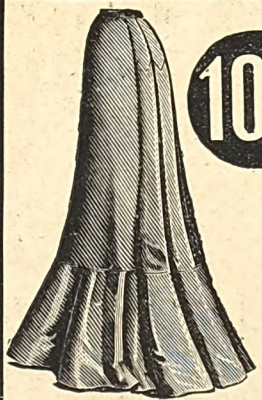

10/6

MODEL 697.
Stylish Skirt, with lined Flounce, two box pleats at back.

MODEL 800.
Charming Coat and Skirt for Autumn. Full, well 10/6 cut skirt and tailor-cut coat which fastens with three buttons. In **John Noble Cheviot Serge and Costume Coating.** Price **10s. 6d.**, carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5s. 6d.**, carriage 5d. Also in fine wool serge, lined throughout, **21s.**

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An exceptionally well-made Reefer Coat, with fitting back, smartly cut in good wearing cloth of fawn or black. Velvet collar and neat buttons 8/6 Price only **8s. 6d.**, carriage 6d.
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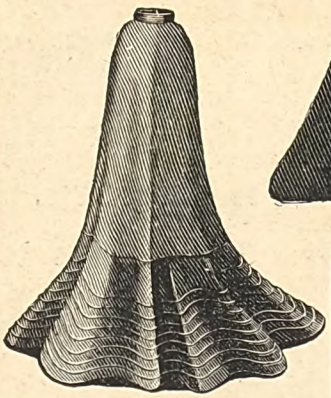

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In Cheviot Serge, Black, Navy, or Grey ...	6/6	10/6
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,, **Plain Alpaca,** Black, Navy, or Grey, Lined	12/-	13/9
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,, **Fine Costume Cloth**	13/9	16/9
,, **Fine Poplin Dress Fabric**	14/3	17/-

Thousands of Garments in Stock Ready for Immediate Wear.

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of **LADIES' COSTUMES** fit figures 34, 36, and 38 inches round the bust under arms, and 24, 26, and 28 inches round the waist, the skirts being 38, 40, and 42 inches long in front. Larger sizes up to 40 inches in bust measure cost 2s. extra.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating** (6 yds., 52in. wide) for **7/6**; carriage, 8d.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

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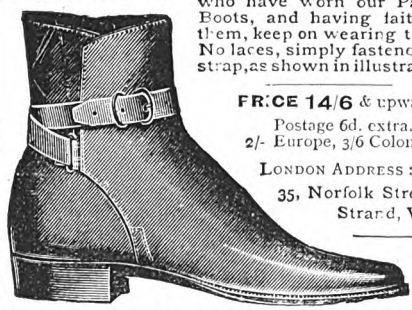

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ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1½d. tins.

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"TATCHO"
The Hair Renewer.

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,"

said **Mr. Geo. R. Sims** to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In 'Tatcho' I have discovered **a remedy capable of working wonders.**"

"'TATCHO' IS INVALUABLE,"

writes **Princess Eugenie Cristoforos Palœlogue,** "I would not be without it on any account."
Belvedere Hotel, Kensington, W.

"I COULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED,"

avers **Major.-Gen. Keate,** "that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time. 'Tatcho' is excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life."
High Croft, Winchester.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast empire. The Company have decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr Sims' discovery to do so. The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertising. To enable you to participate in this distribution, cut out the coupon under Mr. Geo. R. Sims' photo and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for **1/10**, in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large **4/6** trial bottle, post free.

"Tatcho" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the world, in Bottles, at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

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This Coupon entitles the holder to one 4s. 6d size Large Trial Bottle of Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' HAIR RENEWER for 1s. 10d. post free,
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The Whole Funds and Profits Belong to the Members

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The Profits of the Seven Years to 31st December 1901

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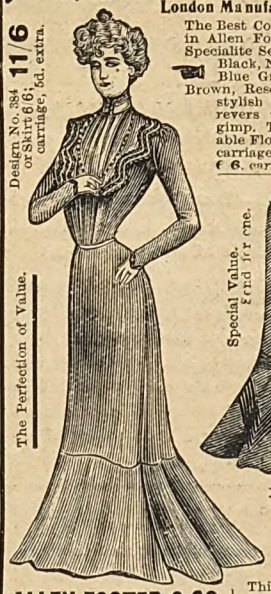

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The Best Costume on the Market—Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s world-renowned Specialite Serge and Venetian Cloth. In Black, Navy, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Blue Grey, Light and Dark Fawn, Brown, Reseda, Purple, and Red. Very stylish bodice, with pleated front, revers trimmed with good corded gimp. The Skirt has the new fashionable Flounce. Price complete, **11/6**, carriage, 6d. extra; or Skirt alone, **6/6**, carriage, 5d. extra.

Special Value. Send for one.

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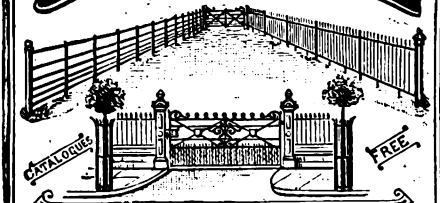

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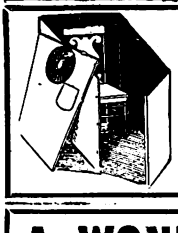

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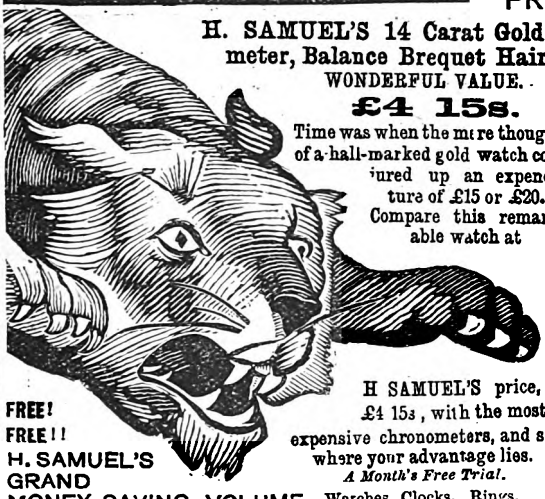

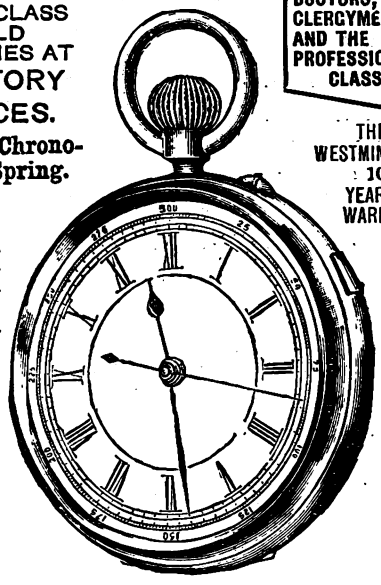

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State size usually worn or send shape of foot on paper or old boot.

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Purest of the Pure. Splendid for a Cold.
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We know you want to get cured of your skin trouble, but probably you think it impossible, or you have spent so much hard-earned money that you are afraid to venture on something else. Now, let us tell you that not only can you get rid of any form of chronic skin disease in a short time, as quickly as you can be cured of an ordinary cold, but your health, in consequence, will be bettered by the removal of the humiliating symptoms and worry.

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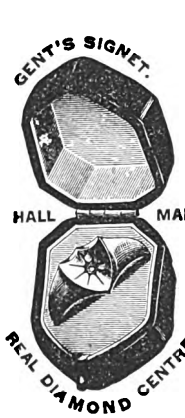
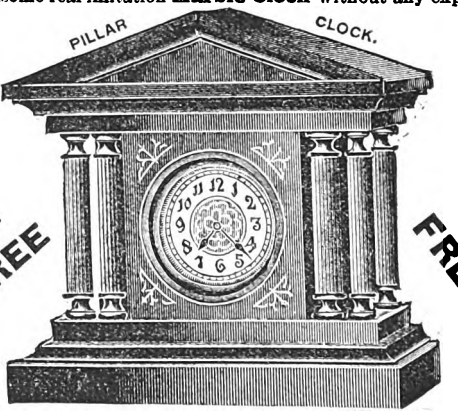
Remember, we do not ask you to part with one penny of your money. We want agents to sell our jewellery (which we send you free), and we will give you **Handsome Presents** and **Cash Prizes Free.** We simply ask you to sign the form at the bottom of this page and send to us, or copy all out on a postcard and post to us, when we will immediately forward to you our parcel of Nine articles of Jewellery **Free,** which we ask you to sell for us at **1/6** each, and when we receive from you the 13/6 you have obtained by the sale of same we will dispatch to you by return our **Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant** or our handsome real imitation **Marble Clock** without any expense to you.

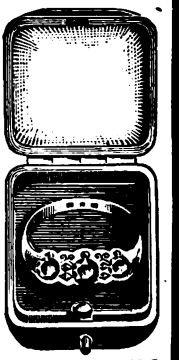


FREE

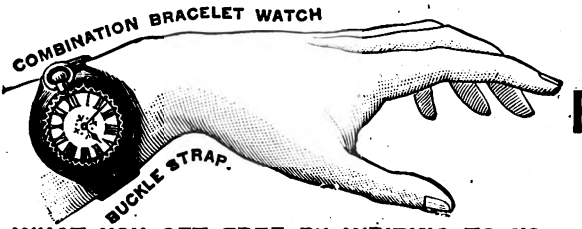


HANDSOME DECORATED FACE.

FREE



SEND NO MONEY.



ALL FREE TO YOU.

WHAT YOU GET FREE BY WRITING TO US.

For selling Nine articles of jewellery we give you a **real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or our real imitation **Marble Clock,** Lady's Bracelet, with Watch as illustrated, or other present you may choose. **For selling Seven articles** we give you a **Lady's or Gent's Watch** without Chain and Pendant, or a real imitation Marble Clock without pillars, but with lion head ornaments. **For selling Five articles** you can have **free** a set of Steel Carvers or an E.P. Silver Cruet, or an Alarm Clock. We give you a Globe Timekeeper **for selling Three articles,** or a serviceable Fountain Pen with gold colour nib, &c., &c. Please understand there is no risk whatever in taking these goods. We trust you absolutely, and it costs you nothing to try. Thousands of letters have been received from delighted customers.

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Fill in your Name and Address (in full) on this Form, or, if you prefer, copy the Form out on a Postcard, sign it, and post to us.

GOODS COUPON.

THE BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE,
(DEPT. 58) 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Please send me your parcel containing Nine articles of Jewellery, price 1/6 each, which I will do my best to sell for you. When I have sold them, and you have received the 13/6 obtained by the sale of them, it is understood that you will send me **absolutely free a Lady's or Gent's Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or **any other present** I may choose from your list.

Should I fail to sell all your Jewellery, I hereby agree to return those unsold, along with the money for any sold, within four weeks from date, when you will send me a present according to quantity sold.

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE, (DEPT. 58), 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

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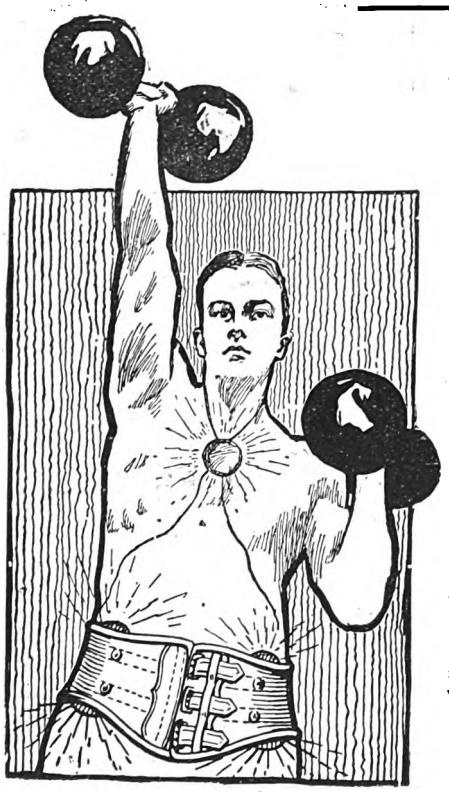
30 Days' Free Trial.

Restoration of Nerve Strength and Muscular Power gained by wearing the RICHARDSON PERFECTED ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT. Every Weak, Nervous, and Enfeebled Man and Woman should test it for themselves.

This scientifically constructed and successful curative appliance will be sent free on Thirty Days' Trial, so that all sufferers may experience the benefit of renewed strength and vigour—without cost.



Thousands of people are daily struggling with some form of disease that undermines their strength and powers. To all such, New Life and Vigour are magic words that will not pass unheeded when brought home to these hosts of sufferers. We especially appeal to the vast and increasing Army whose ranks comprise the Weak, the Nervous, and the Enfeebled, and every one languishing for those greatest of all blessings, Relief from Pain, Restored Vitality, and Robust Health.

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The Richardson Electro-Galvanic Battery Belt, in its fabric and elements, is a unique combination unequalled for comfort and efficiency. It is the acme of perfection of what a curative electrical appliance should be. There is no metallic contact with the skin, and therefore no irritation. It is speedily efficacious in its action, and an agreeable support. It is, in fact, the outcome of many years' profound study and experiment as to the most perfect means ever yet devised of applying Nature's own remedy—Electricity—for the cure of disease.

Electro-Galvanism, as we skilfully employ it, makes the weak strong, and the strong stronger. It restores shattered nervous systems, and relieves racking, wearying pain.

It enriches the blood and quickens its circulation. Its unseen current creates new life, and renews within those natural forces, the loss of which are the first symptom of decay.

As a nervine tonic and invigorating agent it has no equal in the whole field of therapeutics, and may be relied upon to restore weakened constitutions to pristine strength and energy.

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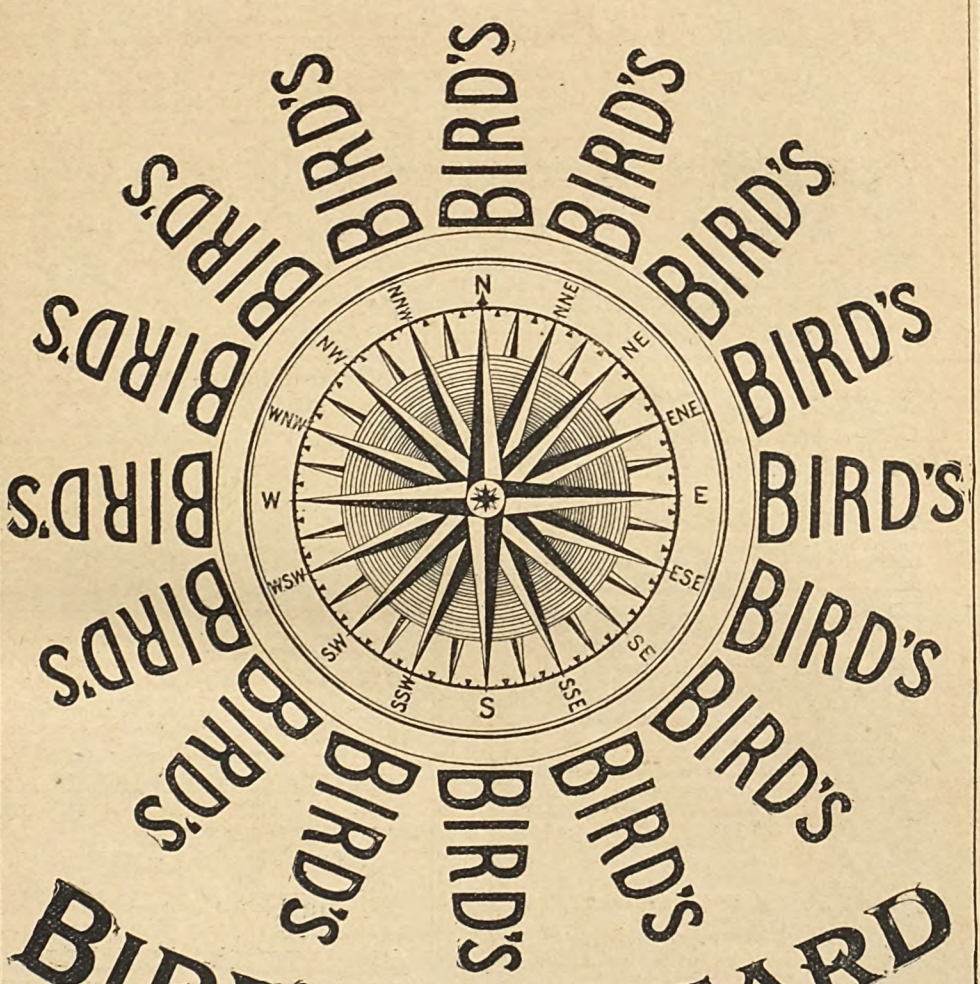

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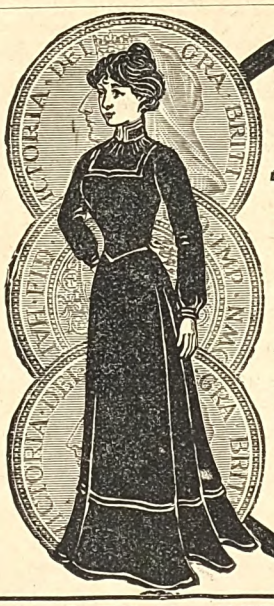

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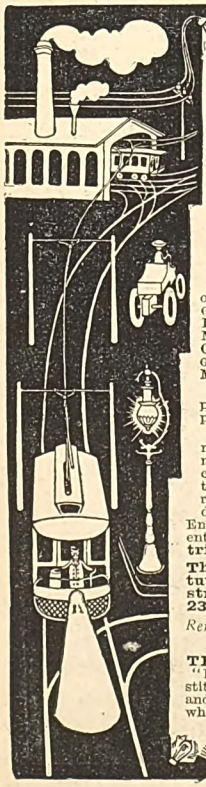

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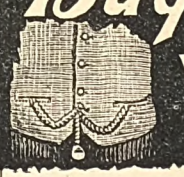

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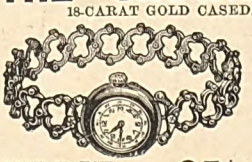

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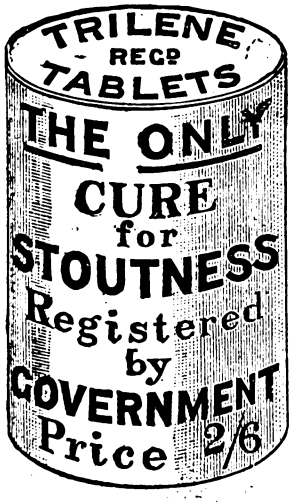

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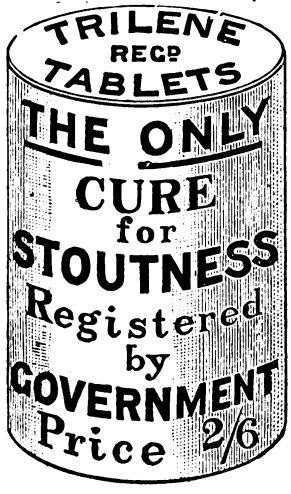

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Miss E. Lee, 5, Granville Road, Victoria Park, Leicester, writes: "I can recommend your Tablets, which I think a very fine thing. Diet is no good."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1896 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mr. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Sufferedn u'told trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure.'

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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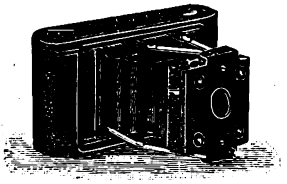

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—V. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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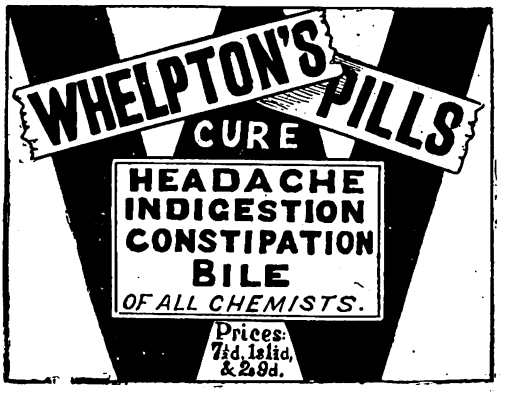

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Photo, Marceau.

EDNA MAY.

It was at the New York Horse Show, the most swagger social event across the sea. Balconies, stalls, boxes, and promenades were filled to overflowing with all the beauty and fashion of American society. The "Belle of New York" suddenly makes her appearance, not in a Salvation Army uniform—no! but in a wonderful robe completely made of ermine, and costing close on three hundred pounds. There was a momentary hush, and every glass was turned on the beautiful young actress who had in turn stormed London and New York. Then arose a babble of many tongues, and for the next twenty-four hours Miss Edna May, her gown, her beauty, her career, was the one topic of conversation, And yet there are some who deny that the girl can act!

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

CORALIE BLYTHE.

She said some astonishing things, this dainty little blonde. "I am utterly happy, and I love the stage—but," she went on, "it's work after all, and all work is necessarily a hardship. Oh, for a cottage far away in the country, where I could live quite alone! How I should love the roses; I don't think I should ever tire of them!"

Miss Coralie Blythe, have you ever tried the existence you long for? No? Then try it for once, so that we may be certain to see you on the stage for many years to come. For you will never try it again.

LETTY LIND.

The charm of this wonderful girl is past finding out. There are many prettier actresses, and a few with a step and movement almost as light and graceful. But are there any who can smile like Letty Lind, or who give out such an atmosphere of perfect high spirits and unconquerable girlishness? None! So we love her, every man of us—do we not?

Photo, Bassano.

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Photo, Bassano.

LINA SEVERING.

She is hardly more than a child to-day—this lovely girl, but has already been many years on the stage. It was Sir Augustus Harris who first engaged her, together with her sister, and, true to his nature—there was never a more open-handed manager—immediately paid them a salary of seven pounds a week.

Miss Severing is always strictly chaperoned; she is a young lady whose smiling exterior hides, I should imagine, a very strong character. Take the slightest liberty with her, and I fancy you would not be long in repenting your temerity.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

MAIE SAQUI.

An Australian with a very sweet face and a genius for dancing that is almost unrivalled, she went on the stage at the age of thirteen—no very long time ago. She would like the mother country better if only it afforded her facilities for riding and driving equal to those she enjoyed in her native land. But the Thames covers a multitude of sins. "I love it!" she says, "and especially when somebody else does the hard work." Like Miss Nancy Girling, she is philosophical, and dislikes nothing and nobody—except (and I suspect her of being rather proud of this antipathy, as she shares it with our greatest soldier)—except cats.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

LOUIE POUNDS.

She tells the story very quietly: "He was evidently an admirer of mine, and had plagued me with letters for a long time. Of course, I never answered them. This annoyed him, I suppose, for one day, as I was leaving the theatre, he attempted to murder me—shot at me and missed, I'm glad to say. For this little escapade they gave him a protracted period of free lodging. But shortly after his release he was caught with a bottle of vitriol outside the stage door. That vitriol was meant for me." "And——?" "Oh, he's travelling abroad. I don't expect he'll visit England for many days to come."

Miss Pounds refused to be more explicit, and, to change the subject, told me that she finds refuge from periodical fits of depression in sport and Cowper's poetry.

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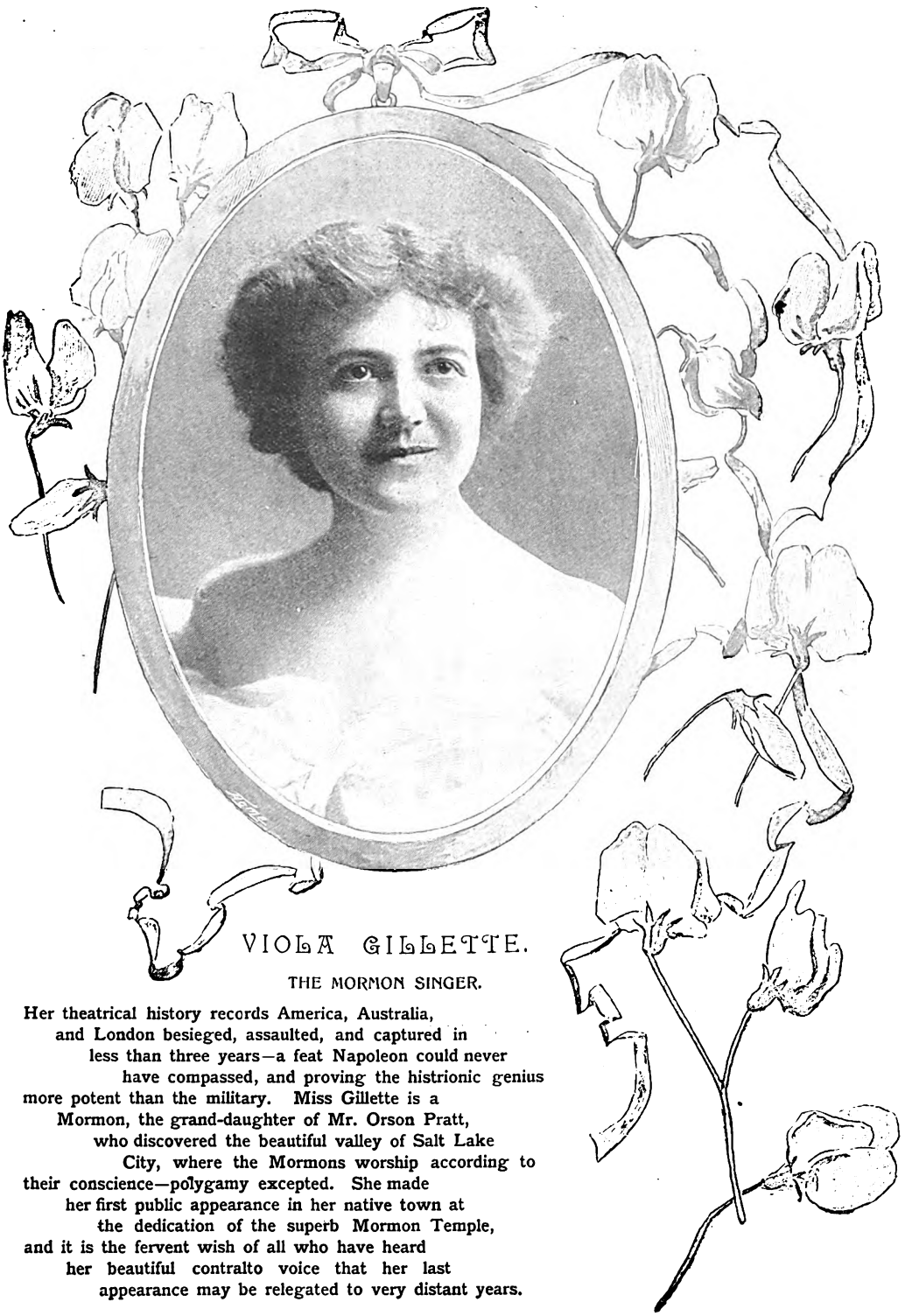
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"BOBS"

AN UNRECORDED CAMPAIGN

BY

LOUIS TRACY

Two great armies were drawn up in battle array. They were in deadly proximity. The firing lines of each force were separated by not more than three feet. The gunners could see the whites of their opponents' eyes. The cavalry, in the old days, would have already darkened the air with flights of javelins.

But this was no battle of the middle ages, with hosts of archers and bands of steel-plated knights. Everything was intensely modern, and the sun never yet shone upon a braver exhibition of all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

Howitzers and pom-poms, Long Toms and 4·7 "Powerfuls," Lee-Metfords and Mausers, lance, sword, and bayonet—all the fearsome engines of scientific warfare—were gathered in grim preparation for the ensuing slaughter. On the one side was ranged rank after rank of the Boer army, each man astride of a sturdy little pony.

Bearded, saucer-eyed, and slouch-hatted, these warriors looked to be eminently serviceable, and their bandoliers were crammed with cartridges of portentous size. To show the extent of Dopper contempt for the rooineks, they carried their rifles slung behind their backs, though the entire British army, horse, foot, and artillery, was about to assault them in force, and at such close quarters as might well have blanched the cheek of Wellington himself.

The first murderous onslaught was to be delivered by the C.I.V.'s, easily distinguishable by their khaki uniforms and broad-leafed hats looped up with bunches of cock's feathers.

They were as bright and eager for the fray as the most enthusiastic Londoner could wish them. Some carried their rifles at the "trail," others at the "slope." They were all running, towards the enemy of course, and every man was poised on one leg.

Behind them marched the Guards, not attired in the sombre garments in which democratic militarism has clothed all branches of Her Majesty's service when actively

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engaged in the field, but resplendent in the scarlet coats and towering bearskins so often seen among the trees in St. James's Park.

They were headed by their band, and in front of all strode a magnificent big drummer, whose glittering gold lace and spotless sheepskin must have rendered him the cynosure of every eye in the Boer force.

On the right flank galloped, or pranced, or trotted, or stood—but all in admirable dressing—a strange gathering of mounted men. Cuirassed Life-Guards, bold dragoons, smart Lancers and Hussars, members of Paget's Horse, Canadian troopers, and Australian Bushmen rode in successive squadrons.

Very much in advance, General French frantically waved his sword, while, in the immediate rear, were two guns of the Naval Brigade with a squad of Handy Men in attendance.

But it was on the left wing that the artillery made the most imposing display. Here were assembled guns of all calibres. A combined salvo from the lot must, at such a close range, annihilate every Boer in the field.

The Transvaalers, indifferent to danger though they seemed, would be considered very badly supplied with cannon, were it not that a British Mountain Battery—doubtless imbued with native love of fair play—had lent their services for the occasion. But the Boers did possess one portentous weapon.

It was a French quick-firer, so gigantic that the tallest man on the biggest horse present did not even approach the height of its axle. This monster dominated the entire *terrain*, and its moral effect, so far as looks went, was appalling,

The British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, attended by a solitary staff-officer (unrecognisable), surveyed operations from the top of a lofty eminence, but the Boer army had no visible leader, each fighting farmer being apparently left to his own devices.

Immediately in rear of the Boer lines, however, was a mysterious-looking square box, about twice the height of an average mounted man. Its massive proportions suggested a veiled horror. Perchance within that box was hidden the means wherewith the allied Republics intended to stagger humanity. Strangest feature of this martial spectacle, not a kopje was to be seen, save that on which Lord Roberts and his *aide* stood, and Briton and Boer alike scorned cover or trench.

The bright sun of a summer's afternoon shone in through the drawing-room windows of a house in North London and lit up the battle-field, a Turkey carpet, whilst Master Robert Fraser, aged six, the capitalist, or Imperialist, who had arranged this fell combat, surveyed his disposition of men and *matériel* with pardonable pride.

He laughed with such gleeful anticipation of the approaching slaughter that Jack, a fox terrier, jumped out of an arm-chair to see what had happened, whereupon General French and his charger fell headlong to the ground.

"Naughty Jack," cried the imperious Bobs—"Bobby" had sufficed before the war, but now he would answer to no other name than the familiar title of England's most famous general—"Naughty Jack, why don't you go away?"

Jack wagged his tail before sitting upon it at some distance behind the British massed artillery, a most unsafe position, as it transpired. General French was righted with difficulty. And the wonder was that his charger could stand at all, for in some previous struggle the poor beast's off fore-leg had been shot off clean from the shoulder, and close scrutiny revealed the place where the missing limb had been nailed on.

As it was, the animal could just maintain the appearance of a hard gallop, and the slightest tremor, not of fear, but of the earth itself, served to place the gallant cavalry leader *hors de combat*, for he was absolutely inseparable from his steed.

The discovery of this grave defect in the mount of such an important officer might have led the careful onlooker to note other strange discrepancies.

Notwithstanding the shining panoply of the combatants, it was painfully evident that they were old campaigners. Arms and legs were missing among both officers and men, and the reason Lord Roberts's staff-officer, standing beside the Commander-in-Chief on top of a foot-stool, could not be recognised, was found in the not uncommon reason that he had lost his head.

But now the first shot was fired. It came from the Boer's enormous cannon, which fired a monster wooden shell with a hollow in its base designed to hold a paper percussion cap.

The missile, therefore, was not only impelled by a powerful spring, but caused dismay by its loud explosion.

Aimed at the British artillery, the direction of the shot was good, but the elevation high.

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The shell missed the guns but struck Jack's nose, and the fox terrier bounded with a yelp into the depths of his distant arm-chair.

"Poor Jack!" cried the boy, running after him. Jack whimpered a little, then smiled (oh, yes, dogs can smile), and curled up tremulously.

"But really, Jack," continued Bobs severely, "you are the silliest dog I ever knew. No dog should stand in front of a loaded cannon, especially when it is fired."

Jack said nothing, but was evidently quite determined not to do such a thing again.

Then the battle re-commenced. The British horse artillery—a really fine-looking battery for which Bobs's father gave 7s. 6d. in a fit of wild extravagance—opened fire on the Boers. Their small brass guns discharged a weird projectile, made of solid iron wire, as long and as thick as the bore of each gun, and propelled with considerable force by a strong lever.

The first of these terrible shells skidded along the carpet like a chain-shot of olden days, and swept three of the stolid Boers out of its path. The next went harmlessly through the gap thus made in the enemy's ranks, and the third struck the uncanny wooden box—which might have contained a million or two in gold from its comparative size — but did no damage.

It was now the Boer's turn. The British Mountain Battery, four guns usually packed on mules, but now fitted into their little carriages, did serious mischief to the City Imperials, to the Guards, who lost their big drummer among other casualties, and to the artillery.

The sailors countered with the two 4·7's, demolishing the Boer left wing after taking ground to the right, as in their original

'Naughty Jack," cried the imperious Bobs . . . "Why don't you go away?"

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position they must have blown French's cavalry division into fragments.

The Boer Long Tom came again into action. This time the aim was good. The gigantic block of wood pitched right in the midst of the Royal Horse Artillery.

One gun was turned clean over, and out of eighteen mounted gunners only three remained fit for action, as the falling soldiers, even if not hit by the shell, overturned their comrades.

This sad mishap was rectified at the point of the bayonet. There was a general advance of cavalry and infantry, in which General French, though prostrate many times, always righted himself.

When not a Boer was left standing, the sailors and Royal Horse Artillery — rejuvenated with wondrous rapidity — commenced to bombard the square box. Shot after shot got home, but without appreciable effect, until at last the Boer Long Tom was captured and fired point-blank at it.

The third shell hit a concealed spring, the lid flew open, and Mr. Kruger bounced up, top-hat, whiskers, shabby frock coat and huge pipe, all complete.

Such a yell of triumph went up at this *denoûment*, that Mrs. Fraser came in from the library, where she had been sewing, to learn what caused the uproar, whilst Jack's eyes were wide open and staring at the apparition from the box. Clearly he wondered if it was not advisable to go and shake the thing.

"But really, Jack," continued Bobs severely, "you are the silliest dog I ever knew."

"What is all the noise about, Bobs?" cried his mother.

"Oh, mummy dear," he said, "I have had such a *beautiful* fight. Every Boer is killed and Kruger is caught."

His mother smiled at the scene of carnage, and Bobs was picked up from the floor and hugged. He was a delicate though lively little chap.

"But listen, mummy," he whispered, "do you think daddy will buy me Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking?"

"I am quite sure he won't," was the laughing answer. "Let me catch him wasting a guinea on such nonsense. Why, you

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spend every penny you get on soldiers and break them to pieces next day."

So Bobs was carried off to the library, and Jack trotted in after the pair, for Jack liked company.

* * * *

The tide of war might ebb or flow as it listed in South Africa, there was but one result to every battle in that North London drawing-room. Magersfontein, Paardeberg, Spion Kop, or Ladysmith Relieved, it was all the same. Every time were the Boers destroyed, and yet again they faced their battered assailants with dogged indifference and unslung rifles.

Various shillings were expended in bringing up recruits and mercenaries, an ambulance waggon and armoured train were added to the warlike outfit, but Bobs still sighed in vain for Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking.

Really, a guinea for a toy was an extravagance not to be thought of, so Bobs did his best with the mixed battalions he already possessed.

But one sad day in rainy September, a careless nurse allowed Bobs to sit on the damp grass in the garden, whilst the boy was energetically trying to instruct a miserable and shivering Jack in the art of balancing biscuits on his nose and tossing them in the air before eating them. So Bobs became ill.

He was hot and feverish that night, and not all his mother's skill could avail to mitigate the evil effects of the chill.

Next day the doctor came.

"It is a bad cold," he said. "He must be kept in bed and the temperature of the room must be maintained at 70°. We must first reduce this attack of fever and then tackle the cough which is sure to come, for his lungs are slightly congested. I will send you a mixture."

The days passed and Bobs grew worse. He was often delirious now, and in this state he fought all his old battles over again, wringing the hearts of both father and mother by a pathetic echo of his former gaiety in cheering on his troops or applauding some particularly lucky shot.

Often the tiny voice would be heard lamenting the absence of Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking, and tears would spring unbidden to the parents' eyes at such moments.

Frequently the doctor heard him and wondered what the child meant by the phrase, though he did not think it necessary to inquire more closely after Mrs. Fraser's first sobbing explanation of her little one's fondness for toy soldiers.

At last the fever abated, and with it went the dry hacking cough which not only convulsed the slight frame of the sufferer, but nearly maddened his parents with the sense of their helplessness.

Nevertheless, Bobs did not gain in strength. His lethargy was almost more hopeless than the disturbing violence of the earlier attack. He would neither eat nor talk, nor do anything but lie there wasting quietly to a shadow.

Then a day came when the doctor looked grave and suggested to Mr. Fraser a consultation with a very eminent specialist.

"I do not think he will vary my treatment," he said, "but it will be more satisfactory to you."

The father knew what this meant, and bowed his head in silent anguish. Then he signified his wish that the specialist should be sent for.

The great man came, listened to the history of the case, surveyed temperature charts kept by the professional nurse whom Mr. Fraser had long since engaged to take the burden of incessant watching from his wife's shoulders, felt Bobs's pulse, used a stethoscope, put a clinical thermometer under his tongue, and did all those things which are the outward and visible signs of the consulting physician. He departed from routine in so far that he did not retire to another room for a private talk with the family doctor.

"The congestion is gone," he said, "and there is not a sign of fever. But the little chap's vitality is very low. I should say he is a child in whom the mental dominates the physical. If we could only stimulate the brain, arouse his interest in something, I should have hopes for him. As it is, he is in a dangerous state of collapse."

"He is very fond of soldiers," said the heart-broken mother. "He was always playing with them—with toy soldiers, I mean."

"Has he seen his toys recently?"

"Yes. Here they are. He notices them if arranged on a table, but only for a moment."

"By-the-way, Mrs. Fraser," put in the other doctor, "when in delirium, he often spoke of Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking. What was he alluding to?"

The specialist, during this conversation, fixed his eyes on Bobs and noticed that a

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flicker of animation passed over the little face at his colleague's question.

Mr. Fraser explained.

"Once when he was walking with me," he said, "we passed a toy shop where there was a fort or castle, surrounded by a moat with a drawbridge and a gateway. A toy soldier with a Union Jack was standing on a sort of central tower or keep, and Bobs would have it that the place was Mafeking and the soldier Colonel Baden-Powell. He set his heart upon having it, so I inquired the price. It was a guinea and I thought it too dear. I wish now——" but he could go no further.

Never for an instant had the strange doctor withdrawn his attention from Bobs, who listlessly turned in his cot towards the group and gazed at them with wide-open though sleepy eyes.

The specialist whispered to the nurse: "Try and get him to doze a little while," and then motioned to the others to accompany him out of the room.

When the door was softly closed, he said to Mr. Fraser:

"Where is this toy-shop with the fort? Is it close at hand?"

"Quite near. Between this house and Regent's Park."

"Come with me. I will drive you there. I have an experiment in my mind that is, at least, worth trying."

Half an hour later, the two doctors with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, crept noiselessly into the sick room, and Jack, the fox terrier, slunk in unseen behind them. Bobs was slumbering, with fitful and laborious breath.

The specialist carried in his hand a most mediæval castle, with hoary battlements and bright green clumps of ivy. This he placed on a table just the height of Bobs's bed. All over the castle walls, in the gateway, and about the inner court-yard, he stationed Soldiers of the Queen from Bobs's miscellaneous collection, and General French, on his prancing charger, occupied a prominent position on the lowered drawbridge.

The day came when the doctor looked grave.

On the topmost tower stood a brand new Khaki officer, his right hand clasping the pole of a resplendent Union Jack, and no one who saw him could possibly doubt that this was a life-like presentment of the hero of Mafeking.

"Wake him, nurse, and offer him some milk, but contrive to turn him this way."

The soft voice spoke to Bobs and the

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skilled hands raised him gently, but the poor little fellow was so limp that he had hardly strength to refuse the proffered glass.

Suddenly his eyes caught the glorious display upon the table.

Wider and wider they opened in sheer astonishment. Resolutely, almost eagerly, he tried to balance himself on his left arm so as to view more clearly the marvellous spectacle. At last he was convinced. It was really true.

"Oh, mummy," he cried, with a full clear voice not heard during many weary weeks. "Oh, mummy, it is Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking!"

His mother could hardly trust herself to speak.

"Yes, darling, it is," was all she could say.

"Where is my Long Tom?" said Bobs, after another long gaze at the enchanted castle.

"Here, sweet one," and she produced the big French cannon out of a heap of toys hidden by a screen.

Alack and alas, Bobs wanted to fire at Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking forthwith. His weak fingers were not equal to the task of loading the gun by compressing the breech, so the specialist forthwith acted as his deputy, and for the next ten minutes did some marvellous execution among the occupants of the fort.

General French fell at the very first shot, not because he was hit, but because the drawbridge shook, and Bobs actually laughed.

"He always does that," he chuckled. "His gee-gee lost a leg, but he can fight just the same."

And then Bobs became very tired. He actually asked for a drink, and gulped down quite a quantity of milk.

"Three ounces," said the nurse to the specialist, with the pride of a professional triumph kindling her face.

Bobs took one last look at Mafeking and Baden-Powell, who, by the way, had carried his banner unscathed through the storm of wooden shells. Then he cuddled up in his cot with some degree of animated ease.

"I am sleepy now, mummy," he said, "but you won't take them away, will you?"

"No, dear. They will be here when you awake, for certain."

Then Bobs passed into the sound and restful sleep that means renewed life.

"That is all right," said the eminent specialist. "Milk, beef essence, and light puddings for a day or two, with care that he is not allowed out too soon. You will soon see your boy as strong as ever, Mrs. Fraser."

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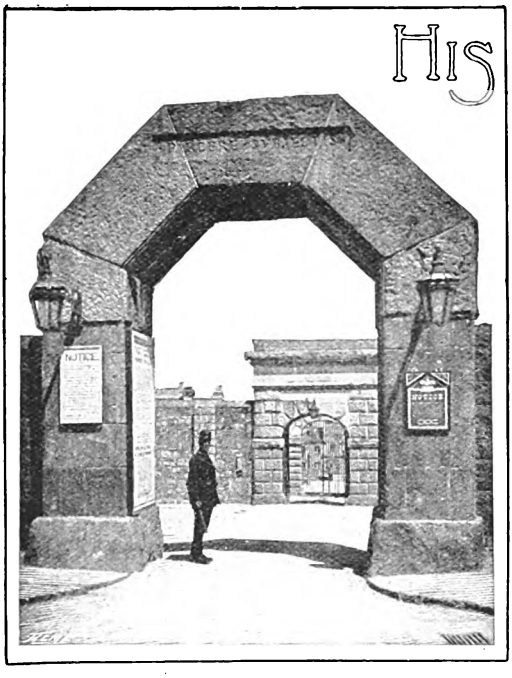

The first gateway of Dartmoor Prison.

His Majesty's Unwilling Guests

A Special Account of a Convict's Life at Dartmoor Prison.

By H. L. Adam.

Photographs by A. J. Campbell.

I recently undertook a journey, from London to Dartmoor, with a mission. My objective was Dartmoor Prison. I had with me a photographer, who brought along with him an imposing array of apparatus. Through the courtesy of the Prison Commissioners arrangements had been made for our reception.

Princetown is a very small village—you cannot call it a town—and you can almost count the buildings of any importance on the fingers of one hand. The most important, of course, is the prison, and to this we quickly made our way. It is distant but a few minutes' walk from the station. On the left you pass the churchyard, and on the right the warders' quarters. Nearly every building is composed of either stone or granite, lending a stern and uncompromising aspect to the place.

On the right is the main entrance to the prison. The first gateway, which is of granite, formed part of the original prison, in which the French and American prisoners of war were confined, and in which many died, in the early part of the nineteenth century. At the top are deep graven the words, "*Parcere Subjectis*" (To spare the fallen).

It were hardly necessary for me to state, but I will just mention it at the outset, that the strictest discipline prevails at Dartmoor Prison. We were handed from one officer to another with a "Stay here, please!" in between each, and an "All correct!" afterwards. This is a prison formula, and if we heard it once we heard it a hundred times. Finally we reached the Governor's quarters, and were received by the Deputy-Governor. Upon presenting our credentials, everything was found to be in order, and a special warder was told off to pilot us through and about the prison. We kept this official very busy for close upon two days.

I propose, first, to deal with the officers. Altogether there are 178. These include labour warders, assistant warders, principal warders, chief warder, and civil guard. The last-named, who always carry fixed bayonets, do duty along the outer wall, at the quarries, and with outside gangs. The principal warders are armed with swords, and the assistants, outside, with loaded carbines, and inside with truncheons.

Quite military discipline prevails among the officers. They salute their superiors, and address each other as "Sir." So assiduous are these men in the execution of their duties, so complete and perfect is the system of espionage which obtains in the establishment, that it is no exaggeration to say that not for a single moment is a prisoner out of the eye of one official or another.

There is a watch tower at the quarries, and another in the prison. These are round structures, with a small windowed apartment at the top, and a signal post rising from the centre. The latter is something like a railway signal-post, fitted with several semaphores, which drop flush into the post, and are worked out by means of wires. The code of

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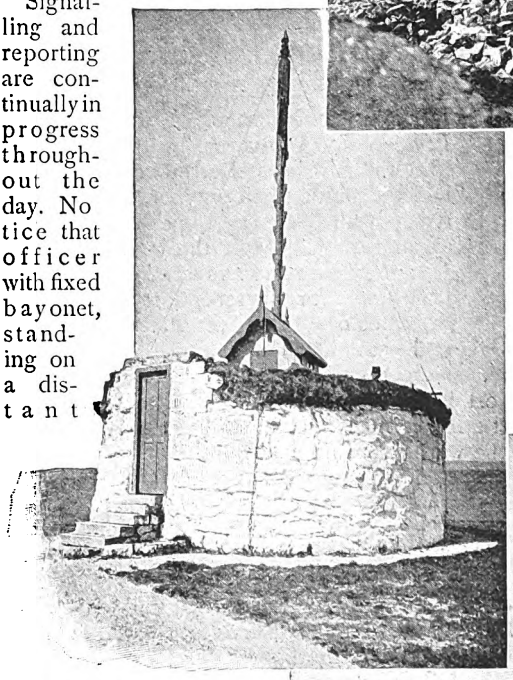
signals is secret, but the watchmen are able to report to headquarters anything that is in progress at any spot by means of the semaphores. Upon these towers officers are constantly stationed, sweeping the surrounding country with their telescopes, and receiving reports, some of them from a working two miles away on the moor.

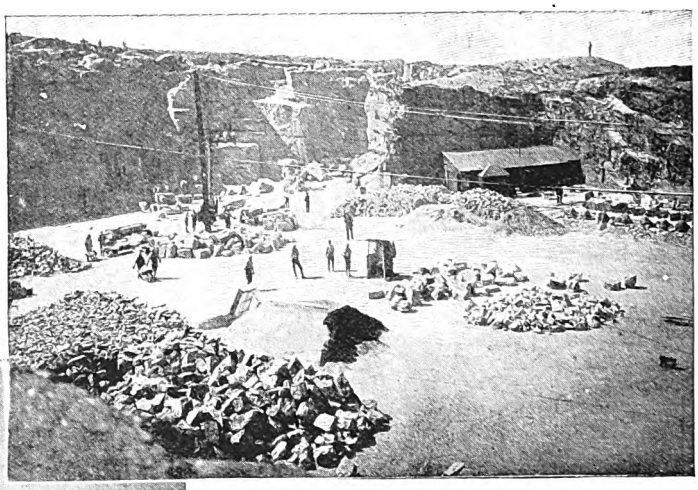
Signalling and reporting are continually in progress throughout the day. Notice that officer with fixed bayonet, standing on a distant



The watch tower at the quarries.

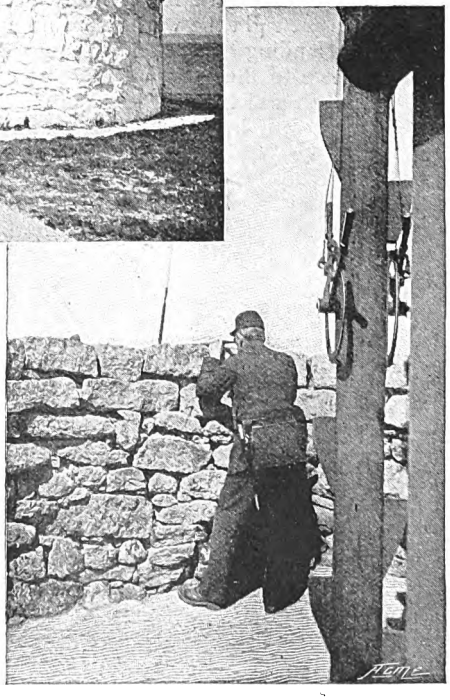
eminence, strongly silhouetted against the sky; he has been parading up and down, but he stops suddenly, and holds out his right arm. Turn and look into the valley, and you will see another officer reply by signal: "All correct."

The prison day begins with the ringing of a bell at ten minutes past five, when the prisoners rise. At



General view of the quarries.

half-past five the officers come in. At a quarter to six breakfast is served, and at seven service is held in the chapel. At 7.15 the men turn out for parade and labour; they are searched, and marched out to their various occupations, each batch being numbered and counted. In the operation of searching the prisoner takes off his cap with his right hand, and stands with his arms outstretched; the officer then goes down him, back and front, from top to toe. The whole thing is done very expeditiously, as indeed are most things in this establishment, for time is an important factor in its proper conduct.



An officer inside the watch tower.

The gangs return at eleven-ten, when the counting and searching are repeated, and they retire to their cells. Dinner is served at eleven-twenty-five, and they go back to work at one. The day's labour is finished at five, and supper is served at quarter-past. At eight they go to bed. Between supper and bed prisoners may do as they please with their

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time within the limits of their cells. Some read—most of the cells are well furnished with books—others write. I saw in one of the cells the draft of a letter pencilled on a slate, addressed to a "Dear Friend," and beginning, "No doubt you are sorry that I am here—."

It had evidently been a task of considerable difficulty to the writer, who was not too well gifted in caligraphy. A warder informed me that the prisoner would go on adding to and improving the epistle till he was thoroughly satisfied with it, when it would be produced on paper and dispatched in the usual manner.

A labour gang crossing the prison yard. Observe the prisoner with his hand before his face.

This is practically the routine, day in, day out; year in, year out. There were close on a thousand prisoners in occupation upon the occasion of my visit. Seven had just been released, and eleven fresh ones soon after arrived. They were driven over from Tavistock in a hired brake, which was fitted with black curtains all round. Most prisoners for Dartmoor are taken to Tavistock, because the journey can be made direct. If they go to Princetown they have to change.

I saw the prisoners paraded on several occasions. Among them I noticed some truly hideous faces, such faces that I thought I never should encounter during my life's journeyings. Independent of the prison dress, which, of course, is not calculated to impart an air of elegance to the wearer, these faces were superlatively ugly — physically and morally. They were the faces of men cradled in crime, and in all human probability destined to die in it. Obviously it is well for society at large that such creatures are safely impounded.

But, speaking generally, the majority—a large majority—were men of really pleasant

Checking the convicts after labour hours on their return to prison.

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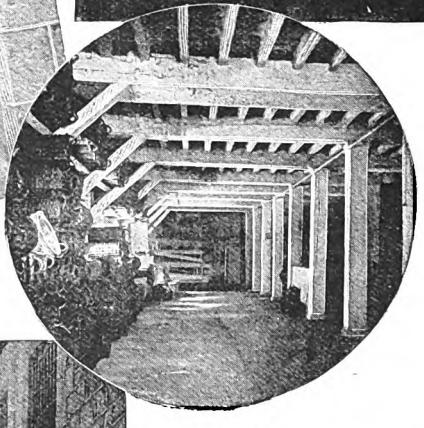
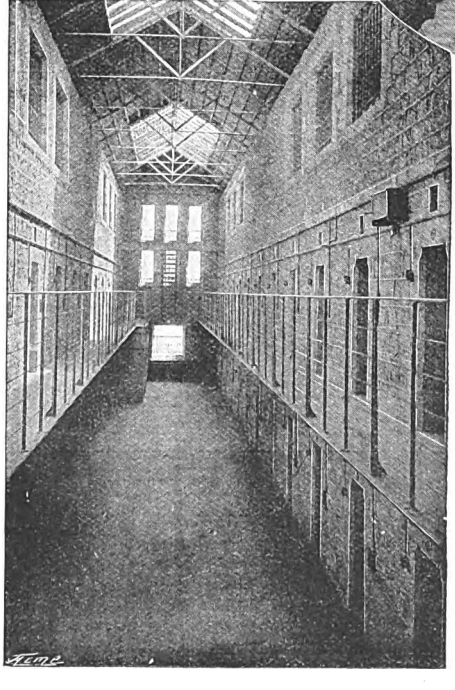
Refractory cell secured with three doors, two on the left and one on the right.

Interior of an ordinary cell.



The "Old Association Ward," in which the French prisoners of war were kept at the beginning of the last century. It is now used as a store room.



Entrance to new stone cells, not yet in use.

countenance, in some instances quite prepossessing in spite of the unfavourable conditions of their environment. They seemed quite content, moving about their tasks with alacrity and interest. This is not surprising, for the life is really much better than that led by some of them in the outer world. There is quite an amount of geniality and kindness between warder and prisoner when the latter is well-behaved and tractable. Instead of being regarded as a mere cypher, prisoners are often addressed by name. This, explained a warder, is much better than using a number, or no distinction at all, for when they are in a group it is difficult for a man to know when he is spoken to.

Every prisoner is taught to read and write up to the age of forty, provided he needs it, and a great many do. This is as it should be, for crime is largely the outcome of ignorance. They are also taught a trade, and herein lies the beauty of the system. Every man is an asset. He is productive. He is learning a trade, and while he is perfecting himself in it he is contributing to his own maintenance. That is a great improvement on the old method of non-productive labour. Even his punishment for rule-breaking is a saving in rations. As to the kind of trade to be adopted, a prisoner's

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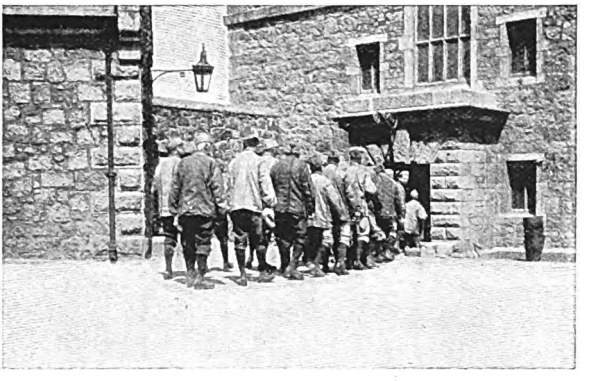
physical fitness and personal inclinations are studied.

When a man has completed his sentence he is given a new suit of clothes and any money which is due to him on account of good marks. In a five years' sentence he may earn £4, and £6 in a seven years' sentence. The latter is the most that can be earned. If prisoners behave well they also have a remission of one-fourth of their term, and during the last three months they are permitted to grow their hair and beard. If they were convicted in London they are returned there for identification and subsequently released. If they were convicted in the country they may claim to be discharged either in the country or in London.

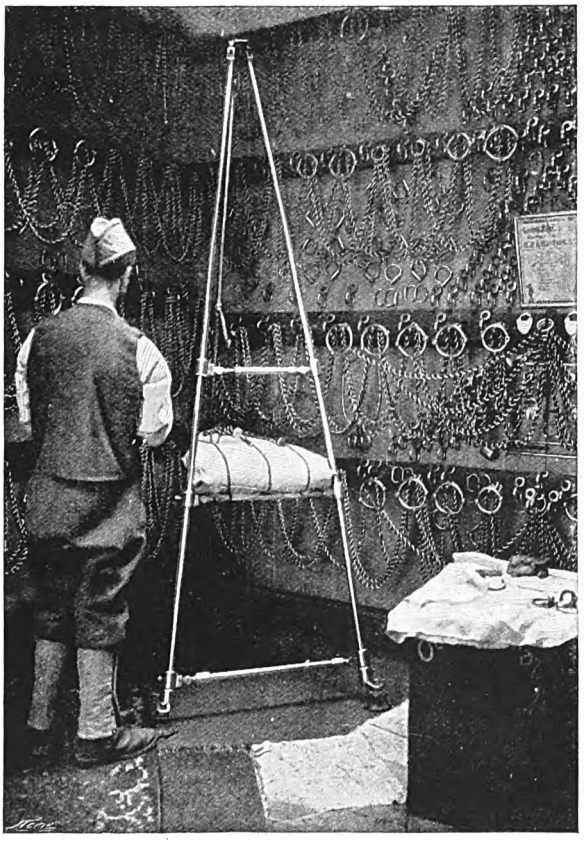


A gang returning home.

When a prisoner first arrives he is supplied with a drab cloth jacket, moleskin breeches, and short gaiters. In his second period he wears black facings, a short piece of cloth on the neck, and another on the sleeve. In the third period the facings are yellow. In the last year of a term not less than seven years, a "special service" dress is worn, all blue.

A few of the farm hands, who are to a certain extent privileged prisoners, wear jackets of blue, with red collars and cuffs. All prisoners wear what is called a "slop" jacket, which is blue with red stripes. The black dress is a punishment dress, which is worn by those who assault the warders. It is really a particolour dress. One half the tunic is black, and the opposite leg of the breeches; the remainder is drab. I saw only one man wearing this, a bad-tempered man, said the warder, who was repeatedly refractory.

For tearing up their clothes they get a stiff canvas suit, which is very uncomfortable, particularly when it gets wet. I saw three prisoners wearing this dress, and strangely enough they were nearly all of a size, small and insignificant. It looked as though the spirit of mischief had some relation to physique. In the case of a life sentence the letter "L" is affixed to the sleeve. Life sentences are reconsidered at the end of twenty years.



The chain room.

In the matter of photographs we encountered some peculiar experiences. We made our initial essay in the carpenters' shop, and met with a rebuff at the outset. A prisoner may object to being

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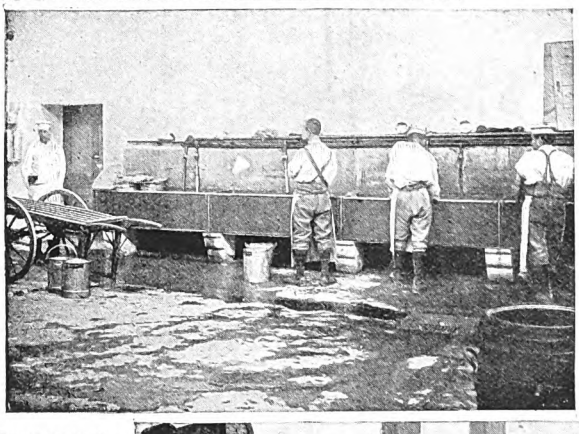
The bath rooms.

photographed for other than prison purposes, and his objection is always allowed. A prisoner in the carpenters' shop objected vehemently, and he was permitted to retire. He said he had once seen his portrait in the *Hue and Cry*, and that was quite enough for him. He was an old man — a coiner — and had practically spent his whole life in prison.

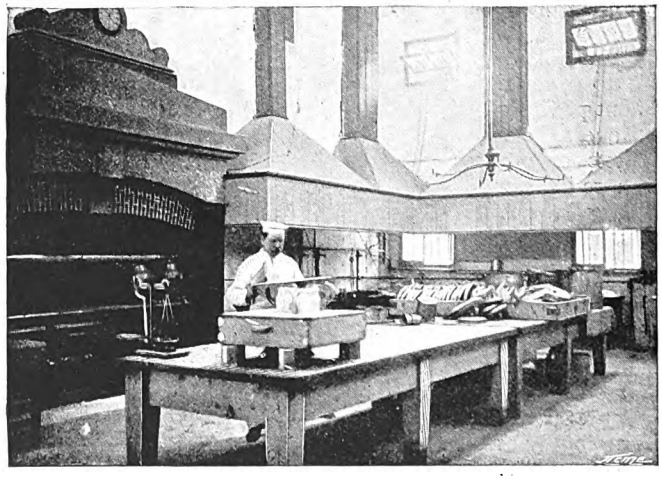


Convicts washing the plates.

Another man near him said he did not mind how he was taken, back or front, and so the picture was arranged accordingly. We started out with the intention of not photographing any prisoners in such a way that they should be recognisable, and we endeavoured to maintain this rule. Many prisoners, however, were almost anxious to appear in a recognisable position, but were not allowed.

There are two chapels — Catholic and Protestant. The former has the finest altar in Devon. It is made of granite, and was carved, polished, and painted by a prisoner. The workmanship is of the very best class, and it stands out in distinguished relief against the other and simpler decorations of the edifice.

Here, in these Dartmoor chapels, Divine worship is not a mere social function, a reunion of scandal-mongering neighbours, for the exploitation of fashionable garb; there is no purple bag passed round to support the dignity of ecclesiastical pomp. It is rather the worship of the Middle Ages, when the creed of Christ first dawned upon a benighted people. I was pleased and surprised to note the reverential attention of the congregation.



The prison kitchen.

The Prison Farm consists of 2000 acres, 1000 of which is re-claimed moorland. The process of preparing the ground for

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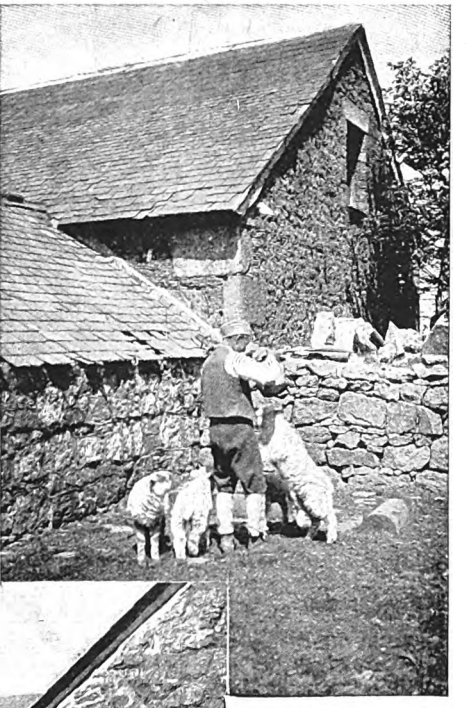
cultivation is very laborious, and not entirely satisfactory when accomplished. There are many drawbacks to contend with from the nature of the soil, the climate, and the growths which are indigenous to the district. Deep trenching, an elaborate system of drainage, and extensive manuring form the chief labours. Every acre of ground has to be treated with five tons of white lime, and of course stones in abundance have to be removed. Wheat can be grown, and though it will not ripen, produces good straw; luxuriant grasses are raised, but last only until they are choked out of existence by mosses and reeds. When this happens a further process of treatment becomes necessary.

All the work is carried out by the convicts, and I saw them busy at the various branches of labour—digging, sowing, weeding, manuring, milking, and feeding the live stock. From the farm bailiff I obtained the following figures concerning their live stock. There is an average of 80 horses and ponies, 450 sheep, and 130 cattle. There is also a very extensive piggery, but this was rather sparsely populated on account of a recent outbreak of swine fever, during which over 130 had to be slaughtered. The convicts are very successful at pony and cart-horse breeding, and realise some good prices at the annual sale. Among many other quaint and interesting things I saw a prison-bred pony in a trap which was made by a prisoner, a coach-builder.

I have already mentioned that a few of the farm hands are privileged prisoners, inasmuch as they are in the last year of their term.

One of these hands puzzled me considerably for a time, and set me on to a train of thought the end of which revealed an unpleasant truth. I had it from the bailiff, a communicative and genial Scot, that this prisoner was an accomplished farmer, and had done much excellent work. The man had served several terms. He had one of the most inviting and pleasing countenances I have ever seen in or out of prison; his face was constantly wreathed in smiles, and that he was possessed of kindly instincts was



A unique snapshot of one of the convicts and his pet lambs.

The farm buildings at Dartmoor.

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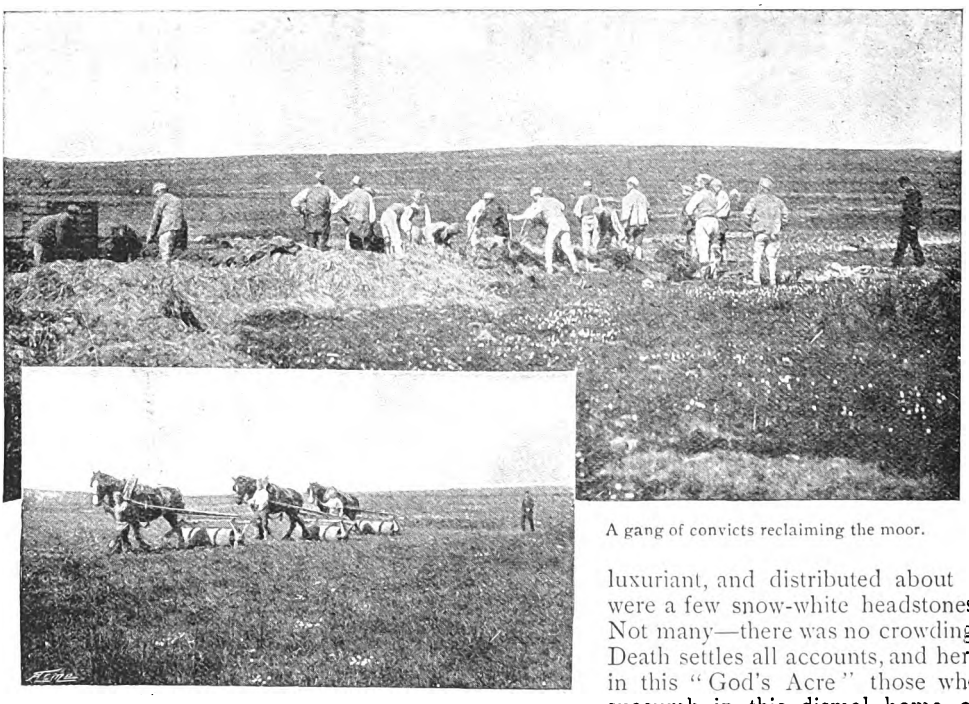

A gang of convicts reclaiming the moor.

On the farm. Convicts rolling the ground.

clearly demonstrated by his treatment of three motherless lambs. The ewe had died while her offspring were at a very tender age, and this convict was acting the part of foster parent to the young, feeding and tending them with the greatest solicitude. They were in fact known throughout the farm as So-and-So's pet lambs.

Later I saw this same man, with a fellow prisoner, sowing grass seed broadcast. It was not difficult to detect the professional from the amateur. He of the lambs was using both hands with wonderful speed and clockwork regularity; the other was using one hand only.

This individual haunted my memory for quite a while, until at length that perpetual smile gave me the key to an explanation—a weak mind. Evil associations did the rest.

On the way to the prison you pass the churchyard on the left, with its quaint stone church, which was under repair upon the occasion of my visit. The weather was brilliant, and Dartmoor was looking its brightest and best. The sun shone fierce from a cloudless sky, the air was laden with sweet perfumes, and was musical with the hum of myriads of winged insects.

The turf in the churchyard was long and luxuriant, and distributed about it were a few snow-white headstones. Not many—there was no crowding. Death settles all accounts, and here in this "God's Acre" those who succumb in this dismal home of punishment are given decent burial.

Many sleep the last long slumber in nameless graves, with not even a mound to mark their resting-place. Others there are whose friends, loving them in life in spite of their shortcomings, have been enabled to pay a last tribute to their memory in the form of an inscribed headstone. But even in death they are dominated by the cold, grey walls of the officers' quarters.

One peculiarity about the prison is the presence of large numbers of birds, particularly crows, which circle about and perch upon the walls, emitting their hoarse croakings the while, like vultures upon the Towers of Silence in India.

My guide informed me that about two score years ago there was not a single bird to be seen near the prison, but that one day an officer brought a few sparrows into it, and these enticed others, and so they continued to increase until they had attained considerable numbers.

In conclusion, I wish to tender my heartiest thanks to the following gentlemen:—To the Prison Commissioners, for their courtesy in affording me such excellent facilities for my task; to Mr. W. H. O. Russell, governor, and Mr. Platt, deputy-governor; to the chief warder and principal warder Luscombe, for their kindly assistance.

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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH IN PERCY STREET.

Being the Sixth of the Series of

"LONDON MYSTERIES."

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in the corner seat of the A.B.C. shop who explains the mystery to the* Lady Journalist, *who narrates the story.*
Mrs. Owen (*caretaker, found dead in Percy Street*).
Arthur Greenhill (*suspected of Mrs. Owen's murder*).
Charles Pitt (*artist*).

I.

That day I went to the A.B.C. shop with a fixed purpose, that of making the man in the corner give me his views of Mrs. Owen's mysterious death in Percy Street.

It certainly had always interested and puzzled me. I had had countless arguments with relations and friends as to the three great possible solutions of the puzzle—"Accident, Suicide, Murder?"

"Undoubtedly neither accident nor suicide," he said drily.

I was not aware that I had spoken. What an uncanny habit that creature had of reading my thoughts!

"You incline to the idea, then, that Mrs. Owen was murdered. Do you know by whom?"

He laughed, and drew forth the piece of string he always fidgetted with when unravelling some mystery.

"You would like to know who murdered that old woman?" he asked at last.

"I would like to hear your views on the subject." I replied.

"I have no views," he said drily. "No one can know who murdered the woman, since no one ever saw the person who did it. No one can give the faintest description of the mysterious man who alone could have committed that clever deed, and the police are playing a game of blind man's buff."

"But you must have formed some theory of your own," I persisted.

It annoyed me that the funny creature was obstinate about this point, and I tried to nettle his vanity.

"I suppose that as a matter of fact your original remark that 'there are no such things as mysteries' does not apply universally. There is a mystery—that of the death in Percy Street, and you, like the police, are unable to fathom it."

He pulled up his eyebrows and looked at me for a minute or two.

"Confess that that murder was one of the cleverest bits of work, accomplished outside Russian diplomacy," he said with a nervous

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laugh, "I must say that were I the judge, called upon to pronounce sentence of death on the man who conceived that murder, I could not bring myself to do it. I would politely request the gentleman to enter our Foreign Office—we have need of such men. The whole *mise-en-scéne* was truly artistic, worthy of its *milieu* — Rubens Studios in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road.

"Have you ever noticed them? They are only studios by name, and are merely a set of rooms in a corner house, with the windows slightly enlarged, and the rents charged accordingly in consideration of that additional five inches of smoky daylight, filtering through dusty windows. On the ground floor there is the order office of some stained glass works, with a workshop in the rear, and on the first floor landing, a small room allotted to the caretaker, with gas, coal, and fifteen shillings a week, for which princely income, she is deputed to keep tidy and clean the general aspect of the house.

"Mrs. Owen, who was the caretaker in January, 1898, was a quiet, respectable woman, who eked out her scanty wages by sundry—mostly very meagre—tips doled out to her by impecunious artists in exchange for promiscuous domestic services in and about the respective studios.

"But if Mrs. Owen's earnings were not large, they were very regular, and she had no fastidious tastes. She and her cockatoo lived on her wages; and all the tips added up, and never spent, year after year, went to swell a very comfortable little account at interest in the Bambridge Bank. This little account had mounted up to a very tidy sum, and the thrifty widow—or old maid—no one ever knew which she was—was generally referred to by the young artists of the Rubens Studios as a 'lady of means'—but this is a digression.

"No one slept on the premises except Mrs. Owen and her cockatoo. The rule was that one by one as the tenants left their rooms in the evening, they took their respective keys to the caretaker's room. She would then in the early morning, tidy and dust the studios, and the office downstairs, lay the fire and carry up coals.

"The foreman of the glass works was the first to arrive in the morning. He had a latch-key, and let himself in, after which it was the custom of the house that he should leave the street door open for the benefit of the other tenants and their visitors.

"Usually, when he came at about nine o'clock, he found Mrs. Owen busy about the house doing her work, and he had often a brief chat with her about the weather, but on this particular morning of February 2nd he neither saw nor heard her. However, as the shop had been tidied and the fire laid, he surmised that Mrs. Owen had finished her work earlier than usual, and thought no more about it. One by one the tenants of the Studios turned up, and the day sped on without anyone's attention being drawn noticeably to the fact that the caretaker had not appeared upon the scene.

"It had been a bitterly cold night, and the day was even worse; a cutting north easterly gale was blowing, there had been a great deal of snow during the night which lay quite thick on the ground, and at five o'clock in the afternoon when the last glimmer of the pale winter daylight had disappeared, the confraternity of the brush put palette and easel aside and prepared to go home. The first to leave was Mr. Charles Pitt; he locked up his studio and as usual took his key into the caretaker's room.

"He had just opened the door when an icy blast literally struck him in the face, both the windows were wide open, and the snow and sleet were beating thickly into the room, forming already a white carpet upon the floor.

"The room was in semi-obscurity, and at first Mr. Pitt saw nothing, but instinctively realising that something was wrong, he lit a match, and saw before him the spectacle of that awful and mysterious tragedy which has ever since puzzled both police and public. On the floor, already half covered by the drifting snow, lay the body of Mrs. Owen face downwards, in a nightgown, with feet and ankles bare, and these and her hands were of a deep purple colour; whilst in a corner of the room huddled up with the cold, the body of the cockatoo lay stark and stiff."

II.

"At first there was only talk of a terrible accident, the result of some inexplicable carelessness which perhaps the evidence at the inquest would help to elucidate.

"Medical assistance came too late, the unfortunate woman was indeed dead, frozen to death, inside her own room. Further examination showed that she had received a severe blow at the back of the head, which must have stunned her and caused her to fall, helpless, beside the open window. Temperature at five degrees below zero had done the rest. Detective Inspector Howell discovered close to the window a wrought iron gas

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bracket, the height of which corresponded exactly with the bruise at the back of Mrs. Owen's head.

"Hardly had a couple of days elapsed when public curiosity was whetted by a few startling headlines, such as the halfpenny evening papers alone know how to concoct.

"'The mysterious death in Percy Street,' 'Is it Suicide or Murder?' 'Thrilling details—Strange developments.' 'Sensational Arrest.'

"What had happened was simply this:

"At the inquest a few certainly very curious facts connected with Mrs. Owen's life had come to light, and this had led to the apprehension of a young man of very respectable parentage on a charge of being concerned in the tragic death of the unfortunate caretaker.

"To begin with, it happened that her life, which in an ordinary way should have been very monotonous and regular, seemed at any rate latterly to have been more than usually chequered and excited. Every witness who had known her in the past concurred in the statement that since October last a great change had come over the worthy and honest woman.

"I happen to have a photo of Mrs. Owen as she was before this great change occurred in her quiet and uneventful life, and which led as far as the poor soul was concerned to such disastrous results.

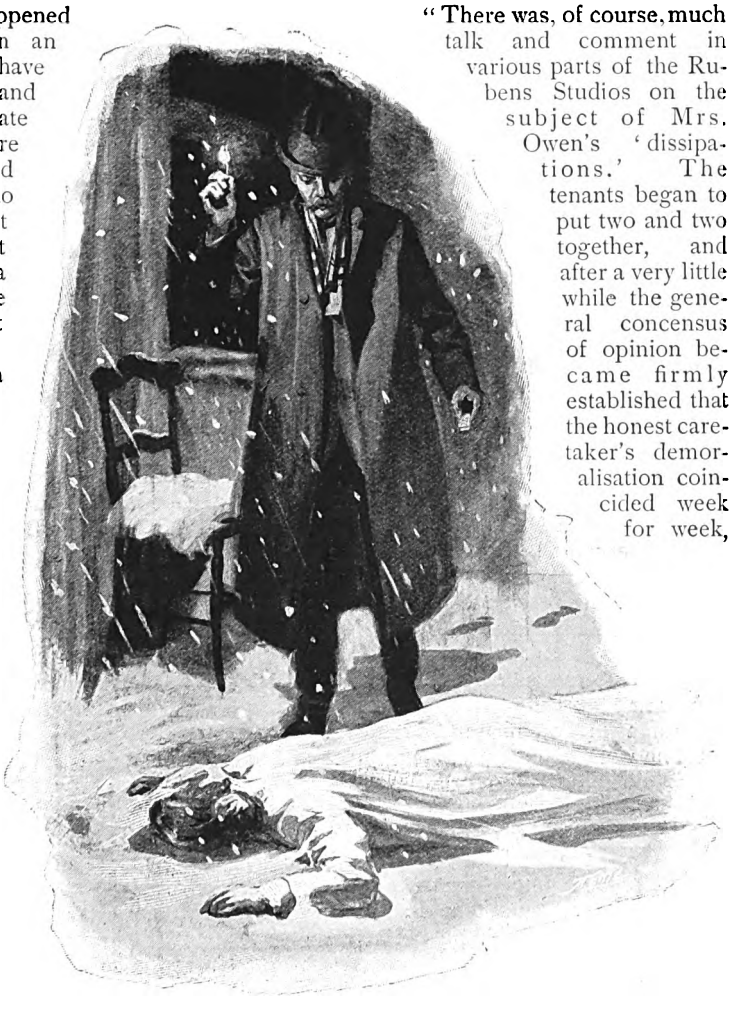
"Here she is to the life," added the funny creature, placing the photo before me—"as respectable, as stodgy, as uninteresting as it is well possible for a member of your charming sex to be; not a face you will admit to induce any youngster to temptation or to lead him to commit a crime.

"Nevertheless one day, all the tenants of the Rubens Studios were surprised and shocked to see Mrs. Owen, quiet respectable Mrs. Owen, sallying forth at six o'clock in the afternoon, attired in an extravagant bonnet and a cloak trimmed with imitation astrakhan which—slightly open in front—displayed a gold locket and chain of astonishing proportions.

"Many were the comments, the hints, the bits of sarcasm levelled at the worthy woman by the frivolous confraternity of the brush.

"The plot thickened when from that day forth a complete change came over the worthy caretaker of the Rubens Studios. While she appeared day after day before the astonished gaze of the tenants and the scandalised looks of the neighbours, attired in new and extravagant dresses, her work was hopelessly neglected, and she was always 'out' when wanted.

"There was, of course, much talk and comment in various parts of the Rubens Studios on the subject of Mrs. Owen's 'dissipations.' The tenants began to put two and two together, and after a very little while the general concensus of opinion became firmly established that the honest caretaker's demoralisation coincided week for week,



On the floor, already half-covered by the drifting snow, lay Mrs. Owen

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"Miss Bedford . . . found Mrs. Owen in tears."

almost day for day, with young Greenhill's establishment in No. 8 Studio.

"Everyone had remarked that he stayed much later in the evening than anyone else, and yet no one presumed that he stayed for the purposes of work. Suspicions soon rose to certainty when Mrs. Owen and Arthur Greenhill were seen by one of the glass workmen dining together at Gambia's Restaurant in Tottenham Court Road.

"The workman, who was having a cup of tea at the counter, noticed particularly that when the bill was paid, the money came out of Mrs. Owen's purse. The dinner had been sumptuous—veal cutlets, a cut from the joint, dessert, coffee and liqueurs. Finally the pair left the restaurant apparently very gay, young Greenhill smoking a choice cigar.

"Irregularities such as these were bound sooner or later to come to the ears and eyes of Mr. Allman, the landlord of the Rubens Studios; and a month after the New Year, without further warning, he gave her a week's notice to quit his house.

"'Mrs. Owen did not seem the least bit upset when I gave her notice,' Mr. Allman declared in his evidence; 'on the contrary, she told me that she had ample means, and had only worked latterly for the sake of something to do. She added that she had plenty of friends who would look after her, for she had a nice little pile to leave to anyone who would know how "to get the right side of her."'

"Nevertheless, in spite of this cheerful interview, Miss Bedford, the tenant of No. 6 Studio, had stated that when she took her key to the caretaker's room at 6.30 that afternoon, she found Mrs. Owen in tears. The caretaker refused to be comforted, nor would she speak of her trouble to Miss Bedford.

"Twenty-four hours later she was found dead.

"The jury returned an open verdict, and Detective Inspector Jones was charged by the police to make some inquiries about young Mr. Greenhill, whose intimacy with the unfortunate woman, had been universally commented upon.

"The detective however, pushed his investigations as far as the Bambridge Bank. There he discovered that after her interview with Mr. Allman, Mrs. Owen had withdrawn what money she had on deposit, some £800, the result of twenty-five years' saving and thrift.

"The immediate result of Detective Inspector Jones's labours was that Mr. Arthur Greenhill, Lithographer, was brought before the magistrate at Bow Street on the charge

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of being concerned in the death of Mrs. Owen, caretaker of the Rubens Studios, Percy Street.

"Now that Magisterial inquiry is one of the few interesting ones which I had the misfortune to miss," continued the man in the corner, with a nervous shake of the shoulders. "But you know as well as I do, how the attitude of the young prisoner impressed the magistrate and police so unfavourably, that with every new witness brought forward, his position became more and more unfortunate.

"Yet he was a good-looking, rather coarsely built young fellow, with one of those awful Cockney accents which literally make one jump. But he looked painfully nervous, stammered at every word spoken, and repeatedly gave answers entirely at random.

"His father acted as lawyer for him, a rough looking elderly man, who had the appearance of a common country attorney, rather than of a London solicitor.

"The police had built up a fairly strong case against the lithographer. Medical evidence revealed nothing new: Mrs. Owen had died from exposure, the blow at the back of the head not being sufficiently serious to cause anything but temporary disablement. When the medical officer had been called in, death had intervened for some time; it was quite impossible to say how long, whether one hour or five or twelve.

"The appearance and state of the room, when the unfortunate woman was found by Mr. Charles Pitt, were again gone over in minute detail. Mrs. Owen's clothes, which she had worn during the day, were folded neatly on a chair. The key of her cupboard was in the pocket of her dress. The door had been slightly ajar, but both the windows were wide open; one of them, which had the sash-line broken, had been fastened up most scientifically with a piece of rope.

"Mrs. Owen had obviously undressed preparatory to going to bed, and the magistrate very naturally soon made the remark, how untenable the theory of an accident must be. No one in their five senses would undress, with a temperature at below zero, and the windows wide open.

"The cashier of the Bambridge related the caretaker's visit at the bank.

"'It was then about one o'clock,' he stated, 'Mrs. Owen called and presented a cheque to self for £827, the amount of her balance. She seemed exceedingly happy and cheerful, and talked about needing plenty of cash, as she was going abroad to join her nephew, for whom she would in future keep house. I warned her about being sufficiently careful with so large a sum, and parting from it injudiciously, as women of her class are very apt to do. She laughingly declared that not only was she careful of it in the present, but meant to be so for the far-off future, for she intended to go that very day to a lawyer's office and to make a will.'

"The cashier's evidence was certainly startling in the extreme, since in the widow's room no trace of any kind was found of any money; against that, two of the notes handed over by the bank to Mrs. Owen on that day were cashed by young Greenhill on the very morning of her mysterious death. One was handed in by him to the West End Clothier's Company, in payment for a suit of clothes, and the other he changed at the Post Office in Oxford Street.

"After that all the evidence had of necessity to be gone through again on the subject of young Greenhill's intimacy with Mrs. Owen. He listened to it all with an air of the most painful nervousness, his cheeks were positively green, his lips seemed dry and parched, for he repeatedly passed his tongue over them, and when Constable E 18 deposed that at 2 a.m. on the morning of February 2nd he had seen the accused and spoken to him at the corner of Percy Street and Tottenham Court Road, young Greenhill all but fainted.

"The contention of the police was that the caretaker had been murdered and robbed during that night, before she went to bed, that young Greenhill had done the murder, seeing that he was the only person known to have been intimate with the woman, and that it was moreover proved unquestionably that he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rubens Studios at an extraordinarily late hour of the night.

"His own account of himself, and of that same night, could certainly not be called very satisfactory. Mrs. Owen was a relative of his late mother's he declared. He himself was a lithographer by trade, with a good deal of time and leisure on his hands. He certainly had employed some of that time in taking the old woman to various places of amusement. He had on more than one occasion suggested that she should give up menial work, and come and live with him, but, unfortunately, she was a great deal imposed upon by her nephew, a man of the name of Owen, who exploited the good-natured woman in every possible way, and who had on more than one occasion made

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severe attacks upon her savings at the Bambridge Bank.

"Severely cross-examined by the prosecuting counsel about this supposed relative of Mrs. Owen, Greenhill admitted that he did not know him, had in fact never seen him. He knew that his name was Owen and that was all. His chief occupation consisted in sponging on the kind-hearted old woman, but he only went to see her in the evenings, when he presumably knew that she would be alone, and invariably after all the tenants of the Rubens Studios had left for the day.

"'I am a sort of Aunt to you, Arthur, and if you don't have it, Bill is sure to get it.'"

"I don't know whether at this point, it strikes you at all, as it did both magistrate and counsel, that there was a direct contradiction in this statement, and that made by the cashier of the Bambridge, on the subject of his last conversation with Mrs. Owen. 'I am going abroad to join my nephew, for whom I am going to keep house,' was what the unfortunate woman had said.

"Now Greenhill, in spite of his nervousness and at times contradictory answers, strictly adhered to his point, that there was a nephew in London, who came frequently to see his Aunt.

"Anyway, the sayings of the murdered woman could not be taken as evidence in law. Mr. Greenhill senior put the objection, adding: 'There may have been two nephews,' which the magistrate and the prosecution were bound to admit.

"With regard to the night immediately preceding Mrs. Owen's death, Greenhill stated that he had been with her to the theatre, had seen her home, and had had some supper with her in her room. Before he left her, at 2 a.m., she had of her own accord made him a present of £10, saying: 'I am a sort of Aunt to you, Arthur, and if you don't have it, Bill is sure to get it.'

"She had seemed rather worried in the early part of the evening, but later on she cheered up.

"'Did she speak at all about this nephew of hers or about her money affairs?' asked the magistrate.

"Again the young man hesitated, but said, 'No! she did not mention either Owen or her money affairs.'

"If I remember rightly," added the man in the corner, "for recollect, I was not present, the case was here adjourned. But the magistrate would not grant bail. Greenhill was removed looking more dead than alive — though everyone remarked that Mr. Greenhill senior looked determined and not the least worried. In the course of his examination on behalf of his son, of the medical officer and one or two other witnesses, he had very ably tried to confuse them, on the subject of the hour, at which Mrs. Owen was last known to be alive.

"He made a very great point of the fact that the usual morning's work was done throughout the house, when the inmates arrived. Was it conceivable, he argued, that a woman would do that kind of work over night, especially as she was going to the theatre, and therefore would wish to dress in her smarter clothes? It certainly was a very nice point levelled against the prosecution,

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who promptly retorted: Just as conceivable as that a woman in those circumstances of life, should, having done her work, undress beside an open window at nine o'clock in the morning with the snow beating into the room.

"Now it seems that Mr. Greenhill senior could produce any amount of witnesses who could help to prove a conclusive *alibi* on behalf of his son, if only sometime subsequent to that fatal 2 a.m. the murdered woman had been seen alive by some chance passer by.

"However, he was an able man, and an earnest one, and I fancy the magistrate felt some sympathy for his strenuous endeavours on his son's behalf. He granted a week's adjournment which seemed to satisfy Mr. Greenhill completely.

"In the meanwhile the papers had talked and almost exhausted the subject of the mystery in Percy Street. There had been, as you no doubt know from personal experience, innumerable arguments on the puzzling alternatives:—

"Accident?

"Suicide?

"Murder?

"The court was crowded when the case against young Greenhill was resumed. It needed no great penetration to remark at once, that the prisoner looked more hopeful, and his father quite elated.

"Again a great deal of minor evidence was taken, and then came the turn of the defence. Mr. Greenhill called Mrs. Hall, confectioner, of Percy Street, opposite the Rubens Studios. She deposed that at 8 o'clock in the morning of February 23rd, while she was tidying her shop window, she saw the caretaker of the Studios opposite, as usual, on her knees, her head and body wrapped in a shawl, cleaning her front steps. Her husband also saw Mrs. Owen, and Mrs. Hall remarked to her husband how thankful she was that her own shop had tiled steps, which did not need scrubbing on so cold a morning.

"Mr. Hall, confectioner, of the same address, corroborated this statement, and Mr. Greenhill, with absolute triumph, produced a third witness, Mrs. Martin, of Percy Street, who from her window on the second floor, had at 7.30 a.m., seen the caretaker shaking mats outside her front door. The description this witness gave of Mrs. Owen's get-up, with the shawl round her head coincided point by point with that given by Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

"After that Mr. Greenhill's task became an easy one; his son was at home having his breakfast at 8 o'clock that morning, not only himself but his servants would testify to that.

"The weather had been so bitter that the whole of that day Arthur had not stirred from his own fireside. Mrs. Owen was murdered after 8 a.m. on that day, since she was seen alive by three people at that hour, therefore his son could not have murdered Mrs. Owen. The police must find the criminal elsewhere, or else bow to the opinion originally expressed by the public that Mrs. Owen had met with a terrible untoward accident, or that perhaps she may have wilfully sought her own death in that extraordinary and tragic fashion.

"Before young Greenhill was finally discharged, one or two witnesses were again examined, chief among these being the foreman of the glassworks. He had turned up at the Rubens Studios at 9 o'clock and been in business all day. He averred positively that he did not specially notice any suspicious looking individual crossing the hall that day. 'But,' he remarked with a smile, 'I don't sit and watch everyone who goes up and down stairs. I am too busy for that. The street door is always left open; anyone can walk in, up or down, who knows the way.'

"That there was a mystery in connection with Mrs. Owen's death—of that the police have remained perfectly convinced; whether young Greenhill held the key of that mystery or not, they have never found out to this day.

"I could enlighten them as to the cause of the young lithographer's anxiety at the magisterial inquiry, but, I assure you, I do not care to do the work of the police for them. Why should I? Greenhill will never suffer from unjust suspicions. He, and his father alone—besides myself—know in what a terribly tight corner he all but found himself.

"The young man did not reach home till nearly *five* o'clock that morning. His last train had gone; he had to walk, lost his way, and wandered about Hampstead for hours. Think what his position would have been if the worthy confectioners of Percy Street had not seen Mrs. Owen 'wrapped up in a shawl, on her knees, doing the front steps.' Moreover, Mr. Greenhill, senior, is a solicitor, who has a small office in John Street, Bedford Row.

"The afternoon before her death, Mrs. Owen had been to that office and had there made a will by which she left all her savings

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He looked at me with some degree of astonishment.

to young Arthur Greenhill, lithographer. Had that will been in other than paternal hands, it would have been proved, in the natural course of such things, and one other link would have been added to the chain, which nearly dragged Arthur Greenhill to the gallows — 'the link of a very strong motive.'

"Can you wonder that the young man turned livid, until such time as it was proved beyond a doubt that the murdered woman was alive hours after he had reached the safe shelter of his home?"

III.

"I saw you smile, when I used the word 'Murdered,'" continued the man in the corner, growing quite excited, now that he was approaching the *dénoûment* of his story. "I know that the public, after the magistrate had discharged Arthur Greenhill, were quite satisfied to think that the mystery in Percy Street was a case of accident —or suicide."

"No," I replied, "there could be no question of suicide, for two very distinct reasons."

He looked at me with some degree of astonishment. I supposed he was amazed at my venturing to form an opinion of my own.

"And may I ask what, in your opinion, these reasons are?" he asked very sarcastically.

"To begin with, the question of money," I said— "has any more of it been traced so far?"

"Not another 5 note," he said with a chuckle, "they were all cashed in Paris, during the Exhibition, and you have no conception, how easy a thing that is to do at any of the hotels or smaller *Agents de Change*."

"That nephew was a clever blackguard," I commented.

"You believe then, in the existence of that nephew?"

"Why should I doubt it? Someone must have existed, who was sufficiently familiar with the house to go about in it in the middle

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of the day, without attracting anyone's attention."

"In the middle of the day?" he said with a chuckle.

"Any time after 8.30 in the morning."

"So you too, believe in the 'caretaker, wrapped up in a shawl,' cleaning her front steps?" he queried.

"But——"

"It never struck you, in spite of the training your intercourse with me must have given you, that the person who carefully did all the work in the Rubens Studios, laid the fires and carried up the coals, merely did it in order to gain time; in order that the bitter frost might really and effectually do its work, and Mrs. Owen be not missed until she was truly dead."

"But—" I suggested again.

"It never struck you that one of the greatest secrets of successful crime is to lead the police astray with regard to the time when the crime was committed. That was, if you remember, the great point in the Regent's Park murder.

"In this case the 'nephew' since we admit his existence, would—even if he were ever found, which is doubtful—be able to prove as good an *alibi* as young Greenhill."

"But I don't understand—"

"How the murder was committed?" he said eagerly! "surely you can see it all for yourself, since you admit the 'nephew'—a scamp perhaps—who sponges on the good-natured woman. He terrorises and threatens her, so much so that she fancies her money is no longer safe even in the Bambridge Bank. Women of that class are apt at times to mistrust the Bank of England. Anyway she withdraws her money. Who knows what she meant to do with it, in the immediate future?

"In any case, after her death she wishes to secure it to a young man whom she likes, and who has known how to win her good graces. That afternoon, the nephew begs, intreats for more money, they have a row; the poor woman is in tears, and is only temporarily consoled by a pleasant visit at the theatre.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning young Greenhill parts from her. Two minutes later the nephew knocks at the door. He comes with a plausible tale of having missed his last train, and asks for a 'shake down' somewhere in the house. The good-natured woman suggests a sofa in one of the studios, and then quietly prepares to go to bed. The rest is very simple and elementary. The nephew sneaks into his Aunt's room, finds her standing in her nightgown; terrified, she staggers, knocks her head against the gas bracket, and falls on the floor stunned, while the nephew seeks for her keys and takes possession of the £800. You will admit that the subsequent *mise-en-scéne*—is worthy of a genius.

"No struggle, not the usual hideous accessories round a crime. Only the open windows, the bitter north-easterly gale, and the heavily falling snow—two silent accomplices, as silent as the dead.

"After that, the murderer with perfect presence of mind, busies himself in the house, doing the work which will insure that Mrs. Owen shall not be missed at any rate for some time. He dusts and tidies, he even slips on his Aunt's skirt and bodice, wraps his head in a shawl, and boldly allows those neighbours who are astir to see what they believe to be Mrs. Owen. Then he goes back to her room, resumes his normal appearance, and quietly leaves the house."

"He may have been seen."

"He *was* seen by two or three people, but no one thought anything of seeing a man leave the house at that hour. It was very cold, the snow was falling thickly, and as he wore a muffler round the lower part of his face, those who saw him would not undertake to know him again."

"That man was never seen or heard of again?" I asked.

"He has disappeared off the face of the earth. The police are searching for him, and perhaps some day they will find him—then society will be rid of one of the most ingenious men of the age."

IV.

He had paused, absorbed in meditation. I also was silent. Some memory too vague as yet to take a definite form, was persistently haunting me—one thought was hammering away in my brain, and playing havoc with my nerves. That thought was the inexplicable feeling with me, that there was something in connection with that hideous crime which I ought to recollect, something which—if I could only remember what it was—would give me the clue to the tragic mystery, and for once insure my triumph over this self-conceited and sarcastic scare-crow in the corner.

He was watching me through his great bone-rimmed spectacles, and I could see the knuckles of his bony hands, just above the top of the table fidgeting, fidgeting, fidget-

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ing, till I wondered if there existed another set of fingers in the world who could undo the knots his lean ones made in that tiresome piece of string.

Then suddenly—*à propos* of nothing, *I remembered*—the whole thing stood before me, short and clear like a vivid flash of lightning:—Mrs. Owen lying dead in the snow, beside her own open window; one of them with a broken sash-line, tied up most scientifically with a piece of string. I remember the talk there had been at the time about this improvised sash-line.

That was after young Greenhill had been discharged, and the question of suicide had been voted an impossibility.

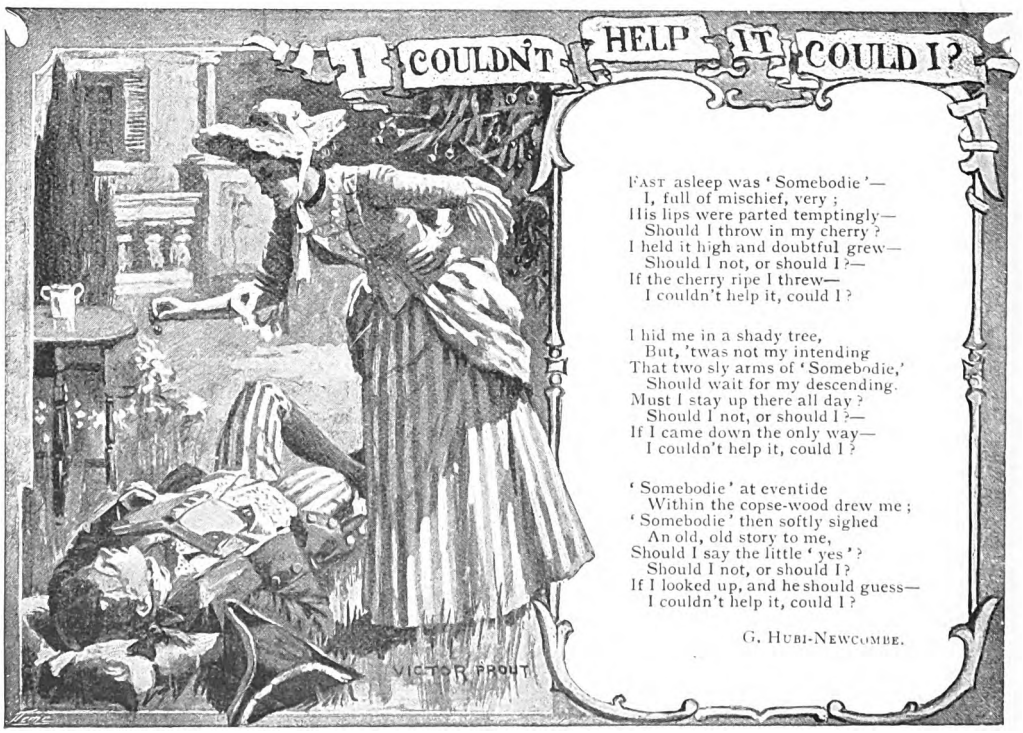
I remember that in the illustrated papers photographs appeared of this wonderfully knotted piece of string, so contrived that the weight of the frame could but tighten the knots, and thus keep the window open. I remembered that people deduced many things from that improvised sash-line, chief among these deductions being that the murderer was a sailor—so wonderful, so complicated, so numerous were the knots which secured that window frame.

But I knew better—in my mind's eye I saw those fingers rendered doubly nervous by the fearful cerebral excitement, grasping at first mechanically, even thoughtlessly, a bit of twine with which to secure the window; then the ruling habit strongest through all, I could see it; the lean and ingenious fingers fidgeting, fidgeting with that piece of string, tying knot after knot, more wonderful, more complicated, than any I had yet witnessed.

"If I were you," I said, without daring to look into that corner where he sat, "I would break myself of the habit of perpetually making knots in a piece of string."

He did not reply, and at last I ventured to look up—the corner was empty, and through the glass door beyond the desk where he had just deposited his few coppers, I saw the tails of his tweed coat, his extraordinary hat, his meagre, shrivelled-up personality, fast disappearing down the street.

I have never set eyes on the man in the corner from that day to this.



FAST asleep was 'Somebodie'—
I, full of mischief, very;
His lips were parted temptingly—
Should I throw in my cherry?
I held it high and doubtful grew—
Should I not, or should I?—
If the cherry ripe I threw—
I couldn't help it, could I?

I hid me in a shady tree,
But, 'twas not my intending
That two sly arms of 'Somebodie,'
Should wait for my descending.
Must I stay up there all day?
Should I not, or should I?—
If I came down the only way—
I couldn't help it, could I?

'Somebodie' at eventide
Within the copse-wood drew me;
'Somebodie' then softly sighed
An old, old story to me,
Should I say the little 'yes'?
Should I not, or should I?
If I looked up, and he should guess—
I couldn't help it, could I?

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

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The Lady Smoker

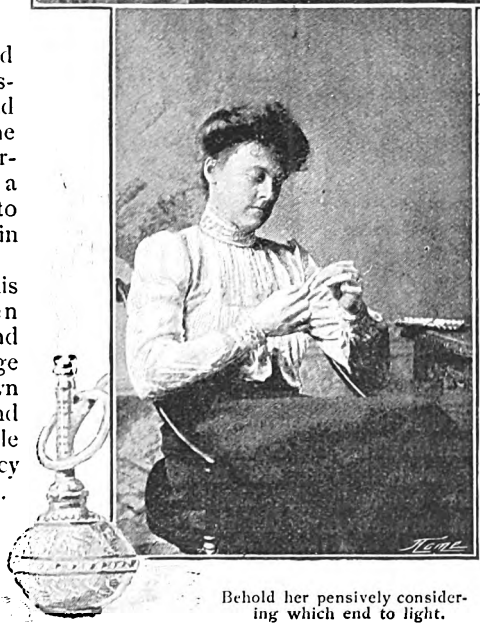
She thinks she looks quite an expert.

By Swanhilde Bulan.

Opinion is still divided on the subject of smoking for women, and groups itself usually under three heads : the people who regard it as a matter of course—these are found in up-to-date society and among woman writers, artists, and others; those who permit it, but with some misgiving—the middle classes in large towns ; and those who are shocked at any mention of the subject—quiet provincial families and the lower middle class.

It is curious, in passing, to notice how much stronger in the lower classes is the prejudice against any extension, however just, of "women's rights." It is they whose sense of propriety is most easily outraged, and the 'Arriet who disports on Hampstead Heath would be the first to call out "forward hussy" after a lady who ventured to smoke a cigarette in public.

Usually she breaks the cigarette before it is lit.



Behold her pensively considering which end to light.

Yielding to this prejudice, women who smoke — and their number is large —do so in their own homes or clubs, and outsiders have little idea of the prevalency of the custom. Much fun has been levelled at women smokers, and allusions made to love of notoriety, but the fact is indisputable, that most women smokers love the habit, and find it a boon after work, especially brain-work — a sedative to nerves, a banisher of bad temper. As a digestive, I have heard many women praise it. The cigarette after dinner has become custom with society ladies, the smoking-room of ladies' clubs is always well patronised, and many little foreign restaurants in London are frequented by lady journalists, who find there comfort, economy, and a tolerance absent in English cafés.

The right or wrong of the matter need not be discussed here : what women want they will have, as they have proved ; nor would I restrain them. But it is well, when adopting a custom that has hitherto been purely

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She removes the cigarette to a safe distance, and emits the smoke in one great puff.

masculine, to adopt it thoroughly and as an expert. Otherwise, comparisons will always be drawn, and ridicule poured on feminine amateur attempts It is the attempt to compromise, and make a feminine costume out of man's dress that has brought ridicule on the Rational Dress Movement.

We must not have Feminine Smoking as opposed to Masculine Smoking! And at present there is a danger of this. The inveterate women smokers excepted, there is a large number of women who smoke in a regular "woman's way"—a way that is easily recognised and infinitely amusing. Take the average woman as a type—the woman who smokes a little. You ask her casually if she smokes.

"Yes, thank you," with an effort not to look self-conscious, "if yours are not too strong."

She attempts to take the cigarette from the proffered case, invariably lifting the end that is shortest on one side of the elastic band and often breaking the cigarette. This does not distress her, and if you did not insist on handing her another yourself, she would attempt joyfully to smoke the broken one. Having taken hold of the cigarette, she looks at it thoughtfully, and decides on the end she thinks proper to light.

Then the lighting! Unless you do it for her, she strikes match after match, and moves them so quickly that they go out. Having at last induced one to remain alight, she holds it about half-way down the cigarette, blackening the paper and burning the tobacco. A woman naïvely remarked to me one day that women's cigarettes always had such a dissipated appearance.

She has lit it, somehow, and commenced to pull. Of course, it had not occurred to her to squeeze the cigarette slightly to loosen the tobacco, and her usual procedure, with a tight cigarette, is to pass her hatpin through it, or rather through half of it, for the end of the pin reappears half-way up, tearing the paper. Not that these trifles deter the valorous smoker. She relights and begins to puff properly — puffs that are comedies in themselves. With eyes shut, she draws in vigorously; then removes the cigarette to a safe distance, and blows out the smoke with great force, proud and happy if she prevents any from getting into her eyes.

This is repeated half-a-dozen times, then she swallows some

Ruefully she regards the bitten end, and thinks she will try a holder.

A way she has of lighting up. Poor cigarette!

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smoke, and coughs till her eyes are moist. But it would be weakness to admit that she is longing to lay down the cigarette; she tries again, splutters over loose tobacco, and regards sadly the long strips of loose tobacco where the moist paper has been torn by her teeth.

Happy thought! she will try a holder, into which she jams the cigarette so tightly that it again refuses to draw. The holder is discarded, and a little piece torn off to make the end neat. Tired of the struggle with matches, the poor cigarette is held over a lamp and again blackened (she never attempts to draw when holding it over the lamp) till a friend comes to the rescue. But more trouble is in store. The lady amateur makes a point of hitting the head of her cigarette on the table every few minutes to remove invisible ashes, and, even as does the worm, the miserable thing at length resents, and, scattering its sparks, goes out.

This terrible habit of dabbing cigarettes down hard on their heads to remove ash is very frequent and essentially feminine.

Lit once again, the cigarette is forgotten in a train of thought, and "what a smell of burning!" leads to the discovery of a glowing hole in tablecloth or skirt.

Happy woman if tea comes in and the cigarette can be laid aside half finished; though she is always ready to endure martyrdom right down to one-quarter of a cigarette, and smile sweetly with "Not just now" when a second is offered.

Another method is to ignite the cigarette half-way down.

Drawing valiantly with her eyes shut.

She tries to make the cigarette draw by means of a hat pin, which pierces through the paper.

The amateur is also recognisable by her solicitude in disposing of ashes and her discomfort if no ash-tray is available. The hardened woman smoker, on the other hand, wants the privilege of dropping her ash freely on the carpet by a languid touch of her little finger, defending her attitude to indignant housekeepers by the assertion that it kills the microbes and makes the servants sweep the carpets more thoroughly.

Others pride themselves upon their order in dropping all ashes on saucers and plates, a care not always appreciated by the servants, who complain of the strong smell that lingers over the china. Some disregard the ash completely till it scatters itself over a dainty frock. By all women smokers it seems to be regarded as a great drawback to enjoyment.

Coming to the serious side of the question, genuine lady smokers complain bitterly of the prejudice that debars them from enjoying a cigarette on so many tempting occasions—on the top of a bus, in a restaurant, on a long railway journey. Some years ago a suggestion

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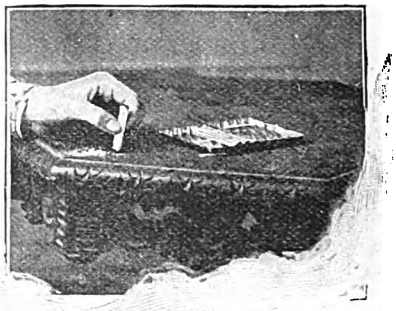
of smoking compartments for ladies raised much stormy opposition, though reasonable enough. The railway companies replied with a smile that the smoking compartments already provided were open to ladies, but they ignored the likelihood of insults from the chivalrous male occupants.

Not that ladies who smoke on trains always meet with insult. A lady friend, who braves convention in this respect, had two very different experiences. Twice when she had secured a smoking compartment to herself a gentleman entered. The first traveller acted with the greatest courtesy, and remarked that he was glad to see ladies sensible and brave enough to smoke on a tedious journey; on the other occasion, the new-comer regarded her in horror for five minutes, and then said abruptly: "I don't at all like to see ladies smoking," to which she naturally replied: "But I like to do it"; a point of view that had evidently not occurred to him.



She removes her ash by rubbing the cigarette on the table——

——and should her interest be taken by a new hat the tablecloth is certain to sustain severe damage.

A candid admission was made one evening by a lady who left three-quarters of a cigarette in her saucer and rose from table. I said: "You have forgotten your cigarette." She smiled and whispered: "No, I don't like it, but everyone does it now, so I thought I had better light one."

On another occasion I was travelling in a non-smoking carriage, and longing for a cigarette, but the formidable aspect of the lady opposite, who looked like a head-mistress, deterred me. At last I ventured to ask if she objected. "Not at all," said she calmly, "I was just thinking of smoking myself," and from a correct-looking handbag she produced a box of Russian cigarettes. I have often heard a holder asked for because "the hairs will get into my mouth."

One more true story. She is one of the experienced smokers, one who smoked her half-dozen every day. I offered mine. She refused. "No thanks, I think I'll have one of my own. Yours are so tobacco—ey."

And oh, how welcome is a cup of tea after all her exertions!

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THE SHORTEST WAR ON RECORD

By White Haven.

I.

Gerald Darwell, master of the s.s. *Ebor*, was standing on the hurricane deck talking to the chief engineer; his ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Arcunia in the Delusian Republic of South America. Close to the *Ebor* was a fine cruiser belonging to the tiny navy of Delusia; she had been built by a British firm some eighteen months before, when political relations between Delusia and the Republic of Urvanio had been severely strained. Affairs had now reached a crisis, and war might be declared at any moment.

"Looks ready for anything, doesn't she?" said Darwell, pointing his pipe in the direction of the cruiser.

"Yes, she looks fit enough," said White, the engineer, "but the Navy of Urvanio is twice the size of these people's; not that either of them have much to boast of, as navies go; all French built, the Urvanians, I hear. Back the old *Ebor* for speed against any of them, eh?"

Now the *Ebor* was not a very big ship, but she was especially built for speed and strength; if a cargo was to be carried anywhere as quickly as possible, the *Ebor* was the ship to do it, and Captain Darwell was about the best man that could be found to command her. He was a young man, this Darwell; medium height, clean-shaved, tanned, with a determined look in his honest English face that may have accounted for so young a man filling such a post.

The port of Arcunia is about the largest in the Republic of Delusia; and very pretty it looked to these two men from the deck of the *Ebor;* not unlike our English South Downs were the hills beyond.

Thousands of miles away was another town, a little smaller than Arcunia, but overlooking the sea just as Arcunia did; and in that town was the girl that Darwell loved. He was not the sort of man to fall in love with every pretty face he saw; far from it; but he was really in love; and many a time he had blamed himself for his presumption. What right had he, a sailor, with next to no prospects of making enough to marry on, to fall in love? This thought constantly troubled him, and the scene before him made him think again of Miriam—the girl at home—whose portrait hung in the little frame in his cabin.

* * * * * * *

A boat flying the flag of the Delusian Republic and rowed by six men was making swiftly for the *Ebor*. As she got closer Darwell saw a dark, foreign-looking man sitting in the stern; and divining at once that this must be someone to interview him, probably a government official, he made preparations to receive the newcomer.

"Captain Darwell," said the stranger, as he mounted the steps, putting out his hand and speaking with a slightly foreign accent, "allow me to introduce myself. My name is Delastrelle, and I am here to represent my Government. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Come this way," said Darwell, leading him to his cabin.

"I have here a cablegram," said the other, handing Darwell a piece of paper, "which is a message to you from your owners, Messrs. Barker & Barker."

Darwell took it, and read as follows:

Have sold *Ebor* to Government of Delusia. Return by mail or stop with new owners. You will then communicate with us. Cable reply.

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Then, looking up, his eyes met those of Delastrelle.

"Will you come, Captain Darwell?" he said excitedly. "We want your ship; but, sir, we want the commander too. By the help of your ship and yourself we may bring off a great success. I admit there may be dangers, but I do not think you are the man to refuse on that account. As you are aware, the Republic, which I have the honour to represent as the Minister of War, is about to commence hostilities with the Republic of Urvania.

"War will in all probability be officially declared to-morrow, after the meeting of our special committee; so that by midnight to-morrow, Thursday, the two Republics will be in a state of war. If you are willing to swear strict secrecy to everything that I am about to tell you I will describe to you a plan, wherein by your help this war may be of very brief duration, even if it be not, as I sincerely hope it may, the shortest war on record."

"Let me hear it," said Darwell, after having given his word as to secrecy. "But, with your permission, let me first get my engineer in here, too, for if I stick to the *Ebor* he is sure to do so as well, and you may trust him as myself."

Permission having been given, the Captain went to fetch White. When the latter had also been pledged to secrecy, Delastrelle unfolded a map, and pointing with his finger, he said:

"This, you see, is Arcunia. Sixty miles from here is the town of St. Shuen, which is the most important town in the Urvanian Republic; it is situated just ten miles from our southern boundary line and is built on the river of the same name. As you see on this map our country is shaped like a horse-shoe, with Urvanio representing the centre, so that our coast-line is to the north and south of the coast-line of Urvanio.

"The town of St. Shuen is, from the land side, splendidly fortified, and therefore an attack, to be made with any chance of success, must be made from the sea, and here we are handicapped; for to the two cruisers and one torpedo boat that represents our Navy they have three cruisers, two torpedo boats, and one gunboat. From our Intelligence Department I learn that their two best cruisers, built in France two years ago, are now lying at the river mouth of St. Shuen, as are one of their two torpedo boats and their gunboat. Their other cruiser lies at Lasa, a port nearer our northern border, so that without your ship——"

"My ship!" gasped Darwell.

"Yes, my friend, but not to fight. I want you to take your ship past the mouth of the river at St. Shuen on Friday at 8 a.m. From accounts which I shall cause to reach the government of Urvanio you will, on being sighted, be chased by the cruisers lying at St. Shuen, and you will have to go full speed, I can assure you. No sparing of coal, Mr. White, this trip. Then our cruisers will be enabled to approach, and under their fire our transports will land guns and men, and by six p.m. our flag should fly at St. Shuen, which town is full of stores, guns and ammunition. The enemy will not expect an attack, and we can, by making a simultaneous attack, from the land, direct about three-quarters of our entire force — with our magnificent artillery — against the garrison of St. Shuen.

"My terms to you are £5000 down now in British securities and another £200 a year for ten years should the success of the scheme bring about a speedy termination of the war. To Mr. White I offer exactly one half these terms, and to others who may participate in the affair, in proportion. I can promise you the best firemen and stokers in our Navy."

Darwell rose from his chair, undecided. As he did so, his eye fell on the photograph in the little frame; his mind was made up at once.

He turned, and faced Delastrelle.

"By Heaven!" he said, "I'll do it."

They shook hands, these two, the foreign statesman and the English sailor, and the bargain was concluded.

"Of course I'm coming," said White. "The *Oraca* can take the rest back to-morrow except Jenkins and one or two picked men. I should think they would be useful."

"Yes, we will take Jenkins," said Darwell. "Now let us have some lunch, and meanwhile, Mr. Delastrelle, will you explain how you mean to make the enemy so anxious to capture the *Ebor*?"

In compliance with this request Delastrelle explained that a dispatch purporting to be for the commander-in-chief of the Northern State was to be captured by the enemy, saying that the *Ebor* would leave Arcunia to pass St. Shuen at 8 p.m. on Friday, conveying the commander-in-chief, headquarters staff, ammunition, and nearly all the big guns. He also impressed upon the Captain and his subordinate that they must pass St. Shuen at 8 a.m. so that the cruisers of the enemy would not be out at sea and in front, ready to intercept them. Then once more

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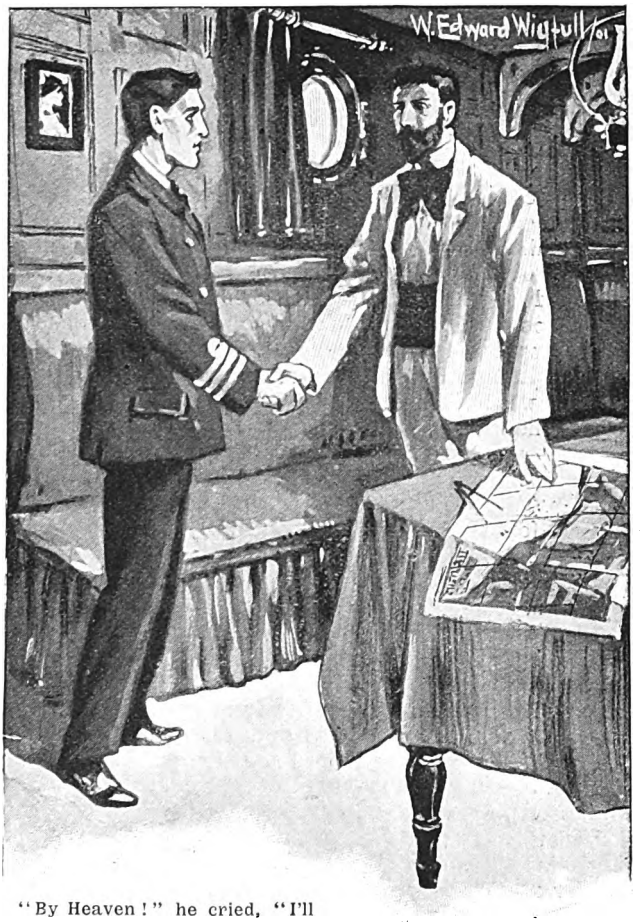
repeating how the capture of St. Shuen would mean an almost instant termination of the war, he left the ship, saying that he would come on board again early the next day with the best firemen and stokers obtainable from his cruisers.

"Well, White," said Darwell, after a short silence, "I'm truly thankful *you* are coming."

"Did you think," said the other, "that I was going to allow anyone to tamper with my engines? Besides, now I can really have a glorious chance of proving the superiority of British engines to French rubbish. I will see Jenkins, and tell him all about it."

It was a busy day for the Captain. One by one he explained to the crew that the owners of the *Ebor* had sold her, and that consequently they were to return on board the *Oraca*.

As for the chief engineer, he could hardly believe that he was about to be mixed up in a war between two small South American Republics, and was rather doubtful as to the result. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to do his level best, and spent the rest of the day overhauling his engines. Indeed, until late that night White could have been seen in the engine-room, oil-can in hand, hard at work.



"By Heaven!" he cried, "I'll do it!"

II.

Next morning Delastrelle came on board early to finally settle the financial arrangements connected with the enterprise. That night, Thursday, May 16th, Darwell, White and Jenkins dined with the President and other influential members of the Delusian Republic and at 1 a.m. on the following morning Darwell steered his ship out of Arcunia on as venturesome a voyage as ever Drake did in days of old.

The sea was calm and they kept up a uniform speed of ten knots, so that by 7 a.m. they were just off the river mouth of St. Shuen. Following Delastrelle's directions, they kept land just in sight until they could see the ships and town, when they drew closer to the shore. At the mouth of the river was a big cruiser with steam up.

"She sights us," whispered Delastrelle, as the splendid vessel began to steam out of the river towards the *Ebor*. "That is the *Tubular*—eighteen knots—built in France two years ago."

"Then," said White grimly, "we can beat her. A boat built on the Clyde can never be beaten by a Frenchmen. But I must get to my engines—she is signalling to us," as the approaching cruiser ran up its flags.

"Captain Darwell," said Delastrelle, glancing at the signals displayed, "will you allow me to answer that question?"

"Certainly," replied Darwell.

"Then," said Delastrelle, "I will do so," and with his own hands he ran up the answer, which was the flag of the Delusian Republic.

A puff of smoke arose from the deck of the distant cruiser. Almost simultaneously

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there was a report and a splash in the water some half a mile or so behind the *Ebor*.

"Another question," said Delastrelle.

"And which," said Darwell, "I will answer by telegraphing to the engine-room."

Next moment the *Ebor* shot ahead in obedience to White's call. Darwell and Delastrelle were on the bridge with Jenkins at the wheel. Presently another cruiser was seen coming from St. Shuen.

"The *Lavinia*," said Delastrelle, as he examined her through the Captain's glass. "Corresponds to one of your third-class cruisers, speed—fourteen knots."

The distance between the *Ebor* and the *Tubular* was not increased or diminished for several hours, but the other vessel—the *Lavinia*—was making along the coast. This Darwell pointed out to Delastrelle.

"Yes," he said, "I expect that she is making for Pingue to telegraph to Lasa, where the rest of their Navy is stationed; no doubt to tell them to cut us off."

"Then," said Darwell, "we are done for."

"No," said Delastrelle, "I do not think so, for the wires from St. Shuen to Pingue and Lasa were to be cut this morning, and I have no reason to doubt that it has not been done as thoroughly as my dispatch was taken by the enemy, for indeed if the wires from St. Shuen were intact, surely they would wire direct from there."

"That was well thought out," said Darwell. "It is now nearly twelve—what do you say to some lunch while we can get it?"

After lunch it was noticed that the *Tubular* had gained slightly upon the *Ebor*; so once more Darwell spoke to White and once more the *Ebor* increased her speed.

Shortly after this a nasty cross-wind struck up which considerably interfered with the *Ebor*, as she was so light; and Darwell now regretted having landed her cargo at Arcunia.

Presently White sent a message which made Delastrelle uneasy.

"What does he mean?" he asked Jenkins.

"Why," said the other, "it means that the same amount of steam is now required to make twelve knots as it took to make fifteen this morning, but it does not affect the *Tubular*. By Jove, Darwell, she's gaining on us, I swear."

And so they seemed to think on the *Tubular;* for they recommenced firing, and this time the shell did not fall so far short as did that first shot in the morning. White sent a message to ask how far off the shell had fallen, "for they were nearly going their hardest now."

At five o'clock a shell fired from the *Tubular* fell in the sea about 200 yards to port.

"Confound it!" said White, when he received the news, "if only this wind would drop!"

At 5.45 the *Ebor* was undergoing a severe bombardment of about one shot a minute, but thanks to the roughness of the sea the gunners on the *Tubular* were unable to make very good practice at the gallant ship; nevertheless, a fragment of shell from a lucky shot carried away one of the pulleys and a piece of rope from the foremast, doing, however, no further harm.

Delastrelle stood with watch in hand and a cigar between his teeth.

"If," said he, "we can hold out till six o'clock all is well; then the flag of the Republic will have had good time to reach the top of the flagstaff at St. Shuen."

"And we," said Darwell, "will have had ample time to reach the bottom of the sea."

"Possibly," said Delastrelle, "I am sorry for you and for——"

"For whom?" asked Darwell.

"For the girl in the frame," said Delastrelle. "My friend," he continued, putting his hand kindly on Darwell's shoulder, "I saw you appeal to her in the cabin; she, too has done great service to the Republic, in happy ignorance of all this though."

"Thank Heaven, yes," was all that Darrell answered. A shell, better aimed than the last, burst right overhead; but Jenkins at the wheel seemed not to heed them in the least—his duty was to keep the vessel on her course, not to dodge the shells.

The *Ebor* plunged on, rolling considerably owing to the cross wind and pitching not a little. Every now and then the screw would appear and the whole vessel would vibrate.

The *Tubular* at the same time was not by any means as steady as she might be, and it was mainly due to this that the *Ebor* was still afloat—one shell from that great gun up in her bows in a fatal part of the *Ebor*, and she must sink!

"It gets dark soon after seven," said Delastrelle. "If only we could keep afloat another hour. But——"

His words were cut short by Darwell, who clutched him by the arm and pointed with open mouth towards their pursuer. Clouds of steam were rising from the engine-rooms and funnels of the *Tubular!* Nobody spoke—they simply stared at their enemy, who was now almost hidden in clouds of steam. Then, just as a shell which must have been fired at

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random through the enveloping clouds of steam burst in front of the *Ebor*, there was a terrific explosion, and when the smoke and steam had cleared away there was nothing to show where the *Tubular* had been thirty seconds or so before.

Cool and collected Darwell stepped to the engine-room telegraph, and sent a message to White to slacken speed.

"I do not think," he said, "that we should be justified in stopping to try and save some of those poor fellows, for the *Lavinia* is fast approaching. Not that she can hurt us, but I hope she may save some lives, even in this sea."

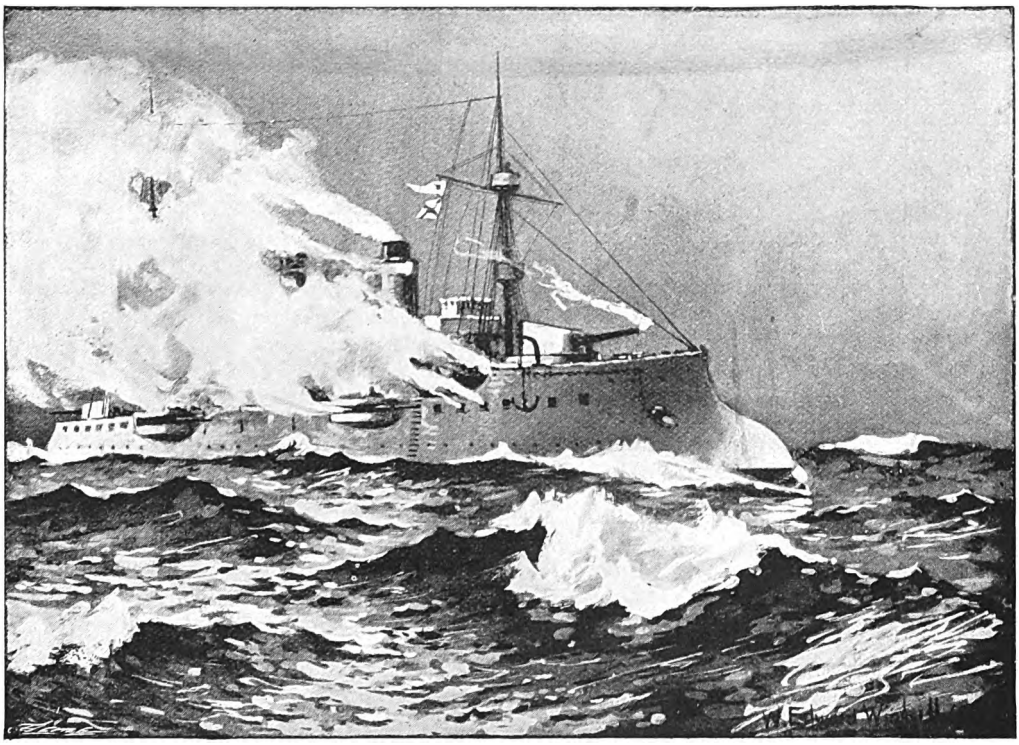
As he finished speaking, a wild figure in a filthy cotton suit rushed on to the bridge.

"Hurrah, Darwell! I've done it! I've proved the superiority of our engines, without a doubt. I tell you we could not have stood that pressure ourselves for another two hours —I gave them till 6.30. Still, I admire them for it, they ran till they died—dead game. Your dispatch must have made the old *Ebor* very enticing, Mr. Delastrelle."

Late on the following day the *Ebor* entered the harbour of Verusez, which is the port of the Northern State of the Delusian Republic. There they learnt that St. Shuen had been occupied by the troops of the Delusian Republic on Friday at 5.30 p.m. and that the cruiser *Lavinia* had been captured as she was returning to St. Shuen. So that, as the enemy's gunboat left at St. Shuen had been captured and the torpedo boat sunk, the remaining navy of the Urvanian Republic consisted of one cruiser and one torpedo boat stationed at Lasa; their army, too, was demoralised and disorganised. Over ninety per cent. of their stores, guns, and ammunition were captured at St. Shuen, in which fight, however, the Delusians had lost heavily; but everything pointed to a speedy termination of hostilities.

Darwell, White, and Jenkins returned with Delastrelle to Arcunia, and a fortnight later Darwell and White left for England in the mail boat, whilst Jenkins was appointed commander of the cruiser *Lavinia* now flying the flag of the Delusian Republic.

Three months from the date of the bombardment of St. Shuen, Gerald Darwell was married to Miriam—the "girl in the frame."



Clouds of steam were rising from the engine-rooms and funnels of the *Tubular*.

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SPORTS THAT MAKE THE MAN

BY

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Sir Thomas starting for a turn on his bicycle.

Bowls : a favourite pastime of Sir Thomas.

WATERLOO, we have all heard, was won at Eton. Equally on other play-fields have great Battles of Business been gained. Exercise and the open air, sports and pastimes, no less—and sometimes more—than office application and the bending over books, go to the making of commercial success.

I was brought up on the banks of the Clyde. Many an hour did I spend as a boy by the river-side watching the craft and indulging in day dreams. My parents were poor, so that I could not then afford the luxury of a yacht except in imagination. For there, sure enough, was the mental picture of the "not impossible She"—no woman of the poet's fancy, but a white-sailed lady of the seas.

The allusion, by the way, has its own aptitude. The "not impossible She" of early dreams turns, in inconstant life, to several very possible "shes"; and my ladies of the sea, too, now number three—Shamrock, Erin, and Shamrock the Second. Whenever I had a shilling to spare in those early days I was certain to lay it out on the hire of a boat. When, as often happened, my purse was empty, I proffered my services as steersman for the sake of a sail. Then, as now, this was my favourite sport. But horse exercise also has been always well in the running. And with these the tale of my recreations is but at the beginning.

When I see a boy who does not care for cricket or football, I conclude that there is something wrong about him; I have the feeling that he cannot be in good health.

Outdoor sports ought, in my opinion, to come to the young as naturally as food. In all warehouses and factories where there are enough employees, I strongly advocate the formation of football and cricket teams and of tennis clubs. In my own firm are footballers and cricketers who can hold their own against any similar association in London. My lady clerks have a tennis club. We also have frequent dances. I have always thought dancing a fine exercise. It works well, too, with another exercise very different in kind, but a very healthy one in its own way—the ascent of the Ladder of Fortune.

There is a good old expression about "dancing for joy." That is the ideal dancing.

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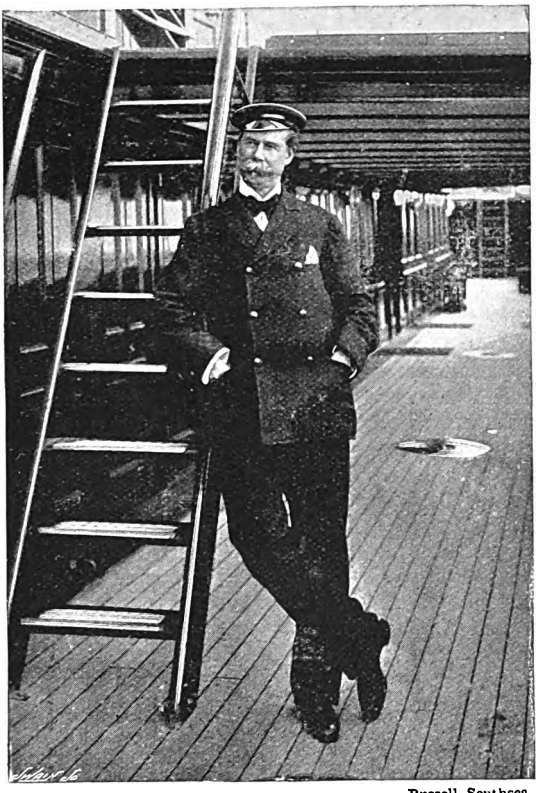


Photo by Russell, Southsea.

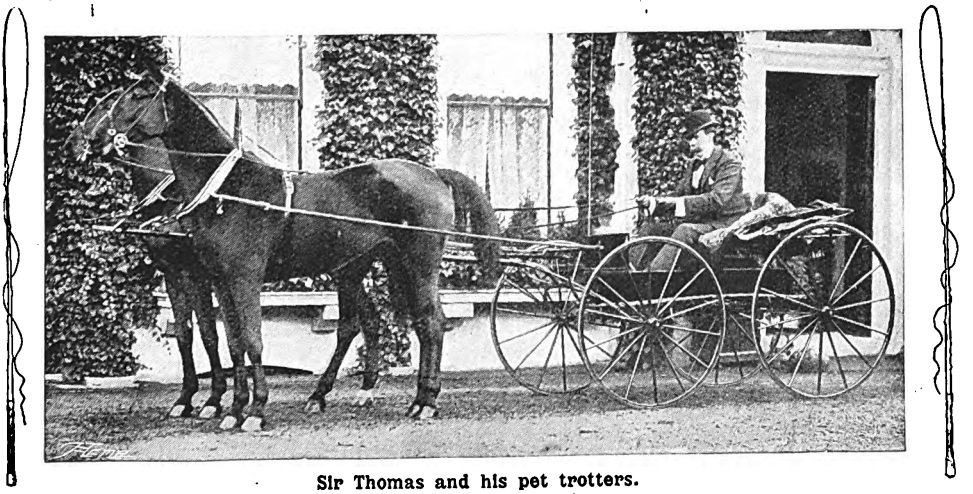
Sir Thomas on board his yacht the *Erin*.

Byron somewhere speaks of the young ladies who have to waltz for a husband. That is almost as far removed as the dancing behind the footlights for a living from the real spontaneous movement that expresses "joy of our youth," and is health-giving.

Music does not come to all naturally, and musicians, like poets, must, I know, be born, not made, or must at any rate be both born and made. But I would have music taught elementarily to all. That is a part of education still too much neglected. Singing and playing are among the real recreations of life, if only as indoor resource during bad weather, when you are not in the mood for books and when companions become (as the best sometimes will) a little bored with each other. I may add that I have played the violin in my own fashion since I was ten years old.

I would go so far as to urge compulsory military drill in schools. I am a volunteer, and am now forming a company among my own employees. The moderns have a good deal to learn in these matters from the ancients. I am aware that Athens was not saved by the gymnasium or the military college; but the young Athenian became decadent in spite of, not because of, his physical exercises.

It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half-holiday and Sunday's rest. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days without ceasing, however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend as far as possible in the open air. I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep. The extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. Gardening, I agree with Lord



Sir Thomas and his pet trotters.

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Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations—it gives you just enough to think about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you. And it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worth many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance for sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate for statesmen.

Other spare half hours at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis, and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with, and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings.

From all this it follows that I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I have sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights; and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—and in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half-an-hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belong to the stage.

Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many millions of pounds are put upon yacht racing, but never a pound by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other.

I think the American boy is ahead of the English boy. I find that in America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In England their youth would be a disqualification. It would not command respect. A man must look old before he is thought to look wise. That I believe to be a great error of policy in the affairs of a nation, a business firm, or a family.

I hold, therefore, that it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is seventeen, and to keep him there for a couple of years. I first went to the States when I was fifteen; and my experiences at various places, all over the country, were the best commercial training I ever had. I find that apprenticeship still stands by me, and it helped me, more than anything else, to the position I occupy.

And now, let me add, I have gone to America again to win something else if possible—the Cup. "Do I really expect to lift the Cup?" is a question I am often asked. Well, if I did not think victory possible there would be no use at all in my entering the lists. Of course I am not certain that I am going to win, but I feel that I have got just as good a chance to lift the Cup as have the Americans to keep it. Moreover, if I were certain to win there would be no sport in the attempt—the pleasure that comes from the effort and the uncertainty would be gone. It is the alternative of hope or fear that gives interest to the game.

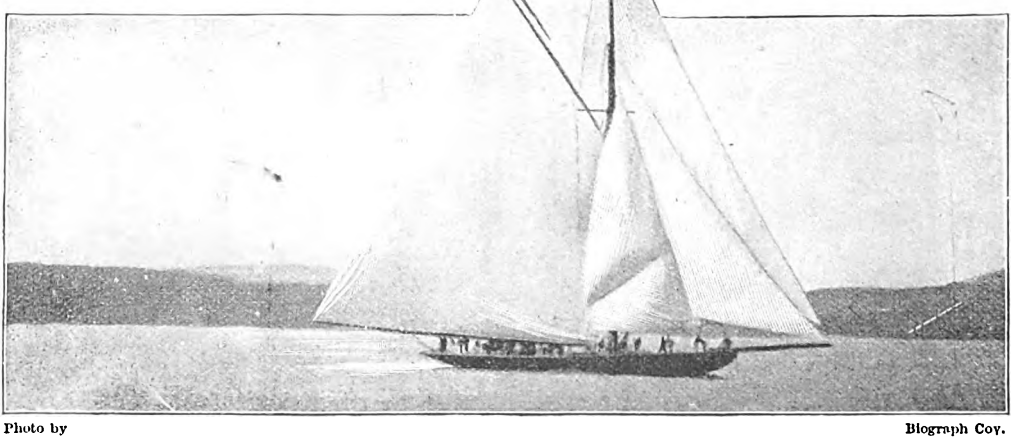

Photo by Biograph Coy.

Shamrock II., Sir Thomas's famous racing yacht.

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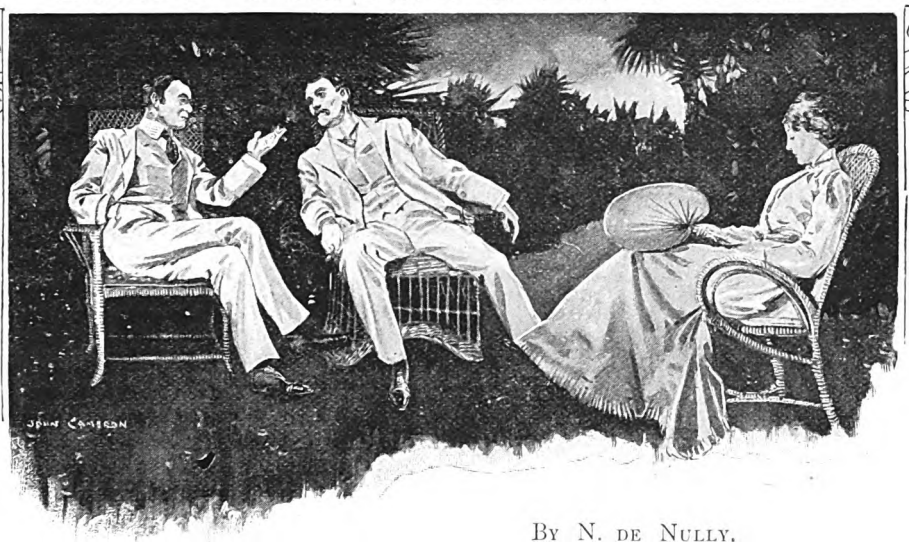
The Doctor's Pet Python



By N. de Nully.

If it be true—as it doubtless to a certain extent is—that they who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep, of a verity also do they who by circumstances are compelled to sojourn in the sweltering tropics, behold many strange and awful things that those living in more temperate climates know not of. It is an experience falling under the second category that I am about to relate.

We were living at Ballygunge, a suburb of Calcutta. The place was a perfect garden. Fluttering bamboos, stately peepul and spreading banyan trees with twining creepers and every conceivable type of tropical flora abounded in rich luxuriance. My husband was at that time—nearly thirty years ago—engaged on the celebrated floating pontoon bridge over the Hooghly, considered in those days a kind of eighth wonder of the world.

We had been in Calcutta about six months, staying at the "Great Eastern," but Ballygunge had only known us a fortnight. Our good friend, Dr. Coombe, lived in the next house. I say "next" because our compounds adjoined, though as a matter of fact each house stood in about ten acres of ground.

Dinner was over. The night had fallen. Glittering fireflies bejewelled the shadowy fantastic forms of the surrounding trees. The cactus hedge across the road seemed incrusted with living diamonds flashing back their scintillations from the still surface of the stagnant water with which recent rain had filled the ditch bordering each side of the road. We were talking of creeping things, when Dr. Coombe casually remarked to my husband as if it were the most usual thing in the world:

"By the way, Lemaire, did you know I had a python living at the bottom of my garden?"

I started.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, Mrs. Lemaire," he laughed, "it's almost tame. Indeed, I believe it would feed out of my hand from the verandah if I called it. I often see it gliding about the long grass. You know a python isn't the same thing as a boa constrictor. This reptile of mine is quite a domestic pet, and is perfectly satisfied with such purely legitimate prey as goats and lambs, and other small animals. The servants are quite accustomed to it; and the villagers in that *bustee* behind there, say it has been here for twenty years. It lives in an old disused drain. Of course, I could easily shoot it."

"I wish you would," I fervently exclaimed.

"I hope to catch it some day and send it home to the London Zoo. But so far it has been too wary for my traps," he replied.

Fresh out from England the mention of pythons and boa constrictors — which I

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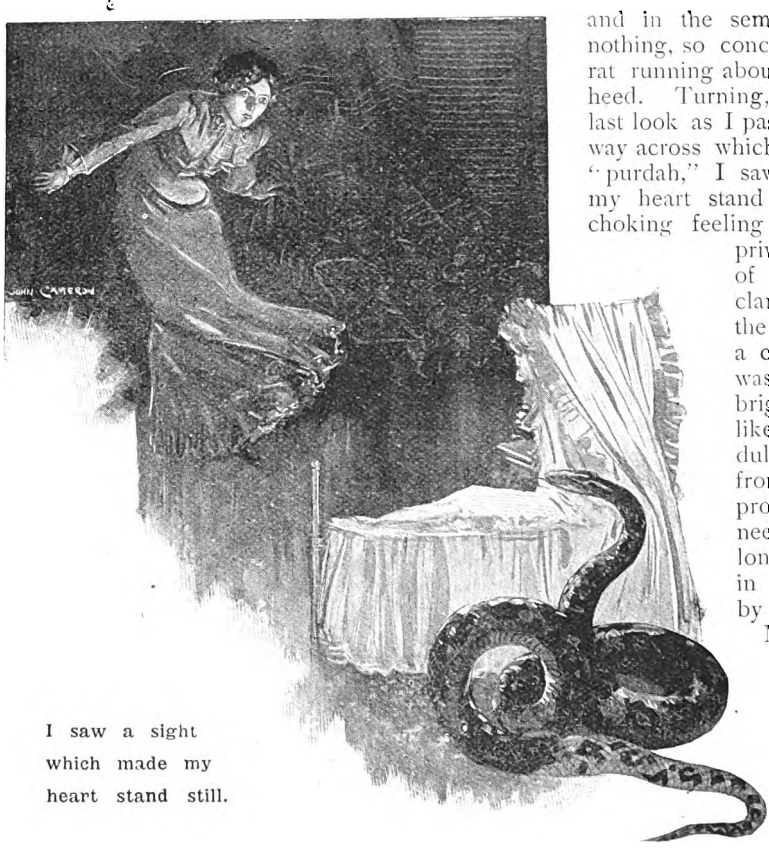

I saw a sight which made my heart stand still.

vaguely understood to be monsters between twenty and thirty feet in length—very much disturbed me.

Soon, however, the conversation drifted to other and more pleasant topics, and I quickly forgot my fears. Later on the doctor left and my husband walked with him as far as his gate—to finish his cigar he said; but I believe it was to have a private confab such as men love. Anyway I seized the opportunity to run in and look at my baby Alec, whom I had left peacefully sleeping in his cot.

The servants were all in their quarters some distance from the house, so I was practically alone until my husband should return. Yes: there he was, quite safe, and fast asleep, the clothes half kicked off him in his efforts to shake himself free from the oppressiveness of the night. Not wishing to disturb him I turned to go, when I heard a curious rustling along the smooth grass mat which covers every Indian floor by way of a carpet.

The *thel buttee* (oil lamp) was burning low (gas hadn't reached Ballygunge in those days) and in the semi-gloom I could see nothing, so concluded it was merely a rat running about, and paid no further heed. Turning, however, to take one last look as I passed through the doorway across which stretched a crimson "purdah," I saw a sight which made my heart stand still and brought a choking feeling into my throat, depriving me of the power of even uttering an exclamation. There, over the side of my baby's cot, a cruel flat yellow head was stealthily peering, its bright beady eyes shining like stars in a setting of dull gold and black facets; from its glistening jaws protruded a row of sharp needle-like teeth, while a long forked tongue darted in and out as if actuated by electricity.

My timid dread had turned to a hideous reality. *Dr. Coombe's python had found its way into the house, attracted by my little one!*

For a full minute I stood rigid with terror, completely benumbed both in body and mind. All I could do was to stare helplessly at the horrible tableau before me, fearful that if I attempted to advance my darling's doom would be certain. I found myself whispering certain disjointed phrases—endearments and ejaculations that were devoid of any meaning. I may have prayed, I think I did, but I can't recollect with any certainty. I was more dead than alive.

All this time, doubtless encouraged by my paralyzed inaction, the gleaming sinuous form was gliding higher and higher until its terrible head and neck hung poised over the tiny slumbering form in the cot. Another second and those pitiless teeth would have been buried in the soft flesh of my baby's throat and his life blood rapidly sucked away before my eyes.

With a great effort, flinging off my terror, I sprang forward with a scream, regardless of consequences, intending to snatch up the child and get away with him outside — anywhere. But that voracious monster had no intention of relinquishing

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its prey so easily. Though it drew back for a moment it instantly resumed its former position, and struck at me angrily with open jaws and blazing eyes, compelling me to stop short with my face scarcely more than a yard away from its loathsome head.

Then ensued a silent duel. Surely a stranger one was never fought; a daughter of Eve doing battle with a descendant of the Serpent that had at the beginning of the world tempted and overcome her first ancestor. Hissing violently and shooting its double sting-like tongue in and out with incredible rapidity, the detestable creature assumed an aggressive attitude, and no energetic efforts of hand waving or sh-sh-sh-ing would induce it to lower its head for even a few seconds in order to give me a chance of snatching up my darling and making my escape.

Leave the cot side to reach for a stick or even a pillow with which to at least momentarily drive back or disconcert my adversary, I dared not. An instant's relaxation would I knew have sealed the fate of that innocent bairn lying there all unconscious of the deadly peril hanging over him. So I stood firmly, all personal fear completely gone.

Indeed, during those horrible moments I had no thought for anything except my child. Had I been sure that his safety could have been rendered a certainty by so doing, I would willingly have flung myself at the python and fought it tooth and nail.

But I had read somewhere—and the recollection of the passage came back to me just then with painful accuracy—that these large reptiles of the constrictor class prefer the young of animals as their food. Indeed, that they would sometimes attack and vanquish one or both of the full grown parents in order to secure their more succulent offspring.

I thought I could read the insatiate reptile's intention. It was determined to tire me out, and having reduced me to a state of unnerved exhaustion, to enfold me in its powerful toils and squeeze my poor body into a shapeless jelly. *Then* it would turn its attention to—but I cannot bear to imagine the picture even now.

In vain I called to my husband and screeched "*qui hai*" (is anyone there?) No one answered; and knowing, as I said before, what men are, I was in terror lest my husband and Dr. Coombe should have got into a too interesting discussion on one of their favourite subjects, and I should be unable to hold out.

The terrifying possibility also occurred to me, that, thinking I was safe in bed, he might even have gone in with the doctor, which would mean perhaps a couple of hours more, by which time the end would certainly have come.

All this while I was fixedly staring into those malignant eyes, and they were staring into mine. Presently an additional horror was imported into the situation. My baby awoke! Rubbing his eyes with his tiny fists he gave a smothered yawn and opened his big blue orbs. Naturally at first his gaze wandered round until it rested on me, and the corners of his mouth curved upward in a smile. Then he looked immediately above him, and saw the python! In an instant his expression changed. Instinctively he seemed to realise a vague danger, and his lips contracted preparatory to a cry.

I suppose at such times when one's mental faculties are subjected to an unusual strain, one thinks quickly. Dread seems to bestow, even on a comparatively sluggish mind, a swift perception and power of prompt action of which it is ordinarily incapable. At least this is the only way by which I can account for what seemed to me like an inspiration. A cry from the child would have completely unnerved me and probably resulted in the enemy at once adopting the offensive. As it was, I just smiled encouragingly, pursing up my lips into an imaginary kiss.

Fortunately the expedient succeeded, and my unsuspecting child's features relaxed, and in a few seconds a sweet trustful smile stole over his face. He even stretched forth his chubby arms and tried to reach the snake's loathsome gleaming head to play with it!

How I restrained myself from doing something desperate, I cannot think. How I stood there motionless, how I retained my reason, why I did not faint, are all questions I have been unable to answer to this day. Looking back over the years that have elapsed since that night, it all seems like a hideous nightmare, a gruesome memory that haunts me waking and sleeping.

My eyes being now well accustomed to the dim light shed by the steadily burning oil lamp, everything had assumed an almost surprising distinctness, particularly the graceful S-shaped curve of the huge snake's neck. I could almost count the rows of lemon-coloured horny sheaths on the creature's underside, and every single flash of implacable hatred which its yellow black centred eyes incessantly darted at me seemed to pierce my very brain.

Yet I did not flinch. In fact I had now reached a stage when I felt capable of

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offering prolonged resistance, with the capacity at the same time of holding that repulsive foe in check by my determined stare—at least until help arrived, for I knew that as soon as my husband returned he would call for me. Presently, however, a worse terror began to tug at my heartstrings. The enemy was bringing into play his most subtle weapon, one that invariably subdues when all other methods have failed.

I was being fascinated—mesmerised!

It was some time before I really began to feel the curious numbing effect of the snake's motionless gaze. The first sensation was that of a pleasant mental tranquillity, a kind of calm unconcern from which all fear and horror had been banished. It was probably this hypnotic influence that had lulled me into a sense of false security; that had deceived me into imagining I could hold out indefinitely; for, of course, a violent attack by the python could have precipitated matters at any moment.

Soon I became aware of a distinct drowsiness overcoming me, a dull heavy state not unlike that which envelops an opium smoker. Several times I succeeded in shaking it off; but it invariably returned, each time gaining in its stupefying intensity. After a while I began to drop off, in reality—I suppose I must have intermittently lost consciousness—for every time I came to myself it was to find the python's head a fraction nearer my throat.

Muddled and incapable of thought as I felt myself fast becoming, I was still able to realise that the power of calling for help would soon be gone and that I should passively stand there while those gradually opening jaws now dripping with frothy saliva in anticipation of a feast, would close on my unprotected throat. One of the most remarkable effects of this serpent magnetism, under the spell of which I was so certainly passing, was the magnified appearance which everything assumed.

Nearly filling my rapidly shrinking circle of vision, the python's head seemed to grow larger and larger. Objects in and around this frightful central figure became misty and distorted. The dripping jaws apparently extended to an enormous extent; and the shining yellow eyes looked like signal lamps seen through a sickly fog.

In all probability, had not something happened, this process of mesmeric insensibility would have been carried to its fullest limit, and my fate and that of little Alec finally decided. I suppose in my apathetic, semi-dreamy condition I had gradually ceased to take any heed of what was going on around me. I was mentally paralysed, and my mind had become as incapable of thought as my limbs were of motion.

From the evidence on my infant's throat when I saw him a few hours afterwards, there seems no doubt that the python, satisfied it had effectually disposed of my opposition, had made a quick swoop at its intended victim and burying its teeth in poor Alec's neck, caused him to utter a piercing scream.

That broke the spell. In a moment I was awake, and seeing the monster with my darling in its grip, I made a dash, tore the child away, and darting round the cot, seized the horrid creature with a wild idea of trying to choke it. How I did it, I cannot imagine. I was in a state of mad despairing frenzy, utterly regardless of the issue.

For an instant the great snake shrank back before my fierce attack; but the contest was an unequal one from the beginning. My adversary quickly recovered its surprise, and was immediately up again erect, hissing vehemently and striking energetically at my face. It was not long before it became a matter of only defending myself. I could see that a few minutes more and the end would arrive.

Suddenly another wild notion entered my overwrought brain. I remembered the story of Samson and the lion which I had so often read, and almost before I knew what I was attempting, I was endeavouring to put my reckless idea into effect. It was at least half-a-minute—it seemed like half-an-hour—before the awful creature gave me my chance. I took it at once, with a whispered involuntary prayer to carry it out. As if tired of playing its fish, the python at length braced itself up for a final attack. Swaying backward until its curved form (or that part of it which was in an erect position above the massive coil beneath), almost touched the floor behind, the immense creature hurled itself at me with terrific impetus.

The shock was tremendous, and nearly overbalanced me, but I managed to keep my feet; moreover, some of the blow was broken by my outstretched hands. Before my antagonist could recover from its ineffectual assault, I had seized its upper and lower jaws with my left and right hands, scarcely noticing the pain as its sharp teeth pierced my flesh. My whole energy was bent on my plan, which I knew meant either victory or death.

Exerting every vestige of physical strength left to me, I was so occupied in endeavouring

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to tear the snake's jaws asunder, that it was not until it was too late that I realised I was lost. The meaning of the something heavy and sinuous coiling itself round my waist and irresistibly closing about my lower limbs was unmistakeable. In a few seconds more I was gasping for breath and chokingly trying to scream for aid. Still, I would not yield; but with the superhuman power of despair, made a supreme effort. The strangling grip tightened, I felt as if the weight of the earth was bearing me down. My eyes seemed to be bursting out of their sockets, and the veins of my face and neck were swollen like cords. With a gurgle I endeavoured to relax my stiffening muscles—then all was blackness, and I remember nothing more.

The blow was broken by my outstretched hands.

* * *

When I came to myself, my husband and Dr. Coombe were bending over me. By their side stood Gunga, our *bearer*, with little Alec in his arms. A significant strip of blood-stained lint encircled my baby's throat. Unmistakable tears of gladness were in the faithful servant's eyes.

"The *Khodah* is good memsahib," he said fervently, "for he saved you from the *Shilân* who had taken the form of a *sâmp*." One could hardly help smiling at the Oriental's superstition.

My husband simply pressed my hand and, with a queer shake in his voice, said, attempting to seem jocular: "I had no idea you were so strong, dear; but I think we were only just in time."

"I am afraid it is I who am responsible," chimed in the cheery voice of the doctor. "However, you can comfort yourself, Mrs. Lemaire, that you will never be troubled by that brute again. But do you know," he added with a laugh, "you have quite spoilt it as a specimen."

I learnt afterwards that in my desperation I had actually torn the python's jaws completely apart, and it was only due to its agonised writhings being fortunately in the opposite direction to that in which it had coiled round me, that I was not past help when the two men rushed in.

They had found me lying on the ground with that heavy, shining thing wound round my prostrate form, its tapering tail wriggling in death throes as it beat violently upon the matted floor. At first they thought me dead, but Dr. Coombe, stooping down, perceived that I was only insensible, and, by a miracle, still whole in body and limb. He and my husband disengaged me from the toils of my now helpless foe, and laid me on the couch in the dining-room, where I awoke to consciousness nearly an hour afterwards.

It was weeks before I got over the shock of that awful encounter. When I did, I insisted on my husband taking a passage for Alec and me by the next P. and O. steamer leaving Garden Reach; and nothing would induce me to return to India for several years. In no case could I be persuaded to venture near Ballygunge again.

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ARTISTS IN RAGS

Showing how in Default of Paint, Pictures may be Made out of Rags.

By Horace F. Burton.

To the making of pictures there is no end. Most of them are merely painted with brush and colour. During the past few years we have seen tolerably good pictures made from smoke; others from coloured sand. Now the art has come down to the employment of rags and tatters in picture producing—and the effect is by no means bad. Who knows but that, one of these fine days, we shall see a few excellent rag pictures (turned out of an enterprising artist's "cast-offs") hung at the Academy? Certainly they would be an improvement upon a few of the efforts displayed on the walls of the Big Picture Shop up West. Still, it is difficult to imagine artistic England going into hysterics of enthusiasm over the points of a picture produced from an old overcoat and a worn-out necktie! But there is no knowing.

Judging from the appreciative way in which the British public has greeted the efforts of a couple of artists of Bohemian Paris, it is possible that rag pictures will form an attractive feature at places of entertainment throughout the country.

The Messieurs Auer may be regarded as the pioneers of this particular branch of artistic work, which is decidedly as amusing as it is unique. Never before have I considered it possible for a bundle of old rags and a couple of pairs of hands to extract so much laughter from the comparatively stolid audience made up chiefly of John Bull and his wife and family. The towering heights of the Hippodrome echo with merriment whilst the entertainment progresses. "Pictures from rags," hit the taste of the unambitious critic immensely. Their introduction takes the form of a sort of sketch in which an artist and a Parisian rag picker and old clo' collector play the parts.

The artist is without paint—he explains the situation to the "old clo' man." "But I have a brilliant idea," he says; "we'll substitute rags for paint, and go half shares."

The artist is found seated, brush and palette in hand, at his easel. Alas! he has no paint left, and his ex-

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chequer and credit also have failed. He is at his wits' end to produce a picture to sell in order to secure for him the necessities of existence. Gazing pensively and despondently at his empty canvas, he suddenly hears the peculiar cry of the Parisian "old clo' man." An inspiration comes to him.

Going hurriedly to the window of his apartment, he hails the man of "cast-offs," requesting him to ascend to the humble attic of many artistic aspirations, but little worldly comfort. And presently, the clatter of feet on the staircase announces the coming of the being who is to be the salvation of the artist in his extremity.

In stumbles a very extraordinary-looking individual, dressed in patch-work garb, and carrying on his back a large clothes-crate whose contents are evident.

The artist proceeds to explain his predicament. He has no colours. He cannot paint a picture. But he has been inspired with a brilliant idea. He will make a picture out of the old clothes and oddments in his visitor's basket. He will divide the profits. Is it a bargain? Done! And work begins.

The "old clo' man" agrees, and empties the contents of his basket on the ground.

Clatter! In a jiffy the old clo' basket has been turned upside down, and its contents fall in a heap on the attic floor, and that heap contains many curiosities of the wardrobe. An ancient gamp, two old hats, bits of metal, garments in various stages of consumption, some lengths of wire, and pieces of coloured material. In fact, there is the assortment of odd things which the Parisian old clothes man is able in some mysterious way to place a value upon.

The artist starts his rag picture.

An inspection of the whole of the collection of oddments helps the artist to make up his mind as to the best advantage to which they may be used. His nimble fingers are already at work picking out the likeliest of the material so generously placed at his disposal. Time is at a premium. Every movement is precious.

He grasps a napkin from the strange heap. In a moment he has pinned the white square upon the canvas background in a particular way. What is it that he intends to depict? Wait a moment.

Amongst the rubbish on the floor are several slips of green material. These he tears into various sizes. At one end he wraps them in white rags

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From a mere bundle of old rags the artist has made a bunch of beautiful roses, and uses the cord —

fastened with thread. Then he quickly pins the slips to the canvas, the white ends resting about the centre of the napkin. The "old clo' man" helps him in the true low comedy style, his assistance being peculiar enough to make the spectators laugh at almost every turn.

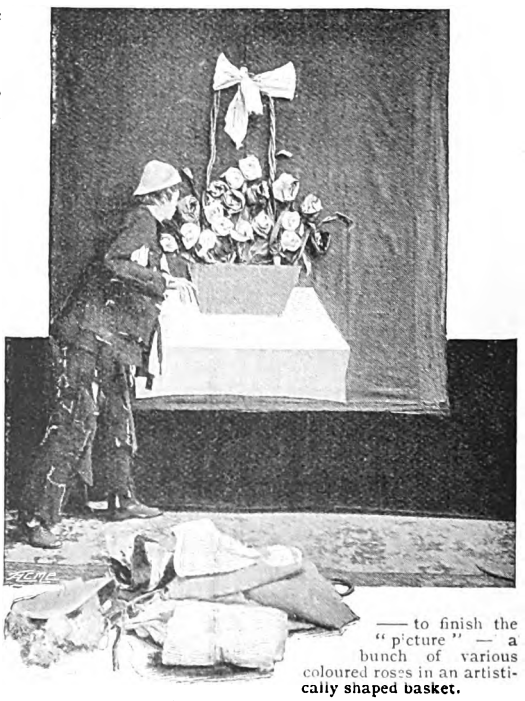
But the artist is busy. He snatches up various bits of coloured rags, rolls them up in an ingenious way, and, with nimble fingers, pins them at intervals amidst the group of straggling strips. There is no more mystery as to the aims of the artist. He is forming a bouquet of flowers. The strips of green cloth are the foliage, the rolled up coloured rags, the blooms! But why on the napkin? We shall see.

More blooms are formed until about a dozen are fixed amidst the foliage of the bouquet. The effect of the blended colours (which, alas! photography cannot yet reproduce) is really artistic, and the semblance to the real article striking. To form the foliage and bloom the artist has often to resort to desperate measures. He wants a bit of pink, for instance. He cannot find any in the heap. But the ragged clothing of his new-found friend comes in handy. The artist gets his bit of pink from the various slips and openings in "the old clo' man's" patch-work suit. A pinch here, a pull there, and lo! a lovely bloom is formed. By the time the artist has fulfilled his requirements of leaf and flower, the unfortunate helper is more ragged and tattered than when he entered the studio!

Now the bouquet is fairly filled in, but something remains to be done—the flowers must be placed in a basket. A rapid search among the ruins on the floor, and the tattered one adds to the picture by placing in position a small piece of matting, which is just the thing to give the idea of the basket. It is now plain that the picture is intended to represent a basket of flowers on a small table.

The artist critically glances at his work. But he is not satisfied. Something is still missing. Yes; the basket, to be perfect, must have a long, graceful handle. How is it to be found?

Happy thought! The rope used by the rag-man in carrying the basket across his shoulder. Good! The very thing. In a moment it is wrenched from its rightful quarters; in another it is fixed on the background, forming an elegant handle, and when adorned by an ornamental bow at the top, it completes the picture—a handsome bouquet of flowers in a basket standing upon a snow-white napkined table. So great is the illusion that one is almost tempted to follow



— to finish the "picture" — a bunch of various coloured roses in an artistically shaped basket.

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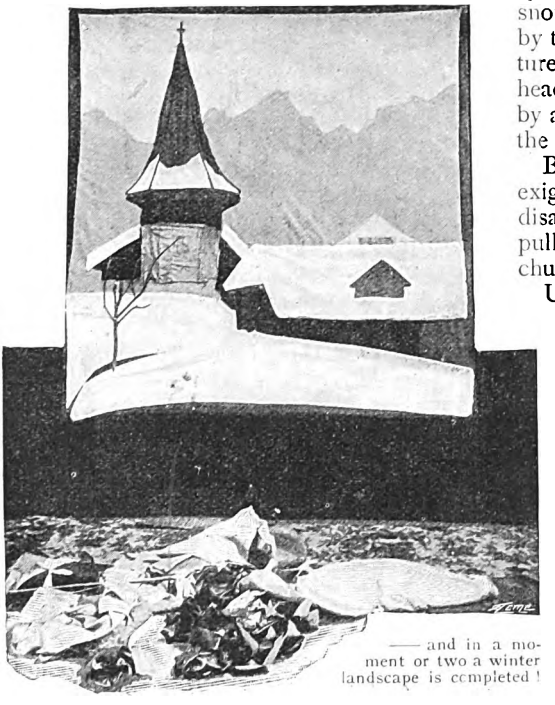
the example of the rag collector, and enjoy the perfume.

The artist is so pleased with the result of his efforts, that he decides to attempt the portrayal of a landscape—a snow landscape, too!

A rummage amongst the heap produces a white table-cover, badly stained with wine, which some careless fellow has allowed to be thus wasted. Never mind. The stain is zig-zag in shape, and, when the table-cloth is pinned in its place on the easel, it looks for all the world like the representation of mountains, snow-covered, in the distance! So fortunate! Some more white things, a napkin or two, and presently the vast wilderness of snow begins to be broken, in the foreground, by several buildings, with roofs covered with "the silent flakes from heav'n." The eaves of the buildings stand out darkly.

Now for a landscape. The rags in the basket are not sufficient, so the artist tears strips off the "old clo' man's" trous rs ——

An edifice is seen springing into shape on the left. It looks like a big top hat with brim uppermost. But now we see why that wretched old gingham was introduced into the heap at the beginning. It is to fulfil a useful, an ecclesiastical, calling! We presently see the handle disappear, whilst the sorry old covering and wires, resting on the hat-like edifice, form a magnificent church spire, whilst a rag or two extra show the snow at its base. A stump of a cigar, found by the "old clo' man," finishes off the picture, by forming the customary cross at the head of the steeple! And realism is added by a few twigs to represent a tree growing in the snow-covered earth!



—— and in a moment or two a winter landscape is completed!

But the beautiful snow-scene, owing to exigencies of stage management, must disappear—until the next performance. A pull of the stained table-cloth, and lo! the church and other buildings vanish.

Unlimited are the possibilities of the art of making rag pictures, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that, whilst doubtless distance lends enchantment to the view, the effects in colour—which, alas! cannot be reproduced here—are often quite Turneresque. This may be traced to the fact that Messrs. Auer were a couple of years ago among the cleverest of those artists who live and have their being in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Moss, managing director of the Hippodrome, and to the kind co-operation of the clever artists, the Auers, for the illustrations accompanying this article.

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DOUBLET & HOSE

By Horace Wyndham & A. Lluellyn.

I.

The fitful summer breeze blew softly through the open French window of a Park Lane drawing-room, gently wafting the curtains to and fro. It was a charming interior that the afternoon sun was lighting up with a warm glow, and the beams, that touched with their brightness the generous wealth of flowers and the profusion of books and pictures, seemed to reflect in their rays something of the room's occupants. These were two girlish figures, alike so far as youth, beauty, and good health can make a couple who are but on the threshold of womanhood. In temperament alone was Paula Trevor—the delightfully indulged daughter of the house—materially different from her more staid cousin, Nell Somers.

The joy of suppressed excitement sparkled in her eyes as she bent over a large brown paper parcel from which the confining string had just been removed. Picking up the label she read out its inscription with a light laugh of triumph—"From Messrs. Scott & King, Tailors, Savile Row," and then held up for the other's inspection a suit of unmistakably masculine dress clothes.

"Oh, Nell," she cried. "Don't they look lovely! How I hope they'll fit all right."

"Do you really mean to do it, old girl?" asked her cousin, regarding her with a look in which astonishment and admiration were equally blended.

"Of course I do," returned the other with a ripple of laughter. "That's what I got the —the—," with a guilty blush—"things—for."

"But, Paula—"

"My dear straight-laced old Nell, there's no 'but' in the matter. I've made up my mind to go through with this, and when I say I'll do a thing, it's as good as done. Besides, there's no real harm in it."

"No, dear—I suppose not, but—"

The two girls looked at each other and burst into laughter again.

"Listen, Nell, it's to be to-night," said the first when they had recovered themselves a little. "At 9 o'clock George Gascoigne is to meet me at the Café Lombardy."

"Why to-night, though?"

"Because it's the only chance we'll have. George goes back to Sandhurst to-morrow, and father's friend, Sir John Gore, comes to stay with us in the afternoon. He's a great traveller, I believe. At any rate, he belongs to the Wanderer's Club."

"Is that *the* Sir John?"

"Yes," answered Paula with a petulant little pout—"the man father wants me to marry. Ugh! I hate him! It's too bad to have him rammed down my throat like this, so I'm going in for a last glorious spree while the chance occurs. Father is dining out to-night, so I've arranged to meet George Gascoigne at the Café Lombardy. He is going to take me to a music-hall afterwards and we're to finish up with supper at the Savoy. No one will find me out, because I've got a

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splendid wig from Clarkson's. What do you think of the programme, Nell?"

"Oh, Paula—how can you do it? But won't it be a joke, though!" was the answer.

II.

At a quarter to nine that night a slim young figure, garbed in the orthodox evening attire of the sterner sex, stood on the doorstep of No. 211, Park Lane.

"You won't tell anyone, Marie?"

"Oh no, Mam'selle — pardon, mais M'sieur!" replied the smart French housemaid, trying hard to repress her laughter.

"And supposing my father returns before I'm back?"

"Mam'selle is in bed. *Oui, m'sieur, je le comprends parfaitement.*"

It was a lovely night in early May, as Paula Trevor, masquerading for the nonce in the garb of masculinity, made her way towards the nearest cab rank. The bright beams of the silver moon shining down through the foliage in the Park seemed to be reflected in the faces of the passing pedestrians. As she came up with them, the girl glanced at them curiously, eager to discover if her disguise bore the test of their chance scrutiny. Apparently it did so, for no remarks upon her appearance were uttered in her hearing.

"So far, so good," she thought, hailing an opportune hansom, to the driver of which she gave the direction "Café Lombardy." Then sinking back into a corner, she spent the few minutes occupied by the drive in an ineffectual attempt not to regret the experiment she was making.

Arriving at her destination in due time, she dismissed the cab and looked round for her friend, Mr. Gascoigne, who was to have met her at the entrance to the Café. No one was there, however, and feeling more than a little angry at the defection, the girl paused irresolutely on the threshold, half inclined to turn back again. It was no good doing this, though, she reflected. George had probably misunderstood the arrangement, and it was almost certain that she would find him waiting for her inside. Accordingly, she passed through the doors that were invitingly open and sat down at a table near the entrance.

The crowded room, the lights and laughter, the popping of corks and buzz of conversation, rather confused her at first. However, her mind was fully made up now, and vowing dire threats of vengeance against Mr. Gascoigne when he should make his appearance, she awaited with outward calmness the approach of the expectant waiter.

In a matter of fact manner he suggested an absinthe as an appropriate description of refreshment, and the girl accordingly ordered it to be brought her. When it arrived, with its accompanying paraphernalia of carafe of iced water and basin of sugar, she stared dubiously at the green liquid rather wondering how the complete drink was prepared. Fortunately, a man at the next table had just ordered the same form of refreshment. Watching him carefully, she mixed the component parts of the drink in a similar fashion. Then came the final step—the concoction had to be tasted.

Good heavens! How nasty it was! thought Paula, as with a wry face she gulped down half the contents of the glass. The cough-mixture-like scent of the liquid made her feel as if she were in the nursery again. However, she bravely made another attempt, and, this time, succeeded rather better. Then, putting down the half-emptied glass with a sigh of relief, she looked anxiously round the large room.

III.

The place was very full just then, and every table within range seemed to be occupied by groups of men and women. How vulgar they all were—especially the latter—thought the girl. She wondered why the place had any attraction at all, for to her everything seemed a mixture of tawdriness and blatancy. Quite forgetting that it was she who had asked Mr. Gascoigne to take her here, she commenced to revile that individual to herself for having arranged the meeting.

A man's voice disturbed her reverie—

"Would you mind passing me the matches—they're about as scarce in this place as English waiters."

Paula started in surprise and, looking up quickly, saw that a new comer had taken the seat beside her. "Not a young man," she decided with a sigh of relief after a sharp glance at his face—for she had a theory that the middle-aged were less acute in their criticism. She placed him in her mind at about seven-and-thirty, and decided that he was a gentleman and had kindly eyes.

The stranger made two abortive attempts to light his cigar. When he failed for the second time, the girl looked up with a smile.

"I have heard humour defined as 'amusement gained at another's expense,'" observed the man.

"So have I," answered the girl lightly. "At least, I've read it somewhere."

"Ah, there are few things read nowadays

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that have not been previously written, for the present generation of authors live largely by the sweat of their quotation marks," her *vis-à-vis* commented in a jesting tone.

What a curiously charming voice he had, thought Paula. Low in tone and rich in quality it attracted her strangely.

"Do you come here often?" he asked presently after a pause during which the girl had occupied herself in speculating whether she should wait for Mr. Gascoigne any longer, or return home at once.

"No," she answered, trying to speak with an air of calmness that she was far from feeling in reality, "I'm scarcely an *habituè*."

"I thought not," returned her companion with a little smile—quite a friendly and confidence inviting one, it seemed to her. "You don't look like one of the common objects of the Café Lombardy."

Paula flushed a little at the other's words. Then, reflecting that her appearance made the remark a perfectly natural one, she added with a little touch of dignity, "I only came in to-night because I was to meet a man here."

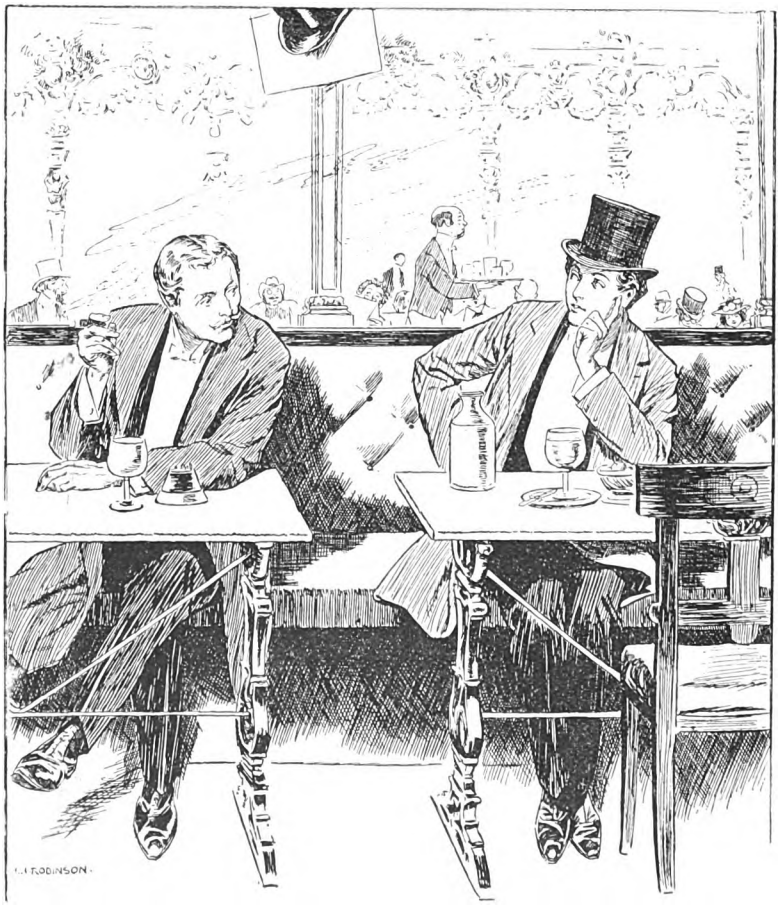
As she spoke, her anxiety on account of the increasing difficulty of her position almost overmastered her. Fearing that she would suddenly lose her self-control, she searched eagerly through her unaccustomed pockets for her handkerchief. As she drew it out at last, a letter addressed to herself fell face upwards at her companion's feet. Stooping hastily to pick it up, he glanced unconsciously at the superscription before he handed it back. As she took the envelope from him, Paula wondered at the curious glance of inquiry that came into his eyes. He looked as if he were going to ask a question. Instead of doing so, however, he quietly observed—

"You don't seem to get on very well with your absinthe."

"No," replied the girl innocently. "Do you know—I think there must be something the matter with it, because it tastes so much like aniseed."

"That's a peculiarity of absinthe," replied the other gravely—a strange smile, however, flickering about the corners of his mouth. "If I were you, though," he added, "I'd send it away and have some coffee instead. They used to brew it quite decently here."

She thanked him for the suggestion, and, summoning a waiter, gave the necessary order. Then, placing her elbows on the



"Do you come here often?" he asked.

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The *fracas* attracted the manager and a waiter to their corner of the room.

table, she leaned forward and looked up at her companion. The retrospective nature of his last remark excited her curiosity. His personality interested her strangely. She felt that there was a story lurking in the depths of those dark blue eyes of his, and, woman-like, determined to extract it from him.

"You've been here before then?" she asked.

"Very often—in the old days, that is. The place was rather different then, and I couldn't come in here for five minutes at night without meeting people whom I knew. I've been abroad for the last ten years, though, and now all my old friends seem to have discovered fresh haunts."

"Ah, people—that is friends—do make a difference, don't they?" she broke in.

"Naturally," was the calm answer, "just as differences destroy friendships."

The girl laughed at the other's air of solemnity.

"Is it differences of opinion that you mean?" she asked.

"Sometimes of opinion, sometimes of—dress," answered the stranger quietly.

Before she had time to frame a second question, the entrance of a rather noisy party of men and women made her turn her head. The group had seated themselves at the table next to her's. One of the new comers, who had already obviously dined more plentifully than wisely, regarded her look of disgust with no friendly spirit. Without saying anything, however, he leaned over and rudely reached across for the match-stand. As he did so, he lost his balance and lurched violently against her. Instantly he began to abuse the girl for intentionally tripping him up, and, before she could proffer a word of explanation, he seized her glass and dashed its contents in her face.

It had all happened so quickly that hitherto her friend had been powerless to intervene. Now, however, he was on his feet in a moment, and, with a well directed blow, knocked the girl's assailant down. A scene of wild excitement ensued and the *fracas* quickly attracted the manager and a waiter to their corner of the room.

White and terrified at the turn events were taking, Paula looked appealingly at her ally.

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The manager, note-book in hand, was officiously asking questions, and a storm of explanations and inquiries in half-a-dozen languages promptly arose. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, the manager came up to the girl.

"M'sieur will please favour me with his name and address?" he demanded magisterially.

The request filled her with dismay. It was impossible to refuse compliance, and it was equally impossible to grant it. What should she say, she wondered, visions of her appearance in a police-court if she withheld her name—floating before her. In despair, she glanced at the stranger with whom she had been talking——

"All right," he answered quietly, interpreting the look. "Do as the manager asks—it's a mere matter of form—you won't hear anything more about it."

An idea suddenly struck her. The name that had all day been ringing so insistently in her ears would do to give the man. It was he, she argued with feminine casuistry, who had got her into the trouble, and he would have to get her out of it again. Accordingly, and without pausing to consider the possible consequences, she answered—"Sir John Gore, Wanderers' Club."

"Much obliged, sir," returned the manager obsequiously as he went to the next table to obtain similar particulars of the original cause of the disturbance.

"I think we'd better leave this at once," remarked her friend, regarding her with a look in which compassion and amusement seemed curiously blended. "The best thing you can do will be to go straight home. I'll get you a hansom."

As they stood in the doorway waiting for the cab that had been summoned, Paula held out her hand——

"You've been awfully good to me," she said simply, "and I'd like to know who you are?"

The stranger took her little ungloved hand in his, held it for a long time, seemed about to make some remark, and then apparently changed his mind.

"Good-bye," he answered at last. "Perhaps I'm not going quite out of your life after all. I very much hope we shall see a great deal of each other before either of us is much older."

Wondering at his words, she got into the hansom that had just drawn up. As it bowled rapidly along towards Park Lane, she looked at the card the speaker had left in her hand On its smooth white surface was the inscription—'Sir John Gore, Wanderers' Club.'

IV.

Paula's feelings, as the full import of her action in giving the stranger's name as her own dawned upon her, may be better imagined than described. All through the homeward drive she was haunted with the fear that Sir John would write and inform Mr. Trevor of his chance meeting with her and its strange *dénouement*. Even if he refrained from doing this, he would at least, she reflected, decide to defer his intended visit. In this case her father would certainly insist upon an explanation, and then the whole story of her escapade would be sure to come out. From whatever standpoint she regarded it the outlook was serious. But Sir John, in his last words to her as he saw her into the cab at the door of the restaurant, had said that he hoped to see her again. He had said it, too, she felt, with a distinct thrill of pleasure at the recollection, as though he had meant it. Surely, then, he intended to stand by her? Yes, she was certain he would—he looked that sort of man.

As the cab drew up at the house at last, Paula, latch-key in hand, sprang out in an agony of impatience.

"Have I been missed?" she queried anxiously of Marie, who was keeping a look out for her young mistress in the hall.

"No, Mam'selle," was the reassuring reply. "Mr. Trevor has not yet returned."

So far so good, thought the girl. There was yet another matter to be settled, however.

"Has Mr. Gascoigne been to ask for me?"

"He called a few minutes ago," was the answer, "to inquire if you had received the telegram from him that arrived ten minutes after you started."

"Give it to me quick!"

In answer to her question, the maid handed her the telegram of which she spoke. Paula read the message—"Mistake in my note. Said Café Lombardy instead of Café Majestic. Meet me at latter place at 9.30—George."

"I think not," said Paula determinedly. "One mistake in one night is quite enough for me."

Sir John Gore, to whom she explained this view on the following afternoon, fully agreed with her. As she said "Yes" to a rather important question that he put to her before the conclusion of his visit, the agreement between the two was a lasting one. On the night of their return to town after the honeymoon they supped, by Paula's express wish, at the Café Lombardy.

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MICK, THE LADDER-CLIMBER.

THE accompanying set of photographs illustrates a very clever trick performed by an Irish terrier named Mick, the property of Mr. Leslie Pogson, of Anwick, Sleaford. The ladder seen in the photograph is rather lighter than the ordinary article; it is about ten feet in length, and the staves—which are thin and rounded—are nine inches apart.

Mick starts his journey.

Almost at the top.

The last rung.

The trick consists of walking up one side of the ladder, crawling over the top, and then coming down the other side. For the ascent the ladder—as seen in the first photograph—is slightly tilted to afford a better foothold for the performer. As the dog approaches the top, the ladder is gradually brought to the perpendicular, and when he commences the descent, tilted again, but now in the opposite direction.

Changing from one side to the other at the top is a very ticklish operation, and it was at this stage in the proceedings that Mick most often came to grief when he was learning the trick. Several weeks were occupied in making him proficient, and during that time he frequently had a fall from a more or less exalted position on the ladder.

Mick always accomplishes the descent with great caution, as it has to be made head-foremost, but falls or mishaps of any kind are now comparative rarities.

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Turning: A crucial moment.

Mick commences the downward journey.

En route.

Nearing the bottom.

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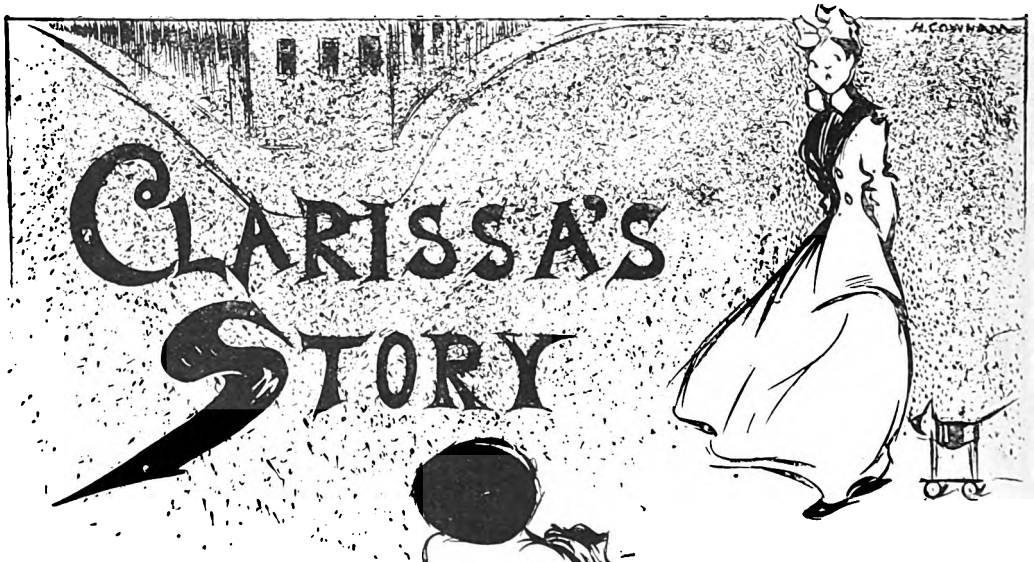

By Erroll Stanhope.

My name is Clarissa—it always has been, as far as I can remember — anyway, I don't recollect any other. Everyone calls me Clarissa, except one or two rude visitors, mostly boys, who come to see my mistress, and *they* call me "Old Whiskers."

Of course I never answer to the name, no self-respecting cat would, but I was very annoyed about it the other day, because my son (his name is The Gay Lord Quex) heard it, and now I can't get him to call me "mother" any more.

My mistress's name is Clarissa also. Whether it was a coincidence or whether she was called after me I can't tell you. She is twenty years old. I don't know how old I am; cat-years are not the same as human years. I count my days between my meal-times, and when Clarissa is out and I am left for Margaret to feed, it is usually a very long day—that's all I know.

If I was going to tell you about the servant, I should have a lot to say. Her name, as I said before, is Margaret, but Clarissa always calls her the Slave, because it is part of her work to make my bed and cook my food, for I am treated very well where I live.

I call her the Slave sometimes, and she usually goes about with her mouth open and makes a scraping noise with her feet. I like to put my head through the kitchen bannisters and call out "Slave!" as loud as I can, but she doesn't understand me, of course. Clarissa does, though—she's very clever for a human being—and it is really about her that I am going to tell, so I hope you will excuse my having spoken of the servant.

My hair (I have a lot, because I am a Persian lady, and my grandfather was imported — I don't know what that means, unless it is that he is dead, because he is)—my hair is grey and my eyes are green. Now my mistress's eyes are grey and her hair is brown, and she isn't a Persian, which is a misfortune.

All my children have grey coats and green eyes and are Persians, and I should have liked her to have been the same.

Lots of people used to come to our house, but there was only one that *I* really liked. He was a young man, an artist, and his name was Lovat Braithwaite. Mrs. Duke—that's my mistress's mother—used to think he came to see her, because she had beautiful white hands and he admired them—but I knew better. I used to be sitting under one of the hall chairs when Clarissa let him out, and I've seen him kiss her. She did not seem to mind it, so, of course, I never said anything, because, as I mentioned before, I liked him he had a nice *stroking* hand.

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One day when I was combing Lord Quex's hair and trying to keep the baby quiet in the basket, I heard angry voices, and Mrs. Duke came in with a very red face, followed by Clarissa with a very white one.

Cats' faces don't change colour, so I could not make out what it was about, but I soon learnt.

"I call it a piece of gross impertinence on his part, to *dare* to ask you to marry him. A beggarly artist with £200 a year, indeed!"

"But, Mamma, he is very fond of me and I am very fond of—him," said Clarissa.

"Pooh, pack of nonsense! *Fond* of him, indeed! So you may be, but you won't marry him—not with *my* consent!" cried the old lady, and then Clarissa began to cry.

I left Quex to mind the baby and jumped out of the basket on to her knee, and put my face close to hers, like she had taught me to do, for I felt very sorry for Clarissa. Mrs. Duke put out one of her white hands to push me away, but I put out mine and scratched her—and I hissed at her, too.

"There!" said my mistress, "Clarissa loves me, like Lovat! She feels sorry for me, too."

But the old lady was very put out, because she was very fond of me—and of her own hands also. I did not feel a bit sorry, because I remembered quite well when the tabby gentleman, who lives five doors up the road on the other side, came to see me, she behaved just the same—threw a flower-pot at him, and slapped me and shut me up in the kitchen!

He had a nice stroking hand.

I never found out whether she threw flower-pots at Lovat; she's quite capable of it.

I purred to Clarissa and told her how pretty she was, just as I like her to tell me so, because it's comforting to know you are nice-looking, and I also said I would see what I could do for her and Mr. Braithwaite, because I knew the old lady doted on me; so I thought perhaps if I threatened to eat Lord Quex, she might let Clarissa get married. What business was it of hers, anyway?

I little thought, however, what I was undertaking.

Young Braithwaite called next day and talked a long time with my mistress, and she cried, and, poor things! I did feel sorry for them.

I was annoyed, myself, at the time of the flower-pot incident, but it did not worry me as much as their trouble seemed to worry them.

I sat and watched them for a bit, and when he went I strolled out and sat on a gate-post at the bottom of the garden to think things over. I had been there about five minutes when a nurse with a baby came along, and a little boy running in front of her. Now, as a rule, I don't care for little boys; they usually scream when they see a cat and ask for it, but this child seemed very nice.

He came quite quietly and said: "Oh, you pretty pussy, may I stroke you?"

Of course I said he might, and I got up and showed him my tail, and he was delighted. He had a nice stroking hand, too, like Lovat's, only smaller.

"Will you come home with me, pussy, and see my grandma?" he said. "She is very fond of pretty ones like you."

And really whether it was that I was preoccupied over my mistress's love affairs, or whether I was anxious to give the "grandma" a treat, I can't say, but I let that child take me in his arms.

No sooner had he got me than he started running as fast as he could. I rather enjoyed the ride at first, and managed to bow to the tabby gentleman when we passed his house. But when the little boy turned the corner and I did not recognise where I was, I called out: "Stop, stop! I want to get down." But he never stopped, and the more I struggled the tighter he hugged me, until I felt ill. The nurse called to him, too, but he did not take any notice of that—a way I have often noticed with Quex. I suppose children are all alike.

I was very put out, and said so at the top of my voice, you may be sure, but the little boy never let go till he had reached a house and opened the door.

The room we went into had several people in it, who were having tea. I was too agitated to notice any but two, one an old lady with spectacles, and the other a

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young man whom I recognised as Lovat Braithwaite. I felt glad all over when I saw him, because I knew I was safe now.

The little boy put me down and cried: "Look, grandma, at my lovely pussy!"

Lovat looked up and got quite red. "Where on earth did you get that from, Freddy?" he said.

The little boy said he had found me in the street, which was a story, for I was sitting on the post of the gate, and if it had been Lord Quex I should have boxed his ears for such an untruth.

"Why, it's—" cried Lovat, and then he stopped. He was going to say I was Clarissa's cat, but I could see he stopped to think out something.

The old lady admired me and said I was "Chinchilla," and I purred, because she was quite right. And then she told Freddy he would have to take me back again, but he began to cry and said he did not know where I came from. Silly child! he did not know my address.

I jumped on to Lovat's knee and rubbed my head against him, and asked him to take me home, and one of the girls in the room laughed and said: "Lovat, you will be a bachelor—the cat comes to you," and then they all laughed but Lovat. He didn't laugh.

I waited awhile to see if anything was going to be done for me, but as nobody seemed to take much interest, and, as Lovat appeared to be still thinking something over, I went up to the old lady and said as slowly and distinctly as I could:

"Will you please send me home?—Quex has no doubt put his tail between the bars of the grate by now and the Slave has trodden on the baby!" But she only patted me and said:

"Poor thing, it's frightened."

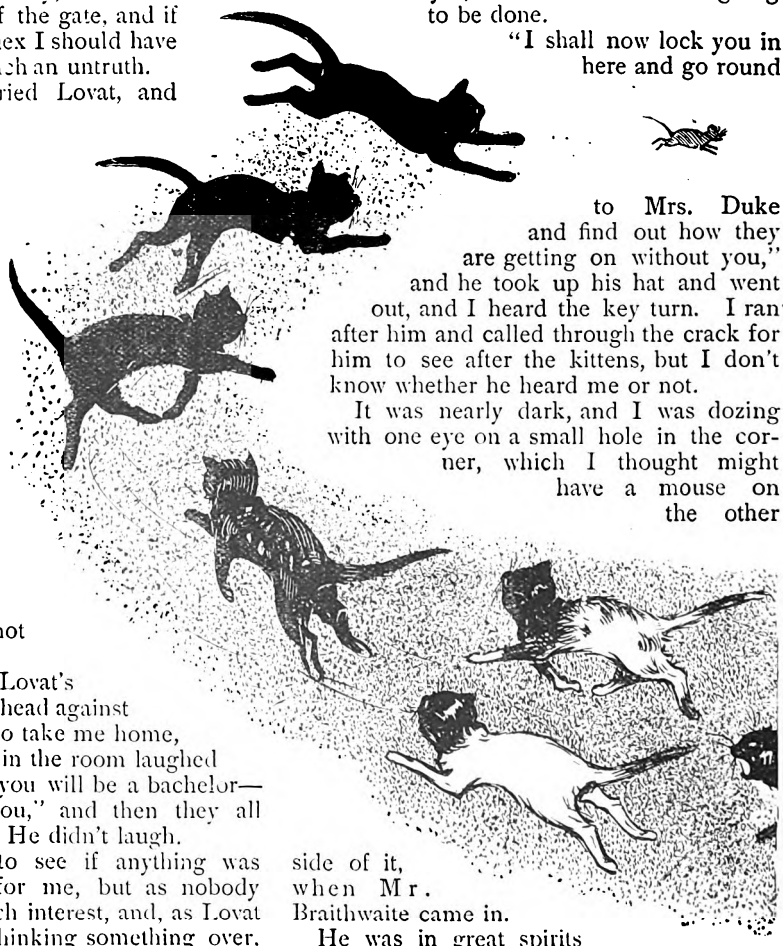
She was a silly old lady.

Suddenly Lovat seemed to decide something in his own mind, because he got up, and pouring some milk into a saucer, took me under his arm and went upstairs to his studio. Here he put me on the sofa and said:

"There, Clarissa! Fate has brought you to my house, so I will see what you can do to help me. We shall have to practise a little deception, I daresay, but all is fair in love and war—isn't it, you poor dear?"

I said yes, and asked what was going to be done.

"I shall now lock you in here and go round to Mrs. Duke and find out how they are getting on without you," and he took up his hat and went out, and I heard the key turn. I ran after him and called through the crack for him to see after the kittens, but I don't know whether he heard me or not.



It was nearly dark, and I was dozing with one eye on a small hole in the corner, which I thought might have a mouse on the other side of it, when Mr. Braithwaite came in.

He was in great spirits and said all was going well. Mrs. Duke was in tears and had inquired at every house in the road for me, and Clarissa was so upset herself that he told her where I was, and she had sent me a kiss and some supper. He gave me the supper in a paper, but I noticed that he kept the kiss.

The next day he brought the kittens for a little while. I was very glad to see them and had to hold Lord Quex down before he would tell me anything. He had never been out before, and was so excited he

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could hardly speak. However, he told me the old lady was inconsolable and had large papers printed with £5 reward for me, because she thought I was stolen, and if I did not come back she was going to offer £10.

I was glad to hear this, because I knew then that I was worth a lot of money; but I gave Quex a lecture on steadiness, because I felt pretty sure he would be alone with the baby for some time yet. Then my little family were taken back again for fear Mrs. Duke should come home suddenly and miss them.

I stayed in the studio for nearly a week. It was very dull, but Lovat used to tell me the news every day when he came back, and as it was helping Clarissa I did not mind, although I wished sometimes that that hole *had* a mouse inside it—but it hadn't.

One day he came in and caught me in his arms.

"Oh, Clarissa!" he cried, "it has come at last! The poor old lady put her hand on my shoulder and begged me to find you. 'Only get her back for me,' she said, 'and I will give you *anything!* Spare no expense, but get her back!' And I said I would search night and day till I found you, so to-morrow, my green-eye, you are going home!"

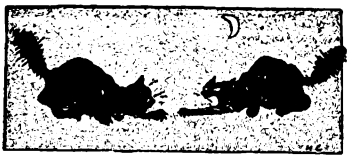
I waited in great impatience,

as you may suppose. It was quite late at night when he came for me, and he brought a dirty little fish-basket with him.

I smelt the basket and did not like it at all.

Then he took a lot of charcoal and dust off his table, and rubbings of chalk, and smeared me all over. I got fearfully angry and spat at him and scratched his hands in a dozen places, but he only laughed.

"So much the better, Clarissa!" he said. "It looks as if I had had a struggle to get you. You've been stolen and kept in a cellar, remember, for a week, by a thief in the Seven Dials!"



When he had made me look very dirty he then took oil and milk and soaked my fur with it to make all the dust and rubbish stick in, till I looked so ugly you would hardly have known me. Then he pushed me into the fish-basket, and skewered it safely.

I yelled and yelled when I was in there, but he never took any notice, and went out swinging me backwards and forwards in his hand until I felt quite ill.

By-and-by I heard him walking on a gravel path and I guessed I had reached home.

I heard the clock strike twelve as he knocked at the door, and I called out and told him how silly he was to knock, as everyone would be in bed. Presently I heard a window open, and Mrs. Duke's voice said:

"Who is that?"

"It's I — Lovat Braithwaite. Come down, please. I've got her!" was the answer. And you should have heard the bundling noise! I should think the old lady must have clambered over all the furniture and slid down the bannisters by the fuss she made. She turned out the Slave and Clarissa on the way down, but she got there first and opened the door.

"Oh, you dear, *dear* boy!—have you really got my darling?" she cried, and then he handed her the basket. In another instant she had me in her arms and was weeping over me, while Clarissa moaned over my dirty coat, and the Slave stood with a candle in her hand half-way up the stairs, her mouth open as usual!

"Oh, where did she come from? oh, where did you get her? where has she been?" cried Mrs. Duke all at once, and not waiting for any answer.

"As you feared—stolen. Found her in a cellar in the Seven Dials," said Lovat in rather a low voice.

No wonder he spoke in that subdued tone

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—how he could have said it at all I don't know. But Mrs. Duke never guessed!

"Come in," she said, still clasping me. "Come in and tell us all about it."

Lovat coughed modestly and came in. I distinctly saw him squeeze Clarissa's arm as he did so, because I was looking under the old lady's arm at the time.

We went into the sitting-room. I looked round, and noticed the arm-chairs had been reversed and there was a new fern in the middle window.

I got off Mrs. Duke's lap and made a tour of inspection.

"Look, poor dear, she is glad to get home," they said.

So I was, but that wasn't all. I called at all the old haunts round the wainscot and discovered mice in three separate places. I was hurt at this discovery, for it showed plainly that Quex had been neglecting his duties during my absence, and I framed, mentally, a smart lecture to be delivered to the young gentleman.

I found the footstool at last, and sat on it, and began to do my hair. I was arrested (with my tongue out) in the act of rubbing my left ear by hearing Lovat's voice. There I sat, spell-bound, listening to him.

"—— it was a dark cellar, as dark, as dark as——a cellar. On a wooden bench was one candle, stuck in an old beer bottle. The air, the damp air——"

"How bad for her poor dear lungs." This from Mrs. Duke.

"The damp air reeked with tobacco and bad language. Seated at the board were five men—men of the lowest, most brutal type — men whose very proximity was contamination!"

"Dear, dear," from both ladies.

"There were three bulldogs amongst the group."

"And was my darling cat in the middle of them?" almost shrieked the old lady.

"Don't interrupt, mother," said Clarissa sharply.

"And there was I——in a den of thieves!"

"Good gracious! I wonder you ever came out alive!"

"At sight of me they started to their feet, knives gleamed in their hands, and at a whispered word the three bulldogs simultaneously flew at me! Grasping the first two, I knocked their heads together, and with one well-directed kick I sent the other across the cellar. Then I shouted: 'Stop, I have not come to harm you, but to fetch a cat I know to be stolen and hidden here.'"

"What did they do?" gasped the old lady.

"I fought them *all!* Left them insensible, recovered the cat from a basket in the corner, and left the cellar without a mark!" and Lovat bowed modestly.

Clarissa, with a look of mingled love and pride, got up, and, putting her arms round his neck, kissed him in front of her mother.

"And you shall be rewarded," she said.

"I can never thank you enough, never!" cried Mrs. Duke. "A young man who would take so much trouble after an old woman's cat won't make such a bad husband after all!" she said.

And I *did* feel glad to think it was all through me.

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WORKERS IN MOSAIC

How Fancy Pavements are Made.

By H. S. Hargreaves.

One of the most popular ways of beautifying public buildings is by means of mosaic work. Very little, however, is generally known of this art—the amount of labour, skill, and capital required in producing the work. By the courtesy of the Art Pavement and Decorations Co., Limited, I am enabled to place the reader in possession of many interesting facts concerning this industry.

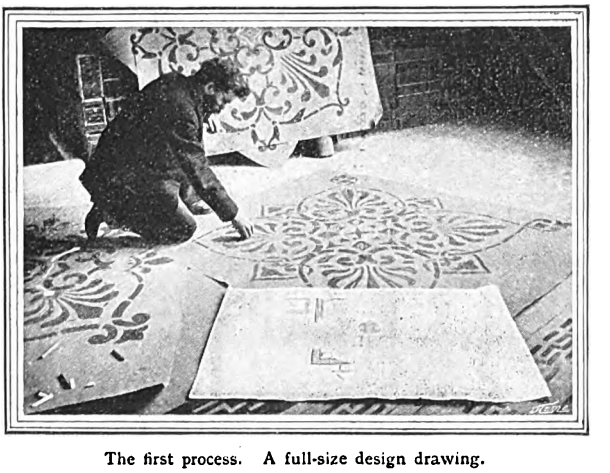
Marble mosaic paving dates back to the Roman period, but this art was really derived from the Greeks, and the designs most approved at the present time are copies from actual work executed by the Romans. There is a beautiful specimen of a Roman mosaic pavement in the Guildhall Museum which was discovered 30ft. below the surface in Bucklersbury while digging the foundation for a new building.

It is, however, only within the last thirty years that mosaic has come into general use in England; and now it can claim to be one of the largest industries of the artistic paving trade. As an example of its progress, it may be mentioned that twenty years ago the Italian mosaic workmen in this country numbered only about twenty, but at the present time there are no fewer than 2000 employed. It is, in fact, essentially an Italian occupation, and the swarthy denizens of the sunny south hold a monopoly of it. This is ascribed to the fact that they are said to possess more patience than we Britons. It may be so, or it may not. English girls, however, are employed for the simpler stages of the work, and, I understand, exhibit much aptitude.

Very few persons when walking over an ordinary marble mosaic pavement have the smallest idea where all the coloured marbles come from, and I think they would be surprised to know that the productions of nearly every quarry in Europe has to be employed in making up the designs. Here is a list of some of the principal places:—

Light red	... ...	Italy
Dark „	... ...	„
Brown	... ...	Belgium
White	... ...	Italy
Green	... ...	Ireland
Black	... ...	Belgium
Cream	...	South of France
Yellow	... ...	Italy
Dove	... ...	„

It is almost unnecessary to remark that a tremendous amount



The first process. A full-size design drawing.

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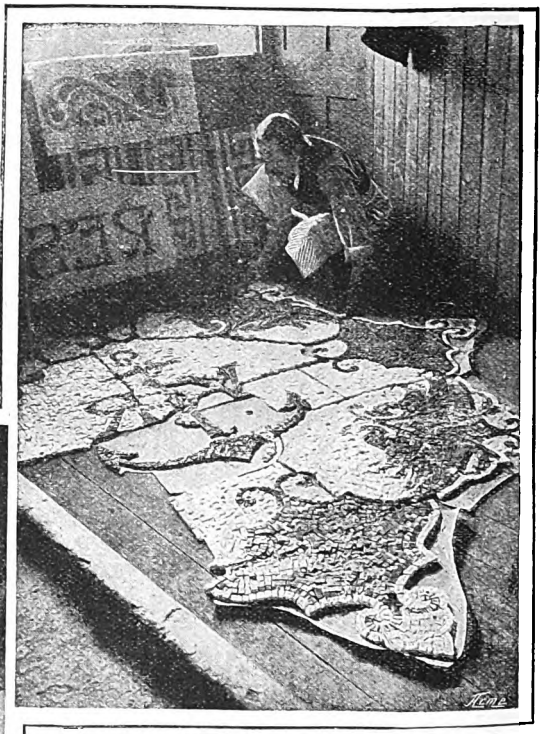
of labour is entailed in the production of a mosaic pavement. Every little cube—called a "tesserra"—must be placed in position by itself; many of them have to be trimmed to fit. But let me take the whole process from the start.

First, then, the architect of the building supplies a plan of the place with instructions as to the character and general idea of the design required. The draughtsman then prepares his drawing to a certain scale, showing exactly the arrangement of the pattern, and even the formation of the marble



Fitting the various pieces together to form the completed design.

How the special stones are cut by hand. Ordinary stone is cut by machine.

"tesserra"—each cube being distinctly outlined.

When this is approved, the design is transferred to brown paper, being drawn slightly larger than full size—to allow for expansion. It is then cut up into sections and handed to the various workmen and work-girls, who fit the different coloured marble on with a special gum.

A finished design.

It is here, of course, where the patience is required. To give an idea what a trying task it is, I may mention that a 3ft. length of ordinary border, with a width of a little over a foot, requires 600 cubes of marble to complete it. Each one has to be picked out and stuck on. A smart girl can do three of these borders in a day.

Now imagine, if you can, the labour entailed in supplying a big public building with all the fancy mosaic work needed. I am in a position to give some very interesting statistics, worked out especially

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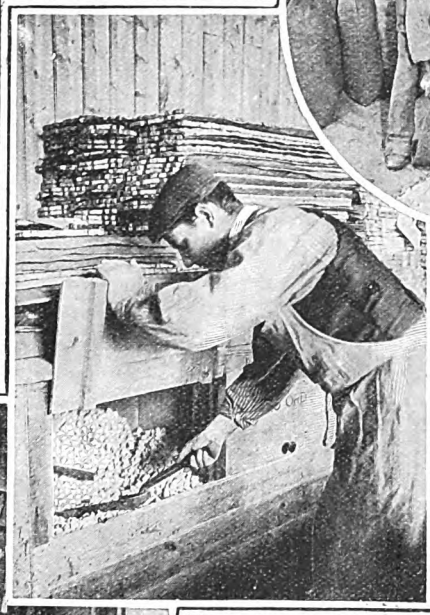
for this article, by the firm above mentioned, of the paving of one of the largest blocks of offices ever erected in the City of London. I refer to Salisbury House, London Wall.

The borders alone measure nearly a mile in length. Altogether there are 7,000 square yards to be laid, or 63,000ft. Over 30,000,000 pieces of marble have to go through the hands of those employed in producing the pavement. The marble alone weighs 150 tons, and with the cement 250 tons. As may be supposed, the architect must be very careful in estimating the bearing strength of the foundation and girders.

When the cubes are gummed on to the paper they are placed face downwards, the upper side being rough and uneven. The design being complete the work is placed on a drying rack above a heated stove, when it soon becomes firm and stiff as a board. When all the parts are in readiness they are taken to the building and placed together in position on a cement bed in much the same way that a child's puzzle is pieced together. The brown paper is now uppermost, and this is thoroughly soaked with water and removed. The cement works into the interstices of the cubes and causes the slight expansion already alluded to, and which is allowed for. It is finally rolled and rubbed down with grit stone to a smooth surface. It is rather surprising to learn that the work is done for the matter of a few shillings per square yard.

A stock of the stone cubes used in the work.



The cut stone stored in lockers.

Filling in the background.

At one time, when marble was scarce, and the "tesserra" were cut by hand, mosaic work could be indulged in only by the very wealthy. But the importation of large quantities of material and the introduction of machinery have very considerably reduced prices. Cutting by hand is done only when special colours are required for rich ornamental work.

The quantity of marble tesserra imported from Italy to England alone exceeds 10,000 tons a year, or 200,000 cwt. sacks, sufficient to lay 500,000 square yards.

During the last two years the following buildings have been fitted with mosaic work:—New Admiralty Buildings, 10,000 square yards; Royal Albert Hall, 1,500 yards; Royal Alexandra Hospital, Rhyl, 2,500 yards; and St. Thomas Hospital, 5,000 yards.

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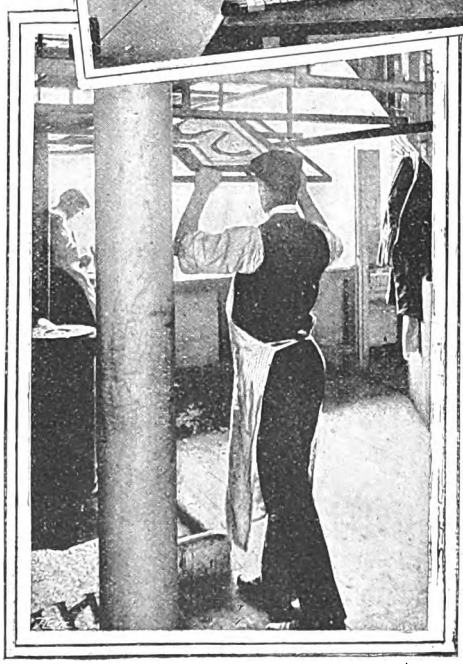
Making and mounting the design.

Moving the work when finished on a tray.



Putting the finished work to dry on a rack.

At the Alexandra Trust the Princess of Wales' monogram was worked into the mosaic pavement. A special drawing of this had to be made and submitted to the Princess for her approval.

The cutting up of the marble is done abroad. The smallest and hardest blocks are taken from the quarry and placed under saws driven by water power, and cut into slabs ½in. thick. The slabs are then placed under a chopping machine, which cuts them into the required size, leaving, of course, the sawn faces perfectly true and square.

The industry has only been taken up to any extent by Italy during the last five years, but it will prove a source of considerable income to that country if the progress which is now being made continues.

There is scarcely anything in formation or colour which cannot be accomplished in marble mosaic. I saw in the course of execution floral borders, centre-pieces of most elaborate construction, a Coat-of-Arms for a Town Hall, and an Anchor for the Chatham Naval Barracks.

Some beautiful work is also turned out in glass mosaic. Only Venetian glass is used, and it is interesting to learn how some of the effects are produced. For instance, to add brilliancy to their reds the Italians throw a gold coin into the furnace. For a gold surface they apply the leaf to the glass when it is soft, then blow a bubble of glass and let it burst over the gold.

This forms a protective layer, and preserves the gold for quite a lengthened period. England has endeavoured to copy this process, but not at all successfully.

As may be supposed, a great deal of room is required to prepare mosaic work. The premises of the above-mentioned firm are very extensive, and the staff of workers very large. The cubes are kept in lockers, each kind and colour being separate, and labelled on the outside. When they are required to form a design they are shovelled out with metal scoops, and manipulated on wooden benches. To be a successful worker in mosaic it is absolutely necessary to be well equipped with patience.

Good mosaic will last a very long time. It is quite a customary thing to give a twenty-five years warranty with the work.

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By John K. Leys.

Colonel Prendergast was well on in the forties, and in spite of his most careful efforts was beginning to show signs of advancing years. But he was undeniably good-looking, tall, well set-up, and admirably groomed. Being a man of good family and a bachelor, he had the *entrée* to some very good houses, but his preference lay in the direction of smart society, without much regard to its quality in other respects.

People in London do not trouble their heads much about the financial condition of their neighbours, and so it was only known to a few of the Colonel's intimates that he had very nearly got to the end of his tether. It was a matter of surprise, therefore, to the majority of his acquaintances when they heard of his engagement, and subsequently of his marriage, to Lady Julia Browse.

On the other hand, the friends of Lady Julia were quite as much surprised when they heard of her betrothal to Colonel Prendergast. She was the sixth daughter of an impecunious Scotch earl, and she had married, when hope was beginning to fade in her virgin breast, Cornelius Browse, Esq., of The Towers, South Bucks. Mr. Browse was in business—as a matter of fact he was an importer of margarine on a large scale—but his connection with trade was then mainly confined to the signing of cheques, and he was willing to share his enormous wealth with any eligible daughter of the aristocracy who was not too squeamish to put up with him.

To his great disappointment they had no children; and thus it happened that when the worthy man died of apoplexy in the sixty-third year of his age, his widow found herself the undisputed owner of The Towers, and a very handsome income derived from funds admirably invested.

The real reason that induced Lady Julia to succumb to the flatteries of the gallant Colonel was that her life had hitherto been rather a dull one, and she believed that Colonel Prendergast would be able to introduce her to the highest social circles—regions which her birth and her newly-inherited wealth really entitled her to enter, but to which as yet she had not been able to penetrate.

The honeymoon was a great success.

Lady Julia, a sweet young thing of thirty-three, was enchanted with the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland, the lakes and palaces of Italy, the ancient wonders of Egypt, which, under the direction of the Colonel, Mr.

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Browse's wealth enabled her to behold for the first time.

It was not until the couple had returned to England and plunged into the vortex of London society, that the shadow of Disillusionment began to spread its wings over their heads. The Colonel thought it a hardship that he had not full control of his wife's stocks and shares. He found, however, that Lady Julia had not been born in Aberdeenshire for nothing, and that a fragile creature, whose strongest defensive weapon is a tear or a reproachful look, can be as obstinate as a breakwater.

Lady Julia, on her side, was quite as much disappointed, though she was too proud to say anything about it. She found that her husband's friends were quite as little to her taste as the people whom the late Cornelius had been accustomed to bring to The Towers. They were smart, indeed, but a trifle too smart. They were empty-headed, loud-voiced, vulgar. Their conversation, when it was not concerned with racing or the music halls, polo or pigeon matches, turned chiefly upon eating and drinking.

Lady Julia told her husband that Lord Spender, Mrs. Mauleverer, and the rest of them, might belong to the modern world of fashion, but they were not the style of people she cared for, and she gradually dropped their acquaintance—she, in her turn, being severely left to herself as an old frump who was not worth knowing. Finally Lady Julia withdrew to The Towers, and there the stream of her desires, being dammed in one direction, reverted to an earlier channel. In her youth she had been of a very religious turn of mind; she now became a philanthropist.

It was in vain that Colonel Prendergast bemoaned, almost with tears in his eyes, the waste of money that went on, in the shape of annual subscriptions, to a score of charitable institutions, and the large gifts made every now and then to Building Funds, Endowment Schemes, and the like. Lady Julia was gently submissive in manner; her deprecating eyes followed her lord and master about the room like those of a timid spaniel; she did not dare to defend her extravagances in words; but as soon as the Colonel's back was turned she would sign and dispatch, with a little sigh, half of satisfaction, half of regret, a cheque that would almost have paid the Colonel's debts.

One consequence of all this was that the Colonel's smart friends were beginning to fight a little shy of him. He was not so amusing as he used to be, and he did not spend so much as he did in the days of his bachelorhood. Besides, he was getting old.

For some time Prendergast pondered the problem how he might rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his fashionable friends, and at the same time assert himself more in dealing with his wife, and force her to abandon the attitude she had assumed with regard to his friends. At length the chaffing remark of an acquaintance whom he particularly disliked, caused him to make a bold attempt to throw off the mantle of dull, cold respectability in which his wife was slowly enveloping him, and assert himself as master of The Towers.

It was one evening when the Colonel during one of his numerous visits to the metropolis—Lady Julia remaining at The Towers—was sitting at supper with some friends at the Criterion after the play. Sir Philip Raymond, a young sporting squire, had said something about coverts which led Colonel Prendergast to remark that he also knew something of country life.

"Ah, yes. You have a place somewhere near town—or is it your wife?" was the courteous retort of Sir Philip; and before the Colonel, who was pale with rage, could find a fitting reply, a vulgar little fellow who spent about two thousand pounds a-month, called out across the table——"I say, Prendergast, you're always talking about your grand place down in the shires, but none of us have ever seen it. Aren't you going to ask some of us down one of these days?"

He turned and winked to a lady sitting beside him. The Colonel saw the wink, and his pale face flushed into red as he replied—"Most happy, I'm sure, if any of you can spare the time to come down. Choose your own day. Come to luncheon, and we can have tennis and billiards, and perhaps some boating, in the afternoon."

The ladies of the party one and all declared that it was a lovely idea, and the engagement was duly booked, some thirty people promising to honour The Towers with their presence.

It was not until the next morning that the Colonel realised the importance of the crisis, but having laid the train, he was not the man to shrink from firing it. In spite of a splitting headache he called at a famous caterer's, and ordered a *recherché* luncheon for thirty-five persons and a corresponding quantity of champagne — Mr. Browse had despised wine, and there was scarcely any of it in the house—to be sent down to The Towers on the 16th of the month. Then, reflecting that his wife must

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pay the bill, as it was far beyond the reach of his privy purse, he ordered a quantity of flowers, and finally a first-class string band. For already a variation on the original idea had come into his mind—he would invite all of his guests who were not engaged for the evening to stay to dinner and an informal dance in the evening, and would have ready for them an entertainment which would shed lustre upon the house and its master.

It was with something approaching timidity that the Colonel informed his consort that he had invited a few friends to come down for an afternoon. "You won't have any trouble, my dear," he said, "beyond receiving the crowd. I'll see that a proper lunch is ordered from town."

"I suppose, Frederick, these people are—persons whom I can properly receive? Who are they?"

"Properly receive! My dear Julia, they are some of the smartest people in London."

"That I don't doubt," said Lady Julia quietly. "What I should like to know is whether they are respectable."

The Colonel . . . was sitting at supper with some friends at the Criterion after the play.

"I should not bring them here if they were not," said the Colonel stiffly.

"Well, who are they?"

"Well, there's Philip Raymond, for one."

"A cad and a snob, if ever there was one."

"There are the Courcy-Davenants—you can't object to them—and the Markhams, and the Spender set, and the Dudley-Flashingtons."

Lady Julia's face darkened as she listened. She sat for a few moments silent.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind having a bit of dinner for any of them who cared to stay the evening," said the Colonel, moodily pulling at his moustache.

Lady Julia said nothing for a moment, then she turned to her husband with a smile on her face.

"We seem both to have taken a fit of hospitality at the same time," she said. "You know the Diocesan Conference is to meet at Winchester next week, and there is a scheme to found a Home for Nursing Sisters in the Diocese. I have been told that the Bishop wishes to hold a meeting of a few influential people to explain the idea to them, before the scheme is made public, and I thought of offering them our drawing-room. We would need to ask them for the day, of course."

At another time the Colonel would have seen in this plan another advance of the enemy, but he was so pleased at getting his own proposal carried with so little opposition,

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that he consented willingly, stipulating, however, that the Bishop and his friends should be asked for the seventeenth, the day after his party, so that the remains of his feast should be utilised for the next day's entertainment, and not *vice versa*. He even helped his wife to draft a card of invitation, which he then copied out and sent to town to be lithographed, along with a list of the persons to whom it was to be sent.

Great preparations were made at The Towers for the Colonel's garden party and the dinner which was to follow it. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, where the luncheon which had arrived from town by the first train was duly laid out. Carriages and waggonettes were hired to convey the expected guests from the railway station, four miles away; and the Colonel himself drove over to meet them in his dogcart, an hour before the train was due, as he had some business to transact with the station-master.

The hired vehicles, added to the carriages from the stables at The Towers, made a brave show at the station, and the Colonel's heart swelled with a just pride as he surveyed his regiment of guests, all in the highest spirits, and chaffing one another with that total disregard of each other's feelings which is the salt of modern wit.

In the course of half-an-hour the great gates at the foot of the avenue were passed, and when Colonel Prendergast came in sight of the marquee he noticed a number of figures in black moving across the lawn. It struck him that the firm of caterers must have sent down an unusual number of waiters. But he soon became aware that the number of strangers was too great for that explanation, and then for a moment he was speechless with horror. Lady Julia's party, the Bishop and his friends, were in possession of the field!

The Colonel, when the first sense of consternation was over, ground his teeth with rage. "By Jupiter!" he said to himself, "if this has been my wife's doing, she shall pay for it!"

But this reflection did not help him to sustain the looks of mingled amazement, amusement, and contempt which his guests exchanged with one another as they moved forward in a compact group across the lawn. They stared superciliously at the country parsons and their dowdily-dressed wives and daughters, the local gentry in their sober attire, and the small group of notabilities who surrounded Lady Julia. It is likely enough that the amusement would not have been confined to looks, but would have broken out in unmannerly laughter, had it not been that the weight of metal was on the side of the Bishop's faction. A dowager duchess of noble port, and—more, much more, than all—a princess of the blood royal were present to champion the needs of the Nurses' Home.

The situation would have been too dreadful had it not been for the tact and *savoir vivre* displayed by the Bishop.

"Some of your friends come down from town to lend us their support?" he said blandly, in answer to something unintelligible muttered by his host—"so very kind of them! Really, Colonel Prendergast, I had no idea that the necessities of a rural diocese like mine would have attracted attention in Belgravia!"

The Colonel turned with a sigh of relief to the marquee. In the congenial occupation, he thought, of eating and drinking, the absurdity of the situation might be forgotten, or at least appear less gross. If they could only get hold of some crackers——

At the door of the marquee he was met by his wife, who had a perplexed look on her face.

"My dear," he said, outwardly polite if inwardly raging—"I hope lunch is ready. Our friends must be getting hungry."

"I'm afraid, Frederick, there isn't very much left."

"Not much left! What on earth do you mean?"

Then the awful truth burst on him. The Bishop's party had eaten up the delicacies which he had ordered with such care and satisfaction. They had been wasted, absolutely wasted, and—good Heavens!—what would they all think of him?

"The maids are all busy making sandwiches," said Lady Julia, who turned a little pale as she observed the subdued fire in her husband's eye.

"Was this your doing?" he said in a ferocious undertone.

"No indeed! You forget that you copied out the card of invitation and sent it to the printer. The mistake was either yours or theirs; but I have seen a copy of the card, and the date given is the 16th, not the 17th." Lady Julia did not think it necessary to add that she had picked up the proof sent by the lithographers, which her husband had carelessly tossed into the waste-paper basket, and knew well enough that a collision was inevitable, but chose for reasons of her own to say nothing about it.

"What are we to do?" cried the unhappy Colonel.

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Lady Julia plucked up courage. She reflected that the unpleasant scene could not last long.

"Tell them there has been a mistake," she said boldly. "Put it on my shoulders if you like. And give them sandwiches and bread and cheese and beer. For once in their lives it will do them no harm."

There was no help for it. The Colonel led his guests into the marquee, where a melancholy array of empty bottles mocked them from one corner; and there they were regaled with fragments of the feast, supplemented with homelier fare, and flanked by flagons of household ale and bottles of such inferior vintages as were to be found in the cellars of The Towers.

When the unsatisfactory meal was over, the guests, somewhat fortified, streamed forth on the lawn. Some of the foremost noticed that a crowd was gathering in the drawing-room, which had long French windows opening on the terrace; and out of an idle curiosity entered the room to see what was going on.

Those behind, imagining that some form of entertainment was going forward, followed on their heels, with the result that the Colonel's smart guests found themselves seated at the top of a long room under the eyes of Her Royal Highness, and with no visible means of escape.

Before they had time to realise their position, the Bishop rose to make a few remarks, and they were fairly entrapped. After his lordship had fully explained the scheme for establishing a Home for Nurses and Nursing Sisters, he gave way to a lay speaker, Lord Edmund Warden, who rubbed in the moral with unsparing hand. When he sat down the Duchess leant over and whispered in the Bishop's ear. The prelate was on his feet in a moment.

"It has been suggested to me," he observed with a smile, "that there may be some friends present on this occasion who may not see their way to become annual subscribers to the Fund, and yet may be glad of an opportunity to

At the door of the marquee he was met by his wife, who had a perplexed look on her face.

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make a donation to the Building and Furnishing Fund. I—scarcely know whether——"

His lordship's voice died away into silence, but ere he resumed his seat, Lord Edmund Warden had begun to hand a silver salver along the glittering rows of smart visitors, keeping an observant eye meanwhile on the progress of the offertory. Some of the guests said strange things under their breath, but none of them had the hardihood to rise and go out under the eyes of the Princess.

Charlie Rashleigh, indeed, had the audacity to fold up a bit of paper in the likeness of a cheque, and deposit it on the salver, with the air of a prince making a royal donation. But all the others were forced to contribute whether they liked it or not. When the collection was over the Bishop gave out a hymn, and the smart contingent took this for permission to depart. They filed out of the room, and retreated to the marquee.

All the Colonel's guests had engagements in town which compelled them to leave early, so that the dinner provided by Lady Julia was eaten by a select body of the despised parsons and their families, while the expensive band performed solely for their delectation. They went away highly gratified, but their host could scarcely muster up spirit to answer them when they complimented him on the success of the gathering.

Lord Edmund Warden had begun to hand a silver salver among the glittering rows of smart visitors.

He knew that as a man of fashion his career was ended, and so indeed it proved. He was mercilessly cut by his former acquaintances, and so he made a virtue of necessity, stayed at The Towers ten months in the year, dressed in tweeds, dined at half-past six, studied roots and ensilage, attended Sessions, and set up for a real old English gentleman, adapted to date.

And such is the force of custom, that in the course of two or three years the Colonel actually came to prefer the new life to the old, and thought with wonder of the time when the W. and S.W. districts of London seemed to him the only habitable quarter of the globe, and an invitation to a house in Park Lane was like an opening of the gates of Paradise.

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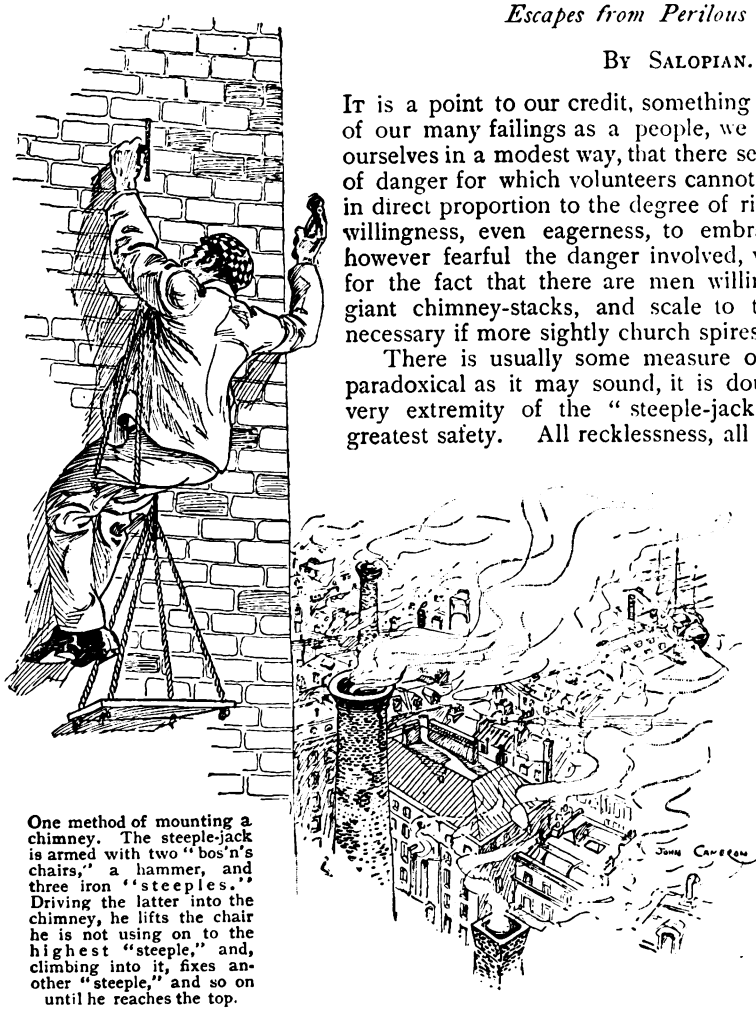
THE STEEPLEJACK

The Dangers of his Calling, with Accounts of Hairbreadth Escapes from Perilous Positions.

By Salopian.

It is a point to our credit, something upon which in the midst of our many failings as a people, we may surely congratulate ourselves in a modest way, that there seems absolutely no career of danger for which volunteers cannot be found, and that, too, in direct proportion to the degree of risk undergone. It is this willingness, even eagerness, to embrace a necessary calling, however fearful the danger involved, which we have to thank for the fact that there are men willing to climb our hideous giant chimney-stacks, and scale to the very point our less necessary if more sightly church spires.

There is usually some measure of truth in paradox; and, paradoxical as it may sound, it is doubtless a fact that in the very extremity of the "steeple-jack's" daily peril lies his greatest safety. All recklessness, all incompetence, is weeded out by the frightful prospect of a catastrophe. The climber's nerves and muscles are gradually trained by use till they are like his ropes—of the very best steel wire.



One method of mounting a chimney. The steeple-jack is armed with two "bos'n's chairs," a hammer, and three iron "steeples." Driving the latter into the chimney, he lifts the chair he is not using on to the highest "steeple," and, climbing into it, fixes another "steeple," and so on until he reaches the top.

When life depends daily upon a cool and steady head, coolness and steadiness come; when death is the alternative to a sure and sufficient grasp of the ten finger-tips on a mere crevice of stone or brick, that grasp is speedily acquired. So is the ability to act instantly. To see or feel the rope break, the scaffolding slip, and to grip—with fingers, hands, or feet—the nearest safety in the one right way, means life instead of death to the chimney or steeple climber.

That Mr. George Moir, a well-known Scottish "steeple-jack," is no mean hand at his perilous craft may be inferred from the fact that he has "put in" over thirty years at the business without so much as a broken limb; while the additional fact that he has brought up three sons to follow—literally—in their father's footsteps, show his enthusiasm for his trade.

He is a leader in his profession, being, I believe, the first to leave behind, not only the original "kite-flying" method of getting the first rope over a chimney, but also the use of ladders which succeeded, and which he now looks upon as cumbrous, complicated and, worst of all, radically dangerous. The plan now followed by himself and most others to ascend a big chimney and fix the needful first rope may interest those yet unacquainted with it.

All the needful "tackle" for this preliminary climb are two "bos'n's chairs," such as seamen use for painting or cleaning a ship's side, a heavy hammer, and three "climbers" or "steeples."

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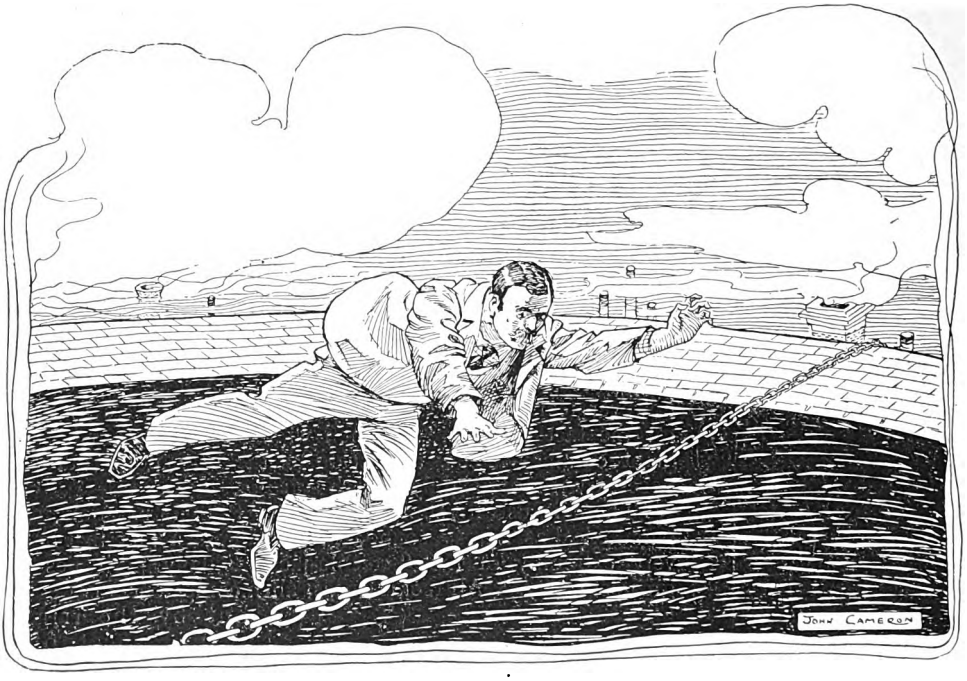

The steeple-jack tripped while walking round the edge of a two hundred feet chimney shaft and fell inwards, but saved himself from death by catching on to a chain fixed across the mouth of the shaft.

The latter are stout iron nails or pegs, some nine inches long by three-quarters of an inch square, with a short cross-bar which stands upright when the "steeple" is fixed in position. The steeple-jack drives his "steeple" into the chimney-stack or spire at any easy height—say five feet. On this he hangs one of his chairs, the rope secured from slipping off by the upright bar, and mounting the chair drives in a second "steeple" as high as he can conveniently reach. On this he hangs chair number two, and again mounting drives in his third "steeple." Sitting in his chair and stooping down he draws up the lower chair and hangs it on the peg above him; wrenches out the lowest peg, takes his seat above, and drives in the peg afresh. And so on to the top—perhaps three hundred feet.

Very simple, is it not?—Especially at that height, and if you do not suffer any unpleasant sensations when leaning down to draw up the chair and wrench out the "steeple" below you, and are perfectly content to be up there alone on a smooth surface of brick, with three small iron pegs between yourself and death.

When the summit is reached—the record time is two hundred and fifty feet in ninety minutes—a chain is fixed across a chimney, or round a steeple, and pulley blocks attached, by which men and materials can be raised, lowered, and held in position. Another innovation of Mr. Moir's is the use of steel wire ropes in place of hempen. The only drawback of the wire is the liability of the hands being scarred or wounded when the outer strands are roughened with wear.

Although he has never broken any bones, and seemingly as lithe and fit as ever, Mr. Moir has had some moments when death came within speaking distance. Once he tripped while walking round the edge of a two hundred feet chimney shaft and fell inwards, but the fall towards death and the life-giving grip were simultaneous, and he caught the chain which, happily, was already fixed across the shaft mouth.

A far greater danger, one the relation of which cannot fail to have the proverbial effect on "each particular hair" of a hearer, was brought about by civil strife and commotion. It was during the Belfast riots of some few years since that a two hundred feet chimney had to be ascended. "Kite-flying" was still the approved method of raising the first rope, and all boys know that a kite must be sent up in a comparatively open space, and guided some distance before any height is attained. This the police, in view of the probable danger from a crowd of onlookers, absolutely vetoed.

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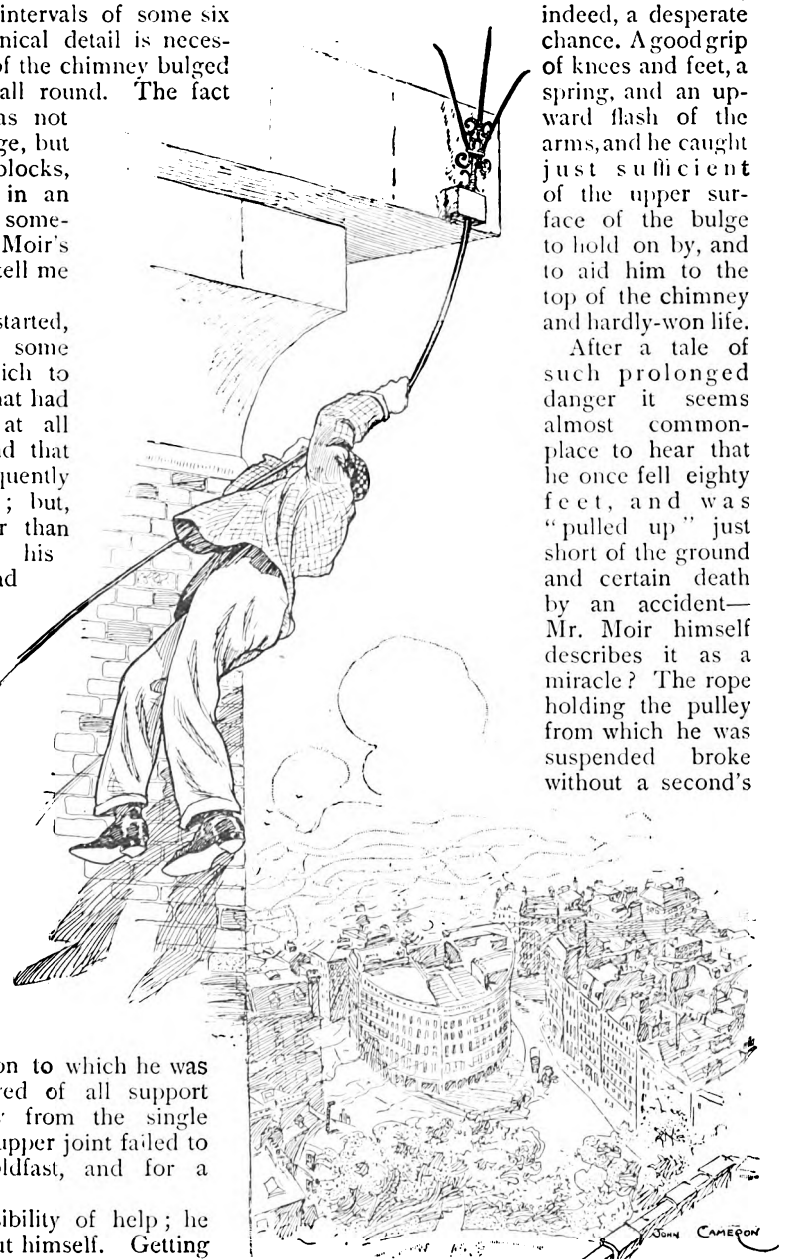
The work was urgent, and Moir volunteered to ascend by swarming hand over hand up the lightning conductor. This was of the old-fashioned sort, formed of ten-foot lengths of copper wire, socketed into each other, the whole running through and being supported by wooden blocks or holdfasts built into the stack at intervals of some six feet. Still another technical detail is necessary; the last few feet of the chimney bulged out a couple of feet all round. The fact that the conductor was not carried round this bulge, but through the wooden blocks, and terminated above in an ornamental finish, has something to do with Mr. Moir's being in a position to tell me the tale at all.

Well, Mr. Moir started, carrying with him some wooden pegs with which to tighten any holdfasts that had shrunk and seemed at all loose. He soon found that such occurred more frequently than he had expected; but, choosing valour rather than discretion, he used his wedges sparingly, and pushed on. The watchers below, intent upon his figure, failed to notice the ominous straining of rod and blocks caused by the weight and muscular exertion of a powerful man. Yet he had gained the last section but one when the crash came. Some hundred and eighty feet of rod, all that was below him, "buckled," and tearing out some holdfasts and slipping through others, fell away in utter ruin. The section to which he was clinging, being deprived of all support from below, fell away from the single length above, but the upper joint failed to pass through the holdfast, and for a moment he was safe.

There was no possibility of help; he had to fight the thing out himself. Getting his feet against the chimney, he pushed his way up to the final bulge. The upper section of the lightning-conductor could not, as I have already explained, slide through the supporting wooden block on account of its ornamental finish. Well, working desperately with arms and legs, Mr. Moir managed at last to arrive at the final bulge of the chimney. And now he had to surmount this or lose his life in the effort. It was, indeed, a desperate chance. A good grip of knees and feet, a spring, and an upward flash of the arms, and he caught just sufficient of the upper surface of the bulge to hold on by, and to aid him to the top of the chimney and hardly-won life.

After a tale of such prolonged danger it seems almost commonplace to hear that he once fell eighty feet, and was "pulled up" just short of the ground and certain death by an accident—Mr. Moir himself describes it as a miracle? The rope holding the pulley from which he was suspended broke without a second's



The steeplejack was swarming up a lightning conductor to the top of a chimney when the rod broke away beneath him, and it was only after a fearful struggle that he managed to save his life.

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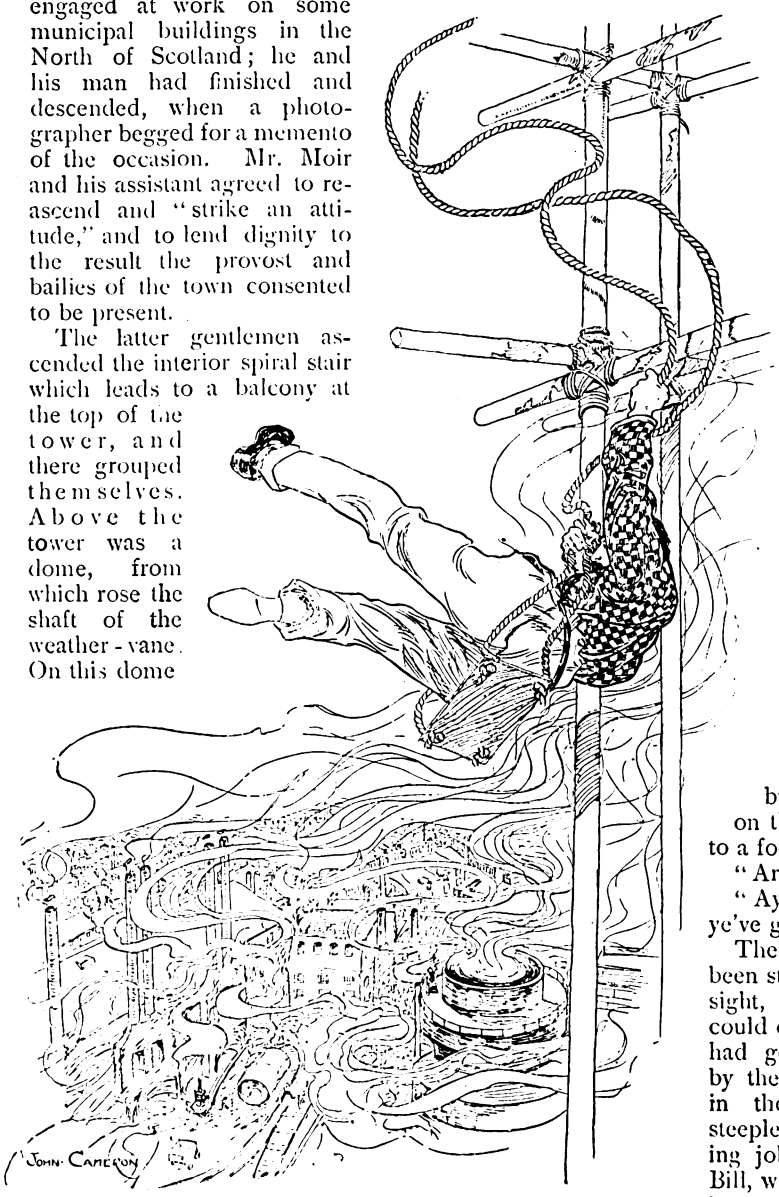
warning. Mr. Moir was balanced by heavy weights at the other end of his rope, and these of course fell also; happily there was some scaffolding attached to the shaft, and the flying rope caught, looped, on some projection, and, being held firm by the weights, checked his downward career with no worse result than a severe shaking.

Only once has any reason but that of necessity brought him into peril. He was engaged at work on some municipal buildings in the North of Scotland; he and his man had finished and descended, when a photographer begged for a memento of the occasion. Mr. Moir and his assistant agreed to re-ascend and "strike an attitude," and to lend dignity to the result the provost and bailies of the town consented to be present.

The latter gentlemen ascended the interior spiral stair which leads to a balcony at the top of the tower, and there grouped themselves. Above the tower was a dome, from which rose the shaft of the weather-vane. On this dome supporting himself by the shaft, stood Bill, Mr. Moir's assistant, while the steeplejack himself swarmed up the shaft till he stood on one of the horizontal bars which mark the four points of the compass.

The signal agreed upon had been exchanged between the photographer in the street, the dignitaries in the balcony, and the two figures standing out in such bold relief against the sky, when the photographer saw that the wind had shifted the vane itself into a position unsuitable for a good "shot"—it was end-on to him. He signalled his difficulty to Mr. Moir, who, well used to receiving messages from a hundred feet below, began to move the shaft round to the desired angle.



The rope by which the steeplejack hung suspended broke, and he fell some eighty feet, but was saved by the rope catching in some scaffolding before he reached the bottom.

The force required to move the heavy mass of metal against the wind threw too much weight upon the slender rod which supported him, and it snapped. Even his instant clutch on the shaft could not prevent him from sliding down its full extent, his foot striking Bill's hard hat with such force as almost to stun the man, besides drawing blood freely from his forehead; but each kept his hold on the shaft and scrambled to a foothold on the dome.

"Are ye right, Bill?"

"Aye, a'm reght; but, mon, ye've gi'en me an awfu' blow."

The crowd in the street had been struck with terror at the sight, while the city fathers could only tell that something had gone seriously "agee" by the reflection of the peril in the faces below. But steeplejacks are used to carrying jobs through to the end. Bill, with his face still bleeding, stood once more to attention; his employer swarmed

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up the shaft and stood on one of the remaining pointers, this time with feet close to the shaft and weight thrown well into his arm, and the photograph was secured. But I do not think Mr. Moir will be eager to give a similar "sitting" again.

The Scottish "jack" is beaten in the matter of high ascents by a Welshman, Mr. Moir's record being 416 feet in the North of Ireland, while 444 feet at Middlesbrough is that of Rhys Lewis, of whom some thrilling tales are told.

When hanging in his "cradle" high up on a steeple, he was set swinging by the wind, and it was nearly an hour before he was able to check this most unseasonable reminiscence of childhood. He has had his seat and supports dragged from under him by the carelessness of a workman, and was thus left clinging to the shaft by bare fingers and booted toes. Yet he succeeded in working round to the opposite side where there happened to be something more substantial to cling to.

Finally, he once dropped to the ground and broke both arms, and in this condition was sent a considerable distance by rail, with his ticket stuck in his cap, there being in the somewhat rough and lonely locality no one who felt competent to deal otherwise with his case!

But for brave endurance of frightful agony, coupled with extreme peril, perhaps a Swansea "jack" named Jenkins has no rival.

The steepiejack was standing on the horizontal bar of a weather vane. It gave way and he fell, striking his assistant on the head with his feet. That both men were not dashed to pieces is almost a miracle.

He and Lewis were working together at a weather-vane 180 feet from the ground. It was necessary to pour melted lead into the socket, and while Lewis, standing on Jenkins's shoulder, was in the act of doing this a gust of wind scattered a shower of molten metal over the latter's bare arms. A move, a flinch, would have been fatal to both men, but Jenkins never stirred; when they had descended he showed his mate marks roughly resembling bracelets, where the flesh had been burnt away.

Mr. Merrill, a New York steeple-jack, has a method of climbing by "stirrups." Two ropes are looped round the steeple to be negotiated, each with a stirrup for the climber's foot. Standing in one stirrup he works the other rope a little higher up the steeple, and so on, using each rope alternately, and tightening them as the steeple narrows. I have never tried either method, but I fancy Mr. Moir's "steeples" and bos'n's chair would appeal to me as the lesser of two evils.

A great chimney is something of a Frankenstein—more easily created than kept in order. The laying of tier upon tier of bricks and mortar is a comparatively simple task. Of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon repairing it, the above experiences will have given, perhaps, a faint idea. It is when the monster has lived the term of its natural life—from a quarter

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to three-quarters of a century, according to climatic and other conditions—and the fiat goes forth from its consulting physician that it must die, that the crowning perils are reached. To take it down brick by brick is a work so costly as to be rarely attempted, never, indeed, where any clear space exists in which it can be brought down at a blow.

A well-known English chimney-feller named Smith has brought the destruction of large shafts to a fine art. Cutting away bit by bit a large section of the chimney's base, he fills in the space with strong wooden props. These are then surrounded with the materials for a bonfire, and the pile is lighted; when the supports are burnt through the chimney falls. Up to the moment of the almost human groan which precedes the crash the intrepid operator stands at his dangerous post, judiciously feeding the flames, and "basting" the wooden props here and there with turpentine and paraffin, so that all may burn evenly as he wishes. So perfect have long practice and experience made him, that he can bring down the largest chimney into a space barely exceeding its own width and length.

Across the Atlantic Ferry they naturally "go one better." Mr. Merrill, of whom previous mention has been made in this article, blew off with dynamite thirty-five feet of a church steeple over two hundred feet high, the felled portion falling into the trench ten feet wide dug for it. It was quite an impromptu affair. Mr. Merrill was employed on the job by a contractor, and that gentleman had never dreamed of such a sensational method of accomplishing it. With infinite trouble, not to say danger, a large hole had been cut at the base of the part to be brought down, and the space filled in with wooden props as in the English method.

But it is not altogether easy or otherwise desirable to light a bonfire two hundred feet up a steeple, so it was planned to dislodge the props with a stout wire rope and an engine to pull it. Two ropes gave way; the prop, held tight by thirty-five feet of steeple, did not. A rope was found which would bear the strain, but the engine only kicked and romped helplessly in the street below. The crowd grew denser every moment; the police became restless, and the contractor despairing.

But Merrill, who had never had much faith in the engine and rope method, had a trifle of dynamite up his sleeve—or, at any rate, in his pocket.

"Dynamite!" ran a whisper through the crowd; and a scandalised police officer shouted an "injunction," and, finding it unheeded, started in pursuit of the desperado. But Merrill was already hauling himself up in his chair, coiling the rope on his arm as he did so, that there should be no risk of capture; the policeman could only stand on the platform below and shout pains and penalties. A few swift turns of an auger in the prop, half a teaspoonful of the deadly agent, and then the fuse was lit, and the free end hung down inside the steeple.

"I've touched her off," shouted Merrill as he flew down in his chair, and the officer did not await further explanations! Five minutes—ten minutes—the pale blue smoke of the fuse seemed to die away. Would anyone care to go up and see what was wrong? Twelve minutes. Hark! Just a pistol-crack—for dynamite does not talk, but acts—and thirty-five tons of masonry fell slowly over, and lay where it was bid; "not a stone the size of your finger-nail outside that trench."

By-the-bye, the American's wife has before now saved him at a pinch, for she generally takes up a position where she can watch him at work, and at any rate know the worst. More than once she has detected and averted some sudden danger, a rope set smouldering by a carelessly thrown cigarette amongst the number.

Granted good nerve, early training, and a temperate life, the work is perhaps less dangerous than it seems. Still it hardly seems quite the answer which a fond mother would accept to that ever present question, "What to do with our boys?"

You must not fail to read . . .

The "PRIVATE LIFE OF THE KING."

By the Author of
The "Private Life of Queen Victoria."

It is full of interesting matter and beautifully illustrated.

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Love and the Legacy

By

E. Louise Liddell.

"Why don't you marry Celia?" suggested Mrs. Harding.

"Really!" exclaimed Professor Baldwin, "I regard that as a most extraordinary proposition."

"Nothing so very extraordinary about it," retorted the lady; "seeing that you're intending to get married——"

"But, my dear woman," interrupted the gentleman nervously, "I am not prepared to say that I entertain any such intentions."

"Well, then, if you'll excuse my saying so, I think it's time you did," rejoined Mrs. Harding, with emphasis. "Why, haven't you just been telling me that if you don't marry within the next six months you will forfeit the property your uncle left you ten years ago, on condition of your taking a wife before your fifty-fifth birthday?"

"True, I told you so," replied the professor, with a sigh; I thought it my duty to let you know that I would probably be obliged to give up the suite of rooms I have so long occupied in your house."

"You've been with me ten years," said Mrs. Harding, "so I take the liberty of speaking plainly; and what I want to say is this—I think you'll find it very inconvenient getting along without that money. You're used to having things pretty much as you want 'em."

From his seat in the shady arbour at the end of the back-yard, the professor looked out over the flower beds on one side and the vegetable garden on the other, and the bit of grass plot between them. He noted the butterflies hovering over the blossoms, and the birds fluttering in the tall lilac bushes. Then he gazed upward to his little study on the second floor, where an adventurous honeysuckle was forcing its way through the open window, and the muslin curtain was swaying gently to and fro in the morning breeze. He felt a tightening of the heart-strings at the thought of cutting loose from these home-like surroundings. But the alternative! He shook his head and sighed. The practical little mistress of the select boarding-house surveyed her favourite guest impatiently.

"I'd like to know what you've got against Celia," she said: "Isn't she good-looking, and bright enough?"

"Certainly," declared the professor.

"And sweet-tempered?"

"Yes—that is, I should imagine so," replied the conscientious professor.

"Well, I say she is sweet-tempered, and I ought to know," said Mrs. Harding with asperity, "seeing I'm her own aunt."

"I assure you," the professor hastened to say, "I have no objection whatever to your niece; but the fact is—I—I—don't feel at all acquainted with her."

"Why, you've known Celia going on ten years!" exclaimed the aunt, in genuine surprise.

"That is undoubtedly true, in a sense," said the professor, after reflection. "But you must remember that she was a mere child when I came here, and she has been off at boarding-school since; so——"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," interposed the practical aunt. "Time enough to get acquainted in six months, I should say."

"Besides," continued the professor, "I haven't the slightest reason to suppose that Miss Celia would be at all likely to consider me in the light of a possible suitor."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Harding, "I'm not saying that Celia's in love with you, but, if I was a man, I would run the risk of *suiting* any woman I cared about."

"But I wouldn't want her to care too much,

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you know," protested the professor; "seeing that this would be simply a marriage of convenience, and I have passed the sentimental age."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that!" said the aunt drily. "Celia isn't sentimental either."

"Celia is young yet," remarked the professor.

"Yes, but she won't be always," replied Mrs. Harding. "Why, I was married long before I was her age, and I didn't have half her chances either."

"Yes" — after brief cogitation — "you ought to marry, anyway, money or no money. You'd find it so much more comfortable to have a wife to look after you, and keep your books and papers in order."

The professor looked dubious, and appeared to be on the point of protesting.

"Sew on your buttons and darn your stockings," the wily matchmaker hastened to add; "Celia's handy at mending."

The professor's face brightened. "It certainly would be convenient," he admitted; "and then, as you say, it would be exceedingly inconvenient to lose the money. Such a ridiculous condition of my uncle's," he added; "he might have known that I wasn't a marrying man."

"Well, I don't know," said the lady, "for my part, I think he was about right. A man oughtn't to be so selfish as to live alone, when there hardly seems to be enough men to go round."

"Sew on your buttons and darn your stockings," said the wily matchmaker.

"Really," said the professor, in amazement, "I had no notion that you held such advanced ideas!"

"No more I do," returned the widow. "I'm not a new woman, by any manner of means."

"Nor a very old one either," said the professor, gallantly.

"Well, I might be older," returned she, with a conscious blush.

Just then the kitchen door opened, and a girlish figure ran lightly down the steps leading to the garden.

"There's Celia, now," said Mrs. Harding. "You might as well make a beginning at getting acquainted." So saying, she turned abruptly away, leaving the professor in a state of perturbation. In fact, it was with difficulty that he mastered the inclination to beat a retreat. But he reflected that would be undignified as well as a cowardly act, so he stood his ground—or remained seated, rather. The young lady came slowly in his direction, stooping

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occasionally to pick off a withered blossom or a dried leaf from the plants that bordered the pathway. She was neatly attired in a light print morning-gown that fitted her slim figure to perfection; a pink sun-bonnet shaded her fair face; her hands were protected by a pair of heavy gloves, and she was carrying a basket on her arm.

It suddenly dawned on the absent-minded professor that Celia was exceedingly pretty. He wondered why he had never noticed it before.

The girl nodded carelessly as she drew near. "Nice morning," she remarked.

"Charming," responded the gentleman, looking with approval at the rosy face, with its dancing dark eyes, above which the smoothly brushed hair was parted. The professor abhorred frizzes; smooth hair was, in his opinion, an evidence of a serene disposition.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said she; "I've got to pick currants for jelly."

"Oh, not at all!" he replied awkwardly. He wished he could think of something else to say. He saw her glance at the book he held in his hand, a learned work on "Bioplasmic Affinities." He had been deeply engrossed in its pages a half hour ago. But he doubted if Miss Celia would feel at all interested in bioplasms. Indeed, he feared she would not take them seriously. So he slipped the volume out of sight, lest she should ask its title.

In the meantime the young lady was stripping off great clusters of crimson fruit from the currant bushes. The professor watched her nimble fingers, while he racked his brain for an appropriate remark. But in vain! The more he thought, the more of a blank his mind became, apparently. Celia appeared to have forgotten his existence, and was gradually moving away from him in the performance of her task.

In his desperation, hardly realizing what he said, the professor blurted out: "Miss Celia, do you like to sew on buttons?"

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "I never sew one on if I can help it. I will tell you, in strict confidence, I actually *pin* the buttons on to my boots."

"Really!" said the professor in astonishment, a suspicion arising in his mind that the conversation between Mrs. Harding and himself had been overheard by the young lady. But she looked so profoundly innocent that he dismissed the idea as improbable.

"Shocking, isn't it?" she asked mischievously.

"Surprising—rather—I should say," he returned seriously. "Though, to be sure I have found the pin a very useful implement in the dressing-room."

She laughed again. "It must be dreadful," she remarked, "for a man to be a slave to buttons."

"Or pins," he added, smiling.

"And there's mending, too," she said, with a comical air. "I detest it."

The professor managed to conceal his surprise at this announcement. "'A stitch in time saves nine,'" he quoted.

"My version is better," she retorted: "A stitch in *nine* saves *time*."

The staid professor laughed outright. She certainly was a very amusing young woman. So amusing, in fact, that it seemed of little consequence that she declined to sew on buttons and detested mending. He really felt very sorry when the basket was heaped with fruit, and he was left alone with his Bioplasms.

Pretty soon it began to be rumoured among Mrs. Harding's boarders that the learned and dignified Professor Baldwin was paying his addresses to their hostess's pretty niece; though the young woman herself appeared to be utterly unconscious that the gentleman's attentions were more than fraternal, or possibly paternal.

Apparently her unconcern did not disturb the professor's equanimity, for he preserved an owl-like composure while tendering his offerings of chocolate creams and cocoanut toffy (Celia's favourite confections) with regularity, and escorting the young lady to such lectures and similar entertainments as she cared to attend.

It need not be inferred that the professor found these self-imposed duties wholly, or indeed at all, unpleasant. On the contrary, he quite enjoyed the prestige he gained by appearing in the *rôle* of the (presumably) favoured suitor of an attractive young lady.

Thus three months glided away, when the recollection of his fast approaching birthday reminded the professor that it was incumbent upon him to ascertain definitely whether Miss Celia was prepared to become Mrs. Baldwin. So he broached the subject one evening as they were returning from a lecture.

"Miss Celia," he began, "I presume that your aunt has informed you of the unfortunate position in which I find myself on account of the provisions of my late uncle's will?"

"Yes," murmured the girl faintly.

The professor imagined that the little hand

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They had reached the house by this time.

resting on his arm trembled ever so slightly. This passiveness on her part rather increased his embarrassment, for he had purposed to make his proposal quite business-like, and not at all an affair of sentiment. But the situation certainly was awkward.

"Your acceptance of my attentions during the past three months," continued the professor, "has led me to hope that you do not find my society distasteful."

There was a little murmur from Celia that might have been interpreted either as affirmative or otherwise.

An appreciation of the ungraciousness of his task was growing on the practical wooer. But he went on manfully: "Of course, I realise that I am hardly a suitable companion for one so young and charming as yourself; but, if you will consent to cast in your lot with mine, I promise to make it my chiefest endeavour to prove worthy of your confidence. And —and, while it would be unfair for me to make a pretence of any sentimental f—feeling" (he was going to say folly, but thought better of it), "you will ever find me considerate and——"

"Please stop!" cried Celia, finding her voice at last, "I appreciate the honour" (slight accent on that word), "but I—I am already engaged."

"Engaged!" gasped the astonished suitor. "Why your aunt——" Then he stopped; he had been on the point of betraying himself. "Do you think," he concluded after a moment's cogitation, "that it is right for you to deceive your aunt in this manner?"

"I suppose not," faltered the culprit with a suspicion of a sob in her voice; "but auntie doesn't understand—and—and—I'm sure I shall be happier away from here."

"I hope you are not making a mistake," said the professor doubtfully; "and I wish you happiness in your new life," he added magnanimously.

They had reached the house by this time, and Celia's only reply was a half audible "Thank you," as her escort held the door open for her to pass into the hall.

He followed in a state of vague dissatisfaction, and went directly to his own apartments. Hanging away his hat and coat in his usual methodical fashion, and putting on dressing-gown and slippers, he sat down to smoke a cigar and review the situation. Strangely

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enough, it was not the probable loss of the money that occupied his thoughts. The realisation of a loss of a different nature was gradually dawning upon him. His mind dwelt persistently upon a sweet, mischievous face, a dainty girlish figure, and the innumerable captivating ways of the girl who had just said him nay.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an expression of incredulity. The truth had flashed upon him. He was in love! How stupid he had been not to recognise the signs of the malady before! For now he acknowledged to himself that if Celia were only his, that wretched money might go to the Hottentots for all he cared. It would be a pleasure to toil, to suffer deprivation, in fact to make himself generally miserable for Celia. And—dreadful thought!—she was engaged.

Well, there was no help for it, he admitted, with a sigh, as he threw his cigar stump into the grate; he could only accept the inevitable as philosophically as might be.

And so the rejected lover went about his daily tasks, and read his ponderous volumes (which had been somewhat neglected of late), with outward composure, but with a strong feeling of depression quite foreign to his calm temperament.

The occasional glimpses he caught of Celia did not tend to reconcile him to the situation, for the girl looked pale and unhappy, and quite unlike her former light-hearted self. The professor imagined that her secret engagement was preying on her spirits, and his own distress was augmented at the thought of her unhappiness.

Then the quixotic idea occurred to the professor that through his intercession Mrs. Harding might become reconciled to her niece's engagement. To give expression to his devotion to the loved one by seeking to promote her happiness (even at the expense of his own), would, he imagined, afford some relief to his troubled feelings. He determined, therefore to lose no time in offering his services as mediator.

But, unfortunately for the pursuance of his kindly intentions, Celia appeared to have acquired an almost miraculous power of vanishing whenever her discarded suitor exhibited any desire to enter into conversation with her, or even to approach her.

Evidently she suspected him of seeking an opportunity to renew his own matrimonial proposals. He longed to relieve her fears on that score, and to prove his disinterestedness.

The coveted opportunity came at last. One evening as he was going out to his garden retreat, he found Celia and her aunt engaged in fastening up a woodbine which had been torn down by a heavy wind storm of the previous evening.

"There, professor, I'm glad you've come,"

And so the rejected lover went to his daily tasks.

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said Mrs. Harding. "I was just telling Celia she d better ask you to help her. I can't be bothered with such things."

"Oh, I don't require any assistance," said Celia, looking very much disconcerted, as her aunt disappeared within the house.

"I am quite positive that you do," replied the professor, lifting the unwieldy vine. "Now, if you'll hold the nails for me, I'll soon get it in position."

Celia made no reply, but allowed him to empty the nails into her pretty pink palm, which the professor (most inconsistently, considering his disinterested intentions) felt an ardent desire to kiss, as it was extended before him.

When the task was finished the girl turned to go, but her companion restrained her.

"Please sit down," he said entreatingly, pointing to the rustic seat in the vine-clad arbour.

She hesitated for an instant, then complied with his request.

"I have been thinking over the matter we were speaking of the other evening," he said, by way of introduction.

Celia blushed and paled alternately, and looked very much as though she would like to escape.

"And it occurred to me," continued the professor hastily, "that as your aunt and I have always been on very friendly terms, that it might be — or rather, that I might induce her to look favourably upon your engagement, if the matter were presented properly."

The girl raised a frightened, startled face to her would-be benefactor.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Don't think of such a thing. It wouldn't do a bit of good."

"Pardon me," returned he, "but I am quite positive that your aunt will not prove as obdurate as you seem to fear, and I am fully determined to exert my influence to promote your happiness."

Celia regarded him anxiously. "If you wish to please me, you will not speak to my aunt," she said earnestly.

"My dear child, I must disregard your wishes in this case," said the professor. "I will not allow selfish considerations to prevent the performance of a duty. I think I had best confer with your aunt at once, and have the affair happily settled." And the professor arose as if to carry out his intentions.

"You will make me perfectly miserable," cried Celia, looking ready to cry.

"Why, I fail to comprehend," said the perplexed professor. "If the young man is worthy——"

"There—there isn't any young man," cried Celia in desperation, her cheeks flaming hotly.

"*Isn't any young man?*" repeated the professor, scarcely believing his own ears.

"No," said Celia, shortly.

"But the engagement?" he said.

"I was engaged to teach at a school, and I didn't want auntie to know it, because I knew I wouldn't succeed in getting away if she could prevent it. And now, if you've done cross-questioning me, I suppose I may go," she concluded, in unmistakable displeasure.

"I don't think I have quite done," returned the professor with surprising audacity, pushing her gently back on the bench, and seating himself beside her. He was in no haste to begin to speak however. He was absorbed in the joyful reflection that Celia was free and yet to be won. Then noting her lips were trembling and her eyes overflowing, his heart smote him for the pain he had unwittingly caused her.

"Do forgive my stupid blunder," he entreated. But, in his consternation he stopped, for Celia bowed her head on the back of the rustic seat and began to sob.

The professor was unprepared for a contingency like this. He really didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything, which was just as well, perhaps, for presently the girl raised her head and wiped her eyes.

"Celia," said he tenderly, "I don't want to distress you, but I would like to know why you refused to marry me?"

"I'd rather not say anything more about that," she said, turning her head aside.

"But I think I have a right to know," he persisted.

"If you must know, then," she replied, with a note of defiance in her voice, "I don't choose to marry a man simply because he is under the necessity of being encumbered with a wife in order to remain in possession of his money, nor because he imagines he would find it convenient to have someone to sew on his buttons and mend his stockings. I may as well tell you," she concluded, "I heard you and auntie talking the matter over, and my mind was made up instantly."

"Well, I can't say that I blame you," responded the professor, his spirits falling. What a brute she must think him! He wondered how he could convince her that he really *did* love her. He thought, with a sigh, that it was a hopeless task.

Celia, looking up at that juncture, met the anxious gaze of the professor's near-sighted spectacled eyes; they were kindly eyes, she

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couldn't help acknowledging, and there was something in their expression that she had never noticed before—something that made her look down again, while a flush overspread her face.

"Celia," said he gently, "I want to tell *you* something now. I'd rather have *you* than all the money in the world."

"Truly?" said she softly.

"Truly," he answered. "If you'll be my wife, dear, I'll be perfectly willing to continue to sew on my buttons and darn my own stockings—and yours, too, since such employment is distasteful to you," he added jocosely.

"Oh," said she in becoming confusion, "I hope you don't remember that nonsense. I said those things just to shock you."

"I hope," said he anxiously, "that you really didn't mean what you said about your resolution to refuse me?"

She laughed and blushed. "I *did* mean it at first," she said. "Then you were so nice that I thought you really cared, and—and I—well, never mind."

"If I had only known," observed the professor regretfully, venturing to make captive the little hand. "But I hardly comprehend now why you should have been so very—well—misleading in your reply."

"Why!" exclaimed Celia, her eyes filling again, "it was dreadful the way you proposed. You talked as though you didn't care a speck about me."

"Dearest," said the professor, taking her in his arms, "I was a stupid blockhead!"

It is to be presumed that the use of such unusual language on the part of her suitor convinced Celia of the genuineness of his affection. At all events, the professor won his bride and retained possession of his inheritance.

THE ENGLISH MAIL.

I.

Pretoria: *Sunday morning.*
The mail from home is here.
My wife is "well and cheerful,
Although we miss you, dear."
"The children good and happy."
"The holidays just done."
"The neighbours all so helpful"—
That is letter number one.

II.

My mother's "getting better
You'll be so glad to know."
"No need at all to worry."
She always tells me so.
"All well," reports the doctor.
"I called in there last night."
"Our love," says cousin Kitty,
"Hope you're getting on all right.

III.

A magazine from father,
The papers uncle sends.
'Twas almost worth the journey
To prove so many friends!
Kind greetings from the office.
I've read them through so fast,
There's only one more letter—
I have kept it till the last.

IV.

"Dear Dada,—
I am sory
You stop so long away,
I called Jones mi a dufer,
An was third in clas to-day.
Ime better at my latin,
Ive learnt annother sum;
An baby talks so funny,
An says, 'Wis farver come.'

V.

"I won a prize for running,
The cricket has begun;
We want so mutch to see you,
I remane
Your loving Son."

* * * *

The little misspelt letter
Has fluttered to the floor;
'Tis well my mail is finished—
I can see to read no more!

—Owen Oliver.

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CAP AND BELLS

THE other morning a man received a letter. On opening it out dropped a draft for £2000 and his heart stopped beating as he read the letter, and saw it was from Melbourne, and signed "Your unnatural but penitent Uncle."

He gave a shriek of exultation and sank senseless to the ground. When he revived he rushed to the nearest shops, and couldn't wait until the bank opened, but ran about buying new furniture, new clothes, new carpets, glass, bonnets for his wife and dresses for his girls, and half-crown drinks for himself.

At nine o'clock he entered the bank, and found a man there inside the window who was sufficiently composed to read the draft through with an equal mind, and explained that he could not pay £2000 on it, because it was merely an advertisement of Diffendorfer's Peripatetic Pain Annihilator It took that man until six o'clock in the evening to countermand the orders he had given before nine o'clock a.m., and then he forgot half of them, and his wife had to stand at the front gate all the afternoon, turning away delivery waggons that came backing up to the pavement with new things.

* * * * *

"That's a fine building," said the stranger.

"I should say it was," said Tope. "I was fined 40s. and costs there myself once."

AN UNSELFISH STEED.

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their horses one morning in a country lane, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweeter disposition.

"I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried," said the doctor, "mine would be far away the better."

"That's all nonsense," retorted the clergyman. "My mare has the best temper of any horse in the neighbourhood."

"Well, here's a stiff hedge, let us try their leaping capabilities," suggested the doctor.

"Right you are," agreed his friend.

The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time threw back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper. When repeatedly urged to jump she finally accomplished a clever back-jumping feat, which threw her master straight over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet commenced to scrape the mud from his broad-cloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked:

"Perhaps you are convinced now that my animal has a better disposition than yours?"

"Not at all!" replied the clergymen. "My mare is such an unselfish little brute that although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from

Threw her master straight over the hedge.

going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit, whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament by not going himself, and not allowing you to go either."

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"Have you change for sixpence?" asked a tramp.

"Yes," replied the gentleman. "Where is the sixpence."

"I haven't one, but I thort if you had change for sixpence you might have a copper or two for a poor man wot's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help say they hadn't any change."

* * * * *

Two costermongers the other day claimed individually the ownership of a donkey, and as the case was one calling for friendly arbitration rather than judicial interference, the judge recommended the suitors to go away and settle the matter between them. His lordship's kindly meaning seems to have been misunderstood, for in the course of half an hour or so, the "costers" returned into court, one of them with eyes blackened and his face cut and bleeding, and the other in a state of excitement betokening the authorship of his friend's injuries.

The judge learned when it was too late, that his advice had been accepted in its Whitechapel sense, and that the two men had belaboured each other until one of them was forced to resign the donkey.

* * * *

"Well, is your visit to the seaside having the desired effect, madame?"

"Oh, yes, doctor; one of my daughters has already become engaged!"

* * * *

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma what's my book about?"

MAMMA: "It is called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and is about a girl who slept, and slept, and nobody could wake her."

LITTLE BOY: "Was she a servant girl?"

* * * *

"The curtain falls as the burglars are heard sawing the bars, and Ethel, the heroine, rings the district telegraph alarm for help."

"What happens then?"

"Ten years elapse, and as the curtain rises the telegraph boy arrives."

One of the Yorkshire newspapers gives an account of an examination in which a boy, on being asked to name one of the minerals of Australia, promptly replied, "Tinned mutton."

* * * * *

SADI: "Anything new, dear?"

HELEN: "No; things are dreadfully dull. I am engaged to that little monkey De Sapplets, again."

* * * * *

"I don't know what to do with this old furniture. I don't want it, and yet I can't throw it away."

"Get a cheap carter to move you. He'll break it all to pieces."

Rent Collector: "Is your mother in, my little dear?"
Little Dear (previously instructed): "No, she's not."
Rent Collector: "Will you be so good as to go upstairs and ask her when she will be in?"
("Little Dear" promply does as requested.)

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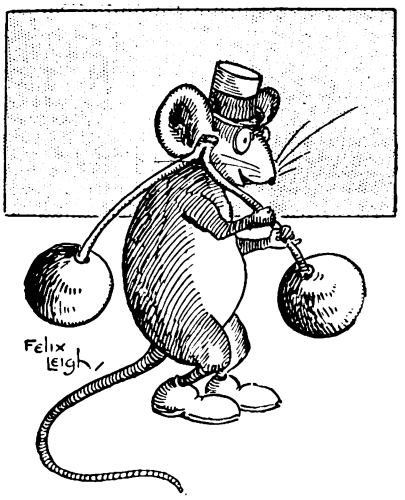


"When I want to bring home a little fruit to the children," remarked Mr. Gnawton, "I always choose cherries, because you know they're so convenient to carry."

We know an old gentleman who is such a determined teetotaler that he shuts himself up and feels miserable whenever the weather is not temperate.

* *

Somebody says that our passions are older than our reason, because passions are born with us, but reason doesn't follow till a long time after. This is a slander upon all babies. When a baby is spanked, doesn't he cry? Yes? And hasn't he got reason? Yes—and a mighty good reason, too.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"Why are you crying, Tommy?"

"Papa has just given me a caning."

"But you don't generally make such a fuss?"

"No—o—but this time he did it with the branch of our old Christmas tree."

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock, but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

* * * *

"Oh, yes, I often have to sit on the jury," said the judge, as he administered a reprimand.

* * * *

A man who was up before a magistrate recently gave his occupation as that of a "conchologist," and explained it by saying that he opened oysters at a well known restaurant.

* * * * *

To err is human; to forgive divine;
But justice says: "We can't remit the fine."

* * * * *

If you want to see austere simplicity and child-like innocence depicted upon the human countenance try to get a look at a man when he is taking up ten pounds' worth of change for a £5 note.

His best girl has written to say that she will give him up unless he gives up smoking. What is he to do?

"How pleasant it is to see husband and wife of one mind."

"It is indeed. There are the Robinsons, for example, she thinks there is nobody in the world like Robinson, and he thinks so too."

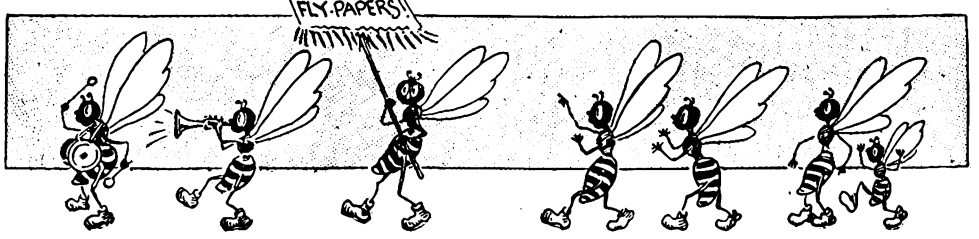
* * * * *

PERTERZE ZRNCHZIZKOWSKELOWSKI is a cabinet-maker, and when a fellow workman is sawing through a pine knot he thinks somebody's calling him.

* * * * *

BLINKER: "How did such an ignoramus as Dr. De Sharp get such a large practice among the wealthiest people?"

KLINKER: "Whenever a millionaire gets ill he tells him it's from overwork."



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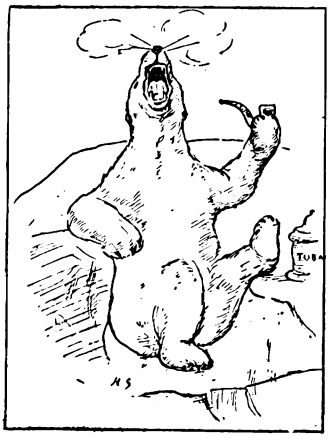
Morning toilet.

A glance at the paper.



A quiet smoke.

During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.

* * *

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: "Well, supposing you are giving a dinner to ten persons, and the waiter takes French leave. What do you then?"

EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER: "Count the spoons."

* * *

DORRIS'S SHOE-STRINGS.

On Dorris's feet
  Are the smallest of twos,
But surely some elf
  Has enchanted her shoes,
For wherever we go—
  Walk, row, or ride,
In church or at tennis,
  Her shoes come untied.

At times it is trying,
  But what can I do
When poor Dorris murmurs
  "Oh, bother that shoe?"
So down I must flop
  In the dust and the dirt,
To tie up the shoe
  Of that dear little flirt.

These precious girl tyrants!
  We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
  Are filled with their spell.
Since old-fashioned aprons
  No longer they use,
They tie up a poor man
  To the strings of their shoes.

* * *

Geese are long-lived creatures, frequently attaining the age of fifty. But this will be no news to many frequenters of restaurants.

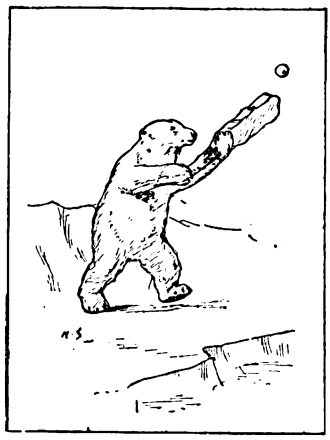
* * *

WIFE: "What do you want that camp-stool for, when we're going out for a walk, Jack?"

HUSBAND: Why, my dear, you said you were going to look in the draper's window. I can't stand for so many hours."

A cooling draught on a summer's day.

"If music be the food of love—play on!"



A little recreation.

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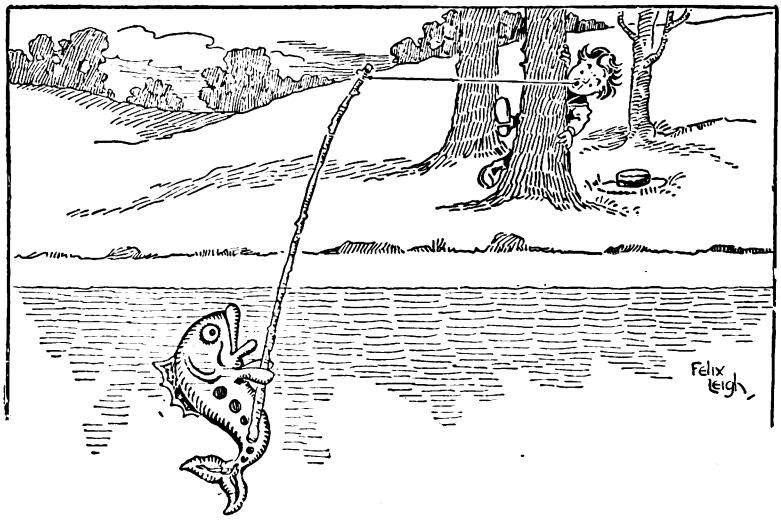

Characteristic Scene in Topsy-turvyland.

DRUGGIST: "You might have charged that young man ten shillings for making up that prescription. Why did you put the price at sixpence?"

CLERK: "He understands Latin."

AMIABLE TOURIST (to guide): "That's a very imposing statue, guide."

GUIDE: "Indeed you are right, sir; most people are imposed on by it. They think 'tis marble, but it's only painted timber."

THE 'DAKIST.

I.

You can't escape him anywhere,
That photo-taking glutton;
Your business is to be his prey,
And *his* to press the button.
He's on the land, he's on the sea,
He's in the town, alack!
And rustic scenes he desecrates—
The Fellow with the 'Dak.

II.

Or from the beach at Cocklecliff
Perhaps you've gone a-bathing,
When some Tired Tatters sneaks your clothes,
And doesn't leave you *a* thing.
You robe your form in strands of weed—
The fit is somewhat slack—
And then, of course, *he* comes that way—
The Horror with the 'Dak.

III.

Your train to London flies along
The metals, ever faster,
Until—whizz, bang! Ger-row! Bump-bump!—
You strike a small "disaster."
Your head is through the window, and
Your eye is wild—and black,
And there you are upon his film—
The Nuisance with the 'Dak.

IV.

Through life he haunts you, turning up
When you could do without him,
And when you pass away, he'll still
Be found on hand—don't doubt him!
He'll wing your hearse as it goes by,
And once upon the track,
He'll bag the scene at Kensal Green—
The Demon with the 'Dak!

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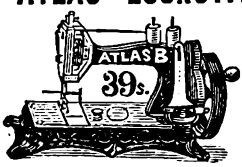

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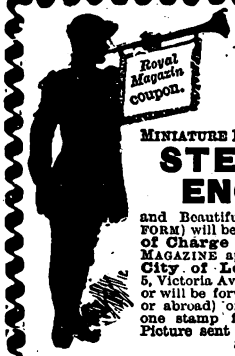

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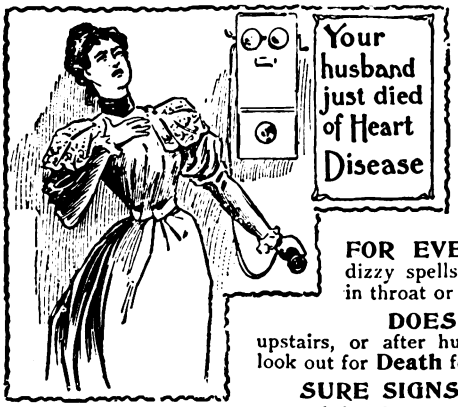

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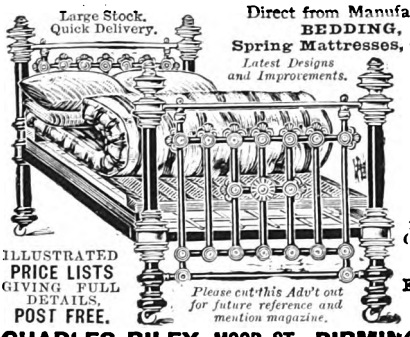

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